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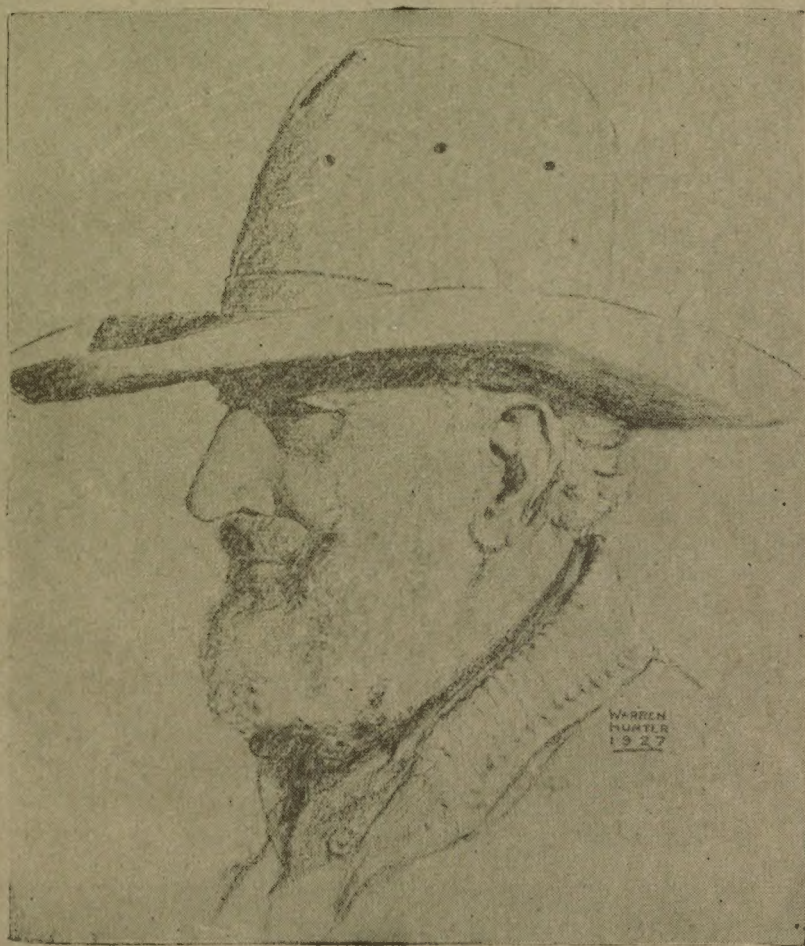
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FRONTIER TIMES

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Captain John R. Hughes

DEVOTED TO
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PUBLISHED BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

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FRONTIER TIMES



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Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement
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Vol. Five—No. 1

OCTOBER, 1927.

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Big Tree's Raid in Montague County

Written in 1911 by W. A. Morris, Montague, Texas.



WAS MARRIED December 12, 1867, to Miss Rachel Dennis, and for the first year we lived with my mother-in-law, Mrs. C. F. Dennis, about fifteen miles southeast of Montague, on a tributary of the Willa Walla valley, about a mile and a half northeast of where the town of Forrestburg now stands. I afterward bought this farm and lived there until June 10, 1875, when I moved to Montague.

On January 4, 1868, I went to Montague on business and remained there over night. The next morning, which was Sunday, I started home and Captain D. S. Hagler, a brother-in-law, accompanied me. When we had gone about six miles we discovered a very fresh trail of 150 to 200 Indians crossing the road, going southeast. We were riding swift horses and thought if we got in sight of them we could outrun them. So we followed the trail around the north end of Jim Ned Lookout Mountain to a spring on the south side of the mountain at the road, from which point they had gone about a mile and halted, and where it seems they held a council of war which resulted in their hanging a red flag in a tree, after which they pursued their course in an easterly direction.

We followed to a point where they again crossed our course and we decided that from the direction they had taken, their aim was to move down the Willa Walla valley. From where we then were, it was about three miles to the house nearest us in the head of the valley, or in the creek, and our main desire now was to take a circuitous route and try to reach this house and give warning before the Indians got there. We pushed forward with all speed and reached the house but the savages had been along before we got there. Two families lived at this place: A. H. Newberry, his wife and their son Henry, then about 14 years old; H. B. Newberry, a brother aged about 20 years; also W. D. Anderson, his wife and the latter's sister.

When the Indians reached the place H. B. Newberry, Mrs. Anderson and her sister were the only persons at home. A. H. Newberry and wife had gone to visit a neighbor about a mile distant and south of the Newberry place. W. D. Anderson and Henry Newberry were out gathering pecans, and seeing the Indians approaching, they abandoned their pecan sacks and fled towards a thicket which lay on the opposite side of a creek they would have to

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Coming Soon:

"THE LIFE OF BIGFOOT WALLACE"

cross. The Indians gave pursuit but failed to find the two fugitives.

When H. B. Newberry saw the Indians coming he prepared for action. He barred the doors, and to give greater strength to these doors he pulled the bedsteads across and against them, placed his axe in convenient reach, got out his trusty rifles, and was ready to defend his home to the last extremity. The Indians dashed up, surrounded the house, and finding that this rugged frontiersman was prepared to give them a warm reception, they decided to leave him alone and move on down the valley. They were scarcely out of sight, and Mr. Newberry had just opened the door when we rode up. He told us where the other members of the family had gone, and while we were yet talking, our attention was drawn to a great volume of smoke rising down the valley not more than a mile away. The Indians had fired the home of J. C. McGracken.

There was a young man by the name of George Masoner at McGracken's when the Indians came in sight and he, being well mounted, ran with all speed down the valley of Clear Creek, a distance of six miles, warning the people on both sides of the creek that the Indians were coming and urging them to take to the brush. G. W. and Alfred Williams lived at the first place below McGracken's. G. W. Williams and his family had gone about three miles to church, and when Masoner came along and sounded the alarm, Alfred Williams and his wife and her sister started at once for the brush, which was about 300 yards from the house, and to reach which by the shortest route they had to cross the field. Before reaching the Williams place the Indians ran across Dave McGracken and gave him a hot chase. He broke, full tilt, for the Williams place, aiming to stop there and help Williams to fight to a finish, but when he reached there he found the house deserted and, glancing around, he saw Williams and family making tracks across the field going toward the creek bottom below. The Indians were crowding him and he ran around the field on the lower side of which was a rail fence across the valley, with a road along and parallel with this fence, and below it was a densely timbered bottom and briar thicket. When he got about midway of this jungle at the lower side of the thicket, he ran upon Williams and family, just as they were crossing the road into the thicket, and here he halted, with the resolve to fight it out rather than run any further. The Indians, whooping and yelling, were close

upon him, about fifty charging down in a straight line, all in range of his shot gun, and when he halted and threw his gun down on the foremost of the gang, they all came to a sudden halt. He reserved his fire, for he knew that with an empty gun he would soon be killed. When his pursuers checked up he wheeled his horse and followed Williams in the thicket as far as he could ride, which was only about thirty feet, and here he sat on his horse and watched the Indians, one at a time, dash by.

On the east side of the thicket in which Williams and family had taken refuge, lived a Mr. Carlton and family. They escaped to the thicket except a sixteen-year-old girl who had gone to the spring after a bucket of water. The Indians bore her away into a captivity worse than death. "Uncle" Austin Perryman lived at the next place, about three miles down the valley. The members of his family were his wife, their son William Perryman, his wife and three or four children.

But to return to our movements: When we reached Williams' house and found that the Indians had gone on down the valley, we hastened to where I and Mrs. Dennis lived, which was about two miles south, on another prong of the creek, and when we got there we learned that W. H. Perryman and family had, on their return from church, stopped for dinner, after which they started for home, my wife accompanying them. Learning this, we dashed away at top speed, hoping to overtake W. H. Perryman's wagon before he reached home. F. R. McCracken and Sam Dennis joined us, making five in our party, and we reached the Perryman home just after the arrival of W. H. Perryman and those with him in the wagon, the Indians having passed down only a few minutes before. Finding my wife and the family alive and safe, brought a relief that words cannot express. Uncle Austin Perryman had, long before, taken the wise precaution to fortify his house in a manner by which it was rendered proof against the attacks of those savages, and when Big Tree and his band approached the house they found not only a family fortress, but even the horses were securely protected inside of pens enclosed with heavy cedar logs, with loop-holes at each corner, which latter extended in semi-circle from, out several feet, thus giving the defenders within command of all approaches leading to the outer walls of the enclosure. When George Masoner—the Paul Revere of the Willa Walla—arrived and gave the alarm, there

was no one on the place except Uncle Austin and his courageous wife. This old heroine removed her feminine attire and donned a suit of her husband's clothing, even to his hat, seized a rifle, and took her stand near one of the port-holes. And that old mother knew how to shoot straight.

A Mr. Nathan Long lived at the next house below. He had gone that day to another place he owned some two or three miles from his home place. On his return he encountered the Indians close to the line and near the corner of his field fence. Here he rushed into the thicket where he was overtaken, murdered and scalped. Meantime Mrs. Long had received warning in time to enable her to gather her children and fly to the brush. The Indians came up, rode around the house three or four times and finding the doors closed and doubtless suspecting the presence of a man with a gun on the inside, they withdrew and continued their course down the valley. The next house below was occupied by Savil Wilson, more familiarly known in that day as "Chunky" Wilson. Mr. Wilson's wife had died but a short time before, leaving to his care four or five little children. On this particular day he left those little children alone and went away somewhere in the neighborhood, and when that flying messenger of alarm and ill tidings, George Masoner, reached the Wilson house, he found these children helpless and without protection. He had no time to lose, the cruel savage was close at hand, and there were other families below to whom he must carry the alarm in order that they might escape with their lives. Mr. Masoner hurried these children to a place of concealment in a thicket, and resumed his errand of mercy down the valley. He was scarcely out of sight when the Indians arrived and seeing the doors open, they entered and as on other occasions, they appropriated such articles as they could carry away, after which they set fire to all the buildings on the place, including a number of large cribs filled with corn.

Five miles below the Indians came upon old man Menasco and his daughter, Mrs. Shegog, her infant and two little daughters. They murdered Mr. Menasco and made captive Mrs. Shegog and her children. They had not gone very far when Mrs. Shegog's babe began to cry. This seemed to exasperate Big Tree and tearing the infant from the mother's arms the remorseless monster crushed its head with a blow from his pistol and cast the quivering form at the feet of the helpless mother. A

little after sundown about twenty men got together, and gave pursuit. They came up with the Indians on Blocker Creek, and charged them, Tim Hart, being killed. During the excitement of this fight, Miss Carlton, who had been captured in Willa Walla valley, made her escape. From Blocker Creek the Indians followed the Overland road in the direction of Gainesville, to the bluff on Elm creek, about a mile west of the town, and halted until day-break next morning. Here they abandoned Mrs. Shegog, after having cut off her luxuriant hair. On Monday, the 6th, in the evening, this band of Indians re-crossed the Willa Walla valley about one half mile above the Perryman house. B. G. Parkhill, Arthur Parkhill and Thomas J. Fitzpatrick lived north of us, and by a singular coincidence neither of these three families had heard of the Indians being in the country until Monday evening when Arthur Parkhill came over to our place and was told of the raid. He hurried to his brother's place and took him and his family to his own home for better protection. His next move was to warn T. J. Fitzpatrick and family and induce them to take shelter at his house. They started with Mr. Parkhill and when about half way between the two places they met the Indians, and Parkhill and Fitzpatrick were killed. Mrs. Fitzpatrick was seized and scalped alive and then liberated, while her babe and two little girls, aged four and six years, were carried away. After the Indians had left, B. G. Parkhill gathered up his family and that of his murdered brother and brought them to Mrs. Dennis, where they passed the night. Early next morning, a posse started on the trail and soon came upon the bodies of the two men. Further on, they found Mrs. Fitzpatrick lying in a path with the skirt of her dress bound about her head. She was a corpse, frozen stiff, with her hands grasping the garment around her head. Sleet and snow had fallen during the night and the trail of the Indians had been covered. When the snows had melted away, I rode out about a mile from the place of the killing and found the remains of the Fitzpatrick babe where the Indians had murdered it and left it to be devoured by wolves and vultures. In 1869 Col. Leavenworth found the two little girls among the Indians in Western Kansas. He took them to Washington, D. C., and Congress appropriated \$10,000 for their education. Several years ago I received letters from the eldest girl. She gave her name as Mrs. Thomas Hardy, and address as Weaverton, Maryland.

Captain Hughes, of the Texas Rangers



CAPTAIN JOHN R. HUGHES, now passing the evening of his life in quiet retirement at his home in Ysleta, near El Paso, Texas, is probably the oldest Texas Ranger in point of service. For twenty-eight years he chased outlaws of high and low degree in the wild region bordering on the Río Grande. He knows every curve and bend of the international boundary stream from its mouth to El Paso, more than twelve hundred miles; he was familiar with the haunts in the innermost recesses of the hills and mountains, where hardpressed bandits were most likely to seek refuge; he could follow the dimmest trail through the thick-growing chaparral of South Texas, knowing just where it was going to lead; he knew the name and history of every criminal who infested the border territory during the time he served as a Texas Ranger. This of itself was no small accomplishment, considering the fact that the list of outlaws numbered well up into the hundreds, and probably into the thousands. When a crime was committed, Captain Hughes would take a look at the scene, or perhaps inspect the fugitive's trail, and say, "The man who did this was Pablo Sanchez, of Jose Somebody-else." He seldom failed in naming the guilty man, or leader of the band. Then Captain Hughes would begin a chase that was certain to have one of two endings. Either the fugitives were captured or killed. He has had more battles with outlaws than any man in the country, and has said less about them. It is only from the brief written reports that he made to the State Adjutant General's Department at Austin of his operations from time to time that a record of his remarkable career could be obtained.

On the occasion of Captain Hughes' retirement. January 16, 1915, the San Antonio Express gave quite a write-up dealing with his career of usefulness, and from this write-up we copy the following:

"Captain Hughes is deeply religious. For many years he has held the position of superintendent of the Sunday school at Ysleta, where the headquarters of his Ranger company is located. For months at a time while he was away on a hunt for law-breakers his place in the Sunday school would be filled by a substitute. But whenever he went back to camp he took charge of the spiritual training of the children of the little community. It is not only on Sunday that Captain Hughes

practices his devoutness. It has been part of his every day life for many years. He put up the ban against drinking and gambling on the part of the members of his Ranger company long ago. As for himself, he does not know the taste of intoxicating liquor or tobacco in any form. He never indulged in card playing or any other kind of gambling. He has seen life in all of its rough phases and from his boyhood days until now his principal dealings have been with the worst criminal element of the frontier region, but he came through the experience with his moral and physical being unscathed.

"The Southwest has produced and developed some remarkable men, but none who possesses a more wonderful life story than that which Hughes could relate. As a gunfighter he probably far outranks any peace officer either in or out of the Ranger service. How many men he has killed in the discharge of his official duties he will not say. He has never taken human life except it was a case of kill or be killed. Notwithstanding his long years of hard service, his meeting up with all kinds and conditions of men, he is still as modest as a school girl. The mere suggestion of publishing in a newspaper an account of some of his daring deeds brings a blush to his bronzed face. He not only opposes the idea, but he cannot be induced to talk about any of the stirring events of his career. There are many men on the border, however, who are able to give the desired information.

"When still in his teens, Captain Hughes left Cambridge, Illinois, his birthplace, and went to Indian Territory, where he lived for six years with different tribes of red men. He then moved to Central Texas and started a cattle ranch on a small scale. In 1885 a band of outlaws made a raid into the community where he was living and stole seventy horses, sixteen of the animals belonging to Hughes. The very daring of the nefarious enterprise made Captain Hughes angry and he proposed to his neighbors that if they would look after his ranch while he was gone he would 'go and get the thieves.' His proposition was agreed to.

"He then started on the most remarkable criminal chase that was probably ever made. Officers of the law have traveled over the world and brought back the human voice they sought, but such things as that were nothing when compared with the undertaking which

Hughes set out to accomplish. He was one man against a desperate gang of six cut-throats. In those days all of that broad expanse of country lying to the west of the Colorado River in Texas and reaching far into New Mexico was almost entirely unpopulated.

"The outlaws had several days start of Captain Hughes and it was with no little difficulty that he finally struck their trail. For days, weeks and months he silently and relentlessly followed the thieves. At night he would throw his saddle upon the ground, hobble his horse and go into camp. Close around him howled wolves and coyotes. These and the myriads of twinkling stars that looked down upon him from the broad canopy of heaven were his only company in the solitudes with the exception of his patient, endurance-bearing horse. The chase led across the plains of Western Texas, up through the Panhandle into what was then No Man's Land, thence south again and into New Mexico. Finally Hughes came upon his quarry in camp in New Mexico. The memory of the long, silent ride, the hardships he had encountered, and the promise that he had made his neighbors that he would 'get the thieves,' put bravery

into his heart and he made the attack upon the outlaws with such vehemence and boldness that they were able to offer but little resistance. When it was over the two surviving bandits were securely bound by Captain Hughes and taken to the nearest town, where they were turned over to the New Mexico authorities. They were tried, convicted and sentenced to prison.

"Captain Hughes rounded up the stolen horses, including the sixteen that belonged to him, and took the back trail to Texas. He got home safely and delivered the horses to their owners. He was gone one year, lacking fifteen days, on that long chase after outlaws. He covered more than 1,200 miles on the trip."

"The friends of the men whom Captain Hughes had followed and brought to justice determined that this new Nemesis who threatened to interfere with their thieving operations should be put out of the way. They sent one of their number to murder Hughes. The purpose of the man was discovered and Hughes and a Ranger went out to meet him. The outlaw was shot and killed when the meeting took place. Other attempts to murder him by the desperadoes whose enmity he had in-



SOME OF CAPTAIN FRANK JONES' RANGER COMPANY.

Left to Right: (1) Unknown, (2) Unknown, (3) Frank Smith on crutches, (4) John O'Grady, (5) Bass Outlaw, (6) Captain Frank Jones, (7) W. W. Jones, (8) Solon Costley, (9) Unknown. Seated "Old Hous," the negro cook, Photo taken in the early 90's.

curred caused him to join the Ranger force in 1887. He says he wanted to be in position to hunt down the outlaws legally.

"Time after time this daring peace officer made long journeys on horseback into remote and dangerous localities, and seldom did he fail to land his man, either dead or alive. Train robbers, stage highwaymen, murderers, cattle and horse thieves, and a variety of other offenders, were checked in their wild and bloody careers by the coolness and daring of his exploits. A ride of 300 miles without a

stop, except to change horses at some ranch house was a common experience of Hughes.

"For many years the Big Bend region in the upper Rio Grande border section was the rendezvous of fugitives from justice of many different kinds. It was filled with criminals, both white and Mexican, and it was considered worth the life of any peace officer to invade the precincts of the lawless country. Captain Hughes decided to do some housecleaning down there. When a certain Mexican outlaw who had a particularly bad record sought re-

fuge in the lower part of the Big Bend, 100 miles from the nearest railroad point, Hughes followed his trail alone. He came upon the man at a little Mexican store on the river bank. The outlaw was in a crowd of other Mexicans of his same ilk, but this did not deter Captain Hughes from making him captive at the point of a gun. The companions of the prisoner edged away until they were partly hidden in a nearby clump of trees. Hughes placed the Mexican on a horse and was about to leave the spot with the prisoner when he was fired upon by the Mexicans from behind the trees. Hughes returned the fire and killed two of the attacking force. The others escaped by fleeing. He then started on his long journey to Marfa, the nearest railroad



Left to right: Standing, Bob Speaker, Jim Putman. Seated, Lon Oden, Sgt. John R. Hughes. Photo taken in 1892.

town. It was fortunate for him that night was coming on. This enabled him to make a wide detour from the main traveled trail and thus escape his possible pursuers. For two days and nights he and his prisoner journeyed through the desolate region, finally reaching Marfa, where the Mexican was placed in jail.

"Hughes made many other expeditions into the criminal-infested Big Bend country and finally cleared it of its lawless element.

"In 1890 the Ranger company to which Hughes belonged had a fight with Mexican smugglers in the Franklin Mountains. Sergeant Charles Fusselman and several of the outlaws were killed. Hughes was promoted to Fusselman's place. In 1893 the Rangers rounded up a band of Mexican brigands on Pirate Island in the Rio Grande. They wiped out the Mexicans, but Captain Frank Jones, commander of the Rangers, was killed in the fight. Hughes was promoted to Jones' place and he held it until his retirement. During the so-called Garza revolution against Mexico in the early nineties Captain Hughes was in the saddle almost day and night for many months hunting down the armed bands of Mexicans that were roaming over the lower border region.

"It was Captain Hughes who arrested Charles F. Dodge when the latter was attempting to make his way into Mexico in disguise. This was in 1904. Dodge was wanted in New York in connection with the famous Morse-Dodge case. Hughes got on the fugitive's trail in a remote part of South Texas and captured Dodge near the little town of Alice."

It was the happy privilege of the editor of Frontier Times to meet Captain Hughes at the reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers at Menard in July, 1927, where we had a very delightful conversation with him. He is one of those genial, kindly characters whose magnetic personality at once impresses you and makes you feel that he will be your friend if you will let him. Although past the allotted three-score and ten in years, Captain Hughes is in robust health and is a fine specimen of manhood. On our cover design this month is shown a charcoal drawing of this famous Texas Ranger, made by our staff artist, Warren Hunter. Captain Hughes handed us a little verse of his own composition, which we would like to use underneath the picture, but space forbids, so we give it here:

"When my old soul seeks range and rest,
Beyond that long and last divide,

Just plant it in some Canyon in the West,

That has its sunny slopes, long and wide.

Let cattle rub my tombstone down;

Let coyotes howl to their kin;

Let horses paw and dig the little mound:

But with barbed wire don't fence it in."

Captain Hughes is of that sturdy type of men who made the organization known as the Texas Rangers famous. Not many of the Old Guard are left, and when they are gone their like will never be produced again.

Speaking of Captain Hughes' retirement from the Ranger service, The Cattleman, published at Fort Worth, Texas, in its issue of January, 1915, had the following to say:

"Captain John R. Hughes, the oldest Texas Ranger in the service in point of years, has handed in his resignation. Captain Hughes entered the Ranger service as a private in 1887 and gradually rose to Captain, all of his superior officers being killed by bandits. His twenty-seven years of service have been filled with thrilling events, and Captain Hughes bears the distinction of never having lost a battle in which he participated and never allowed a prisoner in his charge to escape.

"Captain Hughes left home when very young and spent six years with the Indians in Indian Territory. Later he engaged in the cattle business along the line of Travis and Williamson counties, Texas. Thieves stole a number of horses from his ranch and after tracing them to New Mexico he recovered his own horses together with several belonging to his neighbors, and two of the thieves were convicted and sent to the New Mexico penitentiary. Returning to his home he laid aside his pistol and gave his attention to his stock. The friends of the convicted men, however, laid their plans to murder him and one of the number visited his ranch for that purpose. Captain Hughes was away, but a Ranger who was hunting the man in question happened to be at his ranch at the time and exchanged several shots with him. The Ranger shot the pistol from his hand, but the man got away. He was wanted for murder and other offenses, and Hughes was deputized to assist in capturing him. About three weeks later the man was located, but would not surrender and was killed. The friends of the dead man were then so annoying that Hughes was forced to go armed at all times to protect himself, and he was persuaded to enlist in the Ranger service.

"I enlisted at Georgetown, on August 10,

1887,' said Captain Hughes recently in referring to his experiences as a Ranger, 'expecting then to stay only six or eight months. Riding 700 miles on horseback I reached headquarters camp at Camp Wood, in Nueces Canyon, November 12. That same winter we moved camp to Rio Grande City, remaining in that section a year and a half, during which time we had many exciting experiences. Among other things the Garza war was started. I arrested Catarina Garza in August, 1888, for criminal libel, complaint being made by Victor Sebra. Sebra afterward shot Garza and two companies of Rangers were sent there to attend to the mob. I was the first ranger to arrive. Later it was I who arrested Charles F. Dodge, wanted in New York in connection with the Morse-Dodge case, which afterwards became so notorious. I took him to Houston and held him a week at a hotel while a legal battle was being fought over him, and finally delivered him to Judge Waller T. Burns.

"I have always been a horse back Ranger and have worked in every county on the Rio Grande from El Paso to Brownsville. In 1902 I was stationed at old Fort Hancock. A young man stole a horse at Ysleta and a county official wrote, asking me to catch him and return the horse. He also told a newspaper reporter that I would catch the man, and the El Paso Herald told of the horse being stolen and said that Captain Hughes was on his trail and was certain to catch him as I had never failed. I was absent from my camp on a scout when the message arrived, but returned two or three days later and read the letter and the paper. I started right away on his trail and caught the man about 300 miles away and took him to the El Paso jail.

"Unfortunately, I have been in several engagements where desperate criminals were killed. I have never lost a battle that I was in personally, and never let a prisoner escape. The longer I hold a prisoner the closer I watch him. I got my promotion all the way from private to captain by my superior officers being killed by bandits. Sergeant Charles Fusselman was killed by smugglers in the Franklin Mountains, April 17, 1890, and I was promoted to his place. Captain Frank Jones was killed on Pirate Island by Mexicans on June 30, 1893, and I was appointed by Governor Hogg to fill his place. My appointment as Captain is dated July 4, 1893. For several years I did not expect to live to the age that I am now. I expected to be killed by criminals. An officer who hunts desperate criminals has

no business having a wife and family and I have remained single. I have an interesting scrap book, and many of my friends have insisted that I should write a book of my life as a Ranger. I do not expect to do so, however, as I have accumulated enough of this world's goods to keep the wolf away from my door and do not crave notoriety."

No more fearless or courageous man ever served as an officer of the law than Captain John R. Hughes, and his memory will long be treasured by those pioneers of the West who knew him as a faithful officer, an honorable, sober, upright gentleman.

An Encouraging Letter

We are glad the pioneer men and women of Texas appreciate our efforts to make Frontier Times a magazine for them to thoroughly enjoy. We are receiving letters from many of them telling us how much they enjoy the little magazine, and it encourages us to strive harder to please them. The letter given below is from Mrs. Mattie A. Maddux, of Dallas, Texas, and in just a few words speaks volumes:

"My little magazine has failed to reach me. It occupies a real place in my life. I look forward to the time when it should be received and am sorely disappointed when it does not come in on time. I am an inveterate reader; am a subscriber to several papers and magazines. Yours, though, fills a place in my life that no other does. In every number I read of people who have long since passed out of my life and are almost forgotten, as in the case of Humpy Jackson, a story of whom appeared in August issue. I remember him quite well. He had two daughters, Roxann or Roseann, and Henrietta, who always spent the night at my father's (at Mason) when they were on their way to some place further on. I also remember a Mr. Milligan who was killed by Indians sometime in the late 50's I think. His children are still living in that county. It is customary to wait until one is dead before giving them praise. Though I am one of the pioneers and am not eloquent, I want to say before I have passed on your magazine has been the means of contributing many pleasant hours to a lonely old lady. If I am the only one, your life has not been in vain."

Preserve your copies of Frontier Times. They are valuable. If your neighbor wants to read the little magazine, ask him to subscribe



A herd of Texas cattle, at Dodge City, Kan., just south of town, in 1872.

The Trail Drivers Helped to Make Texas History

By Sam H. Stokes, Sonora, Texas.

THE ORGANIZATION of the old trail drivers into an association was one of the greatest steps ever taken toward preservation of history of Texas. The perpetuation of the names of these grand old men is of vital importance. Their usefulness to their country should never be forgotten, thereby demanding a history that future generations may know who the real pioneers were, what they did, and how they did it. It was about to pass unnoticed until Mr. George W. Saunders, of San Antonio, himself an old time trail driver, set about to perfect the organization, and publish a book giving the experiences of the early cowmen who drove their cattle to Northern markets in the days that tried men's souls. I think it is the duty of every old Texan, who is in possession of a bit of history, to contribute that bit for publication and preservation.

I was born November 15, 1860, in Madison county, Texas, and lived there until the break up of the Civil War. My father moved to Lavaca county, where he died in 1870, and his remains now rest in an unmarked grave at Hallettsville. My uncle, John M. Dawson,

who, in after years, became prominent as a cattle baron, came down and moved us to Caldwell county, in 1872. We located on the head of Lytton Creek, on what was then called the McDonald Ranch. Lockhart was our trading point. That year I helped my uncle move two herds of cattle from near Columbus to Caldwell county. The following year, 1873, I helped him in getting together a herd of cattle to be driven to some point in Kansas. I helped to start the herd and went with him to the Colorado River. I then began working for Joe (Cedar Creek) Buntion, and worked with the Buntions for several years. I remember most of the old cattlemen, including the Buntions, the Blockers, Montgomerys, Ellisons, Withers, George Hill, Col. J. J. Myers, Old Man Ed Thompson, Oscar Thompson, W. B. (Bill) White, the Harris Brothers, Nat and Alvin Haynes, Arch Larimore, Berry Roebuck, the Murray Brothers. And I also remember many of the marks and brands.

And, by the way, I want to here mention the death of John Murray, which occurred in Sonora, Texas, on December 21st, 1926. He was seventy-seven years old, and was one of the

old time trail drivers. He told me he made seven trips up the trail, and worked a great deal for Mark Withers.

We moved into Bastrop county, near Old Red Rock, and most of the time I was working with stock. In 1879 I went up the trail into Wyoming, with a herd of cattle belonging to Schreiner & Lytle. Zack Strucken was the boss. I made three shifts during the drive. The first herd was turned over to Captain Millett on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, a few miles from where Seymour now stands. At that time there were a few tents there, and some Rangers were camped there. I then fell in with Bill Wharton and went with him to a point in Western Kansas, where his herd was disposed of. I then joined hands with the old scout, Mack Stewart, whose destination was Ogallala, Nebraska. From there I went with Billie Henson up the North Platte into Wyoming.

1879 was a very dry year. After we crossed Red River at the Old Doan's Crossing we took a little rest. During this time the Indians caused us some trouble, ran off some of our horses. I had two fights here, and came out without a scratch, but in both instances I was fighting my horse instead of Indians, so you can readily understand my victory. On account of grass we made a new trail, running forty miles west of Fort Sill, coming back or intersecting the old trail near the Canadian. When we got to the Wasita the Indians would not let us cross on the evening we got there. They said our horses and their horses might mix

up. I thought that was very reasonable with them. After crossing the Cimarron we had no water on grass, so we kept the cattle on the trail, bedded them down for noon, drove early and late, and reached the Arkansas River about ten o'clock the second night. The wind was high from the south. The authorities at Dodge City would not allow us to water where we were, and we had to go up the river a few miles, where we bedded down for the night. The cattle were awful dry, but could not smell the water on account of the high wind. We did not have any rain on the entire trip, but had plenty of it after we got to Ogallala.

After returning from the trip with Billie Henson to Ogallala, after taking a little rest there, after seeing two boys from Fort Worth shot down without any cause, I was not long in getting ready to head for Texas.

Speaking of the pioneers: My mother was the first white child born in Houston, in the year of 1839. Her mother was a member of the first white family to arrive in Houston after the Battle of San Jacinto. Some Creoles, French and Seminole Indians were living there in tents and huts, but no white people. My grandmother was Susan B. Woodruff before her marriage to Gamble Dawson in 1838. Two children were born to this union, John M. Dawson and my mother, An Eliza Dawson. Gamble Dawson, their father and my grandfather, died in Galveston in 1842. My father, Josiah H. Stokes, and my mother, Ann Eliza Dawson, were married in Madison county in 1858.

A Texas Boy's First Experience on the Trail

Written by J. L. McCaleb, Carrizo Springs, Texas.

IN THE SPRING of 1868 a man named Farnsworth from Kansas came into Hays County for horses. He found a lot he wanted and closed the deal for about sixty head to be delivered to him in five days. So before he bought more he wanted three boys to hold the herd after delivery. He expected to and did buy one hundred and forty head more. My stepfather Capt. Fleming (he was a captain during the Civil war) had rented a farm on the Blanco the fall before and I plowed in that black land during the winter and was plowing yet in the early Spring. Plowing did not seem to agree with my health and happiness, still I can look back

now and see that it was not so bad. I had a neighbor boy whose parents owned some cattle, horses, mules and jacks. Negroes did not have to work then on Saturday evening, so I was let off and always went to see my boy chum. We were about the same age (16 years). With him I learned to ride. Many yearlings and jacks we rode or tried to ride on Saturday and Sunday. It was not long before we thought we could ride any thing. Mr. Farnsworth hired my stepbrother, Mark Fleming, who was then about twenty years of age, and another boy, Billy Lane, about twenty, whose home was in Lamar county. Mark died years ago. I have not heard from Billy since the

fall of 1868. How I would love to see him now.

Mark and Billy were stepping high and how I wanted to go, I could see that old farm, I do not suppose there was more than forty acres, but it looked to me like it was four hundred, awful long rows and plowing was tough. I longed for the wild life and a good pony and a pistol. So I got Mark and Billy to talk to the Captain and my mother. Mr. Farnsworth wanted one more boy and wanted him at once, so I asked him to plead the case. He got my parents to thinking and late one evening out in the farm, the day before the man wanted us to be ready I went to Capt. Fleming and told him that so far I had not gone to school much and if we made a crop I could not go; that if he would let me go up the trail I would be glad to stay the next year and help, and that I would save my money and give it to him when I got back. I told him how I would like to see the world, its rivers, praries, towns and railroads. I told him all these I could see by going to the far North, all this and more. He told me to go to the house and have Mark clean the old cap and ball pistol for me as he did not know but that it would come handy some day on the trip. I told my mother that I was going away. She looked like she wanted to say something to me and I could see tears in her eyes, when she went to get my clothes. Night came on and I dreamed of all the places I had ever heard of. Oh! I was the happiest boy in Texas.

Mark and Billy had been working with the herd several days. They penned the herd at night near our home, so next morning they brought me a pony with a brand new saddle, which Mr. Farnsworth gave me. The other boys purchased their own saddles. My saddle, how big and rich I felt! It was a beauty, sure enough. Mr. Farnsworth made a lasting friend of me. Everything being ready, I was about to mount my pony, when my mother caught me in her arms and hugged me and I now know she was praying for me. She held me for a minute or more, great tears falling from her beautiful eyes. Finally she took my hand and said "Good-bye, my boy," and kissed me with a kiss from the heart. Boys soon forget the days of parting. Mothers never. I mounted my pony and rode out to the herd and off to the North.

Mr. Farnsworth had us three boys and a negro man for cook, but no chuck wagon. We used pack horses and drove them with the

herd. The first day I was happy going into new scenes, new places. In my imagination I could see the best time and lots of the world nothing to do but ride a good pony and help drive a herd of horses from camp to camp. I could see the camps always in some beautiful valley. Would see Austin, Georgetown, Waco and Dallas, see bad white men and the how-how with tame and wild Indians, be a wild cowboy, and the thing did look big and bright to me. But the brightness went out before I got home, never to appear again, as I looked at them that day through a boy's eyes.

Mr. Farnsworth bought all gentle stock; that is, he was told they were gentle. But he had a few in the herd that Buffalo Bill should have had; none of us could stay on them long. I will mention one horse that he bought. The day we left, after driving eight or ten miles, a man rode up to us on a paint horse, wet with sweat. He said that he had just run down a pony he was leading, and that he would sell the paint horse for twenty dollars. He was a beauty and one of the easiest riding ponies I had ever seen; could pace like the wind. He let Mr. Farnsworth try him, and he bought him and said that he would let him rest two or three days then take him for his saddle pony. We all wanted him. We put him in the herd. He was easy to catch, and every day at noon Mrs. Farnsworth would go out and pet him. He said he would not take one hundred dollars for him, and was going to give him to his wife when he got home. The third day he led him into camp, put a bridle and saddle on and got on himself, but he did not stay long. That paint horse could pitch prettier than he could pace. When Mr. Farnsworth got himself together and up on his feet, he said he believed something was under the saddle blanket. The horse, after throwing him, walked out to the herd, and went to eating grass as if nothing had happened. Mr. Farnsworth went and brought him back to the camp, unsaddled him, and examined everything while the paint pretended to be asleep. Mark said that if he could have the horse as his to ride for a week he would ride him. Mr. Farnsworth said, "Take him", so Mark got on and started toward the herd. The horse took one or two pacing steps and Mark had to be raked up. No one else wanted him, so he was put in the herd and was never ridden by any of us. There were other gentle horses in the herd. Mr. Farnsworth said he bought only gentle horses, and could not understand why should

they get wild so soon. We could not tell then, but in after years we knew.

We crossed Red River at the Colbert's Ferry. In a few days trouble began to gather. After crossing Red River we had to herd at night. The weather had been good, but now we had storms, rain and lightning. We herded at night two on at a time made half a night, as there were only four of us. Mr. Farnsworth and I always went out together. The further North we went more troubles came. We began to lose horses at night. The Indians were the only ones who could find them at \$1.00 each. I believe now that myself, Mark and Billy were scared, for once after counting we found several head short. Mr. Farnsworth was mad and bothered, and said some things in English not good to put in a book, so we quit and asked for our pay. Mark and Billy did all the talking. Mr. Farnsworth said that he had but little money and if he kept losing horses he did not know what would happen. We then told him to let us have a pony each and give us \$75.00 (\$25.00 each) and we would leave. He said that was an impossibility and that we knew it for no man, not a fool, would carry much money with him, but if we were determined to leave him he would give us two ponies each and that he thought we were treating him badly, for he would have to hire Indians to go with him. It was mean in us, and I see it now clearer than ever. He let me keep my saddle and begged me to stay. He offered me an education and a home, and that I should never want for anything that money could buy. But Mark and Billy were wild, and I would not quit them, so we mounted our ponies with one to lead and left without one dime in money. We decided to go to Ft. Smith, sell three ponies, get some money, and then start for Texas. We pointed I think an Easterly direction, and not many days after we left the herd we met five men, four Indians and a white man, all drunk. We asked them about how far it was to Ft. Smith, and told them we were hungry and had no money and we wanted to sell some ponies. They told us that all that was paid for ponies in Ft. Smith was paid in whiskey, and that we could not sell them there. They advised us to take an old road that we had just crossed half a mile back and if we could follow it it would take us to Lamar county, Texas. They went back with us and showed us a road that did not look like it had been traveled in fifty years. They gave us some dried beef, and crackers, and we all took a drink from a jug

and off the five men went, yelling and shooting their pistols. Did the country and people look wild? She did. We took the old road that was pointing to the southwest, rode until night, then camped and ate all of our dried beef and crackers. Next morning we saw a log house off the road some hundred yards and went there and asked for something to eat. The family was pure Indian. Billy Lane could talk some Indian, and told them we had no money. That was all right. The squaw made us a breakfast that we all wanted. The bread was thick and cut like cheese; roast beef, eggs and good coffee. Did we eat? Ask the Indian buck. Billy said the Indian told him that a white family had fed him at one time in the long ago. He had not forgotten and was glad to feed us without pay.

It seems to me now that most of our traveling was in the Ozarks. We got something to eat next day, but not much. Some days not a house or tepee did we see. One night we camped near an old log house, long vacated, with an old apple orchard near. We built a fire and got some apples, little fellows, and put them on a stick to cook for our supper, we were sure hungry. Just then three little pigs came near us. Mark jerked his pistol and shot one. The pig did not get a death shot and there was never before nor since a pig that could squeal like that pig, and Mark and Billy had to kill it with an old fence rail. But the pistol shot and that pig squealing so loud, we did not know but the Indians would catch us. So we hid the pig in some bushes, got our horses and left that camp forever that dark and lonely night. I suppose our ponies saw and kept the road, for we were on it next morning. About three o'clock in the evening we rode in sight of an Indian tepee, and when we reached it, a long-haired young Indian came out. Billy told him we were hungry and would like to get some bread. He went into his tepee and I suppose his squaw had the bread made for he soon came out. We were all down off our horses expecting to have one more meal, if it was only bread. Billy reached out his hand to take the bread and at the same time told him we had no money. He jerked the bread away from Billy and ran into his tepee and came out with a rifle which looked to me to be nine feet long. He never said a word, but motioned with his gun for us to hit the road, and we did.

We did not starve before we got to Red River, but you bet we got hungry. When we came to Red River we found a boat tied to a

tree, but there was a house some two hundred yards away. How to slip our six ponies down to the boat and cross and not get caught was the question up before the house for debate. We watched the house for perhaps an hour, and did not see any one, so we concluded that nobody was at home. It was then about one o'clock, and very hot. We went back the road we had come about one mile, then went to the river about a half a mile above the boat, down on the river edge, to hide from the house. We put our ponies on the boat, which had nothing but two long poles to get them across with. The boys took the poles and told me to stand in the end of the boat and keep the ponies from jumping off. We left the bank in a few feet the poles would not touch bottom. I got scared and turned and went to the side of the boat. Of course we were going on down. Mark and Billy seemed excited, we were now about twenty foot from the bank, when I looked just in time to see two ponies jump off the boat and pull for short. The boys were cussing, and the boat was going down. We must have gone one hundred yards when we found bottom, and it was to land again, so we brought the two ponies and got them on and I was told very emphatically, and then some, to not let it happen again. I did not, you bet, for we expected some old fellow any minute to appear on the bank with a gun. We crossed without much trouble as the only deep water we found was where we started from. Some of us wanted to leave the boat, and some wanted to take it back where we got it. I favored taking it back. Mark and Billy left their clothes and ponies with me, then took the boat a half a mile or more above where we found it, so as to make sure to land it at the right place. They did not have much trouble to put the boat in its place, and no owner ever appeared. The boys swam back, put on their clothes, and just as we rode into the timber on the Texas side, in Lamar County we yelled until we were tired and emptied our old cap and ball pistols. A happier bunch of boys, nor a more hungry bunch of boys, ever crossed Red River.

We feasted for two days with an uncle of Lane's, near Paris, Lamar county. There we left Billy and I have never heard of him since. Mark and I rode off to the south, leading our extra pony, and without a cent. Down in Hunt county we got a job at fifty cents a day, plowing and sometimes grubbing. We got tired after working three days. I bought a pair of brogan shoes with my wages, as I was

bare-footed. Mark kept his to pay our way back to Hays 'county. We got to the home of my stepfather and mother on the identical farm I had left, and I rushed there to see them. My pants were torn and dirty and struck me just below the knees, the brogan shoes were two numbers too large, I had no socks on, and my shirt and hat were torn, but I was happy to see them. The Captain looked me over and no doubt thought about me telling him that I wanted to see the world, for he said, "Well, you look like a boy that has seen some of it. Let's go to the house where you can wash up, put on clean clothes, and then tell us all about the world, its prairies, towns and railroads." He had not forgotten my plea to let me go. I did not have any money, but I gave my two ponies to my stepfather, and I picked cotton that fall, broke land in the winter, and then ran away from home and hired to Dixon & Mitchell, who put up a herd of some 1500 or 2000 cattle of all kinds, from a dogy up to 8-year-old wild long horns. Old trail drivers know what a herd like that meant to the cowboys. We drove to Abilene, Kansas. This was in 1869.



Bill Longley

Noted Texas Desperado, hanged at Giddings, Texas, October 11, 1878.

Some Panhandle History

Amarillo Southwest Plainsman October 23, 1926.

NOT MANY years ago the Panhandle was the home of the buffalo and the hunting ground of the Indian. Fifty years ago it was a frontier. The settling of this country, the opening of its vast acres to the civilizing influence of the cattlemen and the farmers was due to the efforts of that bold and hardy army of pioneers who came into the Panhandle in the seventies and eighties.

Of that vast army whose influence was widely felt from that day forward, one man stands out above all others. As government teamster he came, as public benefactor he passed to another world.

The life of "Uncle Johnnie" Long is mingled with hardships and reads like fiction—the romance of dangers—but through it all this sturdy pioneer retained his faith in mankind.

John J. Long was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, November 7, 1851. He came to Texas in 1874 with the General Nelson A. Miles expedition. He hired to the government at Leavenworth, Kansas, as a government teamster. The expedition started from Fort Dodge, Kansas, with thirty-six six-mule teams. They came south by Fort Supply, Oklahoma, and on south, crossing the Canadian near the mouth of Oasis, thence down west of where Fort Elliott is now located and up McClellan creek.

The expedition at this time, according to Uncle Johnny's story related shortly before his death, was after a bunch of Indians that had captured the Germane sisters. The cavalry got to pressing the Indians too close and they abandoned their captives to the soldiers. The girls had no dresses and were tanned almost as black as the Indians. There was an old southern doctor in the expedition. He took two night shirts, made dresses for the girls and had them fixed up in no time. The stock was badly played out after this expedition, so the expedition dropped back and camped on the head of the Washita.

Now let Mr. Long tell the story himself in his own language:

"We went to Adobe Walls, getting there on Christmas Eve, and it started snowing. Christmas Day we laid up on Antelope Creek. Then we continued our march south, as the Indians had gone into camp on the Tule canyon. There were four expeditions moving against the In-

dians at this time. Major Price was coming in from the east, Miles from the north, and McKenzie was coming up from the south. When McKenzie had killed the Indians' horses and had his fight with them, they pulled out for their reservation. The Miles expedition got there too late to take part in the fight but we followed them on into Fort Sill. McKenzie did not set them completely afoot, for they always kept at least one horse apiece staked out or hobbled near and they used these to get back to the reservation. The Indians went south of the Washita mountains. We followed them in and got to Fort Sill about a day and a half after they did. It was zero weather and we had to walk much of the distance to keep from freezing. One day we made forty miles but we did not catch up with the Indians. There were supposed to have been 2000 or 3000 Indians in the Panhandle at that time. McKenzie killed their horses in September.

"We went into camp at Cantonment near North Fork, about 13 miles west of where Mo-beetie now stands in February of 1875. The Fort was established in the summer following. All of the houses were built of cottonwood pickets that were set in the ground three or four feet. Lieut. Hatch built a corral for the mule teams of adobe. It was 600 feet long, 60 feet wide and the fence was about four feet thick. The brick used in its construction were made on Dobe creek and by this work Hatch won for himself the nick name of "Dobe" Hatch.

"While Miles was camped on the head of McClellan creek in September 1874 he ran short of provisions and sent his wagon trains to meet his Mexican train at Commission Creek. We arrived at Commission Creek before the Mexicans got out to hunt buffalo, and a bunch of 15 or 20 Indians jumped them. Instead of dropping behind something the teamsters began to run. One was killed, but the other two got into the brush and got away. We had an escort of seventy soldiers with us. When the soldiers got to the spot where the teamster was killed they found that his body had been shot full of holes. There were sixteen bullet holes in him.

"We were more careful after that. When the other train arrived we loaded up and pulled out. After we crossed the Canadian we

saw lots of fresh horse tracks and we doubled the train driving with two wagons abreast. We got pretty near the Washita, and the Indians were in the sandhills waiting for us. They made a run on us about four o'clock in the afternoon and tried to stampede us. As they made the first rush the soldiers fired into them and they dropped back. We corralled the wagons and the teams in the train. When a mule was shot down we had to jump out, cut him loose and go on with the rest of them. The Indians were naked, painted and came a-yelling. There were over four hundred of them but it seemed to me like there was a thousand.

"We went to work and threw up an embankment around the outside. They did a lot of their shooting while riding in a run and if they hit anything it was just an accident. But they took aim when they got off behind something. They kept us there two days and three nights. The days were awfully hot and we nearly starved for water. The second day one of the soldiers was digging around among some of the things in the wagons and found some cases of tomatoes. They were more soup than anything else.

We cut the cans open and drank the juice. That was the best drink I ever had.

"The first night, about twelve or one o'clock a little scout by the name of Smallsky, ran the blockade. After he had left we heard a terrible lot of shooting and we didn't know whether he got through the Indians or not. But he did and soon afterwards ran into a herd of buffalo. His horse stepped into a prairie-dog hole and fell with him. When he got up his horse stampeded with the buffalo, leaving him afoot. He began walking and continued until daylight, when he hid. He said he saw two Indians about ten o'clock. When night came he took up the road again and continued until he struck a camp about twenty miles from Supply, where some men were cutting hay for the Government. He sent word into the fort and a company of cavalry was sent out. This fight was taking place at the same time that the Buffalo Wallow fight took place, on September 12, 1874, about ten miles from there. 1

"Major Price of the 8th Cavalry of New Mexico, was scouting around over the plains and happened upon the men who were holding the Indians off at Buffalo Wallow. The Indians had placed some scouts out and as soon as they discovered the detachment of soldiers approaching they dropped the siege and

retreated giving up the fight against the teamsters at the same time. The fight engaged in by the teamsters and their seventy soldiers was much longer and many more men were engaged in it than the other. Two men were killed and four or five wounded, and about thirty mules were killed, for as soon as night came they would remove their dead. So far as is known, this fight was never given a name. Its site is about 20 miles southeast of Canadian in Hemphill county, near where Gageby creek empties into the Washita. The Indians would shoot while riding. After the battle we met the soldiers under Miles coming back to see what was the matter.

"There was little other trouble with Indians after 1875. We had gone to New Mexico and were coming back with six-mule teams, escorting about 6,000 sheep and their herders into Texas. The herders were Mexicans. Coming back we ran into six men who had stolen sixty mules and horses on Starvation Creek and were headed into Mexico with them. They took all the horses and chuck that an outfit on this creek had and one man walked 60 miles into Fort Elliott to notify the soldiers. By this time the rustlers had gotten away across the plains and we ran into them. We recovered the horses and got all the men but one. Starvation Creek got its name from this, as the men left there didn't have a bit of chuck. This trip was made in 1875. The sheep were taken to Fort Sill for the Indians.

"Fort Elliott, I think was named for Major Elliott who was killed when Custer massacred the Indians at Cheyenne, Oklahoma, killing 105 Cheyennes and Arapahos. No expeditions were ever sent out, other than scouting trips. There were about four companies kept at Fort Elliott, but barracks were provided for five. The garrison was reduced to two companies and all troops were withdrawn about '92 or '94.

"The flagpole was brought from the brakes of the Canadian, being cut near Antelope Hills, eighty-five miles north east of Mobeetie, in the fall of 1875. I used a six-mule team to haul it to the Fort. At the auction sale of the Fort in 1900 I bought it for \$7.50.

"Few emigrants came into the country. Freight was done from Fort Dodge by Fort Supply, a distance of about two hundred miles. Most of the freighting was done by oxen, and the mules were used by the government for scouting purposes. Three wagons were often used with seven yoke of oxen and the round trip took about twenty days.

"They hunted buffalo only in the summer

and saved the hides by putting poison into the hides and stacking them. The hunters would usually get the government freighters, who had brought down a load of freight to carry the hides to Fort Dodge for them on their return trip. Along late in the fall they would kill buffalo and dry their meat. The hides brought from \$1 to \$2.50 per hide. The hides are too spongy to make good leather and sometimes the hides along the neck would be half an inch thick. The last year I saw any buffalo was 1878, but there were some on the Coldwater until 1880. Billie Dixon killed 82 at one "stand" of about two or three acres of land, the most I know of being killed. When we went to New Mexico after the sheep in 1875, somewhere above where Amarillo now is there was a big flat about a mile or two wide and ten miles long, and it was almost black with buffalo. It looked like there were hundreds of thousands. We killed some of them and they were the fattest buffalo I ever saw. Some of them had as much as two inches of fat upon their humps.

"The last buffalo killed in Wheeler county was killed by William Frass. Mark Husselby had a buffalo bull, a two-year old. He ran with a bunch of cows and was kept belled. He was the only tame buffalo in Wheeler county and was as gentle as could be.

"Sweetwater as Mobeetie was known at first was located and moved three different times. It was first located on the creek, just below the hill upon which the fort was located. Then it was moved a mile and a half below its present location and moved up to the spot upon which it is now located, in 1878 or 1879. They first picked out a place for the establishment of the fort on McClellan creek.

"At its first location one building was put up about 1876, but the officers at the fort didn't want the town located so near, and they made them quit their building. Then they moved to the head of Sweetwater creek, and in 1877 they moved below the fort. Buffalo hunters used the town mostly at first. Mail was brought from Fort Dodge once a week at first. Then it was later brought every day by stage. It took three days and nights for the trip. Three relays were made between Fort Elliott and Fort Supply, a distance of about 100 miles."

When Sweetwater applied for a post office, according to Uncle Johnny, the county seat of Nolan county had already been named, hence the suggestion was made that they take the Indian word meaning Sweetwater and the

town was called Mobeetie.

There were many saloons and gambling houses in the town, all at one time. In 1884, 425 votes were cast. Wheeler county was cut off from Clay county and given jurisdiction over 26 unorganized Texas counties, and Greer county, Oklahoma, (which was then in dispute.) In 1906 the county seat was moved to Wheeler by an eleven vote plurality. The suit of 1897 gave Greer county to Oklahoma.

On May 1st, 1888, the town of Mobeetie was almost wiped out by a cyclone. About half of the residences, the court house, and jail were left standing.

The material for this article was collected by Olin Hinkle and J. Evetts Haley, June 17, and 18, 1925 at Mobeetie—less than two months before the death of J. J. Long.

Soon after the fort was abandoned Mr. Long established a store at Mobeetie and for many years conducted a general mercantile business there.

It was a pioneer merchant that he did the most toward building up the farming industry of the Panhandle.

He was never known to refuse credit to early settlers and never called for security. He carried these people along through good times and bad times. The lean years and the fat years were the same to Mr. Long's customers.

No man in the Panhandle was better known nor more universally loved than he.

The Boy Captives.

A new book, written by J. Marvin Hunter, under title of "The Boy Captives," is to be off the press October 1. This book, which deals with the captivity of Clinton and Jeff Smith, brothers, adds another interesting chapter to the printed history of Indian warfare and border troubles. The story is told in pleasing style, and is a true recitation of the hardships endured and the cruelties visited upon helpless white captives. The boys were taken at Dripping Springs, Texas, in March, 1869, by Comanche Indians. Jeff, the younger brother was sold to old Geronimo, chief of the Apaches. Each boy spent about five years with the tribe he was adopted into. When they were restored to their people they were almost as wild as the Indians with whom they had been associated. Copies of this book will be on sale at the Old Trail Drivers reunion at San Antonio in October. Full announcement will be made later.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.

Bill Heffington, a Texas Pioneer

Written for Frontier Times by T. U. Taylor, University of Texas.

THIS OLD Indian fighter is now living in Marble Falls, Texas, at the ripe age of eighty-one. His youth was spent in Parker County which at that time was one of the battle grounds of the Comanches and the settlers. The writer was a neighbor of Bill Heffington for some dozen years when we were both boys roaming the banks of the south Bear Creek. The creek teemed with fish and the woods bordering were alive with squirrels.

Before giving the active career of Bill Heffington it is well to pay our respects to the Heffington family.

Stephen Heffington

Stephen Heffington settled in what is now Parker County, Texas, about 1850. The Land Office records in Austin show that he patented 320 acres of land on the South Bear Creek in 1854. On this tract of land the Heffingtons opened up a farm and on the immediate north of the South Bear Creek about eighteen miles southeast of Weatherford. John Henry Taylor, father of the writer, patented a small tract adjoining the Heffington tract on the south and the two families lived as neighbors and friends from 1856 to 1870.

The Heffington home was a pioneer home in all respects. It was several hundred miles to Jefferson, the port of North Texas. Lumber was practically an unknown quantity.

A few crude saw mills were dotted over the country and the floors to the Heffington home were sawed from huge cotton wood trees that were felled by the Heffington boys on the Bear Creek.

In the Heffington family there were several boys, Tom, Bill, Jim, King and Frank and two sisters, Mary Ann and Tennessee, the latter being the best speller in the southeast section of the county.

There was no stove in the Heffington home and all the cooking was done on the old fire place, wide and ample. The cooking utensils consisted of the skillet, frying pan, "baker" and the stew pot which hung over the fire place where pot licker was brewed to the great delight of the Heffington boys. In the shed room to the south was the ever present loom with its shuttle, harness and sleigh. All the cloth worn by the boys and girls was woven by Mrs. Heffington who lived and toiled for her family and her country. Stephen Heffington, himself, made the shoes for the children.

Heffington, himself, made the shoes for the children.

The writer remembers distinctly that squirrels were abundant along Bear Creek and no squirrel hide was ever wasted. The squirrel was skinned and the meat constituted a square dinner ever so often. The squirrel was cooked into the favorite "squirrel dumplings". The boys were taught early to preserve squirrel hides and these were tanned. The tanning process was unknown to science, but was homely and effective. The process consisted of excavating a pit about a foot deep, placing the hide flat in the pit hair side up scattering wood ashes about one inch thick over the hide until it was completely covered with wood ashes and then fill the pit with dirt. This is left for about one week. When taken out the hair slips off and leaves the skin clean. The hide was then thoroughly washed and hung up to dry. When the moisture had nearly all evaporated, the hide was taken in the hands and rubbed until it became permanent buck skin, tough, strong and durable. The shoe strings were cut by wielding the knife in such a way that it would cut a circular string for our crude shoes which were embryo brogans.

On rare occasions, perhaps one day during each month, a trip was made to Weatherford but little cloth was bought and generally the trading consisted of buying bar lead, silver lined caps, fish hooks, sugar and sometimes coffee. All cloth was raised and produced on the farm, the jeans breeches for the boys and the cotton dresses for the women.

Stephen Heffington after settling at once saw the great necessity of a school for the few children in the neighborhood. George Washington Pratt lived about a mile away (his daughter, Mrs. Crawford is now living at Diley, Texas, south of San Antonio). John Henry Taylor lived to the southwest between the Dickey branch and the South Bear Creek and the father of Judge Charles H. Jenkins lived at Byars Grove about a mile to the east. Stephen Heffington taught the first school in the southeast section of Parker County. The school house was a huge liveoak tree and the desks consisted of split logs hewn into benches. The neighborhood children came to this school under the liveoak where Stephen Heffington constituted the whole faculty. There were few text books and the children used such books as

their parents brought from the older states. The boys over ten years of age brought their shot guns with them and on arrival at the liveoak school house stood them against the tree ready for use in case of an Indian raid. While the Indians never raided the Hefington School they did raid school houses in other parts of Parker county. The schoolmaster served without money and without price and the only recompense he ever received were the thanks of his neighbors and friends for teaching the little school. This school house existed before the Civil War and during the Civil War there was no school or school house.

Dove Creek Fight

During and after the Civil War the Comanche Indians realized that the frontier was unprotected. During the War some of the men of Parker County went to the regular army while others were assigned to frontier duty. A company was organized under Captain Dave Yearry. Bill Heffington, then a boy of seventeen years was assigned to the Parker County Company and this company had to patrol Parker, Palo Pinto, Jack and other western counties and made several trips as far as the Pecos River, generally fighting in the Colorado or Brazos Valleys. We will let Bill Heffington tell the story in his own words:

"We had several Indian fights but our biggest was on the Dove Creek above San Angelo in what is now Tom Green County. My brother, Tom Heffington, was in this fight and had his horse shot from under him. Although eighteen bullet holes were in his clothes, he was wounded only once, and that a flesh wound in the cheek. My squad of eleven men were in another part of the county, but hastening to join the general command. The fight started early in the day and continued until sundown.

"In the early stage of the fight our men saw the bunch of horses that the Indians had stolen and the settlers got between the Indians and their horses. When Tom's horse was killed he took his saddle and rope, went to the bunch of Indian horses and roped one of them, but it proved to be a bad horse and bucked like a regular wild one, but Tom stuck to him. The fight ran all day long. The Indians were well armed with guns and pistols. Later in the day the settlers had nearly run out of ammunition for their old cap and ball sixshooters and they were forced to retreat. Our squad of men arrived on the scene late in the day when the fight was practically over. Twenty settlers were killed and many more Indians. The sun went down in the Indians' favor. We retired to camp

and were on guard all night, but by next morning the Indians has disappeared. A detail of men returned to the battle ground and buried the settlers who had been killed, but the Indians had taken all their dead away.

"The settlers were commanded by Totten and



Bill Heffington

Fossett. I remember distinctly that Baldwin Reynolds from Parker County was wounded and I helped to take care of him during the night. He suffered great pain, but we dressed his wounds and he finally recovered. Captain Giltentine was killed in the fight and we brought his body to Stephenville. The weather was bitter cold and the body was frozen stiff and was thus carried to the headquarters of the Conchos on the way to Stephenville.

Palo Pinto Fight

"The next impressive fight was in Palo Pinto County. There were only eleven of us and nearly every one from the Southeast corner of Parker County in the Bear Creek neighborhood. The men who composed this group were John Durkee, John Henry Taylor (father of T. U. Taylor of the State University) Flem Carroll, Lafe Hopkins, Robbins, John Ribble, George Baker, Clint Rider, Walter Glenn, Wesley Tankersley, and Bill Heffington.

"In this fight John Henry Taylor was present with a very unique gun. It was a double barrel gun, one barrel was a shot gun and the other barrel a rifle. The rifle barrel had a small key that was raised to prevent the hammer from bearing down heavy on the cap. Those who knew the gun, always turned this key before they tried to fire.

"We ran onto the Indians unexpectedly. There were eleven white men and about twenty-five Indians. We were well armed but the Indians had only bows and arrows and at once made for the brush and we tried to head them off. I singled out one Indian and got between him and the thicket. I was well mounted and the Indian was on foot. The Indian kept the air full of arrows and it got so hot that I jumped off my horse and got behind him as a protection. The horse was afraid and trembling and I was armed with a small five shooter and a good rifle. Arrows were still coming thick and fast and my five shooter was producing no effect. I then reached for my rifle, took deliberate aim and shot the Indian just below the heart. He fell into the grass, but I was afraid that he was "possuming" and I went back to the other men of the party.

"All the other Indians had gotten away and fled into the brush. We later returned to the scene of my fight and approached the spot rather cautiously for fear my Indian would suddenly rise out of the grass and start those arrows. Seeing no signs of life we approached still closer and finally ascertaining that he was dead went to the very spot. My associates were all men full grown and I was a boy of seventeen years. They insisted that I scalp my Indian on account of the fact that I was the only one who was really lucky enough to kill his Indian that day. I not only scalped him but brought his shield, moccasins, and other implements back to the home neighborhood on the South Bear Creek in Parker County. My younger brother, Jim Heffington (father of Stephen Heffington, the present County Tax Assessor of Travis County) would often put on this outfit and visit the neighborhood and scare the life out of the children.

(The writer of these lines bears testimony to the fact that Jim Heffington dressed in this Comanche costume and threw a scare into him that made him give a yell that would compare with the yell of the Comanches.)

The Killing of the Light Family

Six years later I was with another company and while scouting in the Western part of Parker County we heard that the Indians were on

Grindstone Creek. On the Fourth of July, 1869, Mr. James Light and his family were visiting a neighbor where they were celebrating the day of America's Independence. Late in the afternoon they were returning home when they were suddenly attacked by some blood-thirsty Indians of the Comanche Tribe who fired on them without warning. Mr. Light was killed instantly and Mrs. Light was shot down. She carried a small babe in her arms and one of the arrows struck the babe in the side leaving a deep gash. Our men arrived on the scene the next morning after the killing. We found Mr. and Mrs. Light both scalped. Mr. Light had red hair and red whiskers. The Indians not only scalped his head but scalped his chin taking with them the red whiskers. We buried Mr. and Mrs. Light by the road side.

"We found the little babe on its mother's breast with the arrows still sticking in the flesh. We took it to Weatherford and left it with friends where the child was raised and grew to young manhood. Sixteen years later I was in Weatherford and met a boy by the name of Light and soon found that he was the baby boy that I helped rescue in 1869. He showed me the scar in his side which was still very pronounced."

RANGERS AND SOVEREIGNTY.

Frontier Times has just made a deal whereby we can secure a limited number of copies of Captain D. W. Roberts book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," at a very low price per copy, and we will pass these books on to our subscribers at a low price. The book is cloth-bound, contains several illustrations, and gives the experiences of Captain Roberts and his company of Texas Rangers. It was printed in 1914, and is now out of print. We will sell these books at only one dollar each, postpaid, or we will send Frontier Times one year, and a copy of the book, together, for only \$2.25. This is not a reprint edition, but the original 1914 edition of this splendid book by the venerable Ranger Captain. Order a copy today, to be sure you will get one. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bondera, Texas.

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Ab Blocker Tells About Trail Driving Days

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, August 5, 1927



MAN of the great outdoors, Ab Blocker; sunbrowned his face, and written in with evidences of human contact in the wide open spaces where lines definitely drawn and there is no in-between, because men are either white or yellow. The quick turn of the head and searching eyes leave nothing unmarked. An alertness that is far-sighted, far-reaching, deep with understanding measures every word, accounts for every act. A dislike for, seeming, bombastic enumeration of personal exploits, coupled with a gentleness to win a child, a gallantry and reverence for women, a sincerity of purpose, determined will and extreme contempt for a moral weakling. These combined with a six-foot-two stature and simple dignity, enter into the making of one who has won his master's degree in the college of experience—life.

One of four sons was Ab's part to do general ranch and farm work at home. The former was much to his liking, but farming had no part in his picture of the future. It was in '76 that he tried his wings, leaving the home nest to work for his brother, John on his Blanco County ranch. Gathering and roping wild steers from the brush and mountains was the task mapped out for him and Blocker declares "It was a man's job too." The steers were driven from where they were captured to Lockhart Prairie, fifteen miles below Austin.

"The year following the gathering of wild steers Brother John, the 'big boss,' together with sixteen cowboys, myself among them, trailed that herd to Cheyene, Wyo., in exactly eighty-two days. Of all the men who made that drive only three are now living; the others have crossed the Great Divide, but they left their pack horses behind.

"The weather, on that trip, was fiercely cold and our cattle seemed to feel it was a part of their daily routine to stampede and they did their whole duty at it, for they tried it most every night. Just the other side of Dodge City, Kan., there blew up a cold northwest wind that completely demoralized the cattle and the herd stretched out for three miles. Then a driving rain began falling and the combination broke the herd in two. It drifted to a creek and we worked like the mischief to pull it together again before night. When we unsaddled that evening our horses were tired and wet with sweat; the next morning we found every one of

'em stretched out dead, simply chilled to death, that's all.

"Speaking of cold weather, I remember that on the twenty-eighth day of March, '81, we had 3,000 cattle on our old ranch below Austin. Mesquite trees were in bloom and spring had come, but she didn't stay for long, for that night there came a freeze that weighted the limbs to the ground and between 250 and 300 of those steers, while walking and grazing, were chilled so they froze to death. I've got witnesses to prove that, if anybody doubts it.

"The next spring, getting back to my story proper, after coming off the trail drive, I went on another to Ogallala, Neb. Brother John put me in charge of the herd, and we delivered it to Swenson Bros. near Cheyene, Wyo. The people in those parts then were a pretty tough lot, all of the men carried pistols and Winchesters and I told the folks when I got back that the women gave their babies cartridge shells to cut teeth on instead of rubber rings. There were 3,000 cattle in the Swenson delivery and they were wild as bucks, more Blanco County steers out of the brush. In '81 I took a bunch of cattle to the Cross S ranch in Williamson County and the next year I drove 3,000 head from Austin to the Crazy Woman and Powder River, Wyo., and delivered them to Stoddard & Howard at their ranch.

"I got tired of driving up the trail and thought I would try a new kind of work was what I'd call it. For two years I drove a yoke of steers twenty hours a day, for Brother Bill, hauling everything that could be called feed for cattle. The work was so easy and the hours so short that I found lots of idle time on my hands in the few hours left of a day and night in which I had nothing to do but to enjoy myself and nothing to spend but easy-made money; so I put in these special sessions at Austin and planted dollars where they did the least good and yielded the most fun.

"It was in '84 that I went with a bunch of cattle from Tom Green County to Buffalo Springs. The herd belonged to Brother John and I delivered it to old Barbecue Campbell in charge of a big ranch owned by a syndicate. Joe Collins was driving a herd at the same time, bound for the same ranch, and of course I wanted to beat him to it, which I did by driving at night some of the time. Old Barbecue was worrying himself purple in the face trying to

select a suitable brand for the cattle that would also do for a name for the ranch. I suggested X. I. T. and that settled it. He had me burn the first steer to wear the brand, which later became one of the most widely known in the cattle industry. After the severe strain on my mentality in thinking up the name for that christening ceremony I left for Colorado with Alex Caspares, where we sold our horses and went by train from there to Dodge City, Kan.

"Brother John had about 2,500 head on the trail at that time and he wired me from San Antonio to get a horse, take the back trail and stop two or three of his herds, as he had sold part of each of them, which I was to deliver, taking the remainder to Deer Trail, Colo. I got my horse at Camp Supply, where I met all of the bosses of John's herds and they told me the ranchmen in No Man's Land refused to let our herds pass. George West's cattle were tied up there, too, along with several smaller herds, belonging to various owners. I sent word to John and West and they came on the run to try to arbitrate; but the ranchers, armed to the teeth, rode the fence, day and night, and refused any and all offers made for a reasonable settlement, declaring no herd should pass. It was a serious situation. Cattle owners were losing lots of money by the holdup and the men were desperate. Orfe of John's friends came to him and proposed to take his cowboys and "clean up the herd-stopping bunch," but he told him he preferred law and order and

would appeal to the authorities in Washington, D. C. After many days of suspense a wire from Washington eased the tension and settled the question without argument, for it read, "Cut fence and pass cattle through, if trouble continues troops will be stationed to handle situation." I had my herd all set and when the boys chopped down that string of fence with axes I was the first one across the line. It was some sight, I tell you, to look back, as far as eye could see, over nothing but cattle, cowboys and chuck wagons all hustling to cross "the strip," which belonged to no man and was claimed by so many.

"In '86 I took a wagon, team and hands down below Pearsall, Texas, to receive 1,500 steers which I later drove to Hugo Colo., for Blocker, Driscoll & Davis and turned them over to Fine Ernest. This firm had 57,000 cattle and 1,800 saddle horses on the trail that year. When I had put the cattle in old Fine's charge I came back with a wagon and a few of the boys to Tom Green County, where I gathered another herd and drove it to the mouth of Devil's River, delivering it to George Berry to winter there and put across into Mexico the following spring. Then I went back to Austin and farmed for my father and mother for two years. I never made a cent because of dry weather. That ended my farming for good and always and I swore that I'd boil cotton seed before I put 'em in the ground if I ever had to plant 'em again.



Dodge City, Kansas, in 1878

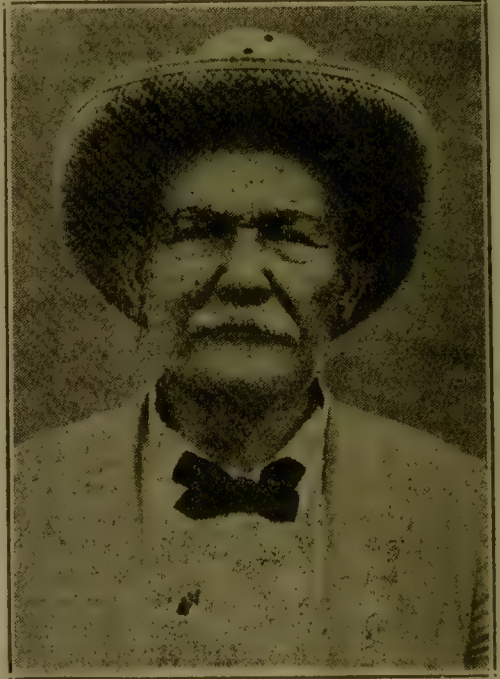
"In 1889 I drove 3,700 cattle from Tom Green County to Fort Laramie, where 1,000 of them were sold, and the remaining 2,700 I drove to the Belle Fourche River. When I hit Austin again I sure did live the life of a luxury loafer until my money played out, which is a tragedy whenever it happens; but one that I have found can be lived through several times. When I hit Brother John's Chupadero ranch he put me to work as a plain cow hand, but sometime later he made me boss. This was near Eagle Pass, in the year of 1890. The following year I wintered eight miles from Eagle Pass feeding 1,500 steers. While I was moving a herd one day a fellow rode up and asked me if I had any strays in it branded with a club. I told him I didn't. He rode around a little, came back and said, 'If I am not badly mistaken there is an ox on the off side of your wagon tongue that has a club on it.' I gave him a first class lesson in cussin' and he asked me 'who was boss of the herd.' I said, 'Me, Ab Blocker.' He looked at me a minute and said, 'Is it possible for you to be a brother to as good a man as John Blocker?' I decided right then that it was useless for me to do anything more than shine in reflected glory.

"In 1892 I worked cattle with Blocker & Coleman's outfit and the next year Brother John sent me with a wagon and eighty-two horses from Spofford Junction to somewhere about seventy-five miles from Colorado City. From there I was to drive a herd to South Dakota for Harris Franklin. John had told me to cut all cattle that I thought unfit for the trip and although they had been received, I did what he told me, leaving with 2,997 head, losing but fourteen of them between there and Deadwood, S. D. When John met me—he had never seen the herd before—he looked it over and said: 'Ab, this is the best herd of cattle I ever saw come over the trail.' I felt pretty good after that. When I got back to Texas I was offered a job with the Live Stock Association for the State and I stayed with it eight years. Then I went back to the Chupadero ranch, where I made my headquarters until 1912.

"Now I am at Big Wells and expect to stay. I have looked down the backs of more cattle than any man now living, am 71 years old, own the best cutting horse in Texas and ride him every day. I am going to keep up that lick for ten years longer, then turn into a gray mule and graze the rest of my life. I figure that I have earned enough free grass to run me the rest of the time I'm here after that and I'd

have to be as no 'count as a mule to quit working cattle and riding horses."

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD



B. F. Gholson, Ex-Ranger,
Evant, Texas

THE FACTS IN THE CASE

Marfa, Texas, August 17th, 1927

Mr. J. Marvin Hunter, Editor,
Frontier Times,
Bandera, Texas.

Dear Mr. Hunter.

I notice in the September issue of the "Frontier Times" an article "More About Sam Bass" from the Williamson County Sun, in which the editor of The Sun says he had for years felt that the sacrifice of officer Grimes on that fatal day in Round Rock was altogether unnecessary and could have been avoided. Now, Mr. Hunter, I am sure the editor of Williamson County Sun will admit that his statement does Gen. John B. Jones and his rangers a great injustice. The facts are, that Gen. Jones received a letter from Jim Murphy of the Sam Bass gang late in the evening of July 17th, 1878, saying that they were on their way to Round Rock to rob the bank at that place and for God's sake to be there to prevent it. At that time Gen. Jones had a detachment of four rangers camped on

the capitol grounds at Austin. Cpl. Vernon Wilson was in charge of this camp. The nearest company of rangers to Austin at that time was Lt. N. O. Reynolds's Company E stationed at San Saba, Texas, one hundred and ten miles distance from Round Rock. Cpl. Wilson was at once dispatched to San Saba with orders to Lt. Reynolds to send a detachment to Round Rock as soon as possible. Gen. Jones then went in person to the camp on the capitol grounds and explained the situation to the three rangers, Dick Ware, Chris Conner and George Harold, ordered them to saddle up, proceed to Round Rock by night, put their horses in Mr. Highsmith's livery stable and they, themselves, keep out of view as much as possible until he (Gen. Jones) could reach there next day. Upon the General's arrival there on Thursday, July 18th, he at once called on Deputy Sheriff Grimes and explained the situation to him. Grimes, himself an ex-Texas Ranger, was warned to keep a sharp lookout for strangers but on no account to attempt to arrest until more rangers were available. Gen. Jones then returned to Austin and on the streets of that city he met another old ex-Texas Ranger in the person of Morris Moore, then a deputy sheriff of Travis

county, and considered a very brave and efficient officer.

Gen. Jones told Moore about Bass and invited the deputy sheriff to go to Round Rock with him. Gen. Jones returned to Round Rock early on the morning of July 19th. Moore went with him and while standing on the streets of Round Rock, Grimes and Morris Moore saw three strange men enter Coppel's Store. Moore remarked to Grimes that he thought one of the three men was armed. Grimes entered the store, approached the three men and undertook to search Bass for a pistol. The writer heard Sam Bass say on his death bed that the three of them could not surrender to one man and shot him to death. As Moore came in to help Grimes he, too, received a bullet through his lungs which put him out of the fight. Surely these two deputy sheriffs, with all the warning they had had; should have suspected the three strangers as the Sam Bass Gang. Failing to do so cost them dearly and upset the plans of Gen. Jones to capture the entire band of robbers, and had not Ware, Conner and Harold rushed to the sound of the bandit's pistols, Bass and his two companions would have surely escaped.

J. B. GILLET

The Long Sought Placer of the Malpais

Eugene Cunningham, in El Paso Herald, July 16, 1927.

ENEGADE white outlaws; murderous San Carlos Apaches, descendants of Geronimo's band; rugged rock, such as nature throws up only in her most violent moments—

These three, outlaws, Apaches and rock, make up the unholy alliance bound together in the common cause of keeping forever secret the exact location in the Malpais mountains of New Mexico of the Lost Adams Diggin's, fabled placer mines of untold richness.

Such, at least, is the belief of Alvin D. Hudson, longtime resident of El Paso, mining man, metallurgist, owner of the Texas Turquoise company and last of a line of rugged pioneers.

Young and vigorous at "53 and more," as he says when asked his age, Hudson has more than a casual acquaintance with the almost mythical history of the long sought diggin's, in quest of which so many daring men since the time of the Spanish conquistadores have lost their lives.

Back in the '80s, when most boys of his age

were being reared on stories of the recently concluded civil war, Hudson in his Iowa home and a little later in his home at Plano, Texas, was hearing first hand reports of the gold in the diggin's and the seemingly inevitable fate of those who dared the unholy alliance in the hope of getting it.

Therefore when Hudson expresses his belief in the existence of the diggin's and announces that he hopes this fall to lead a party into almost certain dangers in search of the placer he speaks from a conviction and faith almost lifelong.

Two weeks ago The Herald printed a number of versions of the Adams diggin's story, telling how Adams with 31 other men were guided to the rich placer by a halfbreed Indian, how after obtaining a quantity of nuggets all but two or three of the party were massacred by Indians and how the survivors reached the outside world again to spread the news of the gold deposits and start scores of prospectors on the trek into the treacherous Malpais.

But it was an old story to Hudson, whose uncles, he believes, once found the diggin's and who has heard the tale countless times from others who not only said they had seen the gold but had brought out substantial proofs of their discoveries in the form of high grade ores.

One of those who added to Hudson's knowledge of the lost bonanza was William Donothan. Donothan, dead these six years, was a sergeant in the Seventh cavalry in the days when Geronimo was showing high disdain for Uncle Sam's crack troopers.

Indian tribal legends repeated to Donothan by government scouts and repeated in turn by him to Hudson were to the effect that Adams and his companions were not the first white men to learn of the diggin's.

The Indians had heard patriarchs of their tribes tell how a party of Spaniards who had made a number of trips into the Malpais mountains each time coming out laden with gold, had finally been killed just east of two cone shaped peaks which tower above the rest of the rugged country nearby.

The Spaniards, the guides said, had camped near the headwaters of the San Francisco river, where years later the government outpost of Fort Tularosa was established.

Almost all stories of the Adams diggin's mention the cone shaped peaks by which the half-breed guided the white men to the place where he promised them gold would be sticking out of the rocks in great lumps. Donothan felt sure, as does Hudson, that the Spaniards were killed after they had stumbled onto the placer now bearing Adam's name.

On one of his many scouting trips Donothan came upon mute reminders of the massacre of the Spanish explorers. He chanced upon the old camp of the conquistadores. Remnants of wagons such as only the Spanish used were in evidence, some of them with arrow heads still buried in the rotting wood.

Donothan undoubtedly, in October, 1926, found the entrance to the canyon of the lost diggin's, Hudson believes. The old scout told him of chancing upon a narrow canyon entrance. Across the mouth of the canyon four lines of barbed wire had been strung.

"That was too plain a marker," Hudson quotes Donothan as saying. "I took the wire down and buried it. Anyone who saw it and knew anything about the digging's would have known he'd found them."

Hudson, too, has his own ideas about Adam's identity,

"Adams and his companions were not prospectors and freighters, as so many believe," Hudson says. "They were soldiers discharged from duty at the various old forts, such as Fort Tularosa and Fort Craig and Fort McRae, which are all but forgotten today."

Confused reports concerning Adams may be due, he believes, to the fact that there were two Adamses. The second one, Joe Adams, with a party of six men and four women, traveling in four wagons, attempted to find the lost placer in '85 or '86. Joe Adams was their guide and they were accompanied part of the way by a half-breed who had a map he had obtained in some mysterious manner.

All but two of the party, a man named Kelmere, and a woman, met the fate so common to those who sought the diggin's and fell victims of the savage Apaches.

Kelmere and the woman were wounded but the woman, the less severely injured, helped Kelmere out of the hills in which they were attacked and later was given a ride to Socorro by a man taking a load of salt out of the Malpais.

Two Iowans, who rode in the saddle, went west in the '70s with other "prospectors" from Iowa and Missouri were the Lee boys, Frank and Will, brothers of Hudson's mother. Eventually fate or the rumors of the lost placer led them into the Malpais country, then, as now, according to Hudson, the rendezvous of outlaws and the home of a band of desperate renegade Indians.

Fortune seems to have favored the Lee boys, who were accompanied on their trip into the mountains over a period of four years by a 19 year old negro, still alive today whom Hudson finally located a couple of years ago. But in attempting to get out of the rough country in 1881 with the gold they had found, one of the brothers was killed and the other wounded.

With the aid of the negro, Frank Lee, one lung punctured by an Apache arrow, was able to make his way to a government fort and then back to his Iowa home.

There to the members of the family circle he recounted the adventures he and his brother had had in the territory of New Mexico. He told of a box canyon into which there was only one opening, a narrow pass, and of the renegades, including members of Jesse James' own gang, who inhabited the place.

It was in this canyon that the brothers panned gold out of a little stream, Hudson and others of the family learned. The place was undoubtedly the same as the one where Adams

and his companions had discovered the diggin's Lee believed.

The gold the brothers had managed to take out of the canyon they had hidden near the spot where Will Lee was buried beside a little spring, Frank said.

Always he planned to go back to New Mexico to get the gold he had cached and perhaps to stake out a claim in the box canyon after riding it of the lawless element. But the old wound in his lung led to tuberculosis and he died in 1888 after leaving maps and directions for finding the hidden gold and the lost diggin's as well.

Shortly after the death of his uncle, Hudson was taken by his family to Plano, Texas, just north of Dallas. But the stories told by his uncle were not forgotten and the family often pored over his diagrams and maps.

Finally in the early '90s, Hudson's father made two trips by wagon with other men from Plano to New Mexico but both times their efforts to locate the spring and the pass into the box canyon failed.

Then in 1896 Hudson came to El Paso to make his home. Here from dozens of sources he heard, and is still hearing for that matter, reports of the Adams diggin's stories which were associated with his earliest recollections.

It was in 1896 too that Edward Kneezell, pioneer El Paso architect and past exalted ruler of the Elks here who died only this spring, made many trips into the Malpais and on one occasion was taken to the rim of the canyon where he believed the diggin's are located.

When he came back to El Paso he told Hudson of the trip and mentioned it to him again and again in the years that followed.

"A half-breed Apache Kneezell had befriended told him he knew of a box canyon which from stories he had heard he believed was the canyon of the lost placer," Hudson said.

"This half-breed agreed to take Kneezell to the north rim of the canyon but wanted it understood before they started that he would not attempt to go down into the canyon with him.

"That country is the roughest in New Mexico. Volcanic cones, big lava beds and box canyons. The Indian seemed to know the ground pretty well, however, and after a hard trip took Kneezell to where he could look down over an almost precipitous wall into the canyon.

"In the bottom of the canyon was a little stream which the Indian told Kneezell disappeared at the south end of the valley near the only entrance into the place.

"With his field glasses Kneezell examined

the canyon as best he could. He could make out clearly the charred logs and chimney of a cabin which he felt sure was the one built by Adam's party. The logs instead of being placed horizontally had been driven into the ground perpendicularly side by side, he told me.

"Many of the charred pieces were still standing. But more important, Kneezell saw a camp where the guide told him white men wanted by the law of the outside world lived safely, jealously guarding the gold that was there and the narrow pass into the canyon with rifles and six guns.

"Usually a few roving San Carlos Apaches, survivors of Geronimo's followers, camped in the valley, the guide said.

"The district showed many evidences of volcanic action, according to Kneezell. Many of the rocks showed the effects of heat and iron pyrites were plentiful.

"Many times Kneezell told with me about that trip. In recent years he became so interested in the canyon again that he would have gone to look for the south entrance but for the difficult trip. He was a big man, weighing more than 200 pounds, and was too old to attempt anything so strenuous.

"Just two weeks before he died early this year he told me he was sorry he and I had never gone to hunt for the canyon."

But Kneezell's story of the diggin's was only one of many that he had heard. Another came to him from Albuquerque. In the early '90s a man who had no more definite address than the Malpais mountains had \$30,000 on deposit in an Albuquerque bank. The identity of the man was a mystery even officers of the bank known little about him.

One day the Albuquerque bank received a report that the mysterious depositor had died and that a guide would take an undertaker to the body so that it could be shipped to a distant city in accordance with the man's last wish.

An undertaker was hired for \$2500 and in due time the body was on its way back east. But the undertaker while in the Malpais had seen things which aroused his interest.

The cabin to which he had been taken by the none too communicative guide to embalm the body was full of specimens of gold. Many Indians were in evidence around the cabin and it was significant that the dead man had been shot through the back of his head. Telling a few friends of his trip and that he was determined to find the source of the gold he had seen he left for the rough country.

Like so many others who have been lured into the treacherous hills the undertaker never returned. Whether he fell the victim to the outlaws and Apaches or met death by falling from some rocky peak is not known. The Malpais guard their secrets well. Parties sent to hunt for him all returned without a clew.

Many others gave Hudson information on which he bases his belief in the existence of the diggings, among them Monte Rigney, pioneer El Pasoan, Crow interpreter, who at one time served as a scout with the Seventh cavalry, and father-in-law of judge W. H. Pelphrey.

Rigney gave Hudson much valuable information and substantiated many of the details given by Donathan. Many winter evenings Hudson and Rigney spent together exchanging views and information concerning the diggings.

"Rigney knew there was gold in those hills," Hudson says. "He had seen the stuff and had traded and bartered with the Indians for it."

One year ago a friend of Hudson's entered the canyon in which he believed the diggings are located and, unlike so many others who have gone into it came out alive. This friend, Hudson says, who was interested in Indian ruins, was told that a certain Indian guide could take him to little known ruins in the rough country.

Only after the archaeologist had made an understanding with the guide that he was interested solely in ruins and not in gold did the Indian agree to take him in the Malpais. Naturally distrustful of white men, the guide led his employer by a round about way through the hills for four days on foot and after getting him hopelessly confused in the cross canyons and rugged peaks took him to the north rim of the box canyon.

By means of ropes the two made their way into the valley floor, the trip taking them most of a day. Hudson's friend had with him photographic equipment which the guide insisted he should carry as prominently as possible.

Obviously believing that they were being watched, the guide by talking loudly and with gesticulations made it plain to anyone who might have been hiding in the canyon that they were interested in ruins and not gold.

"The strategy of the guide was remarkable, the way my friend told it to me," Hudson said. "He had promised to take his employer into the canyon and out again safely and he seemed to have a healthy respect for those they might find there. While he made the archaeologist understand that he was not to

look for gold he didn't mind showing him some when he had the chance.

"Talking in low asides to my friend the while pointing to interesting scenes, the guide called his attention at one place in the canyon to some loose ore.

"Have you ever seen gold?" the guide asked his companion in a low voice immediately added in a shout, "That tree over there would make a good picture."

"There are three nuggets by your feet. Don't look down suddenly but pick them up in a minute in a casual way," the guide almost whispered. And showing my friend how to do it, carelessly picked up a hand full of gravel and began flipping the pieces this way and that as he gestured and pointed.

"The archaeologist did as instructed and managed to conceal a couple of the nuggets in his hand without arousing suspicion of any possible watchers."

After looking around the canyon for a time the two made their way out by the south entrance and in a day and a half arrived at the place where they had left their auto.

Two cowboys once employed on the Jones ranch in that region were others who, Hudson believes, stumbled upon the secret entrance to the canyon. In 1907, so goes the story as related by one of the "punchers," he and his companion were rounding up cattle in a particularly rugged section.

Rather late one afternoon they found their way through a narrow gully or pass and into a valley they had never seen before. They separated to look for the cattle and while the other "puncher" took a right hand trail the narrator of the story took the left hand, following the cattle trails.

He had not gone far when his horse pitched violently, almost unseating him. The cause of the horse's anxiety seemed to be a clump of high grass near the trail. Again the rider tried to make the horse approach the grass and again the animal bucked furiously, refusing to go any nearer.

Dismounting and with gun in hand, the "puncher" approached the clump. Before he had taken six steps he saw a pair of boots protruding from a mound in the midst of the grass patch. Further investigation revealed the body of a man unknown to him who had been shot through the back of the head.

The slain man's revolver was still in its holster. But around the man's waist was a canvas belt containing several pounds of gold nuggets. Night was fast approaching. Hastily the

"puncher" put three or four pieces of the ore in his pocket, leaving the body to its shallow grave and took the back trail.

Should he tell his companion of his find? If he did perhaps the companion would insist upon going back to the place that evening and night would catch them miles from camp. He decided against telling his secret.

But the next day he exhibited the nuggets around the cow camp and told of his grewsome find and he and others decided at the earliest opportunity to go back to the canyon and search for the place. They failed, however, to take into their calculations the roughness of the country and although they hunted for the narrow pass many times in later months they were never able to locate it."

Then in the latter part of May, 1916, Clyde Brown, youthful, native of Virginia who had been in the west about two years "punching" cows, came to El Paso in the hope of being among the first volunteer under American colors for service in France. While here Brown dropped into Hudson's office to have some pieces of ore analyzed. The two became fast friends in short order and before Brown entered training in preparation for his great adventure overseas he had told Hudson about circumstances of his discovery of a secret entrance into the Malpais.

Brown had been working at the Nations ranch in the Malpais country with headquarters near Lathrop springs. Only a short time before coming to El Paso he had been sent out to round up a herd of 37 yearling mavericks.

The trail of the yearlings took him into some country new to him and in following it he finally came to a place in a narrow canyon where rocks had been piled up blocking the path. Dismounting, he continued on foot but had gone only a little way when suddenly an Indian rose up as though by magic in front of him.

"Where you going?" demanded the Indian. Brown explained that he was looking for mavericks which had wandered away.

"Get your cattle quickly and go," the Indian ordered, "and if there are any others who plan to come here, tell them not to come."

Somewhat alarmed by the Indian's strange warning, Brown continued up the canyon rounding up the yearlings as he went. Before he had the herd ready to move out he had been stopped by five of the Indian sentries, each of whom gave him instructions and warnings similar to those of the first.

After driving his herd out of the canyon,

Brown, thinking he would prevent such an occurrence again, strung four pieces of barbed wire across the narrow entrance. That night when he related his experience to other cow hands at the ranch one old-timer shook his head knowingly and said, "That's the canyon of those lost diggings, sure."

The wire put up by Brown was the same that Donothan in October of the same year took down and buried, as related earlier. Hudson is convinced.

"When I come back you and I will go into that country together and find that place again." Brown had told Hudson as they parted when the former was ordered to a port of embarkation. But again fate helped to keep the secret of the Malpais hidden and Brown was killed in the first engagement in France, Lt. George Peavey, Hudson's brotherinlaw, informed him on his return from overseas.

"All the men who knew anything definite about the location of the diggings are dead," says Hudson. "Only recently I have been able to locate the negro who accompanied my uncles into the Malpais but he is a feeble old man and his memory is none too good."

"Did you ever hear of the Davis mountains in New Mexico? Probably not. I have a copy of every map of New Mexico ever printed and none of them shows the Davis mountains. But some place in New Mexico are some hills that were once known by that name."

"They were named after 'Dutch' Davis, Adam's partner and the only man who escaped with him when the rest of the party was massacred by the Apaches."

"I happen to be interested in the Davis mountains because the spring near which my uncle was buried is located there. Only last week I received a letter from a man now in Arizona who says he once "punched" cows in the Davis mountains. That's a real clew."

"If I can get a party together I would like to go into the Malpais this fall but it is a trip on which you can't take just anybody."

"For 70 years or more those mountains have been the rendezvous of desperate men and savage Apaches. Jesse James and his men once hid there and I have some accurate information which leads me to believe that James was never killed as he was supposed to have been."

"The Malpais are still inhabited by moonshiners and Apaches and anyone who goes into them must be ready for anything. Some day I am going in, however, if I have to ask the government for a troop of soldiers to clean out the place once and for all."

Col. Goodnight Sets Out Upon "New Adventure"

By a Staff Correspondent of the Kansas City Star.

AT NINETY-ONE, the greatest trail blazer of them all has entered upon another major adventure. Col. Charles Goodnight, the Cecil Rhodes of the southwest, who opened the great Panhandle country of Texas to settlement, several months ago married Miss Coffine Goodnight, 26 years old, of Butte Mont. The marriage was celebrated on Colonel Goodnight's 91st birthday.

The romance between the Colonel and Miss Goodnight ended a period of intolerable loneliness for a man who had spent the major part of his life as a lonely cattleman upon the unfenced plains. The former Mrs. Goodnight died about a year ago. The Colonel, his nearest relative a nephew, Mayor Henry Taylor of Clarendon, and Cleo Hubbard, a foster son, lived alone in the spacious residence on the Goodnight ranch until last fall when he moved into a little brown cottage in Clarendon. Then, at the Colonel's request, came Miss Goodnight, young telegraph operator of Butte, who was no relation, but had begun a written acquaintance because of the similarity in names.

The Colonel was gravely ill and Miss Goodnight became his nurse and as he recovered his constant companion. As Colonel Goodnight rested his great frame in an easy chair in the cheery sunroom of the cottage, and in the time he blazed the trail of the frontier, Miss Goodnight hovered about, eager to be of service.

"The Colonel is a wonderful man," she said later, while her dark eyes glowed. "It is a rare privilege even to know him. When I met him he was at death's door. I have nursed him back to health.

"We talked of our marriage two months before we finally decided. I find nothing strange in the difference in our ages. I have led a strange life anyway."

Mrs. Goodnight is attractive, with black, unbobbed hair. She is extremely popular with her neighbors. An orphan at 17, she moved to Montana several years ago with a younger brother, becoming a telegraph operator and has recently been in the employ of the Northern Pacific at Butte. She has sent her brother through high school and state university and has traveled widely working constantly at telegraphy.

Colonel Goodnight disposed of most of his ranch holdings six years ago. As he talks of

his active years one pictures a rugged, indomitable man, to whom hardship was a matter-of-fact occurrence and danger a part of the game. A man of vivid imagination, he had the courage and the will to execute schemes that other men—colleagues in the vast job of advancing civilization—considered fool-hardy or impossible. On the cattle trails he led off, other men later drove hundreds of thousands of cattle; into the unknown sections in which he set up ranches other men came and ranches. A man dreaming of empire who builded an empire.

It is for the three great cattle trails he blazed out of Texas before the coming of the railroad and for the immense properties which he later controlled that Colonel Goodnight is best known. But interwoven into the warp of those achievements is the woof of details—brightly colored incidents of pushing an already advanced frontier still farther into the unknown reaches of prairie and hill.

It was at the age of 9 years that Goodnight began faring on the frontier, when he moved with his parents in 1845 from the then western state of Illinois to Milam county, in the republic of Texas. As a boy he farmed and rode. When 19 years old, with a companion named Sheek, he started with a bull team for California. After a 200-mile trip westward, they decided Texas was large enough for them and turned back to the Brazos river, where they met Clairborne Varney, who had 430 cattle he wished to dispose of. It was a big herd for those days—600 head was the largest outfit in the whole Brazos country.

Sheek and Goodnight took the cattle under a proposal that they graze them wherever they pleased—all the grass was free—brand one calf in four each year for themselves and at the end of ten years deliver to Varney his share.

The boys drove the cattle into Palo Pinto county and established headquarters at Black Springs on Keechi Creek.

Calves at that time had no market in Texas. So while waiting for their calves to be born and grow, the young cattlemen had to make a living. Goodnight took to freighting with ox teams. Then came the Civil War. For four years Goodnight served with the Texas Rangers, as guide and scout. He fought Mexicans, Indians, renegade cow thieves and border toughs with Captain Jack Cureton's company. Their field of operations was from the Clear Fork of the Bra-

zos north to the Wichita Mountains in Indian territory and from the Plains settlements west to New Mexico.

When the Civil War ended the Keechi Valley in Palo Pinto county was alive with cattle. There was no market for them, they could be purchased on credit for any price. The 10-year contract between Varney and Sheek and Goodnight being up, the partners bought the C. V. Brand, estimating their holdings at 7,000 head.

Now the problem of what to do with the cattle came up. While Sheek remained with the home herd, Goodnight moved 3,000 head past the last settlement into what is now Throckmorton county, where the Comanches and Mexicans raided them and drove off 2,000.

That spring Goodnight determined to seek a western market for his cattle. In South Texas—league away—cattlemen were desiring a northern market, which they found a year later in Abilene, Kas. But Goodnight, now 30 years old, fearless and tireless, knew that in Mexico and up in Colorado were the Indian agencies desiring beef. Also he knew the great Comanche country lying between as no other white man, and, knowing it so well, was convinced that with out an army he never would get a herd through it.

The Comanches generally kept along the water courses and the upper plains of their territory. So he evolved a plan—he would trail his cattle 200 miles southwest to the head of the Concho, across the desert to Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos, and go up the Pecos to Ft. Sumner, N. M., with Colorado lying beyond.

But when he attempted to enlist other cowmen, they all appeared to have pressing matters closer home. They, too, had courage, but not imagination. Then he ran across Oliver Loving.

A touching interlude came in the narrative here. The gray-bearded plainsman, slumped in his easy chair in the warm cottage, caught sight of a picture of Loving, now in the hands of the Star's Correspondent.

"Why that's my old partner!" he exclaimed with delight. "That's Oliver Loving. He looked just like that." Then softer: "He was a man; the finest I ever knew."

And although it had been sixty years since Oliver Loving died from the bullets of the Comanches Col. Goodnight's voice breathed tenderness and pride.

Loving was probably the most experienced cowman in Texas at that time. In 1859 while the Comanches were quiet he had taken a herd through to Colorado on a direct route. He asked

to go with Goodnight on his trail-blazing venture.

Goodnight had prepared a huge bois d'arc wagon, requiring twenty oxen to pull, which he believed the first chuck wagon ever seen in the cow country. Each man gathered up his own cattle, making a combined herd of some thousand head of mixed stuff. They started in June, with the most adventuresome cow hands.

The first several weeks the driving was uneventful, but the mixed herd proved an awkward thing. A cow does not keep the pace with a steer and a young calf hardly keeps step at all. The bulls were forced to kill hundreds of newborn calves.

"I hated to kill the innocent things," said the Colonel. "But there was no loss financially, as the calves were counted in the sale of the cow. But we had so much trouble I determined never again to trail a mixed herd, the Pecos route, and never did. However, I trailed many cows over other routes, when cattle got more valuable, I had special wagon beds built long enough to haul thirty or forty calves. The wagons would pick up the calves as they were dropped and at night the calves were turned out with their mothers, to be roped in the morning and put back into the wagons, which followed along with the herd."

Trailing through Buffalo Gap and forty miles up the Middle Concho river to its headwaters, the Loving-Goodnight herd paused long enough at the water to "put a good fill on the cattle," then was pointed straight at the setting sun for the dry drive across the ninety-six miles of alkali desert to the Pecos. Three days and three nights were required for that drive and during the time no man slept except on horseback. ✓ Three hundred cattle perished of thirst on the way.

East of the Pecos were alkali lakes, and the cattle had to be veered past them lest they drink the water and die.

"Cattle," Colonel Goodnight said, "could smell the waters of the Pecos seven or eight miles. Once they fairly sensed it, all hands were needed to hold them back. Before we got within smelling distance I would pluck a few hairs from my horse and drop them in the air to see which way the breeze was blowing. Then I veered the cattle to miss the scent of the alkali water."

When the herd reached the Pecos, it swam across and back before pausing to drink.

A little rest and the herd followed up the Pecos north and west. Fort Sumner was sighted two

months after leaving Palo Pinto county.

On the whole trip not an Indian had been sighted. Through 600 miles of totally uninhabited a new route of Texas cattle had been blazed, immediately becoming known as the Goodnight Trail, the first and greatest of the Colonel's trail breaking achievements. Later it was extended through the Raton Mountains past Pueblo and Denver and into Cheyenne and Fort Laramie. Three hundred thousand cattle passed in six years, while thousands perished on the way or fell into the hands of the Comanches.

When Goodnight arrived at Fort Sumner he found the Government had 9,000 Apaches "loose herded like cattle" there. Loving and Goodnight sold their cattle 2 years and up on the hoof for 8 cents a pound, an enormous price for the time. Loving took the stock cattle cut by the Government into Colorado and Goodnight took part of the hands and \$6,000 in gold and silver and returned to Palo Pinto County. There he purchased extensively of his neighbors and trailed back over the route he had marked.

It was the spring of 1876 that Loving lost his life. The partners were taking another herd over this trail.

Goodnight went on up into Colorado and in January returned, exhumed the coffin, he drove with it 600 miles to Weatherford, Texas, where he delivered it to Loving's family. A year later he turned over to the Loving estate \$40,000, gave his partner, Sleek, \$20,000 and with \$20,000 as his own share went his way alone.

When he began trailing north, Colonel Goodnight found Dick Wooten charging 10 cents a head for all stock which passed through Raton Pass, the only known passage through Raton

Mountains on the route from Red River in New Mexico to Trinidad. Colonel Goodnight refused to pay the toll and laid off another route through the mountains, cutting off 100 miles and blazing the way to Cheyenne and Chugwater in Wyoming. There the Goodnight Trail ended.

In the meantime he established a ranch near Trinidad, the first in all that country, and in 1868 made his headquarters on the Arkansas River above Pueblo. A toll bridge across Rock Canyon near Pueblo he purchased outright.

The trail blazer now returned to Texas and in 1876 established headquarters in the Palo Duro Canyon, the first ranch in the Texas Panhandle, pioneer of a civilization which contains modern wheat and cotton farms as well as livestock and oil wells in abundance. This ranch, the "JA," named after John A. Adair, who had a joint interest with Colonel Goodnight, became one of the greatest ranches in the world. At one time Colonel Goodnight had 2 million acres of land and nearly 100,000 head of cattle under his control. It was from here he laid off the Palo Duro-Dodge City trail, 250 miles across the vast plains of the Texas Panhandle, which still belonged to the buffalo and the Indian.

Even when settled down to the more peaceful life of a rancher, Colonel Goodnight continued to pioneer.

"I believe I was the first man to begin breeding up the quality of the plains cattle," he said the other day. "I first imported purebred Durham bulls to give more size and flesh to our hardy plains types."

Colonel Goodnight also pioneered in the production of cattalo, a cross between the buffalo and cattle.

The Indians in Polk County, Texas

From Dallas News

Hidden away among the piney hills of Eastern Polk County lies a settlement of some 300 Alabama Indians. They live upon two sections of land granted to them in 1840 through the efforts of Sam Houston. These Indians left their home east of the Mississippi, where they were first encountered by De Soto about 1540, and started westward. When the Louisiana purchase threatened to subject them to the Anglo-Saxons, they again took up their march west. Records say that when they arrived in Texas they had a tribe of some 5,000 people, including 500 warriors.

Interest in the remnant of this once great tribe has become so apparent that a Senate committee appointed at the last session of the State Legislature visited the community early in August to learn the conditions under which the Indians live and ascertain their needs.

An enthusiastic member of the committee is Mrs. Earl Cogdell of Granbury, who is State chairman of Indian welfare in the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs. She made the investigating trip with the committee and has given the following report of her experience:

"The committee members met at Lufkin,

Aug 2, together with their wives and husbands. This committee is composed of Senator I. D. Fairchild of Lufkin, Senator H. F. Triplett of Beaumont, Senator P. B. Ward of Cleburne, Senator H. L. Lewis of Navasota, Mrs. D. P. Rock of Woodville, Mrs. L. R. Cade of Chester, Mrs. J. A. Glenn of Beaumont and Mrs. Earl Cogdell of Granbury. We journeyed from Lufkin in automobiles to Livingston, a distance of seventy-five miles, over a picturesque highway through the piney woods. There we were entertained at lunch by the Chamber of Commerce of Livingston. From there we went in our cars to the Indian village, a distance of about twenty miles, driving over some of the worst roads in the State of Texas. We were met by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Chambers, Presbyterian missionaries, who have lived among the Indians for the last twenty-eight years, teaching and preaching to them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Chambers took our party about a mile into the piney woods, where the Indians have a church house, two school-houses, also a teachers' cottage. The school-houses are one for the lower grade pupils and one for the children from the fifth to the seventh grade. In the latter building domestic science is taught, one meal a day being served to the children, which has increased their attendance. These school buildings and teachers' cottage were recently built by a small appropriation received for several years from the Federal Government, the County Superintendent of Polk County handling the money from the Government, together with three Indian school trustees, elected by the Indians.

"A good representation of the Indians, consisting of men, women, boys and girls and babies, had gathered at the church house. One old Indian woman named Celice claimed to be 107 years old and looked it. She speaks very little English, but can remember when Sam Houston stopped among her people and gave them friendly advice. Most of the Indian men speak English and some of the boys and girls, but all were timid and shy and not easily approached. They have all adopted the dress of the white man now, also the Christian religion. They are all fullbloods, never having intermarried with any other race except a few Coushatta Indians. They live in huts scattered among the pine trees, having no furniture except a bench or two, sleeping on moss pallets and cooking on home-built fireplaces.

"A few of the women and girls make beau-

tiful baskets out of pine needles, which they will sell, and one old man is an expert arrow-maker. At one time they had a very valuable collection of relics, but through extreme need of money they sold them all to a man who came there from the University of Pennsylvania. The relics are now in the university museum. What a pity they could not have been preserved by the State of Texas'

"In the church talks were made by Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, expressing their thanks for the work of the committee. Mrs. Chambers told us of the needs of the Indians, the greatest, she thinks, being for more farm land. One Indian interpreted to the others what she said and called for them to stand if more land was their desire. All the Indian men stood up in response. Senator Fairchild suggested that the timber on their land be cut and sold to sawmills, but this might not be practical from the fact that the land is owned in common by the Indians and all of them might not be willing for this to be done. They have 1,280 acres of land, given to them by the State of Texas over 100 years ago, but owing to its poor condition only 100 acres are now in cultivation. A few of the Indians farm and others work in sawmills close by.

"All members of the committee made talks, as well as the chairman of Indian welfare, who pledged the co-operation of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs in anything undertaken for the good of the Indians. Mr. Walker, the county agricultural agent of Polk County, suggested that a paid agricultural agent be stationed among the Indians to teach them to cultivate their land and raise marketable crops and also that a highway be built from their village to town so that they could market their foodstuff, the road at present being in such a bad condition they are practically isolated in bad weather. The Indians could make much better use of land they have than they do if they knew how to diversify the crops. The committee agreed it would be better to help the Indians to help themselves.

Mr. Jackson, head of the Chamber of Commerce at Livingston, made a splendid talk, pledging support, and saying he would make a complete survey of the Indian land and report to the committee just what needs would benefit the Indians most.

"This investigating committee is serving without compensation of any sort, solely for the good of humanity."

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.



Doan's Store on Red River

All old trail drivers remember the Red River Crossing at Doan's Store. Above is shown a picture taken in the eighties of this famous establishment. Mr. Charles F. Doan, who conducted this store, is still living, at Vernon, Texas, and each year he attends the reunion of the Old Time Trail Drivers at San Antonio, Texas, where he meets many of the old cowboys whom he knew in the days when vast herds of cattle were driven from the Texas ranges to the northern markets. Captain Doan, in a sketch he wrote for the book, "The Trail Drivers of Texas," says:

"The spring and summer of 1879, I saw the first herds come up the trail, though the movement had started several years before. My uncle, J. Doan, who had been with me two years in Fort Sill had established this post at Doan's April, 1878, and we had arrived, that is, myself, wife and baby, and the Judge's daughters, that fall. So we had come too late to see the herds of 1878. One hundred thousand cattle passed over the trail by the little store in 1879. In 1881 the trail reached the peak of production and three hundred and one thousand were driven by to the Kansas shipping point.

"The first house at Doan's was made of pickets with a dirt roof and the floor of the

same material. The first winter we had no door, but a buffalo robe did service against the northers. The store which had consisted mainly of ammunition and a few groceries occupied one end and the family lived in the other. A huge fire-place, around which Indians, buffalo hunters and the family sat, proved very comforting. The warmest seat was reserved for the one who held the baby and this proved to be a very coveted job. Furniture made with an ax and a saw adorned the humble dwelling. Later the store and dwelling were divorced. An adobe store which gave way to a frame building was built. Two log cabins for the families were erected. In 1831 our present home was built, the year the county was organized. This dwelling I still occupy. Governors, English lords, bankers, lawyers, tramps, and people from every walk in life have found sanctuary within its walls. And if these walls could speak many a tale of border warfare would echo from the gray shadows."

Frontier Times is issued about the fifteenth of the month. If you fail to receive your copy by the first of the month for which it is dated, kindly notify us and we will send you another copy.

Three Months Among the Indians

From a Small Booklet Written by Ole T. Nystel, of Meridian, Texas,
and Published in 1888.

THE author of this work, Ole Tergerson Nystel, was born in Henderson county, Texas January 4, 1853. My parents immigrated from Norway, Europe, to this State (Texas) in the year 1848, first settling in the above mentioned county. Here my mother died at the age of 28, I was 6 years old. Father then moved to Van Zandt county, this State, where we resided during the late civil war, removing to Bosque county in 1866, the place of my present home. My father followed farming for a livelihood, and like most Norwegian immigrants, possessed but little means, and being in a strange country, depending solely upon his daily labor for a support, it required the strictest economy to furnish even the necessities of life for his family, consisting of himself, wife and three children—myself and two sisters, I being the older of the three. So I took my first lessons in the school of adversity, if enduring hardships and privations may be so called. But perhaps it was best as it develops traits and characteristics that are much needed in our battle of life.

Norwegian immigrants, as indeed most all immigrants from the Old World, on coming to this country, or in going to any new country, settle together, forming colonies, thereby preventing to some extent that feeling of isolation and homesickness, which, more or less in the case with all foreigners, for the feeling of loneliness is never so complete as when surrounded by people speaking a strange tongue in which we can take no part, neither to give or receive a word of encouragement or expression of kindness and sympathy. So to gratify the desire of our social natures as well as for mutual assistance, we sought out our countrymen on coming to America.

The Norwegians, like the Germans, are an eminently social people. Are never so happy, as a rule, as when at their gatherings for any festive occasion. Feasting, song and dance being their delight, they entering into these amusements with a zest but few other people manifest. But I do not wish to convey the idea that they are unfitted for serious thought I was merely giving a prominent characteristic. But I am diverging.

Now, as to myself, my youth was spent as most country lads of the poorer class, in help-

ing to make a support for the family. In disposition, I was headstrong, self-willed and mischievous, though, withal, I think, kind at heart. I do not think there was anything low, cunning or cruel in my nature, my mischief generally taking the form of jokes, pranks, etc., for the purpose of having fun, the result of youth, good health and exuberant spirits. As an instance, when very young I had some calves for playfellows and when I lacked one I would yoke myself up to complete the team.

My first serious trouble was the death of my mother, which occurred in the eighth year of my age, of whom I was very fond. But I was too young to realize my great loss, than which there is none greater. She besought my father on her death-bed to look after me carefully, as I was so wilful, and prayed that God might guide me in the way of righteousness. My welfare seemed to be the burden of her thoughts. I suppose she thought that I, being a boy, was exposed to more snares and pitfalls than my sisters.

All this had but little effect upon me then, but the time has since come in which I have felt its full power. And I would here earnestly impress all parents to pray for their children daily, for we have the promise that "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," Jas. 5:16; and again we are commanded to "pray without ceasing," 1st Thess. 5:17. We never know when a kind word, a sympathetic look or an affectionate tear may reach the heart. Parents, pray for your children.

Captured By The Indians

Time passes on with no particular incident in my life worth noticing until I reach the fourteenth year of my age, when an event occurred which had a marked effect upon my after life. It sobered my thoughts and gave a more reflective cast to my mind.

I wish to remark here that many seeming troubles and afflictions are but blessings in disguise, as my experience in this case has fully demonstrated, showing the truthfulness of Paul's language "that all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28. There is an All-seeing One who guides us—our helmsman, if we will but commit ourselves to His care. And as the poet has it:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them as we may.'

When about fourteen, a neighbor of ours, Mr. Carl Quested named, stopped at my father's on his way to a cedar brake to chop and haul some poles: He wanted my assistance which was readily granted, although I was needed at home to drop corn, my father having commenced to plant that morning. It was the 20th of March, 1867, and the day was rather warm for the time of year, as I remember well, for everything connected with that day and a few months thereafter is indelibly stamped upon my memory. We started and soon reached our destination about five miles distant, among the hills and mountains, surrounded by dense thickets of cedar and other scrubby growth.

I was at the wagon and Mr. Quested had gone off about fifty steps to commence work, when I heard a noise, and on looking up I saw two Indians, made hideous with war paint. At about the same time they saw me, and giving a few blood-curdling yells, started towards me. It appeared to my excited imagination that they were devils who had come for me and really thought I could see great streams of fire issuing from their mouths. Having been taught that the 'devil would get me' if I was not good, and having been described to me in such a horrible light, it is not very strange after all that I felt as I did, under the circumstances. But I take occasion here to enter my hearty protest against making such erroneous impressions upon the minds of the young. But to return. I really thought dooms-day had come. I started to run, and had got about forty yards when an arrow pierced my right leg, passing entirely through the flesh part, just above the knee, which still bears marks of the wound. At this I fell, and one of them leveled a pistol at me and motioned me to come to him which I was not long in obeying. My companion started to run about the same time I did. In his course there was a bluff about twenty feet high, but on reaching it he never stopped to measure the distance—he had no time for his pursuers were close at his heels. He leaped at once down the precipice, landing safely below, none the worse save a few scratches and bruises. During the chase he was fired at several times, one shot taking effect in his right arm. I never knew his fate until I was liberated, but I supposed from their broken English and gestures that he escaped, which on my return home was happy to know was so.

Mr. Quested told me afterwards that a third

Indian ran to intercept him, but fear lending additional speed to his heels he finally escaped. Still he says one Indian could easily have caught him, but as he still held to his axe he was afraid to get in such close quarters for fear the axe be used on him, and the brush was so thick he could not shoot to any advantage, and so let him go. He did not stop until he had run about four miles, arriving back with nothing but his underclothing on, and they torn and bloody, the axe still in hand. His bloody condition and wild, excited appearance greatly alarmed those to whom he returned, but it was all soon explained and a party started in pursuit to rescue me, but to no avail, though they were close to us sometimes, camping one night only a half a mile away from us as I have learned, but soon lost our track and turned back.

The Indians who took me in charge, led me off to their camp about forty yards distant where they had a fire. There were six in the party, three of whom were engaged in cooking a meal, consisting of broiled horse flesh and crackers. They had just killed a horse the carcass of which was lying near by, the choice portions being cut out for steak. I was offered some but refused it. They then offered me a cracker and when I extended my hand to take it, one interfered by saying brokenly that I got enough of that at home, when it was withdrawn.

It is needless for me to say that I was almost scared out of my senses, but tried to retain my self-possession as much as possible. Seeing that I was in captivity, I tried to decoy them down into the settlement by giving them to understand as best I could by words and signs that there were plenty of horses in that direction, they could get, but they would shake their heads as if they understood I was trying to get them into danger.

On The March.

Comanches! Dreaded name. Synonym of all that is cruel and barbarous. What terror that name inspires along the defenseless frontier. And it was amongst these monsters in human shape that I had fallen a helpless victim. By this time I was suffering severely from my wound, but to this they paid no heed nor applied anything to alleviate the pain, but after a day or two when it had gotten thoroughly sore, they would carry it through a process of twisting and wrenching every now and then, I suppose to increase my already excruciating pain. They would kick and knock me about just for pastime it seemed, whip my bare back

until it was perfectly bloody, with frequent repetitions fire their pistols held so close to my head that the caps and powder would fly in my face, producing powder burns and bruises, until I was very much disfigured. In fact, I was used so roughly that when I got loose from them my head was a solid sore, and the scab had risen above my hair. Oh! horrible condition. The Lord deliver any of my countrymen or any one else as to that matter, from ever being brought into it as I was. But I must return to the march.

After finishing their meal of horse flesh and crackers they went to one side and held a consultation in regard to myself, this I knew from their gestures. The result was, I was committed to the care of one of their number. We then left camp for the journey, but before starting they took off my overshirt and gave it to one of the party. I was placed upon a poor, bony horse without a saddle, and you can imagine, better than I can describe my discomfort. We took a northwesterly course as they were then on their homeward march. They avoided the public highways, skulking through the brush to prevent being seen.

We had traveled about three miles when we came upon a man and his son by the name of Fine who were hunting a horse that had been stolen by these Indians. When they saw us they ran to a live oak thicket near by, tying their mules and concealing themselves in the dense brush. The Indians immediately surrounded the thicket and commenced firing into the brush. They both finally escaped, but the old gentleman received a wound in his hand or arm.

The Indians took the mules which were tied and we resumed our march. Just before sundown we came upon a negro man with a wagon. He saw us when a half a mile off and came running toward us begging for his life. At first they seemed disposed to heed his petition, but the thirst for blood triumphed over their better nature, and amidst his cries for mercy they stabbed him to the heart. He sank to the ground without a groan, save the death-rattle in the throat. One of them then pierced him through with his spear, it coming out at his breast. They left him unscalped and showed by signs and grunts their disgust for such a scalp, and pointed to my head as if to show by contrast the difference; and that to possess such a one would give them great pleasure.

They commanded me to laugh at this horrible deed, but you can imagine what a sickly

effort it was, thinking every moment that my time would come next. However, they seemed satisfied with the effort for the time being sparing me, as I supposed, for some future occasion.

They killed a calf before starting again, cut off some of the flesh and ate it raw, offering me some, which I refused, not having any appetite especially for such food as that. On starting they placed the calf-skin on my horse, the flesh side up, for me to ride on, which I had cause to regret as the future will disclose.

One of the savages now detached himself from the others and struck out diagonally across the country, towards what are now known as the Twin Mountains, Hamilton county. He returned about dark with the loss of an eye. I did not know how it happened then, but afterwards learned that he had killed another negro, and I suppose lost it during the encounter.

That night we made a short halt till the moon rose. In the meantime it had turned very cold, and while here they took off the remainder of my clothing, shoes, stockings and all, leaving nothing at all, and in their place gave me old man Quested's overcoat which he had left upon the ground where I was captured. This left my legs perfectly bare, and so they wrapped them up with the calf skin on which I had been riding, the flesh side next to me.

The moon rising we started at once, going at a trot or gallop, which we had kept up from the first, day and night. We traveled this way continuously until the fifth night, and during all this time I was never off my horse, except as I was lifted from one horse to another to rest the horse, having ridden with the flesh part of the calf hide next to my skin as mentioned above, which, while no doubt a great protection from the cold, yet when taken off, brought my skin with it.

In the afternoon of the fifth day we came to a mountain, which, from the description of the country as now surveyed and divided, must be in Stonewall county, this state, where the Indians had some arms, a tent, blankets, etc., concealed which we took with us.

A Night In A Cave.

On the fifth night we stopped and went into camp for the first time since I was captured. They erected the tent for their own benefit it seemed, as I was denied entrance. They knew there was no danger of my getting away by leaving me out during the night since I

was dismantled, for my wound was too severe. I could not walk, and though I had to get wood, water, etc., I could only do so by crawling and pushing it before me on the ground. It became very cold during the night having commenced to sleet and snow. I was almost numb and stiff from cold, having no protection but the old overcoat before mentioned. What should I do? I must find shelter or freeze, that was certain. So on looking around I saw an embankment near the tent and went down to it and found a small cave which I entered. I found my new quarters comparatively comfortable. I lay down against something warm and hairy, perhaps some wild animal, I never investigated. I was soon asleep from which I did not awake till late the following day.

I heard some commotion in the camp which aroused me, and on coming out I discovered that my dusky companions were gone, the last one disappearing just as I came out. I went into the tent and sat down to await their return, for as I supposed they were looking for me. They soon returned from their fruitless search, and on entering the tent and seeing me, they appeared mystified, not knowing from whence I came, and made signs as to where I had been. Being always ready to answer a question on the spur of the moment when I understood what they wanted, and seeing that the snow had filled up my tracks or path made in coming into the tent, so that they could not tell where I came from; I pointed up indicating that I had been to heaven. At this they showed signs of wonder and amazement, making quite a demonstration in their way. As they are very superstitious and ready to relegate anything not easily accounted for to the supernatural, this may have been of unmeasured advantage to me, as it doubtless made them believe that I was under the protection of the Great Spirit. However, it seemed that they easily forgot such impressions and would return to their acts of cruelty.

We soon mounted and were on the march again, this being the sixth day of my captivity. We traveled all that day and camped at night—again, as they now considered them selves out of danger of their pursuers. That night they allowed me to sleep in the tent, as I suppose they did not want me to make another ascension.

The next day we were up and off early as usual. Late in the day after traveling hard we came upon a pond of water, and stopped

to water our horses. The mule I was riding being very thirsty and tired was slow about getting through taking his water and did not want to start when the others were ready. They punched it in the sides, but all to no avail, when finally one of the savages became so angry that he drew his pistol, placing it close to the mule's ear and fired. The mule dropped, and I also on my head in the water and mud. They dragged me out and threw me on another horse with no more ado than if I had been a sack of corn. In a little while my coat was frozen to me but I dare not complain.

Attempt To Escape.

On the following afternoon I was set to digging roots for food. One Indian stood near me who ate the roots as fast as I could dig them. I had no tool to dig with, but had to scratch them up with my fingers. (It was a root that grew in the edge of ponds and pools of water, from whence they were obtained). It being a very cold day, my fingers became so cold and numb that I could scarcely use them. I finally grew desperate and jumped up from my work, feeling that I could dig no longer, even if I was killed. At this the Indian knocked me into the water, I then arose and gave him such a blow that he fell to the ground. I started to run. I did not think it possible to do so before this, as my leg was stiff and sore from the wound, but it was about the best time I ever made before or since. The Indian jumped to his feet and started after me, but soon found that I was too fast for him, so he got a pony and I was soon overtaken and carried back. This again seemed, to awe them, to think I could outrun them, and probably brought to their mind my former feat of ascending to heaven.

The following day which was the ninth from the time I was captured they gave me a little broiled beef, it being the first food I had eaten since leaving home. Doubtless it was well that they did not give me all I wanted, for it would probably have made me sick after doing without anything for so long. It was several days before I got as much as I wanted, and after that had to eat raw meat all the time.

From here our course was still northwest. I still suffered greatly from my wound and from a lack of sufficient clothing. Our line of travel was now over the Staked Plains. We soon came to a steep and rugged mountain, and as it was about noon we stopped to rest and get our dinner. I sat down near a heap

of leaves and dry brush and was moving the leaves about with my hands when there was disclosed to my view a great ball of shining yellow metal, about as large as a man's two fists. It was about as much as I could lift. I am confident now that it was gold, almost if not wholly in a pure state, for I bit it, and it was soft enough for me to make dents in it with my teeth, which is said to be true of gold before its mixture with any other metal. The Indians saw me lift it up, and came and made me put it down again. From their signs and gestures I think some of them were in favor of taking it off and burying, though they finally concluded to leave it where found.

I have at times since thought of trying to find the place, but again concluded that it would be useless as it would likely prove a vain search, although I have found a rock bearing my initials a few years ago in traversing some of the country we traveled over which I had marked with my knife while with the Indians nearly twenty years before. But have never been out as far as the supposed gold was found, and even if I could find the place the precious metal, if it was gold, has no doubt long since been appropriated by some one else and so I dismissed it from my mind.

Reaching An Indian Village.

We had been traveling about three weeks as near as I can remember now, when we came upon the Indian wigwams. We had been there but a few days when several girls were brought me from whom I was to choose a wife according to their custom, but this I refused to do at which they did not seem to be offended. But one of the girls pressed her case and annoyed me greatly by her attentions to me. She was rather homely and not very young and I supposed from her chances growing rather slim, which called for bold measures and in this respect reminds me of some of her white sisters. She annoyed me so much and so constantly that I had to resort to force by giving her a sound thrashing before I could get rid of her botheration. She never troubled me anymore. This was not very gallant, perhaps, but it was the only thing left me to do, and it proved efficacious.

The duties assigned me in my new home were herding horses, carrying water, getting wood and running horse races and occasionally joining in a buffalo hunt. I had not been with them long until they had a shooting match with bows and arrows, a favorite amusement with them. My part of this sport was to stand near the target to act as judge and

collect the arrows. They stripped off my overcoat the only clothing I had on. This left my skin exposed to the sun (and by this time the weather had become very warm) and I felt as if I would certainly burn up, not being accustomed to such exposure. I endured it till my sufferings became intolerable. My skin began to blister, but I knew it was no use to complain, so thought I would run out of it. I had not gone far until I was overtaken by one of them, who on coming within reach, kicked me in the back as I was running down a slope or hill, which sent me sprawling on my face. I was then led back to my post of duty where I had to remain till they finished their sport.

The skin subsequently cracked and peeled off my body from this exposure, which occasioned the greatest suffering I think I ever endured, not excepting the wound, the lashes nor exposure to the cold. You can imagine somewhat how constant burning as if the very fire were all in your body, with the additional torture of the burning of the sun pouring its power down on your unprotected raw flesh would feel, though you can never have any just conception of it until you experienced it yourself. And on lying down to rest or sleep, that very effort to secure rest only increased the agony. But to stand up always was impossible. And one bad feature of it was, I must lie on one side all the while and give the other a chance to get well, for if I turned over that side would be made as bad and pain me as severely as the other. I had to go it "one side at a time."

Occasionally the Indians would move their camping place. I remember one of these occasions quite well. They had a bear's cub which they had caught on one of their hunting expeditions, and on this migration, as usual they had it in a sack, tied fast on a horse with ropes. Upon this horse an old woman was placed in front of the bear to ride. As we were traveling along a storm was seen approaching. Great black, ominous clouds were gathering over us, the lightning played hide and seek among them accompanied by deafening peals of thunder, while in the distance was heard the march of the storm king. They wished to reach a certain spot to erect the tents before the storm broke upon us, so we began to travel at a fast speed. The bear became frightened at such a hub-bub and the shaking up it was getting, and began to sink its claws into the horses back, at which the horse began to squeal and increase his speed, and by jumping rearing and kicking tried to

unseat his ferocious rider, but to no avail. When I took in the situation, feeling sorry for the old woman, I immediately started in pursuit and being mounted on a fleetier animal I soon overtook them, and on coming within reach drew my bowie knife with which my captors had previously supplied me, made a thrust at the rope holding the bear severing it which let his bearship drop to the ground, not much the worse for the fall.

We had only time to get our tents ready when the storm burst upon us with all its fury. It was a hail storm and appeared to come down in bucketfuls at a time. I think it was the most severe one I ever witnessed. The old tents were completely riddled and afforded but slight protection, the new ones standing the storm very well. The Indians appeared to be frightened out of their wits, although brave and daring enough when threatened with danger from man or beast, yet let them be brought to face danger that they do not understand and they manifest that which is common to most people, fear. On the contrary I did not feel the least uneasiness or fright, for I had ever felt, since my wonderful experience of the eighth day that I had God's protection.

My life from this onward was as one of them. I joined in the chase and participated in all their amusements, such as feasts, dances etc. I was soon initiated into the mysteries of the war dance. This consisted in forming a circle with hands joined, of young bucks and maidens and moving around in pretty quick time with a jumping, jerky motion, the farthest removed from the graceful, accompanied by the beat of a kind of drum. Such vigorous exercise was too much for my wounded leg, so I thought I would perform part in a more civilized step, but it did not do justice to the occasion, I suppose as they did not adopt it.

My Feast With the Chief.

It was the custom of the chief when he got hold of a supply of coffee and sugar to have a grand feast. I have a very vivid recollection of the one held during my captivity. He did me the honor to invite me to the one in question. I being the only guest at his table. A large kettle full of strong coffee some seven or eight gallons I suppose with plenty of sugar constituted the bill of fare. This was enough for two you no doubt think, especially as one was no great drinker of that beverage. It was a peculiarity of the chief that he never allowed any one to leave his board until he got enough and the worst of it was, he was to be

judge of that. He insisted that the sugar and coffee should be in certain proportions, viz: Two cups of coffee to one of sugar thoroughly mixed. I soon got enough of this mixture and was anxious to be excused, but he would not hear of it. I suppose it would have been a breach of Indian etiquette. My stomach not being accustomed to such treatment rebelled by vomiting freely. This in no way disconcerted my companion. I thought he might have let me off then, but he didn't, his rules being very rigid. So from early morn till late in the evening we held one position with no change, except when I was vomiting, which was quite often. Thus ended the feast of coffee and sugar, an honor paid me which I shall never forget.

An Attempt to Escape and Final Release.

The idea of escaping whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself, never left my mind. This long looked-for time, as I thought come at last. It was one evening just after night fall, and a very favorable night too, dark and threatening rain. I proceeded cautiously, procuring one of their fleetest horses and started, directing my course eastward. I had traveled but a short distance when it commenced raining and continued to do so all night. I put my horse to about all he could stand and hold out any length of time, in a gallop a good part of the time; but I was doomed to another disappointment, and not to gain my freedom this time, for a little after daybreak I found that my pursuers were close at my heels, having somehow discovered my flight shortly after I left. When I found that they would certainly overtake me, my horse having given completely out, I dismounted and lay down in the grass. I was laughing when they came up. I tried to treat it as a huge joke so as to disarm them of anger. They asked me if I was trying to run away, and the only reply I made was a laugh, having learned that that was the best way to get out of trouble. But if I manifested sadness by crying or showing other signs of grief it only made it worse for me.

On catching me this time they seemed to make up their minds that it would be best to get rid of me as I was giving them considerable trouble and appeared determined to get away. They could get a ransom for me by taking me to a trading Post or Indian agent and that would be better than to let me go free. We were now at the Big Bend of Arkansas River, Kansas, which we crossed and found a trading Post kept by one Mr. Eli Bewell, and

his family, together with two other men for protection. They occupied a little adobe house surrounded by a stockade in which they penned their horses at night. Here they kept such supplies of clothing and provisions as the Indians needed which they exchanged for peltries, furs and sometimes for prisoners the Indians had captured. As well as I can remember this was near Smoky Hills, Kansas. Mr. Bewell proposed to redeem me and after some parleying it was agreed that \$250.00 should be the price, to be paid in brown paper, blankets, tobacco, flour and sugar and perhaps some money, but as to the latter I am not certain. I was perfectly naked at the time and very much embarrassed. My new found friend kindly furnished me with a temporary suit of clothes till they could procure one of a better fit.

About a week after Mr. Bewell bought me we moved to Council Grove, Kan., on the Neosho River. Mr. B. and wife took a great liking to me and wanted me to stay with them. They treated me as kindly as any one possibly could but I was anxious to return home to my people, I did every thing I could while with them to please them, always quick to anticipate their wants, and never slow about attending to all the chores that I could see needed doing, which seemed to make them love me, and let me say to my young readers who may chance to read these lines, that if you would always be respected and treated well, make yourself useful to those with whom you may be associated. Be strictly honest and do your whole duty towards God and man and you will never regret it. Faithfulness is always rewarded, both in this world and the one to come. If all boys and girls too, would act on this principle, I believe none would ever lack for friends or a home.

Mr. B. became so attached to me and was so anxious to keep me that for two months he moved from place to place to evade the search of the Indian Agent, knowing that if he found me he would send me home if I wished to go. He thought that by keeping me awhile I would become reconciled to remain with him. And if there had been a man with whom I could consent to stay, it was Mr. Bewell. But I was bent on going home. And let me say to the credit of Mr. B. that I do not think they wanted to keep me just for selfish purposes, to be a burden bearer for him. In fact their actions showed that they did not. They felt an interest in me and wanted to make something out of me. He promised me if I would

stay with him he would adopt me as his son, educate me and give me half he had (and he was wealthy), and if I would not do that he wanted to educate me and make me his head clerk and book-keeper if I would stay till I was grown. He carried on a large business, running three stores all the time, and this position would have been a lucrative one.

During this two months of hiding and dodging I was sometimes left at other houses, I remember quite well, while at a hotel in Emporia, Kan., the proprietor gave me a room for occupancy which was considered "haunted" and scared every one out who tried to occupy it. They did not tell me about it, but as soon as I had retired the rapping on the wall commenced. It was in an upper story room, and I know no one from the ground could reach it. So I raised up, opened my window and looked to see the cause of the disturbance, whereupon I saw the limb of a tree striking the house as the wind would blow it. Having discovered the cause of the noise I lay down again and went to sleep. Next morning the landlady asked me if I heard any noise during the night and I soon found that they all considered it a 'scarey' room and I supposed thought I would not sleep in it that night but would run from the noise as others had done, but surprised to find that I did not. I then informed her that if they would give me a saw I would cure that "haunt" which seemed to greatly surprise her, but when I explained the matter to her, it was seen that there was nothing of it. And that is about the way all the "ghost tales" turn out if we would look into them.

It seems to have been by mere accident, looking at it from a human standpoint, that I got to come home as I did. The Indian Agent, Col. Leavenworth, had heard of me it seems, but Mr. Bewell being so anxious to keep me had informed him that I did not want to go home. But being pointed out to him one day he motioned me to come to him to have a friendly chat with me, and during the course of conversation learned that I was anxious to return home and promised that I should start the next day, which I did. But before starting he gave me three dollars in money, a valuable blanket, buffalo robe, and bought a fine Indian bow and arrows which cost \$15.00 and made me a present of it. On leaving, Mrs. Bewell was so grieved that she ran off and hid to keep from bidding me farewell.

Col. Leavenworth had a talk with Mr. Bewell and the result was, we all went with him to the mouth of Little Arkansas River where

he reimbursed to Mr. Bewell the amount he had paid as my ransom. Here I saw the same Indians that captured me. I went with them to their tents and partook of their hospitality. They wanted me to return with them but I refused, telling them I was going to Texas. At this they manifested great indignation and astonishment that I would go to such a state. They were willing for me to go to Kansas if I did not want to go with them, but would not hear of my coming back to Texas, suggesting to me that the Texans were "bad" would "kill" etc. But I could understand the whole thing. The facts were just these. Here were these Indians receiving at the hands of the government in Kansas and other points their supplies—tame Indians you know—and still the same miserable creatures going off along the frontier of Texas, committing their acts of atrocity, killing, plundering, stealing, etc., in the role of wild Indians, and they knew the difference between the people of Kansas and Texas too. They knew those of Kansas looked upon them rather in the light of civilized Indians and even if they commit crimes, were disposed to look at it, them, something as they would those of a citizen of the State. Or at any rate they would not fight them as would the Texans, for they (the Texans) would follow and fight them to the bitterest end, and they were afraid of them. And they were afraid too, that my return to Texas and the relation of my experience would make the Texans still worse on them. So they said if I did not stay in Kansas and remain away from Texas they would kill me, when one of them caught me by the wrist. In the scuffle which ensued, his blanket fell off revealing a bowie knife, which he attempted to use. I had a pistol which I involuntarily drew as quick as thought and fired at his head. It took effect causing him to release me at once. I then ran back to our camp, he running in an opposite direction. I never learned the result of that shot.

At this point I bid a sad adieu to my kind friends who had released me from bondage. Just before separating from them I noticed Mr. Bewell going off down a branch, and having discovered in conversation with Col. Leavenworth that he was sad, depressed and apparently much affected, I was confident that he too, like his wife, was trying to hide to keep from bidding me good bye. I hastily ran the opposite direction and headed him. I asked him why he did me that way just as I was leaving, that I wanted to bid him farewell

and thank him for his kind treatment. His sank to the ground choked up so that he could scarcely speak and said he could not bear to bid me adieu. I shall never forget this family.

From this point—the mouth of the Little Arkansas River—I went to Ft. Washita in the Indian Territory with a government train in charge of supplies for the Indians, thence to Sherman, Texas with an ox wagon, walking all the way myself; thence to Milford, Texas, walking most of this distance also. Here I was taken very sick, so that I became unconscious. On regaining consciousness I found myself in a hotel, having been taken up by some one, but I know not who. I had then been there three days so I was informed by the landlady who was very kind to me during my sickness. A physician was attending on me and everything being done just as if I had been at home. I had been there about a week and was recovering from my sickness when some of my old acquaintances, Messrs. K. Hanson, Y. and K. Grimland, called by to inquire the way to Hillsboro; Hill county. On seeing them I jumped up and ran out, unmindful of my weakness, for I never felt it, and said: "Yes, Mr. Grimland, I can tell you the way." They seemed to be thunderstruck. Fear and surprise seemed to lock their mouths. Finally Mr. Y. Grimland spoke, asking me where I came from, etc. I then related to them my experiences and adventures with the Indians. Our excited conversation called quite a crowd of people around us. My expenses for board and medical attendance, which was only \$16, a small amount, as I thought, was arranged for, my friends standing surety for the amount and once more I started with them for my home. Just before reaching home we met my father going after me, he having received word from the people at Milford that I was there. He was in a great hurry and did not notice me being with our friends and was passing by when I jumped out and stopped him. Imagine our joy at meeting after a separation of six months; a six months filled up with inexpressible anxieties, both on the part of father and myself, I reached home on Saturday, the same day in the week on which I was captured, and the same day of my liberation from the Indians. Captured on Saturday bought back on Saturday and reached home on Saturday; a rather strange coincidence.

My father soon sent the amount of my indebtedness to Milford and settled my bill.

Some Peculiarities of the Indians.

The writer does not claim that this little work is a book of authority upon the habits and customs of the Indians, but merely designed to mention some things which came under his observation while associated with them. Nor could this be expected of one whose sojourn with them was so brief—about three months—and should any conclusions drawn from their actions be found to be incorrect, by those who may have had a better chance of ascertaining the exact truth it will be accounted for on the ground that many times my only source of information was just what I could gather from their actions, signs, gestures, etc. As I stated before, this work does not claim to be a book of authority on these subjects. There are works which leave nothing to be desired in that direction, and to these many have access. But some actual occurrences I can mention of an interesting nature from which the reader may draw his own conclusions.

1. The Indians give unmistakable evidence of their belief in a Supreme Being, a Deity of some kind to whom they pray. I will relate an instance. On one occasion while with them a party of the men went off on some expedition and only one returned the remainder I suppose getting killed, whereupon some women, I suppose the wives of the killed, commenced praying. They sat with their hands upstretched and eyes fixed heavenward uttering in a pitiful tone a lot of, to me, meaningless jabber, and cutting themselves with the glass which caused the blood to fly furiously. As if to see who could punish themselves the most, they would repeat this process over and over, plowing deep furrows in their legs and arms. And strange to say, they would do it with the utmost composure, never flinching from it. It is remarkable what nerve they showed. Try to imagine how you could stand frequent repetitions of this cutting with glass and you have some idea of the ordeal to be borne.

They were, doubtless, doing penance to atone for their own wrongs which they, perhaps, thought had occasioned the loss of their husband, or else praying for the dead, a practice of some of the more enlightened and civilized brothers which, to my mind, make it appear wholly inexcusable in them, though we might expect such things of the Indians.

But however wrong in their mode of worship, and however unavailing and misdirected their prayers, it showed their strong faith in

the "Great Spirit," and ought to be a lesson to an enlightened people who have a more intelligent conception of God, and especially we who claim to worship him. That a people so degraded morally would subject themselves to such torture to appease the wrath of their God certainly shows great faith in the existence of a Supreme Being, which is but the language of every other race of people, civilized or uncivilized, which even nature itself seems to impress upon the mind, and leaves no room for that belief, or rather non-belief called atheism.

2. There exists among them some form of government, though I could get but little idea of this. Still the following occurrence shows that they have some law by which they punish the offender. One day an Indian came into camp who had not seen me before, and wished to jump right on me, and injure me and probably kill me for all I know. The others kept him off, but he persisted in trying to get to me. Finally, after some jabbering among them, they took him and tied his feet and hands together hard and fast, hog fashion, and laid him out naked in the hot sand where they let him remain all day. At night they loosed him and made us sleep together. He never tried to harm me any more.

Another instance is very remarkable, and was to me very dangerous. We were returning from a turkey hunt and came upon some Kiowa Indians just as they were getting ready to leave their camping place for another. They had a mare all packed ready for travel that was claimed by the Comanches. On seeing that the Kiowas were appropriating her to their use one of the Comanches ran up and cut the pack loose, which raised a difficulty between them. It was immediately arranged to settle the matter by choosing twenty men on each side to fight it out. They formed lines about fifty yards apart, the bow and arrow being the weapons used, and placed me on a little pony which I must ride up and down the line between them while they were to shoot. I had to go full speed. The arrows were flying thick and fast, sizzling by my ears on every side, and although I ran through the line five or six times not an arrow touched me or my horse. It is to my mind a plain case of providential protection. Kind reader, do you ever stop to consider how much God does for you in protecting you from dangers, perhaps unseen by you? Whether it is customary to have some one ride through the line of battle this way or whether they

just wished to gratify their desire for my blood, I do not know.

The result of the battle was the death of two Comanches and one Kiowa, but the former got the mare while they gave the latter the pony which I had ridden. They buried the dead and wound up the matter by having a grand war dance.

Their custom of choosing a wife, which they wished me to do, as mentioned in this chapter, is a peculiar one. The man who makes a choice of a bride, before he can count her as his wife, must lie all night on his back without moving even a finger or toe, while his

chosen girl, together with other Indians, dance around the fire. The groom is watched by two men all the time, the spies changing occasionally for a rest, to see that he does not move. If he does he loses his expected bride at this time but is granted the privilege of trying again at another time. Thus you see some of their practices are very peculiar indeed to us.

I desire to be understood here as speaking only of the Comanches. What I have said in the foregoing all the way through has reference to them. Other tribes of Indians may differ in many of their customs, I cannot tell.

June Peak's Last Scout

By John Hoffer, San Angelo, Texas.

In the September issue of the Frontier Times, I read with a great deal of interest an article about "Capt. June Peak, Texas Ranger" and the following is a copy of a write up of Captain Peak's last scout made a short time before he resigned the command of Company "B", Frontier Battalion. I was a member of his company at the time and with him on this last scout.

On the 29th of March 1880, Captain Peak with ten men left Camp Hackberry Springs, Tom Green County, for Big Springs, Howard county, distant 30 miles. The scout traveled steadily along at the rate of four miles an hour. At 11 o'clock A. M. we passed Signal Peak, a noted landmark that can be seen for many miles, and two miles northwest of the peak brought us to Moss Spring, where we stopped for water for ourselves and stock. This spring bursts out in a bold stream from under a high ledge of rock projecting some twenty feet over the mouth of the stream, and forming a cool shady retreat from the burning sun of the sandy plains. At one o'clock P. M. the order to mount was given, which was promptly obeyed, and we were off for Big Springs. Three hours ride brought us near an old adobe house that was used in early buffalo days as a store and saloon, but now deserted. We camped the night of the 30th one mile south of the spring. The second day's march we headed for Sulphur Springs. Two miles from the springs four buffalo were seen grazing under a bluff, and Captain Peak crawled on his hands and knees to within short range and fired. At the crack of his Winchester one fell, the other three taking a westerly course,

and closely followed by five of the boys. A chase of two miles brought them to a halt with the death of the last one. The humps, tenderloins and hams were cut out and carried to Sulphur springs, where camp had been set up for the night. The next morning we traveled a south of west course for 20 miles when we struck a wagon trail and turned due south, and, following the trail for seven miles we sighted the supply wagon on a high ridge where Lone Wells are found. These wells are mere holes about four feet deep in a marshy depression. The water contained a good deal of gypsum and was very unpleasant to drink.

April the first was spent in camp by some of the men, a scout of five men having been sent west in the morning to look for Indian trails and search for water. The scout returned at sunrise the morning of April 2nd, a heavy frost having formed during the night, and reported no trails or water. The day was spent in camp with fat antelope for dinner. Capt. Peak was on the lookout all day with his field glasses, watching for raiding bands of Indians. A short time after dark Sergt. Hageman with five men arrived from Fort Concho with the mail.

April 3rd a scout of five men was sent southwest on the old emigrant trail to California to look for Indian trails and water.

April 4th was spent in camp at Lone Wells. The scout returned unsuccessful.

April 5th the scout began return trip to Camp Hackberry Springs. Half way between Lone Wells and Sulphur Springs we discovered an old well that had been dug by Indians, and Capt. Peak gave it the name of Ranger

Well. At this well Capt. Peak detailed Sergt. Hageman, Buffalo Bill, and two other men to travel northwest 40 miles to Five Wells to look for Indian signs, and to meet him the next day at Sulphur Springs. The main scout arrived at the springs about dark and barely had time to dig out enough wood for fires before a severe norther swooped down on us. The weather was so very cold we were compelled to lay over until the seventh. About dusk of the 6th Sergeant Hageman and scout came in. They had run into a herd of buffalo, killed two, and Buffalo Bill had roped a buffalo calf about two months old, and brought

it in with him on his saddle.

April 7th, the scout started for headquarters at Camp Hackberry Springs, arriving there on the 10th.

Buffalo Bill persuaded Capt. Peak to let him have his calf hauled to camp in the chuck wagon. He turned the calf loose in a cow pen with other calves of cows, feeding it on milk. In a short time it became very gentle and was growing fast when a wild cow jumped into the pen and hooked it to death. Bill took the death of his calf very hard, and declared he would never make another venture in raising buffalo calves.

The Coming of the Railroad

Miss Bess Carroll, in San Antonio Light, September 1, 1927

If you've never seen on a railroad train for the very first time in your life, then you can't appreciate this story. For otherwise you'd never know the real sentiments of a passenger who is trying to decide just when the train is going to "hop" the track.

It was exquisite relief, however, to contemplate the world once more with terra firma "firmly" beneath you, when the train stopped to get wood. But I don't suppose that those stops—beside woodpiles along the road—were quite so "exquisite" for the brakeman and the porter and the fireman, who had to bring in backlogs for the firebox.

There was a real "big day" in San Antonio a long time ago—on Feb. 19, 1877. At 4:30 o'clock that afternoon the first train steamed in—down Austin street—and stopped beside a temporary platform built on the site of a proposed depot. It was as impressive an event as the landing of Noah's Ark must have been, a long time before.

There were brass bands—of course. And Governor Hubbard, and the governor's staff, and everybody that was anybody at all in Texas. Oh, it was a magnificent affair!

Romance seems to have a peculiar claim on San Antonio, and on all its happenings. Even the building of a railroad was changed, somehow, from the sordid business of laying rails to the glamorous conquest of the wilderness by iron and steam and fire.

It was not without a struggle that the "Sunset" line finally reached San Antonio. A practical dreamer, Bostonian and a grocer, had staked his hard-earned wealth on a new trail through the West. Fierce, the father of the

railroad here in San Antonio, reached Luling with his venture—and stopped there for lack of funds.

The state of Texas had made railroad building an attractive gamble by offering ten sections of good raw land for every mile of rails laid down across the isolated prairies. But even so, it took money to buy steel and to pay workmen. Pierce, about to go under—and to carry the dream of San Antonio with him—was saved by the big heart of the city that was his goal. San Antonio pledged \$300,000—perhaps the largest bond issue ever voted here, up to that time—in order that the road might be finished.

Finally it "was accomplished," and the dream of San Antonio was realized and came rumbling across the miles in hulking steel coaches and on flying wheels. And at last the mother of the Southwest—San Antonio, capital of industry and trade and pleasure—reached out her arms and could touch the outside world. She was no longer apart, hidden in the distance.

Down on Austin street a whistle tooted, and a bell rang out over the crowd. A slim, peculiar-looking engine slid up, right into the presence of the governor and his dignitaries. Tall hats waved wildly; the whiskered faces of old men were lighted like lamps. Trumpets blared from the government band, and torchbearers waved their burning poles triumphantly. San Antonio was happy.

That celebration was probably the largest ever held here, in connection with a civic event of this kind. Eight hundred guests had

(Continued on page 47)

From James V. Latham.

James V. Latham, of Alamogordo, New Mexico, writes: "I received a copy of Frontier Times. Thanks. I like your paper, as I am an old timer of Texas. I was raised in Blanco and Llano counties, and I know a great many of the men you mention in your magazine. The George Latham mentioned by Wooten was my father. Bill Wooten and I were raised together; he is a year older than I. I am also an old Company D Ranger; enlisted in Captain D. W. Roberts' company in September, 1880, served one year; re-enlisted in Co. D, September, 1884, Captain L. P. Sieker commanding; served one year. Re-enlisted in Co. D, at Marathon, Texas, May 1893, Capt. Frank Jones commander. I was with the company when Capt. Jones was killed in Old Mexico below El Paso. I was not in the fight, as four of us were left in camp, but we arrived on the scene a few hours later. Sergeant John R. Hughes was promoted to Captain. I was discharged May, 1895. Worked for the sheriff of El Paso county two years; held a special Ranger commission. I have known Captain Dan W. Roberts over sixty years. I was in Company D with a brother-in-law of yours, Frank M. McMahan, who is now in the Immigration Service in San Diego, California. I regret that I could not be with the old Rangers at Menard in their reunion last July, for there are probably many of them who will cross the Great Divide before another reunion. I have been in this part of New Mexico since 1898; was cattle inspector for the Cattle Sanitary Board ten years; also stock claim agent for the old E. P. & N. E. railroad, which later became the E. P. & S. W. Have been deputy sheriff and jailor for over ten years. I am, like most of the old timers, broke and getting old, but am able to do light work yet. I may some time, when I feel like writing, send in some reminiscences of the old frontier days and of my Ranger experience."

Dr. J. E. Copenhaver, of Pilot Point, Texas, sends in his subscription to Frontier Times, and says: "I have read several copies of your magazine and those old time tales are very interesting. I rode the range in the eighties, on the Pecos (Horse Head Crossing), consequently it is hard to get the West and the cow out of me. I only wish I had subscribed when Frontier Times first started; only knew of it in the last few months."

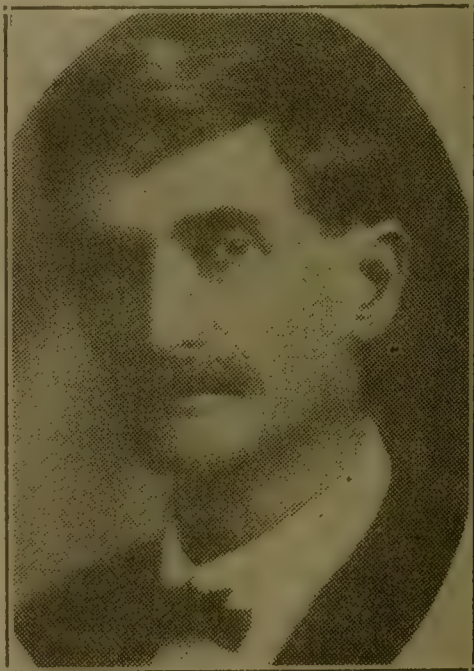
Photos of Trail Drivers.

N. H. Rose, San Antonio photographer, will make a circuit group picture of the Old Time Trail Drivers in annual reunion at San Antonio October 7, 8 and 9, and will have these pictures on sale during the reunion, at One Dollar each. By special arrangement with Mr Rose Frontier Times will offer a year's subscription to this magazine and one of the circuit photos for only Two Dollars. Keep this in mind and if you want to take advantage of this combination offer send in or hand us your order at the reunion.

Trail Drivers Meet October 7 to 9.

The Old Time Trail Drivers' Reunion will be held at San Antonio October 7, 8 and 9. President George W. Saunders has arranged an elaborate program for the entertainment of the old time cowboys, and a full attendance is expected.

Frontier Times is issued about the fifteenth of the month. If you fail to receive your copy by the first of the month for which it is dated, kindly notify us and we will send you another copy.



Pat Garrett

Noted New Mexico Sheriff, who killed "Billy the Kid" at Ft. Sumner, in 1881.

Clark Monument Unveiling

A monument of red granite contributed by the Pioneer Freighters' Association to the memory of Amasa Clark, Mexican War veteran and early-day freighter, who died at his home in Bandera last February, is the first of its kind placed in the new National Cemetery on the military reservation at Ft. Sam Houston. It was unveiled and dedicated on September 14, 80th anniversary of the winning of the Mexican War, the program being in charge of the Second Division, in which Clark served as a member of the Third Infantry. The memorial was placed in the National Cemetery with consent of Maj. Gen. W. D. Conner, commanding the Second Division. The oration was delivered by Brig. Gen. Paul B. Malone, now acting commander of the division. Col. J. C. McArthur, chief of staff, also aided.

September 3 marked the 102d anniversary of Clark's birth. He was 101 when he died. William B. Krempkau of the Pioneer Freighters' Association, who personally undertook to finance the monument, planned to unveil and dedicate the memorial on the old soldier's 102d birthday anniversary, but this was precluded by a delay which came when Bandera County first attempted to have the monument placed there.

The red granite monument was donated by Nagel Brothers, owners of Bear Mountain near Fredericksburg. It weighs about 7,000 pounds and was transported to San Antonio by Capt. B. F. Schmidt. A cash contribution towards the monument was made by men of the Third Infantry at Ft. Snelling, Minn., commanded by Col. W. E. Welsh.

Veterans of Foreign Wars participated in the unveiling.

Officials of the Pioneer Freighters' Association who participated in the unveiling include James O. Luby of San Diego, president; William Atkinson of Gonzales and Henry Bonfile and Ed Tschirhardt, both of Castroville.—San Antonio Express.

A Petrified Foot.

Mr. J. C. Goar, residing at Johnson City, Texas, has in his possession a petrified human foot, which was found some years ago in a cave on Devil's River, not far from Del Rio Texas. The foot is encased in some kind of a shoe, possibly a moccasin, which is also petrified. Seams in the bottom show where the sole of the shoe was either torn off or worn away. Mr. Goar values the curiosity highly and will not part with it.

A Two Gun Cyclone.

Frontier Times is in receipt of a new book "A Two-Gun Cyclone," by B. E. Denton, 707 Browder Street, Dallas, Texas. This is a book by an old timer, and truly interesting. Cyclone Denton has known the lusty life of an earlier day. He has wandered from Texas, where he was born 72 years ago, to New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and states of the Middle West. He has worked as a cowpuncher in the wild and woolly days, brushed sleeves with the deadly Billy the Kid, laid a wager with Jesse James, shot the wild animals of the Southwest, and generally played it high, wide and handsome. Some decades ago he served Buffalo Bill as crack shot and skilled horseman in the remembered Wild West Show. But his prowess with saddle and gun has passed into disuse; with him now are the days of want and distress. For years he labored with pick and shovel on the street construction crews of Dallas. His physical strength has failed. And yet, at 70, he had the vitality and the urge to write this book, which he sells at \$1.50 per copy. If you want a thrill and a taste of the real cow-puncher's life, send and get this book.

Pioneers Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lott, of Fredericksburg, Texas, recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, at which three of the attendants at their marriage officiated. Eleven children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Lott, most of them being present at the golden wedding, those absent living in distant states.

The half-century nuptials resolved to visit every one of their children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren. A journey was made into five states, the most distant point visited being Los Angeles, Calif. The couple traveled over two thousand miles by wagon. The mission was completed with one exception, a grandson Hironymous Meurer stationed at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, was not visited.

The eleven children are all over twenty-five years of age and married. All of them have large families and even the grand-children have good-sized families. The remarkable thing about it all is that there has never been a death in all this wide family circle.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of time paid for. Watch your date and renew without delay.

Billy Dixon, Panhandle Pioneer

The Panhandle is not without its full chapter in the romance of the Southwest. And it is not without its "San Jacinto," the bloody conflict of Adobe Walls, a decisive battle which determined that the white man, not the Indian, should predominate the fertile plains country. But Adobe Walls is far in time and place from San Jacinto and the Alamo, and historians have not infrequently overlooked the chapter that should tell how a little band of Americans stood as resolutely against overwhelming odds as did Crockett, Bowie and Travis at the Alamo to win the San Jacinto of the Plains—but only after they had narrowly averted the fate of the heroes of the Alamo.

Among them none was more intrepid nor a better marksman than the late William (Billy) Dixon, frontiersman, buffalo hunter, and later a scout. His life has been told in a volume by his widow, Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, whose home is at Miami, Texas. A second edition of this book, first published in 1914, is now ready to be issued by the P. I. Turner Company, Publishers, Dallas, Texas. It is a stirring tale of the frontier days when the frontiersman thought of himself, his horse and his gun as "we". The story is simply, but vividly told. After one has turned the last page and closed the book one feels that he had ridden by the side of Billy Dixon through the crowning dangers of those early days.

When a mere boy, Billy Dixon reached Kansas City the day a big battle was being fought between the Union army under General Alfred Pleasanton and the Confederate army under General Sterling Price. His ambition at that time was to fight Indians and kill buffalo, and he continued on his way to Fort Leavenworth, where he found employment as a bull-whacker with a government train that made the trip to Fort Collins, Colorado, with government supplies. He was present at the Medicine Lodge Treaty in October, 1867, and helped haul munitions of war to Camp Supply from Fort Hays when Gen. Custer went south on his Washita Campaign in 1867. For nine years he was a government scout at Fort Elliott, Texas.

Dixon's most notable battles were at Adobe Walls and Buffalo Wallow. Hunters from Dodge City, Kansas, had established headquarters at Adobe Walls on the Canadian River in what is now Hutchinson County, Texas, in the spring of 1874, a number of buildings and a stockade corral having been erect-

ed for that purpose. They were attacked at dawn June 27, by a war party of 700 Kiowas, Comanches and Cheyenne Indians. There were 28 men and one woman at Adobe Walls when the fight took place. The Indians gave up the siege late in the afternoon after many of their men had been killed. There were three white men killed in the battle. Dixon's marksmanship did much to win the battle. He brought down an Indian at a distance of 1,533 yards.

Dixon's narrowest escape from death was at the Buffalo Wallow fight which took place September 12, 1874, between the Washita River and Gageby Creek, near Canadian, Texas. The party consisted of William Dixon and Amos Chapman, scouts, Serg. Z. T. Woodall, Company 1, Peter Rath, Company A; John Harrington, Company H, and George W. Smith, Company M, Sixth Cavalry, and was on its way to Fort Supply, Indian Territory, with dispatches from General Nelson A. Miles then in the field against the southwest tribes.

Just as the little party was nearing a divide between the two streams they came face to face with 125 Kiowa and Comanche warriors. The Indians instantly attacked. The white men realized they were in a trap. They also realized that they could do better work on foot, so dismounted and placed their horses in the care of George Smith, who in a short time was seriously wounded and died that night.

Realizing that if they remained where they made their first stand all would be killed. Dixon ran about three hundred yards to a buffalo wallow in a mesquite flat, calling his companions to follow him. All save Chapman and Smith were able to reach the spot, and with their butcher knives they threw up a sandy entrenchment a foot or so in height which gave them some protection.

Smith was thought to be dead, as he had not moved since he fell. At the risk of his own life Dixon went to Chapman through a hail of bullets, lifted him on his back and carried him to the wallow.

As the day wore on, death seemed inevitable. The Indians with their horses running at top speed, often came forward with lances drawn as if to spear the beleagued party, but the white men shot coolly and carefully and the Indians suffered so severely from the well directed fire that they grew more and more cautious.

The Indians tried many times to approach the prostrate form of Smith to get his scalp,

and gun, but each time they were driven off. The men in the buffalo wallow were running short of ammunition and one was sent to get Smith's belt of cartridges. When he returned he said Smith was alive and Dixon and Rath immediately went out and by supporting the wounded man he was able to walk to the shelter of the wallow. He was shot through the left lung and died about 10 o'clock that night.

The soldiers suffered intensely from thirst. Late in the afternoon a thunder shower came up and the rain fell in torrents. Though it was crimson with their own blood that flowed from their wounds, the desperate men greedily drank the water that collected in the depression where they lay.

"Night was approaching," said Dixon, "and it looked blacker than any night I had ever seen. Ours was a forlorn and disheartening situation. The Indians were still all around us. The nearest relief was seventy-five miles away. Of the six men in the wallow four were badly wounded and without anything to relieve their suffering. We were all cold and hungry with nothing to eat, and without coat or hat to protect us from the rain and wind."

When darkness fell the Indians disappeared. Dixon volunteered to go for help. Next day he met a detachment of soldiers from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, on their way to General Miles' field headquarters. Two soldiers from this command were sent to tell Gen. Miles of the condition of his men and aid came after forty-eight hours.

For their bravery in this encounter, each of the men, upon the recommendation of General Miles, was voted a medal of honor by Congress. Of such stuff did life on the frontier consist. But Billy Dixon's escapades were too many to be mentioned in a brief article.

Ex-Rangers' Reunion Pictures.

A number of the members of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association have expressed a wish for photographs taken by N. H. Rose at the reunion last July. Mr. Rose made a splendid group picture of the old Rangers, size 8x25 inches, which he will send postpaid for only One Dollar. His address is N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

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THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD

(From Page 42)

been invited, from Houston and Galveston and other points along the Sunset line. Officials of the railroad were present, of course. Law-makers from the state legislature were here, and all state officers who could be present were on hand. Governor Hubbard led the list of dignitaries who grouped themselves about him.

There was a huge parade from the train, down Austin street, when the "doings" were over at the impromptu depot. The torch-bearers went first, and following the lone procession were army men and prominent citizens and the "Alamo Rifles." Everybody had on their best clothes.

For three days the celebration lasted. During that time the 800 guests, who had ridden in on passes, were entertained like royalty. Any home in town was theirs—any cigar, any drink that they wanted at any bar. There were no bills for them to pay. If they chose to walk in a certain garden, they walked there; to eat at a certain house, they were fed. If a visitor—resplendent beneath a huge satin ribbon announcing who he was, and where he was from—wanted to purloin a taxi, all he had to do was to flag one down on the street.

The first train had 15 passenger coaches. They were small coaches compared with our modern ones. There were no Pullmans, only the most serviceable of chair cars.

The air brakes had not come into use at that time, and each passenger coach was equipped with a lever. The brakeman used this in lieu of other brakes, and the effect was sometimes overcoming. Very upsetting, as anyone who can remember getting a jolt or two can tell you.

Trainmen wore no uniforms during those days. Their caps, marked with "Conductor," "Brakeman" and so forth, were their only marks of identification. The lordly porter of today would hardly have recognized his predecessor, who wore ordinary-working clothes, and was not the master of all whom he surveyed.

There are big moments in the life of any city. San Antonio has never known a bigger one than that February day when the first train roared in. She had found a new Trail—Ironshod, but blazed by pioneers whose hardships are a long stretch of steel-clad endurance, laid like rails over the past. On such a railroad San Antonio "Got Aboard"—and the wheels are still turning, carrying us forward.

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Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Entering Volume Five.

This month we enter upon Volume Five of Frontier Times. For four years we have been issuing the little magazine each month and growing steadily with each issue. We have made some improvements over the first number which are easily noticeable to those of our subscribers who began with the first issue. We hope to make further improvements from time to time. We are still wanting to raise our list to 10,000, and are hopeful of doing so.

Our New Dress.

Frontier Times comes out in a new dress this month. Our readers will notice that though the type is smaller, the print is clearer and more easily read. The new dress is Ionic No. 5, seven point, the beautiful new face put out by the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., and by its use we gain fully eight pages of space in each issue of the little magazine. To enlarge the magazine would necessitate a raise in the subscription price, so we decided to use smaller type and avoid a subscription raise. We believe our readers will all appreciate the change.

C. M. Grady, Brownwood, Texas, writes: "You will find enclosed my check for \$1.50 for my renewal of subscription to Frontier Times, for I sure don't want to miss a single copy. I have been taking it four years, and I expect to remain on your list as long as I live, if you will let me. I love the dear little magazine and all the dear comrades"

Captain A. M. Gildea, now residing near Pearce, Arizona, writes: "I am pleased to enclose my check for renewal subscription to Frontier Times. I have been intending to write my remembrance of many incidents of the long ago that I see narrated in your magazine, and which I had long ago forgotten, until I see an account in Frontier Times, and some day I hope to do so. It recalls names and brawls that I well remember back as far as 1858, some of which has never been narrated, and which I had hoped to embody in book form, but I have about lost hopes of doing so,

as my MS has been lost or stolen several times and my memory cannot recall much that I had written, so I expect I will have to disappoint many friends as to the book and confine my reminiscences to short stories of true incidents of the past, unless something again happens to prevent. I note in the September issue that my dear old friend, Captain D. W. Roberts, whom I long thought was dead, is still living, and attended the recent reunion of the old Texas Rangers in Menardville. I am going to write him before I can be satisfied that he and his brave wife are really still living. I first knew Captain Roberts in 1874, when he was second lieutenant of Company D Rangers stationed in Menard county, and met him quite often until 1880. I heard he was dead twenty years ago, and believed it until last night in perusing Frontier Times I read the names of himself and wife in attendance at the Ranger reunion. Hunter, you certainly deserve credit for bringing the little magazine, the best of its kind I ever saw, up to its present standard and I am sure every old frontiersman and his kin will bless you to the full extent of their power."

Harry G. Cammack, 2125 Harrison Avenue, Butte, Montana, sends in his subscription to Frontier Times, and among other things, says: "Several days since I had the pleasure of reading the September issue of your magazine. It was the first Frontier Times I had ever seen, and was sent to me by my old friend and comrade, Captain June Peak, of Dallas. I am an old man, and proud of having been a Texas Ranger practically half a century ago. My health is not good; I suffer very much with rheumatism. I hope that we may meet before we reach that shore from whose bourne no traveler ever returns."

E. A. Brininstool, nationally known writer and historian of Los Angeles, California, in renewing his subscription to Frontier Times, says: "Frontier Times is worth every issue the price of a year's subscription, and is the best magazine of Western history in the U. S. I expect to keep right on taking it till Gabriel toots his horn on me."

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The Scalping of Matilda Friend

Written By George Reeves, Alamogordo, New Mexico.



JUST AFTER THE CLOSE of the Civil War the Counties of Mason and Llano in the State of Texas, were the scenes of some of the most atrocious horrors in the annals of history. And the greater part of these horrible tragedies were committed by the marauding Nomads of the plains—the Apaches and their quondam neighbors, the Comanche Indians.

About the beginning of the year, 1866 there lived on the Saline in Mason County, a large family by the name of Johnson, which included old Uncle Frank Johnson and his good wife, Aunt Betsy, and numerous young Johnsons. Some of the children were married and lived in other localities, but there were plenty and some to spare still under the parental roof. This family, like all pioneer families, lived in constant dread of torture and death at the hands of the marauding red skins. One morning Uncle Frank went out on the range to look after his stock and did not return. Aunt Betsy became nervous over his absence, and instituted a search. They found poor old Uncle Frank's body bristling with arrows and two arrows placed on his breast in the form of a cross.

In Legion Valley, in Llano county there lived a small settlement of people, all relatives directly and indirectly, of the Johnson family. To make this narrative clearer I will give the names of the heads of the families: John Friend, Jack

Bradford, Rile Walker, Dan Moore, Spence Townsend, Bill Johnson, Boy Johnson, (both sons of Uncle Frank and Aunt Betsy), and Jim Buck Waldrope, a young man who lived with Dan Moore.

After Uncle Frank Johnson was buried Aunt Betsy thought it would be better to move to Legion Valley to better protect herself and numerous progeny from the fate of the father. So she yoked up her faithful old oxen, piled in her meager household effects, (About all those hardy pioneers had to do to move was to put out the fire and call the dog.) then took her family and her son Babe's wife, Becky and her two children, and trekked toward Legion Valley. Nothing untoward happened enroute. Just before reaching the house of John Friend, Becky called Aunt Betsy's attention to a line of smoke beginning quite a distance from Friend's house and

continuing to the door of the house. Aunt Betsy looked and could see no smoke nor anything that looked like smoke, and she laughed at Becky for being so visionary. But the smoke was real to Becky, as you will see further on in this narrative. They stopped at Friend's house, and afterwards went to the house of Jack Bradford, where they made their home.

Along about the first of February, Boy Johnson and other Llano men started to Austin with a drove of hogs. About the third of February, other men of the community left the neighborhood on

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Beginning This Number:

"LIFE OF BIGFOOT WALLACE"

matters of business, and on this date John Friend came over to Aunt Betsy's and asked Becky and Samantha Johnson, Boy's wife, to come over the next evening to his house, as his wife was in a delicate condition, telling them that he was making a trip to Fredericksburg, and that he would like for them to stay until his return.

That night Becky had a dream. She dreamed she was murdered by Indians and that wild hogs ate her body. The next morning she told Aunt Betsy of her dreams. Again Aunt Betsy laughed at her for a visionary. Becky replied: "You may laugh at me if you choose, but that dream was too real; that dream is coming true, and real soon."

The next day Spence Townsend's wife became ill and Mandy Townsend, a young lady of nineteen years was sent for Aunt Betsy, and she was told she could spend the night at Aunt Betsy's, as her mother was expecting the arrival of the stork. Mr. Friend and Aunt Betsy's boy Frank, almost a grown man, left for Fredericksburg. In the afternoon Becky and Samantha took their babies and, accompanied by Mandy Townsend and a little relative, Melinda Cordell, seven years old, who was living with Aunt Betsy, wended their way to the Friend home, to stay with Matilda Friend and her stepson, Temple Friend, a boy about eleven years old.

About sundown on the fifth of February, they were all out in the yard and Becky saw a number of horsemen coming toward the house, winding down the pathway exactly as she had seen that trail of smoke previously. She at once drew the attention of her companions to the horsemen and they counted seventeen men. To their horror, they discovered that there were sixteen Indians and one negro. Becky advised that they flee for life, but Matilda said that they had not a chance on earth to get away from that horde of savages, and advised that they run into the house and barricade the door. There was a double-barrel shot gun in the house, and if the savages broke in the door she would kill one, and if the others tried to enter she would kill another, and maybe that would check them until she could reload, and in that way perhaps she could stand them off.

Accordingly, they ran into the house and barricaded the door. Matilda secured the old shot gun and was standing on guard. The savages attacked the door, and when the other women saw the door giving way they grabbed Matilda and wrenched the gun from her hands, thinking the savages would be more merciful, possibly, if they showed no resistance. As the Indians came into the room Matilda saw a smoothing iron just behind the door and she stooped and seized it, threw it at the leader, hit him on the side of the head and he fell to the floor. She had stooped for the iron again when another Indian shot her just below the spine with an arrow. At once

the thought came to her to act as if she were dead. She managed to fall on the bed and as she fell another arrow pierced her arm. Then the savage grabbed his scalping knife and proceeded to scalp her. He skinned her head on each side, but left some hair on the top of her head and at the back. The pain was so excruciating that she lifted her arm three times. Each time the Indian hacked at her arm but hit the side rail of the old wooden bedstead each time. That old bedstead, with the three hacks, is today a valued souvenir in the home of Boy Johnson's family of Sweetwater, Texas.

In the meantime the other savages were busy capturing the other members of the party. Becky was fighting like a tigress, but all to no avail. The savages took all they wanted out of the house and started off with their prisoners and their plunder. Matilda thought she would get up and peep through a crack to see which course they would take, then she concluded to wait a little while to be sure the savages were all gone. It was well for her she did, for presently a big buck Indian came in at the door and to make sure she was dead, grabbed the arrow and pushed it back and forward a number of times. The arrow had gone entirely through her body. Just think of the Spartan-like spirit of poor Matilda! She never made a motion, never groaned, never batted an eye, for to do so meant certain death.

The Indian, satisfying himself that she was dead, left the house and joined his comrades.

When Matilda was sure they were all gone, she slipped to a crack and saw them ride due south, then northeast, then due east toward Cedar Mountain. As far as she could see them Becky was still fighting. Matilda tried to remove the arrows piercing her body, but the spikes on one side and the feathers on the other prevented her doing so. She then went out in the yard, salvaged what she could find of her household effects, that the Indians had discarded, put the things in the house, closed the door, and started to her nearest neighbor's house, Aunt Betsy's, about a mile and a half distant. What awful sufferings this poor woman must have endured. Expecting to become a mother in a very short time, and pierced through and through with that deadly arrow, and another dangling through her arm. Luckily when the arrow pierced her she was stooping for the iron, and the vital parts dropped down and the arrow passed between them and the spine.

The poor woman walked and crawled to Aunt Betsy's, crossing the trail of her tormentors, and arrived there a little while after dark. Jack Bradford and his family were at Aunt Betsy's, and Jack was cutting wood when she approached. Jack was very much frightened, for she was very weak and it was some time before he recognized her; but when he did he support-

ed her into the house. His family and Aunt Betsy's were very much perturbed over the horrible tale Matilda told. They all knew Matilda was doomed for death, and they did not know what manner of friends in human form would attack him, for the route they took from Llano was not far from Aunt Betsy's home.

Jack and the folks were in an awful quandary. He finally decided what to do. He knew Matilda was going to die. The night was cold, and it would not do to move her. He cut the arrows below the feathers, then pulled them through the wounds. They dressed the wounds the best they could, and made Matilda as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Aunt Betsy, the nurse and doctor of the community, was not at home. Jack put a pile of firewood near the chimney, made a pallet near the fire and placed Matilda on it, placed a bucket of water near the pallet and then took his and Aunt Betsy's families into a gorge near Cedar Mountain and hid themselves. Before daylight next morning he led his little flock back to the house and to their joyful surprise Matilda was still in the land of the living, with great hopes of staying there.

As soon as it was light Jack sent John Johnson, Aunt Betsy's boy ten or eleven years old, but large for his age, to warn the neighbors. John Johnson now lives near Alamogordo, New Mexico a hale and hearty old man.

As soon as the neighbors could get there they congregated at Aunt Betsy's. Among those who came in was Bill Johnson, Aunt Betsy's oldest son. The name of the men were out of the neighborhood, but the women and children all came for protection. Bill Johnson was nearly blind with sore eyes. With his family came his little step-daughter, Mary Jane Moore, who is now the wife of the author of this narrative. Rile Walker and Bill Johnson left the other men to guard the women and children and they started out to cut signs for the Indians' trail.

They soon found it and folled it for some distance, when they found Samantha's baby with its throat cut from ear to ear, scalped and thrown into a briar bush. Looking a little further on they saw something on a bush. Bill's eyes were so bad he could not make out what it was, but they investigated and found it was one of Matilda's bad ticks that had crawled on a bush and had been left there. Carefully wrapping the tick around the corpse Bill carried the silent remains to Aunt Betsy's. There were some soldiers at Llano, about eighteen miles distant. Jack went after them, while another runner went for Boy Johnson and one for Friend. Early the next morning the soldiers were there and every available man that the news had reached. They took up the trail where Bill and Rile found Samantha's baby. They soon found Becky's baby. It had been served in the same manner. They follow-

ed the trail to the top of Cedar Mountain and there found where the Indians had camped the night they shot Matilda and made the capture. The trailers followed the trail off the west side of Cedar Mountain again and the trail was going south along the foot of the mountain. Soon they found the corpse of a woman, but could not identify her for the hogs had almost devoured the body. They followed on and found the body of Samantha, then they knew the first body was that of Becky and that the poor woman's dream and prophesy had been fulfilled.

They followed on, and every once in a while they would find a piece of cloth on a bush that they knew was a piece of Mandy Townsend's dress. About seven miles from where the trail came off the mountain and in the edge of Cut Off Gap, they found the body of Mandy Townsend. She was horribly mutilated. Every bone in her body was broken. From appearances each of the seventeen red devils must have taken his turn in torturing her. There were seventeen rocks by the side of her body, and she was literally pounded to a pulp by these cruel monsters. She was scalped, but the hide was taken off in small patches, I suppose so each one of these hyenas could have a scalp lock. But what of the two children? Melinda Cordell and Temple Friend? The scouts followed the trail through Cut Off Gap and on to Cole Creek, but finally lost it and the children were gone.

What tortures those three poor women suffered that night on Cedar Mountain, God only knows. The two children were young and had gone through so much hell in a few hours that they were exhausted and slept; but those poor women, Samantha and Becky, each saw those cruel demons slit those tender little infant throats and saw the cruel knife skin those dear little innocent heads, and probably those cruel monsters slapped the bloody trophies in the faces of the mothers. But oh! that night, that awful night on the summit of Cedar Mountain. The mind can only conjecture what those poor women endured. For Becky, be-trampled and spent as she certainly was, you may rest assured welcomed her untimely end. And Samantha no doubt envied Becky her fate. But, alas, at the cruel hands of that deadly foe, she soon went to join her babe.

The savages must have become so enraged at Mandy when they discovered she was marking the trail with strips from her dress that they concluded to beat her to death with those stones.

One year afterward, when Melinda Cordell was returned to her friends, she said the Indians put blankets over her and Temple when they beat Mandy to death. Temple remained with the Indians until he was grown, and when he finally returned to his friends, for a long time he was an Indian to all in acts and purposes.

Did you ask me if Matilda died? No, she

never died. In about a month after this horrible tragedy she gave birth to a baby girl, who, a few years ago, lived in Wellington, Kansas, and an old timer there told me she was the most intelligent lady in that part of the state. Matilda lived forty years from the night of that horrible tragedy and died in Wellington, Kansas. Her grandchildren, as they gathered around her knees, would shudder to think of what those demons in human form did to dear old grandmother so many, many years ago.

The author of this true story was born in Gonzales County, in 1855, in the old Dr. McGarity House, and afterwards lived in Colorado, Hays, Llano, Mason, and Bandera Counties. He married Mary Jane Moore when nineteen years old and she sixteen, and he is related to all the characters in this narrative by blood and marriage. The wife has many relatives in Bandera county by the name of Walker.

The author lived at the old Hard Butter ranch in Legion Valley, Llano County, where this tragedy occurred, just one month prior to the tragedy. As his father, W. F. Reeves, moved out, John Friend moved in. So that is one time he lacked just one month of having his scalp raised. He then moved to Hayes county where after a few years Mary Jane's step-father also moved. This couple renewed their acquaintance and as soon as they accumulated a skillet and lid and a couple of sugans, they married and set up housekeeping. They looked like two children playing dolls, but they did not have the dolls. They soon remedied that, for in the course of years there were twelve children to keep house with—seven girls, five boys, all still living but two. They now have thirty-seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, and now live at Alamogordo, N. M., and are known as Uncle George and Aunt Mell to everybody.

The Bowie Mine Found Again

By Mrs. Edgar T. Neal.



AS THE "Bowie mine," a silver lode, been rediscovered? A sixth sense tells George I. Watkins of San Saba that it has.

History and legend broadly hint that it was more than a desire for personal profit than conscientious zeal for conversion of the Comanches that induced Don Pedro Romero de Terros to finance an expedition to the San Saba valley about the middle of the eighteenth century.

This expedition resulted in the removal in 1756 of the Spanish missionaries from the San Gabriel to the San Saba valley, near where the town of Menard now is. Father de Terros, a cousin of Don Pedro, was in charge of the mission.

It followed that a fort was located on one bank of the San Saba river. In its vicinity, so history and tradition assert, there exist mines rich in silver ore and other precious metals. This was known, it was said, from the first advent an even more early date, as there is plenty of evidence of a temporary fort constructed for the protection of the mine workers previous to the removal of the San Gabriel mission to this place.

Don Pedro, the story goes, was one of the richest men in Mexico. He owned mines at Pachuca and Real del Monte, and was the founder of the National Pawn Shop of Mexico, which has nothing to do with the present story more than to supply a connecting link in the legend of the long lost treasures of the San Saba territory.

History remaining deficient in real and recorded information, it is, therefore, largely upon speculation that this story must be based, which, after all, perhaps, will not make the pursuit of these fancies less fascinating.

Rich beyond measure is a legendary lost mine somewhere in this part of Texas, and

it is in some legends known as the "Bowie mine" and located in the San Saba valley.

The Spaniards who first came to Old Mexico and, with Cortez, captured the fabulous City of Mexico, according to chronologists, came with magic fancies of indescribable wealth awaiting their conquest. The Indians, it was said, were accustomed to point their finger to the northwest in mysterious ejaculations about a flitter of gold and rubies and pearls which was beyond description.

The Indian tales lured many an explorer on to his death. The Spanish monks, devout men, also came with adventurers and wealth-dreaming fanatics. It is known that bitter quarrels followed the discovery of a rich mine, that the Indians avenged their feelings, wiping out miners and missionaries alike, that the Mexicans, warned of their impending doom, prepared plots of the mines, marking them and filling them in so that the surface traces would soon be lost.

That a mine or mines exist in this vicinity has been the belief of men from generation to generation, and, in connection with the probability of silver mines having existed in the neighborhood of the old fort or mission, one historian refers to a story current among the early Texas settlers to the effect that the Comanche Indians were accustomed to use silver bullets in their guns.

Dr. Ferdinand Roemer, an eminent German scholar, partly to escape the oppression of Frederick William IV, and prompted by a desire to explore, came with an expedition from Germany in 1847 and purchased the San Saba valley from the Comanche Indians. In a description of the old mission published in 1849, in the vicinity of which the mines were ex-

pected to exist, Dr. Rocmer made the following report: "The large mesquite trees and the cacti of the *Opuntia* species of a man's height and with cylindrical limbs growing in the inner courtyard and the casements, strongly indicate that for many generations past no human being has inhabited the place. On the walls of the main entrance, the names of a few who have visited it during this century are engraved; there are as follows: Padilo, 1810; Cos, 1829; Bowie, 1829; Moore, 1840. According to superstition, rich silver mines were formerly worked by the Spaniards near the San Saba river. Indeed, the old fort is said to have been built solely for the purpose of affording protection to a mine in this vicinity. Besides the investigation of the fitness of the soil for cultivation, one of the main purposes of our expedition was to determine the grounds for these suppositions."

Thus frankly stated, the doctor discloses that primarily the purpose of the explorers was to find the mine or mines. He further reports a diligent search, without success, however, but mentions favorably the metamorphic traditional rocks, rich in quartz, which occur further down the San Saba river, especially between the San Saba and the Llano, as being rich in ore. So much for the light that history throws upon the situation.

Modern geographical surveys sustain the facts in no uncertain measure as to the existence of minerals in this designated territory.

Untutored in geological lore, uninformed as to historical data, George I. Watkins, residing near San Saba, unequipped with even an elementary education, is firm in the belief that he has found the famous fabulously rich "Bowie Mine." Guided by what he believes to be some supernatural power—perhaps by what psychologists would designate as the sixth sense—he has come upon a discovery that to his way of reckoning will prove as valuable as the treasures of King Tut's tomb.

Whether hunting horses has anything to do with the location of buried treasure is another question; but it will be recalled that one of the richest mines on the Pacific coast was found by a woman while assisting her husband in search of their team, and now George I. Watkins, walking out over the hills one morning looking for his horses, came upon a spot to which he was unaccountably attracted and simultaneously with which he heard a voice distinctly say: "Lost Bowie Mine."

He had in a dream some time previous seen this identical spot, according to his statement, but had never been in that section of the large pasture to which his steps had this morning been directed. The voice came to him from out a cavern upon whose precipice he stood, or from the rocks or the sky—he declares he knows not where—but so seriously impressed was he that nothing could induce him to give up the "hunch",

that was thus handed him. He confided his convictions to his wife, to whom he had previously told his dream. She at first only laughed at him, but soon became a believer as strong as himself.

Watkins at once went to work digging away dirt and debris, and he soon discovered the entrance to the mine, with its three tunnels. He has had it examined by expert geologists, who report that it was worked as late as 100 years or more ago. With no one working but himself, and that at odd times which he could spare from his farming, he has gone into it 25 or 30 feet, and as the excavations progress, more convincing proofs are found to substantiate the conviction that a valuable discovery has been made; indeed, cuttings from the mine have been reported upon favorably by expert assayers and it looks to him as if he has located the proverbial pot of gold at the iridescent rainbow's end.

Peculiar marks in the vicinity of the location have been found and, withal, every evidence prevails that a long lost mine, whether the famous Bowie venture or some other quite as valuable, is about to be unearthed. Ashes and charcoal were taken from the opening at the entrance, concealed from the surface by fillings of gravel and dirt. Twelve to fourteen feet underground, covered by two large boulders, a clay pot weighing 350 to 400 pounds was excavated. In the bottom of this was traced a Mexican plate, imbedded in the center of which was a piece of melted gold. The rocks above the pot were placed so as to conceal and preserve it securely, by being cemented together over it.

Going to a depth of something like 14 feet, one of the most convincing and outstanding marks of the entire find was unearthed in the shape of a Spanish dagger, either cut or moulded of cement, and which, according to a plat later coming to life, served as a key to the mine. This plat was in the possession of an old mining man. He read the account of this discovery of this key and promptly wrote to Watkins. Later he came in person. He proved to be a man of long mining experience who had in years gone by obtained from a Mexican youth a plat of a mine purported to exist near the waters of the San Saba river and at a distance from the old fort to coincide with the Watkins discovery and describing the particular dagger as key to the treasure.

Geologists, a number of whom have examined the location, report it rich in ore, and there is no doubt from the number of miners and mineral men who have come from divers directions and distances to inspect the mine, that knowledge of it has in a vague way been in possession of men through several generations.

The land upon which the discovery was made was once owned by the late Captain Ledbetter, who settled there in pioneer days, and was constantly hunted over during his life time for clues to the location of the Bowie Mine.

Seventy-One Years in Texas

By T. M. Knatcher, Fredonia, Texas. Written by His Granddaughter, Miss Vivian Keese, Medina, Texas.



WAS BORN in Karnes county, Texas, seven miles below Helena, on the San Antonio river, October 2, 1856. My father, Jim Knatcher, was a blacksmith and wheelwright, and moved from Karnes county to Gonzales county in 1857, locating at Big Hill postoffice. Here we lived until after the Civil War, then moved to Hope, Lavaca county, and from there to Morales, in Jackson county.

My first work for myself was driving a horse-power cotton gin in 1868, and later I carried the mail from Morales to Hallettsville. In 1871 I began riding after stock for White & Adkinson, who put up a herd of 2500 head of cattle and started them up the trail. We got as far as Fort Worth and sold the herd, and I came back to the ranch and worked there the rest of the year.

In the spring of 1872 I began working for the Trailer Brothers. This was the wettest year I ever saw. We gathered a herd of 2500 cattle and started with them, and when we reached Davis' Store on Red River, Dowin Ward, myself and two negro boys went back to Austin to meet another herd, which was to have been started a month later. When we got to Austin we could hear nothing of the cattle, so we went to the ranch and found the herd had never started. In 1873 I went with Bill Terrell and Frank Millby into San Patricio and Nueces counties, to the mouth of the Nueces river to skin dead cattle, which had died during a severe drouth. The dead cattle were lying so thick you could walk on the bodies for a half mile without touching the ground. Many hundreds of cattle starved to death in that section during that awful drouth.

In 1874 I began driving a team of five yoke of oxen, hauling lumber from Austin to Prairie Lea. Luling was then beginning to start up, and I hauled the first loads of lumber that started the town of Luling. We hauled the lumber from Waelder for Josey & Styne. Next I hauled lumber from Austin to San Antonio.

In January, 1875, I went to Uvalde county and began working on a ranch for the Wimberley Brothers, between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers. I helped to round up and brand several herds that were sent up the trail, but I did not go alone. These Wimberley brothers moved to Wimberley in Hays county, and bought stock in Blanco county, but I stayed and worked on the ranch for the Bates Brothers. We put up a herd of 2,000 cattle and delivered them at White Bluff, at the mouth of Nueces Canyon, to a man from the North who knew very little about cattle. It came a heavy rainstorm and caused the cattle

to stampede and we had a pretty hard time getting them rounded up again. This man wore a cap, and some of us boys decided to have some fun at his expense, so the first opportunity we had we stole that cap. The man thought it had blown away during the storm, and he went around bare-headed. Finis Bates suggested that some of the boys make him a cap out of moss, and this was done, and he wore the buzzard's nest looking thing for



T. M. Knatcher.

several days, until one of the boys brought forth an old floppy hat and gave it to him.

As the days began to grow cold and dreary I went back home, to Wimberley, and remained there a short time, working for my old employers, the Wimberley Brothers. Later I went back to the old ranch and worked for Bailus Bates and Lum Akers near Uvalde. Lum Akers, who was a one-armed man, with a fine cow-boy and a headman. I have not seen him since 1876. We went down to a ranch on the south of the Rio Grande and received the stock men had bought, and when we got back to the ranch we had 3,000 head of stock. Mr. Bates bought forty Spanish ponies and had them ready for us, and from that day the fun began. The boss

roped and led out every man's mount, and it seemed to me that he had selected the worst in the lot for me. I saddled him and got on, but I never stayed on very long. Being a little foolish French boy, I had no better sense than to try him again. We started up the trail and went up the Frio to the head of the divide between the Frio and Nueces, and on to the head of the Llano and San Saba rivers. We camped one night where Rocksprings now stands. There was only a sheep camp there then. We went out by Fort McKavett, over to the Brady, and ranged our cattle within a mile of where Eden now stands. This was in 1876, and there were only two families living in that section, Riley Gordon and Ben Hardin. I remained there until late in December and went back to Hays county to spend Christmas. Then I went to Gillespie county, where Willow City now stands, to visit Uncle Ben Weed. The next spring I worked for George Riley and Polios, rounded up a herd and delivered them at Big Flat, Llano county.

In 1878 I was married to Miss Tursa Leach, of Gillespie county. She was born January 1, 1857 (the first day of the week, first day of the month, and first day of the year). To us were born nine children, six girls and three boys, six of whom are living, being Mrs. Lizzie Keese of Pontotoc, Texas, Mrs. S. A. Keese of Medina, Texas, Mrs. Hattie Humphreys of Mason, Texas, T. B. Knatcher of Houston, Texas, Mrs. Oleva Holt of San Angelo, Texas, and W. H. Knatcher of Fredonio, Texas.

My first move from Gillespie county was to Hays county; then back to Willow City, where I began to farm, from 1879 to 1883. Then we moved to Big Foot in Frio county, also Pearsall, and left there in 1886.

The last work I did with stock was for Blocker, Griskler & Davis. I went from Pearsall to Uvalde with Ab Blocker as boss with 3300 cattle. About 9,000 cattle were received in Frio county in 1886. I quit the herd at Uvalde and started home. I left camp at daybreak and reached home about dark, traveling a distance of about 100 miles on horseback. My horse was a dandy saddle pony and seemed to be as anxious to get home as I was.

From 1887 to 1888 I lived at Hunter, Texas. In 1889 we lived at Somerset in Atascosa county, next moving to Bexar county, and then to Lytle. Ten years later I moved to Bandera county and lived there fifteen years. In 1911 I located in Mason county, near Fredonio, and have lived here on the Jennings farm sixteen years, renting from Jim and Mike Jennings, men of honor and principle.

My father, Jim Knatcher, was born in Kentucky. His parents, with three children, two boys and one girl, came over from France. The girl soon married and went back to France. The two brothers, Morgan and Jim Knatcher, went to Galveston Island, where Morgan joined a ranger company, while Jim joined a sur-

veying company and helped to survey the Northwestern states. The two brothers never met again. Jim Knatcher was married to Miss Louisa Williams at Gonzales in 1850. My mother was born in Jasper county. She was a French creole. There the six children were born, Jane, Annie, Tom, Louisa, Hester and Mat. Only two are now living, my youngest sister, Mrs. Hester Sinks of Miguel, Frio county, and myself.

If any of the old boys who worked on the ranches, or others remember me I would be very glad to see them.

From An Old Ranger.

I joined Company "D" Frontier Battalion, Capt. Dan W. Roberts Commander, in 1880. B. D. Lindsey came to the Company that year, or early in 1881. He was a man about six feet three inches tall in his sock feet, and weighed about 145 pounds. I cannot say for sure that he wore socks, but if he was as good a rustler for socks as he was for tobacco, and any of the boys had more than one pair, he wore socks. We were paid every three months. On pay day when he went in the merchant gave him his bill. He would look over it and say: "Here is a mistake. You have me charged with fifty cents worth of chewing tobacco. I can prove by every man that I have not bought that much since I have been in the company."

One time in Brown county he and two men were following a man with a stolen horse. There was a man plowing near the road. Lindsey rode up and asked him if he had seen anyone that morning, and he replied that the man wanted was only about two or three hours ahead of them. Lindsey asked him if he could describe him. "Yes," was the reply, "he was a man about your height but not quite so heavy set." Lindsey said, "Come on, boys—we will know him."

In September, 1884, I reenlisted in Company "D" at Uvalde. Capt. L. P. Selker was commander. I met several boys I had been in the company with before, Selker, Jones and Lindsey. W. W. Collier was also in the company. He was a nice boy, a great favorite with every one, especially with the ladies. Frank Jones and Collier were expected to hold the reputation up among the ladies, for they were both good looking and could trip the light fantastic with any of them. Now I had a reputation to hold too—as the ugliest man in Co. "D," which I held with flying colors, as the boys will all admit. A writer in the San Antonio Light, writing of the party, said I was "tough looking." Not me. I am just plain ugly. But Collier would stand the gaff for a friend. Here is to the old Rangers—the truest, best friends I ever knew.

JAMES V. LATHAM.

Alamogordo, N. M.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

Colonel Lamartine P. Sieker, Texas Ranger



COLONEL LAMARTINE P. SIEKER was born in Baltimore, Maryland April 8th, 1848, and attended school there in his early childhood. At the age of eleven years he entered the schools of Madison, North Carolina, studying there until he went to the Washington Military Academy. When but fifteen years of age he joined Parker's Battery, Longstreet's Corps. He was tall, straight, handsome and as active as an Indian. He always wore a red flannel shirt, and was conspicuous in a fight. No one doubted his pluck, although he was but a boy. He celebrated his seventeenth birthday the day before Lee surrendered. He was with Parker's Battery in all of his military experience, and won the admiration and friendship of the officers and men, and was with the Battery when it surrendered at Appomattox. An incident is recorded in "A Story of a Boy Company," where young Lamartine P. Sieker proved his bravery:

"At North Anna river and Howard Junction the boys disputed Grant's right of way to Richmond, and at the latter place Lamartine P. Sieker, a new and young recruit, did a very brave thing in a very cool manner. The men wanted water, and the only spring convenient was between them and the enemy. It looked like certain death to attempt to reach that spring, and we were amazed when this new recruit offered to go there. With a half dozen canteens strung around him, he not only went to that spring, but returned, looking as gay and careless as if he had enjoyed the perilous errand."

With such bravery no wonder, on an occasion, Col. S. D. Lee said to this boy company at Sharpsburg: "You are boys, but you have this day been where only men dared to go."

As before stated he was always very conspicuous by wearing a red flannel shirt, and he came out of the War unharmed, with the exception of being struck by a spent ball. He followed Horace Greeley's advice to "go west, young man," and being of a military turn of mind, he came to Texas and entered the Ranger service, being promoted to the rank of Captain, having held all of the other positions as ranking officer. He served on the Plains as a Ranger, and for twelve years commanded a company of those bronzed and gallant militant peace makers.

In 1885 he was appointed Quartermaster General of the State of Texas, and Chief Ordnance. He ranked as Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General. In 1873 he joined the National Guard service as First Lieutenant, Company A, Eleventh Regiment, Reserve Militia. He was also a member of John B. Hood's Camp of Confederate Veterans of Austin, and was in command of the Camp in 1905.

During his nineteen years of service Col-

onel Sieker was on duty in the field from the Rio Grande to Red River. He was in fights with Indians, Mexicans and outlaws, upholding courts in newly organized counties, suppressing mobs, settling disputes between factions, and taking part in quiet-



Col. L. P. Sieker.

ing railroad strikes at Fort Worth and engaged in many other services too numerous to mention here. He discharged the duties of his several positions with an unflinching ability which marked his eminent fitness for the places. All honor to this boy soldier, who became a conscientious, patriotic and highly efficient officer. He died in 1914 at the age of sixty-six years.

R. G. Kimbell, of Altus, Oklahoma, writes "I received two copies of your publication and assure you they were read with deep interest by myself and many others. Frontier Times is a magazine that no man on the frontier who is in sympathy with correct history there now and back in the 70s and 80s should fail to have. It carries me most forcibly to the 70s when, as a Texas Ranger, I was riding many days and nights the wilds of the Nueces, Frio, Devil's, Pecos and Rio Grande rivers after the worst men from every section. I have many good pictures of Company D, with my old captain, Dan Roberts, and comrades."

Early Settlement of Northeast Texas

Bulletin No. 327 Texas Agricultural Experiment Station.

IN THIS brief discussion of the forces accounting for the early settlement of this part of Texas, no attempt will be made, even though it were possible, to give all of the details.

Attention will be called only to the more immediate and apparent influences contributing to the movement of emigrants westward into this region. The chief reason for such a treatment in a study of this nature is the hope that it will serve as a background, leading in a degree at least, to a better understanding of present conditions and problems. It is felt that in order to properly account for and accurately analyze present conditions, one should know not only present underlying facts, but also the facts, traditions, customs, and conditions out of which the present has developed and upon which it rests.

History tells us that Clarksville on the Red River was the most westerly town of any note in this region in 1840. There were at that time a few scattered settlements farther west in Lamar and Red River Counties. These were located principally along water courses. By this time the Indians had been pushed farther west and were located at Village Creek between Fort Worth and Arlington and higher up the Trinity and Red Rivers. We are told that they were friendly at first, but, as the settlers came in increased numbers, became concerned about the encroachment upon their hunting grounds and grew morose and sullen. Be this as it may, we know that the pioneers in the early 40's who first attempted to settle in Collin, Denton, Cooke, Tarrant, and other counties to the north suffered heavy losses both in lives and property from the frequent raids of these Indians. These ravages, however, were of short duration. By 1845 the frontier from the Red River to the Colorado was guarded by ranging companies which gave protection and made it possible for the country to the east and interior to be settled with little fear of being molested.

The early settlers of this region came very largely from the older Southern states to the east, principally from Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, and the Carolinas. They were mainly of Scotch, Irish, and English descent, and undoubtedly were very similar in type and character to their ancestors who had crossed the Alleghanies a century before with the hope of bettering their conditions on this side of the barrier.

Evidently a number of forces have always operated to induce pioneers to quit the protection and safety of organized community life for the hazards and hardships of the border. The love of adventure, the freedom of the frontier, have appealed in no small way, but the lure of an abundance

of good free or cheap land has been the common force pulling and compelling this fresh stream of emigrants onward from frontier to frontier. Ramsey, in speaking of the early settlers who crossed the Alleghanies, says, "The facility for taking up choice lands of the country induced great numbers of persons, principally those without means, to emigrate to the frontier. A poor man with seldom more than a single pack-horse on which the wife and infant were carried, with a few clothes and bed quilts, a skillet, and a small sack of meal, was often seen wending his way along the narrow mountain trace, with a rifle upon his shoulder—the older sons carrying an ax, a hoe, sometimes an auger and a saw, and the older daughters leading or carrying the smaller children. Without a dollar in his pocket when he arrived at the distant frontier, the emigrant at once became a large land-holder." A century later and we find these people crossing the Mississippi in large numbers to occupy and settle the plains and valleys of the west and southwest. "When I came to Texas sixty-four years ago," says W. F. Dougherty, "there was a steady stream of covered wagons all the way from Indianapolis west. Our family left Trimble County, Kentucky, the fall of 1858, carrying our belongings in a wagon drawn by horses. We went to Indianapolis and there took the National road to St. Louis. All the way the road was crowded with wagons of emigrants for the west. Some of the emigrants left the road before reaching St. Louis, intending to settle in northern Illinois and Iowa. At St. Louis they scattered in many directions, some going to Kansas and Nebraska and some coming to Texas, but in whatever direction they went they found a road which had been beaten or blazed by the stream of emigrants who preceded them."

Judge E. C. Heath, who was born near Rockwall, 1850, and being well qualified to speak of the early days in this part of the state, tells of his father's first trip to Texas. "My father, J. O. Heath, came to Texas from Kentucky in 1846," said Judge Heath. "His first stop in the state was for a short time with relatives at Bonham. In search of a location, he journeyed south from Bonham on horseback. He told me that he did not see a single house between Bonham and the Trinity River, and the only human being that animated that vast expanse of country was a young bachelor who kept the ferry at Barnes' Bridge over East Fork. The ferry was on the trail established by the Republic of Texas from a point on the Red River ten miles north of Bonham to the Mexican border...." Judge Heath further states: "My father followed the National Road from Bonham to Dallas. On the way he looked over a location on

East Fork near Barnes' Bridge that pleased him. He came to Dallas where he said the land was so sandy and sorry that he did not think he could make a living on it. Deciding in favor of the blackland on East Fork he at once set out for Kentucky to bring his family out. He told me that he was satisfied that he was the first white man to enter the thicket which he cleared for the site of his cabin, which was the first built in that part of the country. During the next year, however, several families settled around him, among the heads of which were Cary Cobb, Isham Chisum, James Keyser, S. R. Barnes, and somewhat later Ephriam Goss and J. L. M. Baker." Numerous incidents of this nature might be related, but these few snapshots are sufficient to indicate the character of the people and the nature of their quest. No less than a brave, self-reliant, energetic, and resourceful people could have met and conquered the hazards and hardships which confronted them on the frontier.

This brief account of the early settlers would be incomplete without mention of how they came to possess and get a "stake" in the land. Here again no attempt will be made to go into detail, giving the many acts and grants dealing with the land problem in Texas. Headright, bounty, donation, pre-emption, and special grants played a considerable role in the early disposition of vacant lands, but the more important system of settlement was that of colonization by contract.

The policy of colonization by contract had been inaugurated under Spanish and Mexican rule, and had given satisfactory results in the development and settlement of vacant lands. Upon separation from the Mexican confederacy, the Republic of Texas naturally turned to and adopted, in principle, the same system of land settlement. The Republic and later the State, in the pursuit of this policy, had certain ends in view. It was based on the idea that the State was rich in land and lacking in population; that her vast vacant tracts of land were a menace since they were roamed by hostile Indians, and hence needed to be settled by an agricultural population, a population made up principally of fighting men; a population that could protect itself against the Indians and be ready in case of war with Mexico. Furthermore, these settlements should be made in such a way that value would be added to the lands which remained vacant.

In harmony with this policy the 5th Congress of the Republic passed an act January 24, 1841, authorizing the President to enter into contract with W. S. Peters, David S. Carroll, and eighteen other associates for the purpose of introducing emigrants into Texas on vacant public lands. On January 29, 1844, President Houston made a colonial contract with Charles Fenton Mercer for the introduction of one hundred families each year for five years, the boundaries of the colony including about

6,000 square miles of land. This colony included what is now Rockwall County as a part of its territory. Under it, grants of land were made to settlers; to a man with a family, 640 acres; to a single man seventeen years old and above, 320 acres. These grants demanded that the emigrant meet certain requirements. These were set forth in a certificate issued by the colonist. The land covered by the certificate was surveyed in 1846, but the title was not made to it till about 1860 and then directly by the State.

It appears that Mercer failed to comply with the requirements of his contract and on September 25, 1848, the district court of Navarro County declared this contract null and void. This, however, did not set aside the grants which had been made previously by this colony. Under an act of February 2, 1850, entitled, "For the Relief of the Citizens of Mercer's Colony," the just claims of these colonists were validated.

Previous to, and at the coming of the white settlers, this region was roamed and held chiefly as a hunting ground by several tribes of Indians belonging to a group known as the Caddos. They were pushed farther west as the white emigrants increased. Evidently there was some trading and hunting by white men at first, but such interests soon gave way to a permanent settlement of the land for agricultural purposes.

Almost without exception the timbered land along the streams was the first to be settled. In Rockwall County the first settlements were made on East Fork and the smaller streams tributary to it.

There is no way of knowing all of the considerations influencing the settlers to make this choice. But from personal visits with a number of older settlers one is made to feel that the presence of wood and water was the chief determining factor. Upon reflection this appears as reasonable. The wooded lands furnished logs with which to build the settlers simple cabins. It furnished rails for enclosing small fields where could be grown crops for food. Furthermore, it furnished wood for fuel, and in most cases water was found nearby in abundance. These immediate necessities were principally lacking on the adjoining prairies.

In addition, it may be correctly observed that the majority of the early emigrants came from wooded regions and were not fitted by past experience to the task of bringing under cultivation a heavy prairie land; nor was the simple equipment which they possessed adequate to the task. It may be that to them the presence of trees and running water was an indication of fertility and productiveness of the soil; at least there seems to have existed a common belief among them that the prairie was suited only for grazing purposes. This distinction was made in the early rulings of the Republic in dealing with its vacant lands. It roughly classified lands as (a) irrigable, (b) arable lands and not irrig-

able, and (c) grazing lands. Prices to colonists were based upon this classification, and charges of \$3.50, \$2.50, and \$1.50 respectively fixed for each labor of land.

The much debated question as to whether or not the best lands are occupied by the first settlers might be raised in this connection. As is very fit only for grazing, now form the choicest, high-priced agricultural lands. But this fact does not answer the question; it merely raises it. In seeking an explanation of economic behavior it is necessary to become acquainted with those acting and the conditions under which they act. This would lead us to a study of the people and the conditions under which they lived. The pioneer of necessity must provide first of all the prime necessities of life,—food, clothing, and shelter. The pioneer of this region needed a cabin. The material for this he found in the woods, likewise material for enclosing his small fields. Here, too, he found wood for fuel and water to drink. These were lacking on the prairie. In deciding in favor of the wooded and often broken hilly lands he evidently chose what to him was, at that time, the best land available.

While the wooded lands along the streams were being settled, cabins built, fields fenced and cleared, and crops, principally of corn and wheat, grown, the prairies were of necessity left open. Early settlers still living remember the time when it was commonly believed that there would always be an abundance of free range. It was not long, however, all advantage was taken of this free grass and for a short period a considerable industry in cattle developed. As a rule the ranchman did not own very much land, at most a few hundred acres, which was used as headquarters. There was no need of purchasing land since plenty of good grass could be had for nothing.

Ranching in this region never took on a very permanent aspect; at least, nothing like we find today in some of the typical ranching areas of the State. The amount of fencing was very small and limited principally to enclosing a few hundred acres, which was owned and served as headquarters. I was informed that the largest ranching area fenced in Rockwell County at any time was about 7,000 acres. It was a matter of only a few years, however, till such tracts were subdivided and sold as farms. Some of the ranchmen became farmers, others moved farther west onto cheaper lands and continued ranching, while others went into a different business or retired.

If you fail to receive your Frontier Times regularly please notify this office. Frontier Times is printed about the 15th of each month for the ensuing month, and it should reach every subscriber not later than the first of the month for which it is dated. If you do not get it by that time let us know and another copy will be sent you.

Monument to Amasa Clark.



The above monument to Amasa Clark, was unveiled at the New National Cemetery, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, September 14, 1927. Mr. Clark was a veteran of the Mexican War, and died at his home near Bandera, Texas, January 28, 1927, at the extreme age of 101 years. He was a member of the Third Infantry and served under General Schott in Mexico. The monument was erected by the Pioneer Freighters' Association of Texas, and the United States Army. The monument is a solid granite boulder from Bear Mountain, near Fredericksburg, Texas. Design by Chas. Simmang, well known sculptor and artist of San Antonio. Photo by Signal Corps, U. S. Army.

Tells of the Dove Creek Battle

The Meridian Tribune, Meridian, Texas

John C. Cureton, uncle of Chief Justice C. M. Cureton of the Supreme Court, and H. J. Cureton, of Meridian, is one of the two surviving persons who were in the Dove Creek Indian Fight. Mr. Cureton had been invited to attend the Bosque County Old Settlers Reunion, August 26th and deliver an address, but being unable to attend, the following article, written on the 80th anniversary of the Dove Creek Indian Fight, was sent in lieu of his address.—Editor.

THE LATTER PART of December, 1864, my father, Captain J. J. (Jack) Cureton, started on a buffalo hunt from Palo Pinto County, Texas. My brother, Wm. E., and myself were permitted to go. A few days after leaving home news came that a large party of Indians were passing through West Texas from North to South. Hurriedly gathering what men he could he pushed on to the West. He sent my brother back home as he did not want to risk two of us kids. He was disappointed. We met Captains Joe Curtis and Henry Dillahunt with their companies. We passed old Fort Phantom Hill and went to the Colorado River where we found the Indian trail. Here Curtis and Dillahunt returned home with their companies, for some reason. Captain Cureton elected to go on, as he wished to know where the Indians were going. The Indians were travelling leisurely for they were a large party and unafraid. Our company consisted of only seventeen, two of them fourteen year old boys. I was one of them.

We had only two pack horses which was evident that we were travelling light. We had to live on the game that we killed and that consisted of buffalo as the Indians were killing the deer and antelope ahead of us. And they had the pick of the buffalo as they were not numerous along that route. We were West of the cattle section. Coffee we had accustomed ourselves to do without as the war between the north and south was not yet ended. No trouble to follow the trail as they had a large number of horses and the drag of their tent poles was distinct. We knew that they were using guns for we saw evidence of marksmanship at their various camps.

At length we fell in with the Texas State Rangers one hundred and fifty strong under the command of Captain Henry Fossett. Right here we entered into good living as they had both salt and flour. We had been eating tough buffalo meat without salt. Eating meat alone without salt one's teeth become very sore. We camped on one of the Conchos while waiting for the militia to join us. We sent scouts ahead and into their camp at nights.

Wash Delong was of our company and Joe Byers of the Rangers. Byers was a picturesque figure as he was dressed in a fine buckskin suit well beaded. The scouts rode barefooted horses and wore moccasins so that the Indians would not know that spies had been in their camp. They reported that it was a very large party and that they had many horses staked in and around their camp. Their camp was on Dove creek in a bend and well protected with thickets. This spot is located to the southwest of San Angelo, years before the town was built. We broke camp and moved over to a dry creek and had lunch. The militia had not come and no news from them. But while we were there Captain Gillentine with an escort came to us and said that his men were at the camp we had left that morning. He implored us not to bring on the fight until his men came. He sent runners back after them. It was he who had first found and reported the Indian trail.

Late in the afternoon we moved on traveling at night. We stopped short of the enemy and there impatiently waited for the militia to come up. They lost their way and did not reach us until the sun was up. It was Sunday and Texas never had a finer day. Our plans at first was to attack at daylight but they had to be changed, and it was decided that the militia, three hundred and fifty strong, under Captain Totten, were to enter camp on the east side and the rangers on the west. They counted off their horse holders as they expected to fight on foot. We kept our horses. Captain Fossett made a short talk to us, telling us that it was the anniversary of Gen. Jackson's victory over the British at New Orleans, January 8, 1815. We younger fellows did not need any enthusiasm injected into us, for then the world was our oyster. Older and experienced men may have harbored misgivings but not us.

Our company was ordered to swing to the right of the main column and kill escaping Indians and round up horses. Order came to mount and we moved off double file in a walk. The militia to our left traveling the same. Finally reaching a ridge that led down to their camp we began to yell and gallop. But the yelling was premature for we were too far away to hold out. We had no breakfast. I shall never forget the reports of the first guns as we were crossing Dove creek, a deep place and steep banks beyond. The firing was slow at first and intermittent but soon it was a continuous rattle. Then I realized that men were dying, but had no doubt of the final result. We followed orders and rounded up many horses and killed a few Indians, but they were not running from

the fight but going to it. It was estimated that we had collected five hundred horses. That accomplished we hurried on to get in where the fighting was good. It was too, for as we went in men came back some of them wounded and others trying to keep from getting wounded.

I met coming out an old friend and said: "John, did you get a shot." "No," he said, but a darned good "snap." Our ammunition was so inferior to that of the enemy, one could distinguish the reports of their guns from ours. When we reached the camp no Indians were in sight. Nothing to shoot at but the smoke of their rifles. We moved back out of their range where the horses were held. No long range guns then and we did not have to go into another county to be safe. Now began a game of "base," between the contending parties. They would chase us out of their camp and we in turn chase them back. At this time my father took a lot of us and secreted us in a clump of bushes intending to cut off a bunch chasing our men, but they discovered us and made it so hot that we had to get out and left one or two dead. The Indians had a sufficient number of horses to mount a good fighting force and their horses were rested. The fight began to look more like something else than a picnic. They could not retake their horses and we could not dislodge them from their location. Late in the afternoon we were ordered to drive off their horses, and placing a strong rear guard we started off, but no sooner did we begin to move than I broke loose.

The Indians made a furious charge, and as they had been reinforced and the militia had already left the field, and a hot fight took place, but our men broke and came pell-mell into the horses and on beyond. It was a regular stampede. Then pandemonium broke loose, men shouting and cursing those who were running away. It was a rout and a disgraceful one, too. There were enough brave men to have cleaned out those Indians chasing us, but the cowards would break and then others follow. Let me say that it was easier to check a herd of stampeded cattle than a lot of men. I have tried them both. Now and then we made a stand but not for long as too many were seeking safety in flight. We had turned loose most of their horses but they were like a flock of hornets and stuck to our flanks and rear. During these proceedings my pony ran into a cactus, the kind that clings, and refused to move. I jumped off and tried to get it loose but he would not stand. Then I ran to where George Savage was and got up behind him. Father seeing my horse riderless thought that I had joined the "good" Indians, but finding that I was all right broke a limb off a tree and walloped him so furiously that he threw the cactus and I mounted him and stuck till the end of the race. Passing over a ridge we stopped and made a furious charge back against

the enemy and killed a few and closed the chase. At this place my father killed an Indian with his pistol in a running fight and presented me the bow and beaded quiver of arrows. After that Caesar, with his trophies, had nothing on me.

There were many deeds of daring by our men and some of our species were beneath the notice of real men.

Our disorderly rout would have been ludicrous had it not been so serious. That night both commands met and camped on Spring creek about five miles from the battle ground. We were a discouraged set. Hungry, tired and licked. We left seventeen men dead on the ground and had about thirty wounded, some of them dying a few days later. We lost three captains: Culver, Barnes and Gillentine. One of our fine scouts, Joe Byers was killed, Jacob Dyer, a brother of Charles Goodnight's wife, was wounded in the ankle and died a few days later. We had no tents. No medicines or surgical appliances for the wounded. During that night it began to rain and by morning turned into snow which fell to a fifteen inch level.

Our own seventeen fared better in the fight than many others as we had none killed and only one wounded. We had ten horses shot. Two of our men were years later killed by Indians: George Hazelwood and Phillip Runnels, both fine frontiersmen. We had no food but horse meat and no salt with it. There was one dog eaten but only the higher officers tasted that. We got away with about one hundred of the Indian horses. We stayed at this camp about thirty-six hours and then moved off in the deep snow. The wounded were carried on litters made of two long poles strapped to two horses, travelling tandem. We learned afterward that the tribes of Indians were Kickapoos and Potatomies, going from Kansas to Old Mexico. In those days all Indians looked alike to Texans.

Until about a year ago I thought I was probably the only survivor of that fracas. But then learned that William Pearce of Cleburne, Texas was living. He was eighteen and I fourteen. He was wounded in the arm. He died some months ago. I have since learned that Dave and Dick Cunningham and Jack Wright all of Comanche, Texas, are still living. There were a few more, I hear, but they cannot last long, as this little trouble occurred sixty-one years ago today. This is January 1926.

A map drawn nearly 100 years ago by Stephen F. Austin is one of the prized possessions of the University of Texas library. The map, much faded and yellow with age, was drawn in 1829. It pictures the country when Texas had scarcely a dozen settlements of white persons with a total population of not more than 12,000. Many notations are made on the map in Austin's handwriting and a brief history of the first settlements is written in one corner of the document.

The First Fence-Cutting Case at Menard

Written by John Warren Hunter in 1911.

THE FIRST case of wire-fence cutting that occurred in Menard county resulted in the greatest trial ever known in that section up to that date and at the time. created intense interest and considerable excitement throughout the country. Although fence-cutters had been active in other counties and the local state constabulary had been quite busy in the effort to suppress this species of vandalism, the spirit of outlawry had not reached Menard; the people were law-abiding, they had respect for the property-rights of their fellow citizens, and the pasture fences in all that region were regarded as being as safe as the yard fence of the poorest dweller in town. And this case of fence cutting was different from those of other counties. When pasture men began to enclose their lands, there were thousands of small stockmen who owned from ten to a thousand head of stock, most of whom owned not a foot of grazing land, but were dependent upon free range, and they foresaw that the fencing in of the land would force them out of the stock business and hence the "fence cutting war." They reasoned like this: "Our fathers wrested this country from the Mexican and the Indian. They gave us this country. Air, wood, water and grass shall be free for all time. A land owner, however large may be his holdings, has a right to enclose only the acre-age he is able to cultivate, be it large or small; the rest he must leave for the common benefit. We are ten to one in the majority; we are going to rule in this matter and we will destroy every pasture fence erected." Such was the fence-cutters' argument, and they set about carrying it into effect to the extent that the governor was forced to convene the legislature in extraordinary session to adopt measures for the suppression of the fence-cutter.

A law was enacted making it a felony to cut a fence unlawfully, and the "war" soon came to an end.

This Menard case was an act of spite. Dr. Dorr, who at the time lived in Menard, owned a large tract of land just above town. This tract he had enclosed with a strong wire fence.

There lived a near neighbor to the doctor, a man whom we will designate as "Uncle," because of the fact that he and his nephew, as the sequel will show, proved to be the main factors in the events of which we write. This "uncle," although considered as being a good neighbor and the head of a nice family, was known to be a violent man when aroused. Shortly before this fence cutting occurred, there had been a heated campaign in town with regard to the hog law "Uncle," who had been raised in East Texas, had been accustomed

to free hog range all his life, got out and worked manfully against the proposed hog law and when those Menard people declared by their ballots that the streets and squares of their town should no longer afford free range for the razor-back and his numerous progeny, "Uncle" became violently aroused. He gave public notice that he would not submit to such an outrageous law, that his hogs would continue to run at large, and should any man, officer or citizen dare to impound one of his swine he would take his winchester and release his property. And he made his word good, in that respect. His hogs began to depredate on Dr. Dorr's crop: the doctor impounded them and the trouble began. The "Uncle," armed with his winchester, released his hogs, threatened to shoot Dorr and the doctor honestly believed from the abuse the "Uncle" heaped upon him, that for the moment, his life was imperiled. He had the "Uncle" arrested and it was while the case was pending in justice court that the fence-cutting was pulled off. This "Uncle" and his nephew, a lad yet in his teens, were operating a mail line leading out from Menard. Early one morning Dr. Dorr discovered that during the previous night, three miles of his pasture fence had been cut to pieces. He notified the officers and a careful investigation was made. Tracks were plain and abundant. Two persons had done the work. A long step and a short step showed that one of the parties was slightly lame and the impression left in the soil by the shoe on the lame foot showed that the heel on that shoe was considerably worn off on one side. The nephew walked with a limp and his shoe fitted the tracks. The other party left tracks made by shoes, the soles of which left a peculiar imprint of a hobnail initial or devise. A few days previous, a local merchant had received a box of shoes of this kind and had sold only one pair, and the "Uncle" was the purchaser. The "Uncle's" shoes fitted these tracks. Upon this doubtful evidence the two were arrested, charged with the offense of fence-cutting, a grand jury indictment speedily followed and the case was tried at the ensuing term of district court.

Meantime, the affair became the chief topic in town and country. Few believed that conviction could be had in a Menard court on the slender circumstantial evidence the State could offer. The "Uncle," up to the day of trial, was confident, almost defiant, they would never convict him.

District court convened, Judge Moursund of Fredericksburg, on the bench. Everybody was interested and the court room was crowded with eager spectators. The first fence-cutting case was to be tried and the accused was a prominent citizen. A severance was taken and the "Uncle" was to go

on trial first. It had been whispered around that somebody was going to "turn state's evidence" just before his case was called that morning in court. Taking the nephew aside in the court house, he asked him if it was a fact that he was going back on him. "Uncle," said the young man, "if they put me on the witness stand and I will tell the truth if the heavens fall, I would not perjure my soul to save the best friend I ever knew. I cannot, I will not, swear a lie. You led me into this trouble and if you suffer, you cannot justly fix the blame on me. I shall tell the truth!" "If you swear against me, it will be your last; I will kill you as sure as powder burns," replied the infuriated "Uncle."

Menardville school was in session with over one hundred pupils. "Bring your entire school," said Judge Moursund to the principal; "bring your entire school, I will see that your pupils are conveniently seated, and it will be the best day's schooling they ever experienced." The trial consumed the day and from beginning to close, excepting the noon recess, those pupils, with few exceptions, among the younger scholars—those pupils were the most interested spectators. The accused was a neighbor, his children were their playmates and classmates; they heard all the testimony introduced for and against, heard the speeches of the attorneys, heard the judge's charge read to the jury, saw the latter retire, saw them return and heard their verdict, read by the district clerk. It was their first experience in a court of justice and from that court room they went forth with more exalted ideas of criminal court procedure, the majesty of the law and the duties of American citizenship. It was the best day's schooling Menard youth ever had and of those pupils there be numbers all over West Texas, who remember that day and have profited by the experience thereof.

"Guilty, as charged in the indictment," so read the verdict and the penalty assessed was three years in the penitentiary. A remarkable feature in this trial was the fact that not a mile of wire fence was represented or owned, singly or collectively by that jury, and this gave grounds for considerable comment and conjecture on the part of those outside. The fence cutting excitement still prevailed in West Texas, and men about the saloons, hotels, and those who lounged about the court yard that day during the trial were loud in their declarations that the jury being composed of poor men, would never convict the accused for having cut down a rich man's pasture fence. But they failed to consider the fact that the twelve men who sat on that jury were of pioneer stock; they had regard for their oaths as jurors, they regarded a man, be he rich or poor, as a man, entitled to the protection of the law, and their desire was to mete out justice to all alike. The verdict was a surprise to many. The accused went to the pen and the ne-

pew returned to East Texas and on the expiration of his prison term, it is related that the "Uncle" also went to East Texas and spent three weeks hunting for the nephew, but failed to find him. He then went west, where his family joined him and is now a prosperous, useful citizen.

Another noted trial in district court at Menard occurred, which deserves mention. In the early days, two men, brothers, were overtaken on Devil's River with a large herd of cattle which they were charged with having stolen. In the herd were found cattle belonging to stockmen in Menard and adjoining counties. These two men were indicted and on change of venue were tried in Menard. A cloud of witnesses appeared on both sides, a severance was had, and the first brother tried was found guilty and given a term in the penitentiary. This trial consumed only one day, and the next morning the other brother was placed on trial. Of course, a new jury was selected to try this latter case; the evidence offered was identically the same as that which had been introduced the day before and on which the other brother had been convicted, and, without remedy, the gentleman now on trial was bound for the pen—so reasoned every onlooker. The witnesses were all heard, the lawyers delivered their greatest speeches, the judge gravely read his charge, and the jury retired to make up their verdict. They were out just 22 minutes. Their verdict was "not guilty."

There was great surprise at this verdict and comment on the action was very general, so much so, that everybody wanted an explanation and this is the way one of the jurymen explained: He said that when they retired from the court room to a point in one corner of the court house square, discussion began and most of the jurors expressed themselves in favor of convicting the defendant at the outset. The foreman had remained silent, devoting his time and energies to whittling on a mesquite stick, until some one appealed to him for an expression of his views. The response was prompt, pointed and most effective. "Gentlemen," said he, "I don't believe there is a man on this jury who would be in favor of punishing another man for committing offenses that he himself has committed, time and again. If there is a man present who never stole a cow or a yearling or a hog, let him vote 'guilty'; as for myself, I shall vote the other way." And in one voice, they all said, "not guilty." That's the explanation the juror gave.

In renewing her subscription to Frontier Times, Mrs. Katherine Frederickson, North Pleasanton, Texas, says: "My husband and I both enjoy Frontier Times very much. We regard it as one of the most unique and interesting little magazines we have ever read, and feel that you are doing a great work in preserving the life stories of some of our greatest heroes and heroines and pioneers."

Captain James B. Gillett in the American Magazine of October

In the October American Magazine, one of the great monthly periodicals of this country, appears an article by Geo. W. Gray, telling about Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa and the Texas Rangers. The story is illustrated with several pictures, most of them familiar with the "old-timers of the Big Bend." In the two groups pictures shown in which appears in both only fourteen rangers, there are now only one or two left, and it would be indeed tragic reading to tell how most of them took their departure over the last trail of the Great Divide.

The introductory to this interesting article is most instructive coming from such a noted authority as Captain Gillett, and which is as follows:

"You have read of the 'two-gun men' of the West, the shooter who is not content with the pistol but who pulls two, and with deadly accuracy fires both at once? He has been the hero of many a Wild-West thriller. But did you ever actually see one of these double-triggered boys?

Captain James B. Gillett, of Texas says he never saw one. And we don't know a man who has had more experience with gun-fighters than this soft spoken border ranchman. He is famous throughout the Southwest as a frontiersman and peace officer. Adjutant General King, of Texas, used to introduce him as "Jim Gillett, the best shot in the world."

"No, Sir," said Gillett, as we were sitting together in a Mexican restaurant in San Antonio. "I never saw anybody fire two guns at once in serious fighting; and I don't believe many of the so-called 'two-gunmen, ever existed. I've heard that Wild Bill Hickock could shoot two guns at the same time, but I never saw him do it. I wouldn't think of accepting it."

"Did you ever carry two guns?" I asked.

"When I was a Texas Ranger, and on horseback most of the time, I carried a rifle and a six-shooter. Later, as city marshal of El Paso, I wore two six-shooters and I kept two sawed-off shotguns at strategic points in the town.

"I'll bet I've stopped a dozen killings in El Paso by presenting one of those guns. I think Wells-Fargo Express guards originated this weapon. They found that when ten or twelve inches were sawed off the barrel, a shot gun would scatter buck-shot over a wide area. Officers all along the frontier adopted it, and none of us ever found a more effective implement for stopping desperate men at close quarters."

"Could you hit a mark by firing from your hip?"

"No sir," emphatically replied Captain Gillett. "A man might try that as a fancy trick; but when you get down to business it is mighty important to aim at what you want to hit. In all my experiences with both officers and desperadoes, I never saw

a man shoot from the hip. All of them would pull the pistol, point it from the shoulder level and fire. There's a lot of stunt shooting that I never heard of until I read about it in story books.

"Shooting was serious business with us on the border, and there was no time for circus tricks. Ammunition was so precious I can't remember ever engaging in target practice. As a boy, I learned to shoot by hunting wild game, and as a Texas Ranger at the age of eighteen years, I continued my education by hunting bad Indians and outlaws."—Marfa (Texas) New Era.

The Law West of the Pecos

Judge Roy Bean, 'The Law West of the Pecos, sits on the front porch of his store, saloon, office and residence, still standing in the town of Langtry, Texas. He is the only peace officer west of the Pecos. Judge Bean sits on a bench, trying a horse thief who stands in front of him. The stolen horse is Exhibit A in the right foreground. To the left are two more alleged rustlers on horseback, with mounted guards on each side. The judge, in his shirtsleeves and wearing his hat has an alleged law book of ponderous proportions before him. It may be the Bible or Webster's dictionary. Three large signs surmount the roof of the porch: "Judge Roy Bean—Law West of the Pecos—Justice of the Peace—Iced Beer." The whole outfit is a small wooden shack 20 feet square.

All of this is a photograph which appears in the unique "Frontier Times," published monthly by J. Marvin Hunter at Bandera, Texas, a copy having been received by the New Mexican. It is devoted entirely to stories by old timers of old times in Texas; tales of the Texas rangers, of border warfare, of battle and murder and Indian massacre, of horsethieving and banditry, of brave pioneer men and women, of grim man-hunts and lawlessness and crime.

It is the most interesting magazine we have seen for many a day, and nothing in it is more intriguing than this actual view of the Law West of the Pecos in action. Judge Roy Bean was one of the most picturesque characters of the southwest. Tales of his quaint justice grow and are embellished with the years around campfires on the range. And this magazine is only another proof of the fact that never has there been in America before such a live interest as that of today in the frontier days of the west. A whole literature on them has sprung into being in the past couple of years.—Santa Fe, (New Mexico) New Mexican.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

The Life of Bigfoot Wallace

A Pamphlet Written by A. J. Sowell in 1899, and Its Publication Authorized by William A. A. Wallace, the Noted Frontier Character.

At all times during the past ages, ever since man began to have a history, it has been a custom among men, for some one to keep a record of noted events, and of individuals; men who have stepped aside from the ordinary walks of life, and have made themselves a name as Statesmen, Warriors, Generals and Frontiersmen, and in many other ways. America has been the widest field for men to achieve fame as scouts, trailers and Indian fighters from the time of Miles Standish and Captain Church almost to the present time. In this list of noted frontiersmen, we find the names of many who have a national reputation, such as Daniel Boone, Benjamin Logan, Simon Kenton, Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, Edward Burleson, Jack Hays and Big Foot Wallace.

The time has passed now in the United States, for men to achieve fame as Indian

fighters, but let us keep the memory green of those who stood between civilization and the red path of the savage. They cut the brush, and blazed the way for others to follow. They subdued the wild beast, and wilder men, but they are fast dropping aside from the walks of men, and soon none will be left to tell the tale of frontier days. Now is the time while a few of them are left, to get correct history.

The facts contained in this book were gathered by the writer from the old frontiersman himself, and who says that other works purporting to be his history, are not true; not even the origin of his name. One of the objects of this little book is to give the people a true history of the many stirring events in the life of the Great Ranger Captain. The name of Big Foot Wallace in after years will be to Texas what Daniel Boone's was to Kentucky.



WILLIAM ALEXANDER ANDERSON WALLACE, better known as "Big Foot," was born in Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the 3rd day of April, at 5 o'clock in the morning in the year 1817. He weighed 13 lbs. and his nurse said he could kick harder and yell louder than any youngster she ever saw. Big Foot Wallace is of Celtic origin. His ancestors back to a very remote period living in the Highlands of Scotland and his great-grandfather, Samuel Wallace, died there. They can trace themselves back to a near kinship to the famous Sir William Wallace, regent of Scotland and leader of the Scottish army in the war against King Edward of England. Also to Robert Bruce, through his grand mother Elizabeth Bruce. The Wallaces were all powerful men physically. The subject of this sketch in his prime was six feet two inches in his moccasins and weighed 240 pounds. He has long arms and large hands, and his hair, before it turned grey, was black and very thick and inclined to curl. He had one uncle who was seven feet in height, and one brother who was six feet and five inches. History states that Sir William Wallace was almost a giant in strength and none could stand before him in battle. The sword which he used in the war with Edward is preserved at Edinburg and is a wonder to all that behold it on account of its size. It is also related that on one occasion, as a historian was traveling in the Scottish Highlands gathering data, he learned that a very aged lady lived near by who had seen Sir William Wallace when she was a very small girl, but had a great memory and could tell many interesting incidents connected with the days of Bruce and Wallace. This author was an-

xious to get facts in regard to the great strength of Wallace and at once set out and found the ancient dame and made known his mission. - "O yes" she says "I knew Sir William well, and also Sir Robert (Bruce). Sir Robert was a powerful man, he could"—here the gentleman interrupted her and said "but my good woman it was not of Bruce I asked, but of Wallace." "That's what I am telling you" she resumed, "As I was going to say Sir Robert was a fine man and Oh! what strength he had he—" "You are off again my dear madam I am not writing the life of Robert Bruce but of Sir William Wallace and it is of him I wish you to speak." "Why man can't ye let me tell ye I can never get to the point if ye put me out so much." The man now told her to go on and he would not bother her any more, so she resumed. "As I said before I knew Sir William and Sir Robert well. Sir Robert was a fine man and his strength was such that he could over-throw two common men, but Sir William could over-throw two such as Sir Robert." She was going at it in this round about way so as to more forcibly illustrate the great strength of Wallace.

Samuel Wallace, grandfather of Big Foot came to America after the death of his father, whose name also was Samuel, as above stated and settled in Virginia where the town of Lexington now is and at one time owned half of the land there now covered by the city. This was prior to the revolutionary war and when it broke out, his grand father and his grand uncles, William, James and Adam joined the American army and all of them, except the grandfather Samuel, lost their lives before the war was over. William came home on a furlough and died one mile from Lexing-

ton and his body was the first one placed in the cemetery there and the longest one ever put there. He was seven feet in height. His death was likely caused from the terrible winter through which Washington's army passed without sufficient quarters when many died with maladies caused from cold.

Both the others were officers and men of great strength and both were killed in the battle of Guilford Court house in South Carolina. James was a colonel and Adam a major. The command to which they belonged was cut off and massacred by Tarleton's cavalry, only one man named Plunket making his escape, and he did so by feigning death. This notorious cavalry and the "Queen's rangers" commanded by Simcoe had the reputation of giving no quarters and were the same fellows who massacred the small force at the Waxhaw settlement when Andrew Jackson, then a youth was captured and who was wounded by an officer with a sabre because the young patriot would not black his boots. Many cavalry, however, bit the dust at Guilford when the two Wallace brothers fell. To prove with what desperation these two fought, one has only to look at the swords which they used on that day and which are preserved by some members of the family at Lexington. Both are hacked and gapped from the hilt to the point. No common man could handle the one carried by James. It is six feet in length and heavy in proportion. The other is shorter but thick and heavy. It will be remembered by readers of American history that the American forces were defeated at Guilford and during the retreat the British cavalry closely pressed the patriots and many were slain. It was here that Col. Wallace, rallying a portion of his men to cover the retreat, was cut off and hacked to pieces by Tarleton.

The father of Big Foot Wallace was named Andrew and his mother was Jane Ann Blair. There were six brothers of them, named as follows according to age; James, Samuel, William A. A. (Big Foot) Joseph Blair, Andrew and Alexander Anderson. The latter it will be noticed had the same middle name as Big Foot. There were three sisters, Rebecca Jane, Elizabeth, Martha, and one half-sister, Sarah Wallace. Rebecca married Marion Seaborn, who died in California. Elizabeth died when she was fifteen years of age and Martha also died when young. Sarah Wallace married Charles Varner.

The subject of our sketch grew up on his father's farm near Lexington and they had a large orchard of very fine fruit and many people came there in the fruit season to get it. There was also many strawberries on the old Wallace farm. In this way, diversifying the time in farming, hunting and going to school, he spent the first twenty years of his life. He was fond of a gun and being alone in the woods and would sometimes play truant from school and

spend the day in his favorite pastime of hunting or fishing.

So that our readers who are not familiar with Texas history can better understand the times just preceeding the advent of Big Foot into Texas, although he did not wear that name at the time, we will state that the Mexican government had held out extraordinary inducements to the people of the United States to settle in Texas, which was at that time, in the early 20s, a vast unsettled wilderness except here and there an old Spanish mission around which clustered a few settlers. Over this vast domain of Texas, which was one thousand miles in length and six hundred in breadth, roamed twenty-two tribes of Indians. The country was the most beautiful almost of earth. Its warm climate, clear streams, vast herds of wild game and nutritious grasses, made it a veritable paradise to look upon and soon the restless American pioneers began to pour into it, and up to the year 1835 many settlements had been made in the eastern and middle portions of it. However, by this time the Mexicans had become jealous and uneasy at the vast number that were coming in and therefore concluded to stop all further immigration of the Anglo Saxon race, and to disarm those who had already come. Santa Anna was now in power as president of Mexico and his brother-in-law, General Cos, was in command of a troop at San Antonio. In September of 1835 he sent a force to Gonzales in DeWitt's Colony to bring off a small cannon which had been furnished the Texans by the Mexicans for defense against the Indians. The settlers believing that their rights were being encroached upon, refused to give it up and a fight ensued in which the Mexicans were defeated and returned to San Antonio. General Stephen F. Austin, who is called the father of Texas, as he was head of the great immigration scheme, raised a force and marched upon San Antonio and shortly after arriving there two of his officers, Col. James Bowie and Col. Fannin, defeated a Mexican force sent out to meet them by Cos at the mission Concepcion, below the city on the river. Several other skirmishes followed this battle, and then the town was stormed by Col. Ben Milam, and Gen. Cos and his army captured, and then liberated and sent to Mexico, where the defeated Cos, smarting under his discomfiture, made known all these things to his august brother-in-law, Santa Anna, president and dictator of Mexico.

When the news of the revolt of the Texans was heard in the States, many chivalrous and spirited young men at once flocked to Texas to aid their countrymen in their unequal struggle. Among these were Samuel Wallace, brother of Big Foot, and his cousin, William Wallace. When Santa Anna heard of the victories of the Texans, he at once raised an army and led them in person in an invasion of Texas. In the meantime, the volunteers who had defeat-

ed the Mexicans at San Antonio, thinking their services were no longer needed, most of them repaired to their homes, and only a small force under W. B. Travis was left to garrison San Antonio, and Col. Fannin with a somewhat larger force was sent to hold the post at Goliad.

This was the state of affairs when the invading army from Mexico arrived before San Antonio. The Texans retreated into the Alamo, and Col. Travis sent messengers to Fannin and to the people East, to the former asking him to come to his relief with his cannon, and calling on the people of the Colonies to also raise men and come to him. Fannin attempted to come and bring his cannon, but his carts broke down so that he could not move his supplies or ordnance, so he went back with his men to Goliad.

The people in the East were aroused and in convention assembled at old Washington on the Brazos, selected General Sam Houston to lead the armies of Texas to fight the invaders. While all this was going on, however, Santa Anna was besieging the Alamo and on the 6th day of March, 1836, stormed the fort with six thousand men and all the Texans, numbering one hundred and eighty-four, perished to a man, after fighting one of the most desperate battles ever recorded in history, except Leonidas, and his three hundred Spartans at the pass of Thermoplae, but they had their messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none. Santa Anna now sent a large force against Fannin, who, in trying to carry out the orders of General Houston, had evacuated the fort at Goliad and was overtaken by the Mexicans on the Coleta prairie and here another desperate battle ensued which lasted all the evening and through the night. Many were killed and wounded and no water to be had. The cannon were rendered useless on account of having no water to cool them and when daylight came, Col. Fannin, who had his leg broken in the battle and seeing no chance to break through the Mexican lines, which now completely encompassed them, made terms with the Mexicans for a surrender. Nearly half of his men had been killed and wounded, but the balance were still ready to fight, but at the request of their beloved and heroic commander, came forward and laid down their guns and pistols. Could they have foreseen the dreadful tragedy which was to ensue, they would have sprang forward and seizing them, once more drenched the plains of Coleta in blood. This, however, they could not foresee and allowed themselves to be disarmed and marched back to Goliad with a promise that in eight days they would be liberated. The way, however, that the Mexicans gave them liberty was to carry them out on the prairie when the eight days had expired, and shoot them down without any chance for their lives and here Sam Wallace, brother of Big Foot and William Wallace, his cousin, lost their lives. They had join-

ed the Georgia battalion and a braver set of young men never died for any country. Also here perished Major Benjamin Wallace, another relative, whose people emigrated to Georgia, and who came with the volunteers from that state. Besides these, there was one other Wallace killed there of the same connection, making four of that historic name who, with their blood, watered the tree of Texas history.

News traveled slow in those days and it was a long time before the Wallace family learned from the newspapers of the day that the son and brother had met death by treachery at the hands of the Mexicans, William Alexander (Big Foot) said he was going to Texas and avenge his brother and cousin's death. His father tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he was determined, and said he would spend the balance of his days killing Mexicans. One thing that so exasperated him was the fact that his brother and cousin were put to death after they surrendered. He was young and strong of limb and handled his heavy rifle as an ordinary man would a corn stalk. As before stated he came of a family noted for their size and strength. His brother, Andrew, was six feet five inches in height and was killed in the seven days fight around Richmond during the civil war. Big Foot himself, when in his prime on the frontiers of Texas, was six feet two inches in his moccasins and weighed 240 pounds, had thick black curly hair and had a spread of arms of six feet and six inches.

Before Wallace could get off to Texas to take a hand in the struggle for liberty, news came of the famous battle of San Jacinto in which the Mexican army was overthrown and Santa Anna himself was taken, which gave freedom to Texas and ended the war, but still he was bent on going, and in the following year set out in company with his uncle, Joseph Blair, his cousin, James Paxton and three other men named Reese, Gardiner and Warren. They came by way of New Orleans and remained a short time there. Big Foot, while circulating around town to see what was to be seen, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a man and knocked him through a fire screen into the fire-place, and seeing another of the party advancing on him with a heavy cane, made a lunge at him with a knife, knocked off his lick and cut him severely with the knife in the side. In doing this he broke the rivet of the knife and put it in his pocket as he ran out and went to the hotel where his party was. They saw something was wrong, discovered blood on the pocket where he had replaced the bloody weapon and at once told him to throw the knife away and change pants, after he had told them the circumstances. Search was made for him by officers but they failed to locate him and in a few days the party began to look for a ship to carry them to Texas.

Wallace had a cousin in New Orleans, named Samuel Ruff, who had been a surgeon in the United States Navy eight years, but had retired from that business. To him they went and he said he would show them a ship to take passage in, as the Gulf was dangerous to cross and many ships were lost. The vessel he told them to take was the *Diadem* and he said it was one of the best schooners afloat and would carry them through all right. So on the *Diadem* they took passage for Galveston, Texas. Little did the young Virginian dream of the fearful ordeals through which he would have to pass in the great West, in Texas and in Mexico. A captive in the latter place, wearing chains, starved nearly to death, marched on foot from place to place, confined in the fearful dungeon of Perote, drawing beans for his life at Salado, etc., but we anticipate.

During the passage from New Orleans to Galveston their vessel encountered a fearful storm and it took a good ship indeed to weather it. As the saying is, waves rolled mountain high and the ship pitched and tossed something like a Texas bronco, only on a more colossal scale. All on the vessel got sea sick except Wallace, sailors and all. They accused him of being a sailor when he would eat his regular meals when all the balance were so badly torn up and disgruntled in the region of the stomach. His uncle, a man of strong nerve had to give in and as Wallace expressed it "puked like a dog and wished the whole derved thing would go to the bottom." There was but one woman aboard and she could not be still any where, but would tumble about all the time, out of a chair, out of her bunk or any place and would lay wherever she fell, until Wallace (who was the only one who could do so) would pick her up and put her back where she fell from. He said he "wanted to keep her on her pegs if he could." When the ship arrived at Galveston all on the ship except Wallace had to be carried ashore. This was the 5th day of October, 1837. Galveston had also suffered from the storm and all the shipping on the Gulf had been wrecked or driven ashore along the coast. Wallace says all that saved their party was the staunch ship his cousin put them aboard of at New Orleans.

Instead of going to bed as the balance did when they got ashore, Wallace went around to take a look at the place and soon saw two large schooners high and dry on some sand hills right in town and what was his surprise to see two men laying off a town and offering town lots for sale and tried to sell him one. "What!" he says, "Make a town here where water was so deep a few days ago? I will take one however, if you will put mine on a boat." The men laughed and went on with their work.

During the stay of Wallace and his party on the island of Galveston they visited the plantation of the pirate Lafitte, where he lived when he was "monarch of all he surveyed, and his rights there was none to

dispute" on the island. It was then, says Captain Wallace, at the time of their visit, called Campeachy.

From Galveston the Virginians went to Bastrop, on the Colorado, then an old settled place but few people there, Egglestone, Manlove and Mays, the latter having come from the same place Wallace did, and his people at home were not aware where he had drifted to.

The excitement of war being over in Texas, the uncle of Wallace concluded to go back to the old home, and tried to get him also to return, but no, he said, this country just suited him, there was plenty of game and that was all he asked from any country, and here he was going to cast his fortunes, come what might. His cousin, James Paxton, also concluded to stay and went to Houston, then just starting, and got a position as clerk in a store, where he remained a year and then decided to go back home, packed his trunk, went down to Harrisburg to take a boat for Galveston, and was seized with a malady something like cholera morbus, while his trunk was being carried aboard, and in half an hour died, and was buried at Harrisburg. The balance of the party, except Wallace, went back to Virginia.

From Bastrop Wallace drifted up to a settlement where LaGrange is now, and only one man lived there, Colonel John H. Moore, but eight others lived on the west side of the river opposite. Many people came on up the river hunting settlements, and on one occasion, while the Colorado was overflowed, quite a lot of immigrants were waterbound on the side which Col. Moore lived on, and he made a proposition that if they would stop there and settle he would lay off a town and they could get timber off of his land to build houses. This was agreed to; the town was laid off and that is the way LaGrange started. Captain Wallace says that a man named Boone put up a saloon and one cold winter his whiskey froze and the people were under the impression that he watered it pretty freely. Each man who belonged to the Texas army during the war for independence was entitled to a grant of land, and so as to secure the land to which his brother Sam was entitled, Big Foot went to Houston and took out administration papers and administered on the estate, after complying with all the laws relative to that kind of a transaction. It was while here in Houston attending to that business, that he first met General Sam Houston, who went on his bond as administrator. A man also from Georgia signed the bond. The validity of the claim was proved up as to the identity of Sam Wallace by men who participated in the fearful battle, but made their escape during the butchery of the prisoners; these were Hunter, Nelly and Smith, the two latter belonging to the same company as that of the unfortunate and gallant soldier.

Having attended to his business, Wallace

went back to LaGrange and enjoyed the new country to his heart's content, hunting, going on scouts after hostile Indians and farming some. He rented land from Ed Manton, but almost failed, he says, of making a crop on account of going on so many scouts. His first fight with Indians was in 1838, when a band came down from the mountains and carried off stock in the vicinity of LaGrange, and then went on down the country. Big Foot Wallace and five other men struck the trail and followed after them. One of these men was Gorman Woods and another was named Black. Young Wallace was eager to have a battle and strained his eye to catch a sight of the hostiles as mile after mile was passed over on the trail and finally they came in view, fifteen in number, traveling down the Colorado valley below Bastrop. Some of the men were Indian fighters, especially Black, and the men were told to gallop toward them and scatter some as they went and if the Indians made a stand to fight, to dismount and shoot as their aim would be better, but, if they ran, for each man to single out an Indian and pursue him, running on his right forty or fifty away so the Indian could not effectually use his bow without turning. When the Indians discovered that they were pursued they scattered and commenced a precipitate flight, and the chase lasted several miles, each man urging his horse, trying to come within shooting distance of an Indian, and occasionally the crack of a rifle was heard and when the chase was over two Indians were dead and one wounded, Wallace succeeded in getting up within fifty yards of one and getting in a good shot brought him from his horse dead. The Indians used bows and shot wild in the flight and did not succeed in hurting any one. At this time there were immigrants moving near where the fight took place, or at least on a line of their flight, and the Indians came upon them and sent one of their number, covered with a bear skin, to spy them out. While the party was at supper a negro servant who was out looking around came in and said he saw a bear and his master told him to take a gun and shoot it. The negro did so and wounded the Indian, but he got away. When Wallace and his party arrived and found the Indians had passed there, took up the trail next day and found the Indian who still had on the bear skin and had been left by his companions. The man, Black, got down and shot him again and then scalped him before he died. Wallace says this was a new and horrible sight to him, especially as the Indian tried to turn and look the white man in the face while his scalp was being taken off. Black was a regular Indian hunter and showed them no quarter. The Indians had killed all of his family. Black also took part of the skin from the Indian's body and made razor straps out of it.

On one occasion Wallace went down to San Felipe and there met up with Judge

R. M. Williamson ("Three-Legged Willie") who said to him "Hello young man, what brought you to Texas?" Young Wallace replied, "I had more wives than the law allowed me and could think of no better place to come than to Texas." The Judge laughed at this and asked him to come in and take a drink with him, which he politely declined to do, but another man in the crowd walked up and said he would make him drink. Wallace now faced this man and said "My friend, you will have to spell able first." At this juncture Judge Williamson drew a pistol and said to the aggressive man: "Let that young fellow alone; if he does not want to drink to-day some time likely we will meet in the road and he will have a full bottle and we will want a drink." Wallace stayed five years in Texas before taking a drink of whiskey or a cup of coffee.

The country along the Colorado being new and sparsely settled, game was in abundance, and Wallace being fond of hunting and being alone in the woods, took long trips on foot with his rifle on his shoulder looking at the country and shooting game as desired. On one of these occasions he was captured by the Indians. He had gone to Buckner's creek especially to kill a deer and was surprised to find none in this noted range when he arrived there. They were generally in droves and no trouble to kill, and search where he would, now, none could be found. The cause of this absence of the deer was the fact that Indians were around and they had been scared off. The disappointed hunter walked about until he became tired and then sat down on a post oak log to rest. In a short time however, he was surprised and somewhat alarmed to see an Indian step in front of him and stop. Wallace sprang to his feet in an instant and aimed his gun at him but was at once surrounded by a large body of Indians, all aiming their arrows at him, and making signs for him to lay down his gun. Wallace, now thinking that he had no chance for his life, backed against a tree and determined to sell it as dearly as possible, still aimed his gun at them and they still drew their arrows as if to shoot. The first Indian who had come in front of Wallace while he was sitting on the log and who was the chief, now motioned for all of the Indians to leave which they did at once and soon disappeared in the thickets near by. The chief then turned and walked off beckoning for the white man to follow him, and feeling relieved that he was not executed at once and knowing that a hundred snaky eyes was watching from cover close by, and would send fifty arrows into his body in case harm befell their chief, Wallace at once quit the tree and followed. The chief led the way through the thickets and tangled forrest until he came to a large Indian encampment, and a curious crowd of squaws, children, old men and young bucks gathered around him and he was told to sit

down on the ground. Soon the warriors who had been left behind silently came in and a council was held among them, and one made a speech; when he was through another got up, and so on. While this was going on Wallace had time for reflection. Only a short time before he was at home in Lexington, Virginia, and his parents were trying to persuade him to abandon his trip and run the risk of losing his own life in Texas trying to avenge the death of his brother, but his Celtic blood was up, and go he would; but now he was a captive among the Indians in the wilds of Texas, and his captors were then, no doubt, debating whether they should put him to death or not. A squaw soon came out of a wigwam, and she also made a talk, taking Wallace by the hand, led him into the wigwam, showed him some meat, and made signs for him to sit down, cook and eat. He was satisfied now that he was safe for the present, but determined to escape the first opportunity. In two weeks he seemed to like his new life well, as they allowed him to go out on a hunt with the chief's son, and Wallace soon left him and went back to the settlement; but what was his surprise when he arrived, to find the chief had preceded him, and wanted to make a treaty with the whites. The chief's son had hastily returned when Wallace had walked off from him, and told the news of his escape, and the chief fearing the anger of the whites, took a near cut, and being fleet of foot arrived first. The Indians had been pretending to be friendly. The people had been very uneasy about Wallace, and looked for him and buzzard signs, far and near, and thought he had been killed.

The chief now set out in company with some white men, including Wallace, and went to see General Houston and make a treaty with him. The chief was afraid some of the white men might shoot him, so he put part of his blanket around Wallace, and they went in that way together. Houston, who was always a friend to the Indians, made a treaty with the chief, who was greatly pleased and said Houston was the smartest man he ever saw, and himself the next.

These were Apai Indians who made treaties and broke them at will. They were a branch of the Comanches, and always treacherous.

On the 14th of April, 1838, a fine muscular looking young man might have been seen standing among the ruins of the Alamo, in San Antonio, gazing upon the scene of the desperate battle which took place there two years before, when the gallant Travis and his heroes put themselves in front of the advancing host of invaders, and it was only over their dead bodies that Santa Anna could hurl his legions against the settlers in the east. The young man in question who stood there with flashing eye and surveyed the scene of the fierce struggle, was Big Foot Wallace, then unknown to fame and who had just arrived

from the Colorado, and for the first time had tread the streets of San Antonio and gazed upon the sacred spot around the dismantled fort of the Alamo. The signs of the battle were on every side. An outer wall enclosed the Alamo in front and reached out into the plaza, where there was an entrance through two large gates. The walls had partly been demolished by cannon shots, and the gates had been torn and twisted around and piles of rock were here and there scattered promiscuously about. The ashes were still to be seen where the slain Texans were burned, and Wallace turned up small pieces of charred bones while raking about among them. All the larger pieces of bones had been collected and buried and only small bits remained that had been overlooked. The first Mexicans Wallace saw after coming to Texas, were Rodriguez and Manchaca, down near Houston, who were carrying a dispatch from General Rusk to General Houston. They could talk English and Wallace stopped and conversed with them awhile.

They had Spanish gourds to carry water in, and they were a curiosity to the newly arrived Virginian. There were no canteens in those days, and these gourds took their place. They were peculiarly adapted to carrying water. They were of various sizes, holding from a pint to two gallons, and were very small in the middle, not more than two inches or less in diameter and large at each end with a small neck for a mouth piece. A strong piece of raw hide or buckskin was tied around the small place in the gourd and then hung to the horn of the saddle, which exactly balanced it as the loop could not slip where it was fastened around the small place in the gourd. After the two Mexicans passed on, Wallace remarked to some one who was with him, that "those fellows must have come from a dry country, if God made such gourds as that for people to carry water in." These gourds were in demand by travelers and years after this, while Wallace was living in the west, he planted one of these gourd seed in a rich place and sold twenty dollars and fifty cents worth of them from one vine. They were, however, hard to clean on account of the peculiar shape of the gourd, as it would not do to break them and all of the bitter stuff and seed had to come out at the small mouth. Wallace however devised a plan to clean them without much trouble. He noticed that a great many large red ants were around his place, and that they were very fond of sweet things and would work very diligently carrying away such things, so he concluded that he would make them clean his gourds. When the gourds were thoroughly dry until the seed would rattle in them, he poured a quantity of molasses or wet sugar into each and then awaited results. The ants soon discovered the sweet deposit and at once began to explore the gourds and bring out

the seed at the mouth piece which had been cut off to the hollow and which left an entrance the size of the mouth of an ordinary canteen. The consequence of this was that in time every gourd was cleaned, not a seed or fibre left inside and was ready to drink water out of.

Wallace and a party who came with him from San Antonio, found a boarding house and as his companions did not seem to want to ramble much as there was nothing to see, as they expressed it, Wallace said he would go and look around and see what the country was. He went up to the head of the San Antonio river, and the springs at the head of San Pedro, and explored the irrigating ditches, and when he returned to his companions told them this was the finest country he ever saw, that if it did not rain they had the ditches already cut and full of water to irrigate with, and that in his rounds he saw plenty of deer which were snorting at him all the time.

Wallace stayed in San Antonio until 1839 and during that time took trips around and killed many deer. All he had to do, he says to get a deer was to go out soon in the morning and kill as many as he wanted along the San Pedro creek, west of town, as all the settlements and houses were down on the river, except the old Catholic church, which was then, and still stands, about half way between the river and San Pedro creek. He kept his boarding house well supplied with venison. The Indians were then hostile, and made many raids into town, and killed and carried off Mexican captives, which then constituted a very large majority of the inhabitants of San Antonio. On all occasions a sentinel was kept in the tower of the Catholic church to look out for Indians, who could be seen coming a long distance across the then open country in daylight, and when such was the case, the man at the church rang the bell to notify the people of the danger, so they could all get in-doors and those away from town and in hearing of the bell could run in. Sometimes the Indians would come in the night and remain on the outskirts until daylight, and then make a sudden onset upon those who had stepped out of their houses, and kill or carry off such as they could. The Mexicans were poorly armed and could make but an indifferent fight with them. On one occasion, early in the morning, Wallace left his boarding house and went to pick dewberries over near the Alamo. His landlady was a Mexican, and he cannot now remember how to spell her name, but the house was on the river west of the Alamo. While picking the berries he heard the bell ring at the church, but not knowing its significance, paid no attention to it. A Mexican woman, however, saw him from a house near, and by putting her head out of a window, said: "Correr, correr; Los Indios! los Indios!" Not knowing what this meant as he had as yet not learned the Spanish language, he kept on until he got all the

berries he wanted, and then returning, asked the hostess what "Correr los Indios" meant, and was informed that it meant "Run! Indians." He then learned that a raid had been made on that side of town, and that two women had been captured, and a boy wounded. Wallace was so near them that he could hear the women crying that were being carried off. On another occasion he was out of town, and hearing the bell, at once made tracks back into town, but found out that this bell was for calling the people to church, so he said that when he heard the bell he could not tell whether the Indians were coming, or whether they were going to have preaching. On one occasion, while Wallace was down the river hunting, he saw a large snake trying to swallow a squirrel, and had succeeded all but his head and fore legs. He shot the snake, who at once spewed up the squirrel. The little animal was so stuck up with slime that he could not get away, but could only crawl about, so Wallace picked it up, and washing it clean in the river, carried it back to town and presented it to his landlady, who was proud to get it, and at once had a nice cage made for his reception, and when Wallace left there was a gay, frolicsome little squirrel, and, no doubt, lived a long and happy life, but it would have been food for the big snake had it not been for the timely arrival of the great frontiersman, Big Foot Wallace, and his rifle.

In 1839, when Austin was selected to be the future capital of the young but fast growing republic of Texas, and contracts let for building public houses, many flocked there, and wages were high for workmen. Wallace hearing of these things, bid farewell for a season to San Antonio, and at once set out for the new capital. There had been a small settlement here before, called Waterloo, but when it was selected for the capital, its name was changed to that of Austin, in honor of Stephen F. Austin who brought the colonies to Texas.

When Wallace arrived in Austin, there were but few houses, but many tents and shanties, and Wallace says it seemed to him that the majority of the population were gamblers. He knew several of the citizens there, having become acquainted with them down the country before the town was started. These were Barton, Miller, Herrell and some others. There was a demand for men who could hew logs for the buildings that were being put on both sides of Congress avenue, and some were to build the president's house. Wallace was an expert with a broad-ax, having learned to use it well at his home in Virginia before immigrating to Texas. A man named Woods was a contractor to get out logs, and employed Wallace to hew, at a salary of two hundred dollars per month and board. He worked at this two months, and then went to rafting logs of cedar, from high up the river, where good logs could be found in the flats near the river. When the last

load was being put on Wallace carried down, he became worn and thirsty pitching logs off a bluff, and going down to a spring to get water, soon discovered there had been Indians there getting water, and also saw tracks where they had stood behind some trees and watched him pitch logs off the bluff. Going back to the raft, he informed his partner, William Leggett, of the situation, and said they must load and get away before dark, as the Indians had found them out now and it would not be safe for two of them to remain there another night. By hard work the raft was loaded, they pushed off before night, and dropping down the river three miles, tied up under a bluff where no one could approach them, remained until morning, and then went on down to town all right. Wallace would not go back any more to bring logs, as he said he had enough of the business anyhow; but some Germans went up after logs and were all killed by the Indians. Shortly after this Wallace came near being killed in a well. His partner, Leggett, had let a bucket fall into Treasurer Brigham's well, and had to get it out, so he got Wallace to help him. They got a tub, and fastening the rope to it, Wallace told Leggett to get in the tub and he would let him down. "No," said he, "I will let you down." "But," said Wallace, "I am too heavy for you to hold, but I can let you down all right." Leggett contended that he could hold him all right, and finally Wallace got in the tub and started down; but as Wallace feared, he gave out and let loose, and down went the tub at a most terrific rate to the bottom. In the descent Wallace skinned his face and hands against the sides of the well, and landed in water up to his shoulders; he then discovered that there was not less than seven snakes in there, which were swimming all around him. The tub was split all to pieces, and, seizing one of these fragments, Wallace beat off the snakes and killed them, and escaped being bitten. While this was going on Leggett looked in the well and saw out, "Are you killed?" Wallace said, "No, I have got life enough to kill you when I get out of here." "What shall I do?" says Leggett. "Go" says Wallace "and bring Asa Brigham's negro here to pull me out." This was at once done and the negro pulled him out. Wallace, looking around, said: "Where is Leggett?" "He's gone," replied the negro.

Austin was on the extreme frontier, and nothing but one vast wilderness beyond, and in which Wallace delighted. It best suited his roving disposition and hermit-like nature. He loved the wild woods, and gloried in all the primeval scenes of nature, her lofty rock and cedar-capped mountains, deep canyons, dark brakes and forests clear springs and swift rushing river, the deer, turkey, buffalo, wild horses, and the painted savage, all had charms for him. He would take extensive rambles up the Colorado, and then make wide circles back



BIGFOOT WALLACE
Photo Taken in 1898

to the settlement, shooting game by the way and eating and sleeping when inclination came to do so.

In Austin at this time was a good-natured, jolly Irishman named William Fox, and he and Wallace formed a partnership, and renting a house in town, kept "bach" there together. They took contracts for jobs, one of which was to haul rock from the mountains to build houses, and made lots of money. Also in this country, at that time, was a famous Indian called "Bigfoot," who gave the settlers great trouble, killing whoever he could, and stealing horses and other property. He was a wily rascal, and the whites tried in vain to catch him. His tracks measured fourteen inches with his moccasins on, and he was large in proportion, being six feet and eight inches in height. He would come into Austin at night, and go from place to place, and next morning his track was plainly to be seen in the sandy soil; and many miles had Wallace trailed him, trying to come up with him and get a shot, but in vain. Wallace could pick out his track from a hundred—one way by its size, and another was that the big toe in his right moccasin was always out and showed its imprint in the soil. He had been wounded in the knee once by a settler named

Tom Green, which caused him to step awkward, and caused this toe to wear a hole in the moccasin sooner than any other place. It is believed by some that Wallace got the name of "Bigfoot" for killing this Indian, and when interviewed by the writer of this history, the question was asked if it was so, and he said: "No, Westfall killed him on the Llano. I trailed him many times, and saw him three times at a distance, but never got a shot at him."

Then said I: "There is another in circulation; that the Mexicans gave you that name while a prisoner in their hands in Mexico, after the battle of Mier, because they could not find a pair of shoes big enough for you in the City of Mexico."

"No," said he, "that is not so. There were men in command who had larger feet than I. The Mexicans all have small feet, and they could not find shoes large enough for any of us. My feet are not large in proportion to my body. See?" and he held them out for my inspection, and it was even so; No. 9½ or 10's; but he said, "fit easy." If his feet had been smaller they would have been out of proportion to his massive frame. "But," the old man continued, "I did get my name from the Bigfoot Indian—but not because I killed him."

The story is this: One night in 1839, the Bigfoot Indian came into the town of Austin, and in prowling around went into the kitchen of a man named Gravis, and then went on up to the house where Wallace and Fox lived. Next morning Gravis trailed the Indian to their door, and without trying to trace it any farther, roused up Wallace and said it was him who had been in his kitchen. Wallace also wore moccasins and made a large track, but he was so incensed at Gravis, that he was about to whip him on the spot, but the latter got out of the way, and told Wallace to prove himself clear and there would be no need to fight. Wallace said he could do that, and at once went and placed his foot with the moccasin on, in the Indian's track, and made Gravis come up close enough to look at it, and showed him how much longer the Indian's track was than his. This was convincing to Gravis, and he apologized to Wallace and went off. During this episode, however, Fox had come to the door and was listening to all that was being said; and while Wallace was standing in the big track, and calling Gravis up to look at it, the Irishman laughed and said, "Now, Wallace, when the Bigfoot Indian is not around, I will call you Bigfoot." Others took up the name, and sometimes when a man would say "Bigfoot," meaning likely the Indian, another would ask which one was meant, the Indian or Bigfoot Wallace. So the name has stuck to him since, and has been famous along the border for half a century. After the controversy with Gravis was settled, Wallace got his gun and took up the trail of Bigfoot and followed it far into the mountains, but could not come

upon him, and had to return, like many times before, empty-handed.

Eleven miles above Austin, on the Colorado, there is a noted place called Mt. Bonnell. The name was derived from the publisher of a paper in Austin, who, with his friends, occasionally went up there for the purpose of hunting and recreation. The paper was called the "Intelligencer," and was owned and edited by William Bonnell. He lost his life in the famous Mier expedition. In the fall of 1839 Wallace was alone on one of his long rambles, and came to the base of the famous mountain, and here met with one of his many exciting adventures. This mountain comes in between Cypress Creek on the east, and the Colorado River on the west, ending abruptly against the river on one side and Cypress on the other. The rock walls tower high on both sides, and is one of the grandest and most romantic places in all the country. On the side next the river there is a narrow passway which curves around with the river, and which a man can safely pass by being careful and hugging close to the cliff. A mis-step, or slip, would carry him into the river, fifty feet or more below, and there is no chance for two persons coming in opposite directions to pass each other. From time immemorial, almost, this had been a great rendezvous for Indians; and they had passed around this cliff in single file so often, that a smooth pathway had been worn. When Wallace, in his rambles, came to this path, he at once began to follow it, in order to save a long, tedious trip around the mountain the other way. Being by this time a cautious frontiersman, he kept his rifle ready in his right hand, and moved slowly and carefully around. Upon arriving at a point where the trail made a curve around the face of the cliff, and when he could only see a few feet ahead, he was greatly surprised, and somewhat alarmed for a moment, by coming face to face with an Indian, and only a few feet apart. The Indian was also greatly surprised, and for a few seconds each gazed at the other without uttering a word. In all emergencies Wallace thought and acted quickly. If the Indian had sprung at him before he could have brought his rifle up, both would certainly have fallen over the cliff together; but he took in the situation at a glance, and punching out his rifle, without taking aim, fired. The Indian had slightly turned, as if about to make an attempt to escape, when the loud report of the big rifle echoed among the cliffs, and reverberated through the deep gorges and dark canyons for miles around. The daring hunter at once turned, and as hastily as possible began to retrace his steps. The unfortunate savage, who had received a death shot, plunged headlong from the path, and before the sound of the gun had ceased to echo, his body was heard to strike the water below. Not knowing how many Indians might be following the one he shot, Wallace continued his flight away from

the spot even when he was clear of the dangerous trail but ran against a grape-vine, which caught him under the chin and almost broke his neck, on account of the weight of his body and the velocity with which he was carrying it. Disengaging himself, however, from the treacherous vine, he continued his flight, and making a wide circle around the mountain, he got back to Austin without further accident. It was a fortunate thing for him that he did get back, for Bigfoot was in that vicinity, and it was one of Bigfoot's warriors that Wallace had killed. These Indians belonged to the Wacoos. Wallace raised a party of seven men at Austin, and next day went back to the scene of his adventure, and there discovered the trail of Bigfoot and his band, and found where they had pulled the dead Indian out of the water and carried him off, but their trail was lost among the rocks to the north of Mt. Bonnell.

When Austin was first settled, water was scarce in town until wells could be dug to supply it. Wallace dug the first well that was dug in the new capital. A saloon keeper named H. I. Savoy had to pay high for water, and said he would pay \$12 per foot, sand or rock, to anyone who could get him plenty. Wallace took this job, and at once went to work; he struck water at a depth of 19 feet, and so strong was the vein when he dug into it, that the water flew up in his face and he cried out: "Draw me up, quick, before I drown in here." Nearly everybody in town came to look at the water, and bring their buckets to get some of it. This well was on Congress avenue, and on the corner of Pine street, and is still in existence, the best well in the city, and goes by the name of the "Wallace Well."

There were many buffalo in the vicinity of Austin in those days, especially north of town, where there were no roads or little traveling except by hunters and Indians. One day Wallace was out in that direction, and seeing a herd of eleven buffalo, tried to get a shot at them, but they, keen-scented animals that they are, got wind of him and ran in the direction of town, and he followed them in a lively chase. At this time the city of Austin was being laid off, and stakes had been driven along both sides of Congress avenue, designating streets, sidewalks, etc., commencing from Capitol Hill. The stakes had little red flags tied to them, and when the buffalo came over the hill, they took down towards the river between these stakes, turning their shaggy heads and eyeing the red flags suspiciously as they passed. Wallace and his buffalo created such a noise and dust as they entered town, that all the people ran out to see what was the matter, and some of the men tried to head them off, but the big game would not turn, and they had to give away to them and let them pass. The bluff on the river south of

town was very high and steep, and the water deep below, and when the buffalo arrived here they made no halt, but at once leaped off, and the splashing they made when they hit the water, was heard by the people in town. The buffalo were not hurt, and swam straight across the river, their black heads up and looking like huge sea monsters. In this manner the last buffalo that made a track in Austin was run through there by "Bigfoot" Wallace.

Wallace made a great amount of money selling meat in town to those who did not hunt, or were too busy or afraid to leave town. One load of turkeys and bear that he brought in once sold for \$70. Another man named Reinhart, and his partner, Ladd, also hunted, and would go out with a wagon and yoke of oxen to bring in their game. Wallace told them that some day the Indians would get them, but still they plied their trade, as they were making money. One time, however, the Indians came, but they saw them in time to leave their wagon and run. Reinhart got away easy, but Ladd's boots were too big for him and he could not run, and they crowded him close, until they ran him out of his boots, and then they fell behind. When his heavy boots came off, he said he felt so light he could almost fly; and getting into a drift near the river, hid, and they could not find him. The Indians went back to the wagon, and killing both of the oxen, scalped them, taking off the hide from the forehead. They had a dog with them, but he got lost in the chase. Wallace and several others went back to the wagon when they heard the news, and found the dog in the wagon, and a flock of buzzards around the dead oxen. Ladd was with the crowd, and the dog was greatly delighted to see him. A man named Rogers was with Reinhart and Ladd when the Indians chased them, but he, being horseback, had left the wagon just before the chase and gone off in quest of game, and not coming in, it was feared the Indians had killed him, which afterwards proved to be true. The party searched for him, and it was the evening of the second day before the body was found, in a ravine not more than half a mile from the wagon, and the searchers were then attracted to the spot by buzzards. By this time such a stench was coming from the body that most of the men recoiled, and the horses tried to run away from the spot. At first no one seemed inclined to bury the unfortunate man. Finally Wallace said there was no use talking, he had to be buried, and if no one would help he would do it alone; and, dismounting, he tied his horse, pulled his heavy bowie knife, and commenced digging by the side of the body. One man named Jack Angel came to his assistance, and they soon covered him up. They then went on the trail of Ladd's flight, and found his boots. All this occurred about

twenty miles from Austin, out towards the San Gabriel.

Wallace says that during his stay around Austin, more than forty people were killed by Indians, and he helped to bury twenty-two of them, and that most of these killings were by Bigfoot and his gang, and that there were but eight of them. Of these Wallace killed one, Tom Malone another, and Tom Green wounded Bigfoot himself in the knee, and then they left that country, and were next heard of in the southwest, in the Frio and Nueces country.

On one occasion the saloon keeper, Savory, had some flour on hand and employed Wallace one night to watch it, for fear some one would steal it. Wallace went to sleep, and sure enough, when he waked up, about daylight, one barrel was gone. He determined to find the thief and flour if there was any chance, and set out on the trail. Fortune favored him in this, for the barrel had a hole in it, and the flour sifted out as he moved along, leaving a thin, white trail on the ground. Finally, however, he came to where the flour had been put into two sacks, the thief evidently having met a partner here, but still luck was on the side of the trailer, for both sacks had holes in them, and left plenty of sign. This trail led to where an immigrant had stopped a few days before, and who had some negroes. Wallace asked this man if he had any flour to sell. He said no, that he had just bought some himself from a man who had some to sell, and who was there before it was good light. On the question being asked if he would know the man again if he could see him, he said yes. The trail of the other sack was now taken, and it led to a saw pit in the edge of town, where two men were found asleep; one of them waked up, and he was asked who brought the flour there. He pointed to the other man, whose name was Snelling, and said he was the man. This fellow had his head covered up, and Wallace pulled the quilt off, and taking him by the collar marched him off to the office of the Justice of the Peace. This official was very ignorant and uneducated. He had been a log rafter, and the gamblers, who ruled the town, had elected him for sport. The case, however, was tried before him, and after patiently listening to all the evidence, he bound Snelling over to keep the peace. Court broke up in an uproar of mirth, and Savory would not have any of the flour back. Wallace says that beat any decision in a court of justice that he ever heard of, binding a man over to keep the peace for stealing a barrel of flour.

About the later part of 1839, a flux broke out among the people at Austin, and a great many of them died. Wallace says this was caused by a lot of soldiers being sent there, for it first appeared among them, and then spread everywhere. He was afflicted also, and came near dying,

but an old French lady named Tetar saved him. She parched flour until it was brown, and then boiled milk, and mixing the two, made a thin mush, and gave him a teaspoonful at a time until the malady was stopped. Captain Wallace said that at the time he was taken sick he was engaged to be married, but when he began to recover from his sickness, the hair on his head all came out, and, as he says, "was a nice looking chap to get married," so he determined, when he got able, to take to the mountains and stay there until his hair grew out again. He was also tired, he says, of lying on the porch where he lived and seeing dead people carried by, and hearing the dead march played, and hearing it remarked about him that "that fellow toughs it out well; they haven't carried him to the bone yard yet!" People from town in various directions. General Houston had the soldiers sent away, and then the disease began to abate, and soon died out.

As soon as "Bigfoot" Wallace was able to travel, he told Fox, his partner to get things ready—horses, guns, blankets, provisions, ammunition, etc. and they would be off. This was soon done, and they wended their way up the Colorado, and made a camp near the mouth of a cave at the foot of Mount Bonnell. Here Wallace said he would stay and hunt, while Fox took the horses back to town, but for him (Fox) to come back every Saturday after the meat, and see how he was getting along. He soon began to gain strength, and killed three bear before the week was out, besides other game. It was the best place for game, he says, that he ever saw. It was the great crossing and watering place for all kinds of game, from one side of the river to the other. He moved his bedding and other things inside of the cave, and slept there, as it was a good place to stand off a bunch of Indians. The cave was cool, and also a capital place to save meat. The bear which he had killed were very fat, and having plenty of bear grease, he greased his bald head every day, after which he would wash it all off with soap, in the river. In a short time he said his head was covered with a fine soft down that looked like a young buzzard, and he would often wonder, as he gazed into the looking glass, if he would ever have any hair again. He kept up his greasing, however, and in a short time the "fuz" all came off, and then, sure enough, hair began to come. His strength was returning, and he felt that soon "Richard would be himself again." The Irishman came regularly every Saturday night and brought such things as he was in need of, newspapers, etc. Fox always arrived in the night, when Wallace was in his cave, and his first greeting would be, "Hello! Bigfoot, are you dead?" Next day he would pack the horses with meat and went his way back, never carrying any gun or pistol, and Wallace often told him that he would meet

his death some day at the hands of an Indian.

One night upon Fox's arrival, after asking Wallace if he was dead, and being answered in the negative, he says: "Well, then, Captain, I have got bad news for you. What do you think? Your sweetheart has gone and married another man."

"I am glad she's gone," says Wallace. "A woman that can't wait until a man's hair grows out I don't want."

The writer asked the old Captain if he ever married. "No," he replied, contemptuously, "I never had time."

As near as he ever came to kissing a woman, he says, was while he was a prisoner in Mexico, with his hands tied behind him. He bit an old Mexican woman on the back of the neck for making faces at him.

Captain Wallace says although he has been a powerful man, physically, there were three things he could never do, namely: whistle, sing or dance. These accomplishments were beyond his reach.

After "Bigfoot" had recovered his health, and his black, curly hair had come out profusely again, he returned to town, and he and Fox again took up their abode as of yore.

Not long after this Fox hired to Asa Brigham, to help his negro break up a garden down near Shoal Creek, in the suburbs of town. The negro held the plow while Fox drove the oxen. The trail of the Bigfoot Indian had not been seen around Austin for a long time, and it was surmised by some that he had been killed somewhere, but this was not so; and he was even now secreted behind the brush fence which enclosed the garden, gun in hand, watching a chance to shoot at Fox and the negro. Finally the Irishman stopped the team to take a chew of tobacco, and as the piece of plug was between his teeth, a gun was fired from the fence, and he fell dead in his tracks, shot through the head. The negro took one look in the direction from whence came the shot, saw the smoke floating above the brush, saw the tall form of an Indian standing behind it, and then leaped the fence and fled.

When the news was carried to town, Wallace at once got his gun and a few followers, and hurriedly went down where Fox lay, took one look at his dead friend, who lay with the tobacco still between his teeth, and then took the trail of the big Indian. Long and diligently he followed him this time, but of no avail; he once more made his escape. Fox was shot in the temple, and the ball came out on the other side. He was also scalped, all being taken close behind his ears. No doubt the Indian dressed this scalp and prized it highly, for it was beautiful; thick, long, coal black and curly. It is a little strange that William Fox, the man who gave to Wallace the name of "Bigfoot," was after-

wards killed and scalped by the Bigfoot Indian.

In 1840, Col. John H. Moore organized an expedition against the Indians, and had a severe battle with them on the San Saba River, in which they were defeated; many being killed and drowned together in attempting to cross the river. Two Indian boys were captured and brought to Austin and one of them was taken by the French minister and kept for a servant. The Frenchman had so much confidence in this young savage, that he would let him go alone and ride one of his fine matched carriage horses (beautiful greys), and lead the other to water at the river. Wallace told him that some day the young Comanche would go back to the west and take the horses with him. No, the Frenchman did not believe this, but said that when he went back to France he would carry the Indian with him and educate him. Not long after this the Indian took the horses and left. The minister fumed and sputtered around at a great rate, but Wallace told him not to take on, as the young Indian had concluded to finish his education on the plains instead of Paris, and, no doubt, would be promoted as soon as he got back to his tribe with the fine horses.

During the sojourn of Captain Wallace in Austin, he took a trip back to Lagrange, and while there heard of the Indian raid near Austin, in which Mrs. Coleman and one of her sons were killed, and the house of Dr. Robinson plundered, and some of his negroes carried off. The doctor and family were absent at the time, and therefore escaped. As soon as the news came to the settlement at Lagrange of the raid, Wallace and about twenty others at once started for Austin to assist in routing the hostiles, who were Comanches and in large force. When they arrived at Mrs. Coleman's place, they saw her dead body and that of her son. The brave boy had killed one Indian in his gallant defense of his mother and his younger brothers and sisters. They were forced up in their log cabin, and he and his mother were firing on the Indians through the cracks between the logs. The Indians also shot their arrows through these cracks. The mother fell first, pierced with an arrow, and died at once. The boy continued the defense until he fell, mortally wounded, and, when dying, told his sister that he would not groan, as the Indians would then not know he was hurt. The savages left without entering the house, and the balance of the family were saved.

Wallace and his party learned here that the Indians had turned and went in the direction of Brushy Creek, north, and that a force under Gen. Edward Burleson had started in pursuit of them. Being anxious to participate in the battle, if any should come off, they set out on the trail, but were too late; Burleson and his men had engaged the Indians on Brushy, twenty miles away, and were returning, and the

two parties met at Wilbarger's house, where quite a number of settlers had fortified themselves. Although the Indians had been defeated in the battle, the settlers did not return unscathed—four of their party having been killed, besides others wounded. The dead were: Jacob Burleson, brother of the General; James Gilleland, a Methodist preacher; Lemuel Blakey and —Walters. When the men slowly arrived, bearing their gallant dead, Captain Wallace says such a wail went up from the women assembled, that he could not stand it, and left the house. Shortly after he and his party went on to the battle ground to see what discoveries they could make. Many signs of the battle were there in the ravine, where the Indians fought. While searching around, Wallace heard some one groaning in a ravine near by, and, on investigating, found one of Dr. Robinson's negroes, who had been wounded in the forehead by an arrow, the spike still remaining fast in the skull, and the negro was left there when the Indians retreated. He complained very much, and said he thought the wound would kill him. Wallace pulled the arrow out of his head and told him to hush, saying: "Whoever heard of a nigger being killed, shot in the head?" The negro could not tell much about the fight, as he was shot at the commencement of the action, as prisoners generally are by Indians, and that he lay close in the ravine and kept quiet during the time and until they left. He was carried back home and recovered.

Captain Wallace says that shortly after coming to Texas, he was stopping one night with a man named Woods, who lived twelve miles above Lagrange, and before bedtime another man came, and before taking his seat at the fire, pulled off the cap which he wore. Wallace noticed that his head was bald and sore, and remarked: "My friend, excuse me, but what is the matter with your head?" "I have been scalped by the Indians," he replied. This man was Josiah Wilbarger, and his experience would make a thrilling chapter in Texas history. The circumstance, as near as could be learned, was this: Wilbarger and Joe Hornsby, and a few others, were out one day and came in contact with a band of Indians: not being strong enough to make a good fight, they began to retreat. Wilbarger was soon wounded and unhorsed, and made a stand beside a tree to fight. Hornsby pulled up his horse and made a halt beside him, firing on the Indians as they came around, but his companion received another wound and fell. Hornsby, one of the bravest of the brave, saw there was no chance to save him, and putting spurs to his horse saved himself. When he arrived at home the news was soon spread, and a crowd of men collected at Hornsby's that night for the purpose of fighting the Indians and bringing in the body of Wilbarger in the morning. Joe Hornsby was a young man without family, and lived with his widowed mother. During the night

a strange thing happened. Mrs. Hornsby dreamed that Wilbarger was not dead, but was in great distress, and insisted on Joe getting up and at once repairing to the spot to assist him. He, however, insisted that it was impossible for Josiah to have survived, and suggested that they wait until the morning. This dream was repeated twice more during the night, and each time the anxious and good woman aroused her son and begged him to go to the wounded man. Joe said: "Mother, it is your excited and overstrained imagination that causes you to dream these things; Wilbarger is dead; the last I saw of him he was down on his back, and the Indians were running their lances through him, and they never quit a man as long as there is any life in him." His mother, however, was not convinced, and said that she could see the tree, and described all of the surroundings, and said, also, that he was not there, but had gone to a water hole. By daylight next morning the men were in the saddle and ready to start, but Hornsby's mother insisted on Joe taking a blanket with which to make a stretcher to convey Wilbarger on, "for," says she, "he is not dead." When the party arrived at the spot, guided by Hornsby, who was the last man to see him, and who knew where to search, they were surprised to discover that the body was not there. There was plenty of blood, and a trail led away from the tree, which, on being followed, soon led to a pool of water, in which the wounded man was found, and not dead, but horribly wounded and scalped. No time was lost in getting him on the blanket, stretched between two horses, to Mrs. Hornsby's, who, when they arrived, was not at all surprised, but had everything prepared for his reception. Wilbarger says that soon after Hornsby left him, he felt the lances of the Indians thrust in him, but was so weak from loss of blood from the other wounds that he had received, that he was almost unconscious, and was entirely unable to make any resistance, and lay still. After this he felt a knife working around over his head, and knew that an Indian was scalping him. When the skin was cut loose all around the top of his head to the bone, the Indian twisted the hair in his fingers, and with one strong jerk brought the scalp off. He said when this was done it sounded like a gun had been fired in his ear, and he soon became unconscious. How long this lasted he could not tell, but when consciousness returned again, it was like waking up from a sleep. He opened his eyes and looked around, but at first could hardly realize the situation. The moon was shining, and he rested his eyes on a figure, as he thought, sitting beside the tree looking at him; and what made him feel stranger was the fact that the figure was that of his sister who had been dead many years, and had never been in Texas. This vision vanished soon, and he began to realize all that had happened to him, by his head burning like fire,

where his scalp had been taken off. He thought of the water hole near by, and felt that if he could get to it and dip his head under, it would relieve and cool it. When he made the attempt to get there, however, he was so badly wounded that he was unable to rise, and could barely crawl along, and that with great pain. He succeeded, however, in getting there, and crawling into the pond, dipped his head under, which greatly relieved him. He repeated this whenever his head began to burn, until the arrival of his rescuers. He recovered and lived many years. This statement was vouched for by all who were concerned and present on that occasion, as long as any of the participants lived.

We come now to the period in the life of "Bigfoot" Wallace when he began to serve the young Republic in the capacity of a Texas ranger, under the famous Jack Hays, who stands preeminently at the head of that long list of ranger captains.

In 1840 the situation around San Antonio which was then on the extreme frontier, was anything but encouraging to those who wished to settle in the country and lead quiet lives and make good citizens. Besides the constant raids of the numerous bands of Indians who roamed at will from the line of New Mexico to the coast region of Texas, horse thieves, desperadoes, gamblers and fugitives from justice, who had fled from other states, swarmed around all the border towns, and more especially San Antonio. No one was safe who was in opposition to this element, and to keep horses was almost impossible. They would dig through adobe houses to get to them, and no place was safe from their encroachments.

A strong hand was needed here to awe this class and hold them in subjection. There was one man in West Texas at this time who was equal to the emergency, and that was Jack Hays, a young surveyor, who had already begun to make himself known and felt, especially at the battle of Plum Creek, where 500 Comanche warriors had been defeated after they had made a raid through Texas and burnt and plundered the town of Linnville, on the coast.

Gen. Houston recognized the ability of Hays, and seeing the necessity of an armed, active force at San Antonio, to hold both Indians and lawless characters in check, commissioned Jack Hays to raise a company, to be stationed at San Antonio as headquarters, and to follow horse thieves or Indians anywhere he wished, and to shoot horse thieves on the spot, if necessary, when overtaken.

In 1840 "Bigfoot" Wallace left Austin and went back to San Antonio and joined the company of Hays when it was organized. Captain Hays was very particular what kind of men he enlisted, and that is one reason why he had the best set of Indian fighters on the frontier, and that he was never defeated by the Indians. A man had to have courage, good character, be a

good rider, good shot, and have a horse worth \$100. Among this first company were Wallace, Woolfork, Joe Tivy, Mark Rapier, Kit Ackland, Jim Galbreath, Tom Buchanan, Coho Jones, Peter Poe, Mike Chevalier, Ad Gillespie, and others not now remembered. Among those who came later, and followed the fortunes of Hays, and helped to fight his battles and gain a reputation for him as an Indian fighter, which is almost world-wide, were Sam Walker, Sam Luckey, George Neill, James Dunn, Ben McCulloch, Henry McCulloch, Ben Highsmith, Tom Galbreath, Andrew Sowell, John Sowell, P. H. Bell, Creed Taylor, Sam Cherry, Noah Cherry, John Carlin, Rufus Perry, Joe Davis, Pipkin Taylor, Josiah Taylor, Rufus Taylor, James Nichols, Calvin Turner, Lee Jackson, and many other gallant men whose names cannot now be obtained. Captain Wallace says that the Woolfork mentioned in the first list of rangers, was a brother-in-law of Governor L. S. Ross' father, and that Joe Tivy was afterwards mayor of Kerrville, and was one of the best men he ever knew.

Not long after Wallace joined the rangers one morning he went into a Mexican restaurant and called for breakfast. A woman soon brought him coffee, bread, etc., and a small animal broiled whole on the coals, which looked fat and tempting, and said: "Cara correo, Senor?" Wallace did not know very much of the Spanish language at that time, and nodded assent, thinking likely the little animal was a squirrel or rabbit; but he soon found it was neither, but being palatable, he made a hearty meal, eating all but the head. As he was stepping out of the eating house, he met Jim Dunn, another ranger, who understood the Spanish, and asked him what "Cerre" meant. Dunn said: "That means a polecat." "What!" said Wallace. "Did that derved woman give me a polecat to eat?" Dunn then stepped in and asked if she had given this man a polecat for breakfast. "O, yes," she said, in Spanish; "he is very fond of them, and ate a whole one, all but the head." This settled it with "Bigfoot;" he had nothing more to say and stepped out.

During the years 1840-41, Hays and his men captured many horse thieves in and around San Antonio, and shot several of them. On one occasion they captured a notorious one named Antonio Corao, and four of the company were detailed to shoot him, namely: "Bigfoot" Wallace, Chapman Woolfork, Sam Walker and William Powell. The execution took place at the head of the San Antonio River, above town. Many years after this Wallace was in San Antonio, sitting with a crowd of men at the Southern Hotel, when a Mexican, apparently very drunk, came up and said to "Bigfoot," "Are you 'Bigfoot' Wallace?" "Yes, was the reply; "what do you want?" The Mexican then came up close, looked Wallace in the face and said: "You helped to kill Antonio Corao, and he was a friend of

mine." "He was?" exclaimed Wallace, as he sprang to his feet and pulled his knife; "I want to kill all of his friends, too." By this time the Mexican was making tracks, with "Bigfoot" after him, but the Mexican was not as drunk as he seemed, and outran Wallace and made his escape. He barely missed getting a slash from the long-bladed knife, and likely would have gotten it if some friends had not caught Wallace by the arm and impeded his progress.

The rangers under Hays, while stationed in San Antonio and vicinity, were very active scouting far and near, and fighting several battles with the Indians. Things went on in this way until the fall of 1842, when the Mexicans under General Adrian Woll, made a sudden descent upon San Antonio and captured the place. Prior to this event, however, there was a suspicion that something was wrong, from the fact that all at once no ammunition could be bought in San Antonio by the Americans, it having all been bought up at various times by the Mexicans; and Wallace told Captain Hays that he saw at least a dozen strange Mexicans in town that he had never seen before, who did not live there. The nearest place where ammunition could be obtained was Austin, and thither Hays sent Wallace and another ranger named Nathaniel Mallon, to get a supply. Mallon was afterwards sheriff of Bexar county, and the first one, Captain Wallace says.

When they arrived at Austin, there was considerable excitement there on account of an Indian raid, in which Captain William Pyron and another man named Donovan were killed. The bodies had not been brought in, and some were afraid to venture out of town to get them. Wallace and his companion said they would go, and soon others volunteered, and a hack started out. Donovan was with a man named Herrill, out after hay when the Indians made the attack upon them. Herrill was armed, and kept the Indians at bay while his team ran into town with him sitting on the load. Donovan had a cart, and was killed. Captain Pyron was interested in the hay, and had gone out there on horseback. The Indians overtook him, and one of them ran a lance in him, but the Captain caught it and wrenched it out of the Indian's hand, and, pulling it out of his own body, it seems that he fought the Indian with it, for here the Indian turned back, but Pyron had received a mortal wound and falling from his horse, died. The lance, with the blade bent, was lying by his side when Wallace and his party came with the hack to take him up. The Irishman, Donovan, had made a fight, and emptied his gun. He was both shot and lanced. The bodies lay north of town, from one and one-half to two miles distant. Pyron was on his race mare, and could have made his escape, but remained with the others until it was too late. The Indians got his fine nag and saddle.

The two rangers, after helping to bury the dead men, obtained their ammunition and started back to San Antonio. Wallace had a full keg of powder rolled up in a blanket and fastened to the pommel of his saddle, and Mallon had a supply of caps and lead. As there was no settlement between Austin and San Antonio, they went back by way of Seguin, to get corn for their horses, as they had ridden hard and the grass was coarse and dry. In the meantime the Mexicans had captured San Antonio and it was a fine thing for them that they went by Seguin, for otherwise they would have rode into San Antonio and been captured and their ammunition taken. The first ranch on the Austin road in the vicinity of Seguin was that of Antonio Navarro, on the San Geronimo Creek, about six miles distant from town. What was their surprise on coming to find two of Hays's men, (Rice and Johnston) there, and the Mexican women picking prickly pear thorns out of them. As soon as Wallace saw them he said, "Hello, boys, what are you doing here?" They now gave an account of the capture of San Antonio, and of the narrow escape of the rangers, who were badly scattered. These two had been run closely through the pears and thorny brush by the Mexican cavalry, but had made their escape to the Guadalupe River and crossed. Captain Hays and some of the men were on a scout when the Mexican army came into town, and could not enter again, and came on east of the Salado, and went into camp and sent runners to notify the settlers at Seguin and Gonzales. Some of the rangers who were in their quarters in town were captured, and all of the camp equipage that belonged to the company. When the attack was made they had a fight, and could not do much, but killed General Woll's horse and the band master in the skirmish. One ranger named William Mason, ran out and made his escape by running through a squad of cavalry, who gave way to him as he came flourishing his pistol. As soon as Wallace and his companion could get something to eat for themselves, and feed for their horses, they went on to Seguin. When they arrived there the town was full of men from Gonzales and other places, on their way to fight the Mexicans. They were all short of powder, and when they found out that Wallace had a keg, they wanted to take it, but he told them that no one got that powder except Jack Hays, or by his order, and the first man that laid hands on it he would shoot him. In a short time, however, Hays and his lieutenant, Henry McCulloch, arrived in town, and taking charge of the ammunition, divided it out. Wallace said to the men, "You are a fine lot of frontiersmen; got a rifle and nothing to feed it on." This powder and lead arrived at a very opportune time, as the battle of Salado could not have been fought without it; so says Captain Wallace. An advance was now made upon San Antonio, led by

General Matthew Caldwell, who had arrived with the men from Gonzales.

The news of the invasion of Texas, and the capture of San Antonio by the Mexicans, spread far and near, and men were arming and mounting from the outside settlements on the Guadalupe, to the Colorado valley, around Lagrange and Bastrop, and up to the new capital. Men started towards San Antonio as they could prepare themselves, and went in companies, squads and singly. The first large force to arrive in the vicinity of the seat of war, was that from the Guadalupe valley under General Caldwell, who was called by the men, "Old Paint." He was an Indian fighter, and took a prominent part in the great Indian battle of Plum Creek, fought in 1840, near the spot where Lockhart now stands, in Caldwell county. The scattered rangers of Hays were all collected and went under the command of Caldwell, who went into camp with his men on Salado Creek, seven miles northeast of San Antonio. Daring scouts were sent almost to the suburbs of San Antonio to watch the Mexicans and report any move on their part to Caldwell. Many of the citizens of the town had been captured, including those in attendance on the district court which was then in session. Judge, jury, lawyers, witnesses and all were now in the hands of the invaders. Among the citizens of the town who were taken, was John Twohig, afterwards a noted banker, and brother-in-law of Jack Hays, Al Shelby and Col. Thomas Johnson. The latter two were citizens of Seguin, and all four married the daughters of Major Calvert of that place. Mr. Twohig had a store in San Antonio at the time of the Woll invasion, but blew it up on the approach of the Mexicans. He suffered many hardships at their hands, and bore the scars on his legs to the day of his death, made by chains while in captivity. The policy of General Caldwell was to draw the Mexicans out of San Antonio and induce them to assail his position, which was a strong one along the banks of Salado Creek. His force was far less than that of the Mexican invader, and he knew that an assault upon the town on his part would be a useless sacrifice of men. The Texans had learned to avoid being caught like rats in a trap by the Mexicans. They remembered the Alamo and Goliad. The rangers under Hays, or part of them at least, determined to bring on the battle, and boldly advanced to within half a mile of the Alamo. They were all good horsemen, and well mounted, and cut many capers in plain view of the Mexicans, yelling at them and daring them to the battle. Among these were, besides Hays, H. E. McCulloch, "Bigfoot" Wallace, Sam Walker, Ad Gillespie, Kit Ackland, Sam Luckey, George Neill, Rufus Perry, Tom Galbreath, Andrew Sowell, Creed Taylor, Pipkin Taylor, Josiah Taylor, Mike Chevalier, and others not now remembered. Finally a blast of bugles and the sudden charge of

four companies of cavalry upon them, caused the rangers to wheel and put back across the prairie towards Caldwell, and a lively fusilade commenced and lasted all the way to the creek, the rangers firing back as they ran. On this occasion "Bigfoot" Wallace was riding a mule, and a good one, but Hays told him to turn back before the charge commenced, as he would be overtaken. Wallace said, "I can beat them from Powder House Hill to camp," but turned back here and was working in the lead during the chase. Lieutenant McCulloch, with ten men, covered the retreat of Hays, and were fired at almost 200 times during the long run, but neither man nor horse was hit. The infantry, 1200 in number, under Woll, followed with artillery, and crossing the creek below, marched up the east bank, and formed in line of battle facing Caldwell's position, and soon a general engagement was on. The Mexicans first fired with cannon, trying to run Caldwell from his position, which was in the pecan timber near the bank of the creek, but they only yelled and watched closely the falling limbs from the trees torn off by the cannon balls. Seeing this had no effect, Woll ordered a charge on their position, and they came yelling like Indians, and firing their escopets. The rifles of the Texans now began to crack, however, and many of them turned back, but others came close; almost up to the muzzles of the guns, and things were lively for a time. When the Mexicans captured the quarters of the rangers in San Antonio, they got a pair of pants belonging to Wallace, and when the battle was about to commence, he told some of the boys that he was going to watch his chance and kill a big Mexican, so that he could get a pair of pants to fit him. During this charge, when some of them were close, a daring fellow charged Wallace, and presenting his escopet, sang out in Spanish, "Take that, you cow-thief," and fired. The bullet grazed the ranger's nose, making it burn like fire, but doing no other damage. Wallace fired at the same time, but the smoke from the Mexican's gun blinded him, and he missed. Henry Whaling, who was near and had a loaded gun, said, "Darn such shooting as that," and aiming his rifle quick sent a ball through the Mexican's body, who fell against a mesquite tree and soon died. He was a cavalryman, but had dismounted, and his spurs were so large he could not run. Wallace says he never saw such spurs; that as the Mexican lay on his back his feet were elevated several inches in the air, as the rowels, which were as long as tenpenny nails rested on the ground. Wallace took them off after the battle, and kept them a long time as a curiosity. The Mexicans were repulsed; but Wallace said not as many of them were killed as might have been expected, on account of a ravine which most of the Mexicans followed.

(Continued Next Month).

The Truth About the Hickok-McCanles Affair

Fairbury (Nebraska) News, December 24, 1925

The object of this writing and the history of the Rock Creek Station Tragedy is to straighten the history as near as possible of this incident. Many versions have been given by historians and in some of the present movies giving "Wild Bill" or better known then as "Jim Hickock," the honor of killing bad men at Rock Creek.

There has been a constant demand the last few years for Monroe McCanles story as he is the only living known eye witness. He has been reluctant to give this and it was after some solicitation he gave his version. He is now seventy-six years old and was twelve years old in 1861 and gives his honest recollection.

D. C. McCanles had built the station and toll bridge on the Oregon trail, the first white settlement in the county or along the Blue river. They had sold this station and the settlements were not being met. The station being kept more as a gambling resort and McCanles not receiving his money.

McCanles had also built a home at the mouth of Rock Creek, four miles below on the Little Blue. This the first white settlement off the trail on the Little Blue. The courage and privations of these first settlers made it possible for us to be here and it seems they should have been honored, where in this case, injustice has been done. Monroe was at the trial of Jim Hickock and Wellman, held before Judge Towle at Beatrice. The main defense being that they were defending the station property, the said station at the time being operated indirectly for government service carrying mail and in war time. McCanles being of southern birth made their release inevitable and easy. Monroe a boy of twelve, the only witness for McCanles, not being called to the stand. The quarrel the preceding week between McCanles and Mrs. Wellman over the conduct, handling of, and payment for the station led to the tragedy. McCanles was a powerful man physically, Jim Hickock a lad of eighteen and probably had something to fear even of McCanles bare handed. If this killing were premeditated Mrs. Wellman, evidently planned it but this will never be known. No scandal or romance entered in this killing. It was unspoken of then to McCanles and not thought of and should not be now by us.

The writer first knew the McCanles family in the 80's, my childhood being spent less than a block from Grandma McCanles' home. Her grand-children were my playmates and I will always remember her kindness and spent many hours listening to her stories of the pioneer days. With her broad southern accent, telling of prairie fires, Indian scares, and also of her remembrance of the Rock Creek Station Tragedy,

also of her faith and pride in her husband. O. C., a large portrait of whom in uniform she kept on the wall. McCanles was an officer in North Carolina before coming west, she told us of her visit to the station the afternoon of the tragedy and finding her husband dead, had questioned "Wild Bill" saying "who did this?" Hickock did not answer at this she said, "did you?" He wept at this, Hickock had been many times at their home and was supposed to be a good friend of the family.

Grandma with her children, the eldest Monroe 13, Julian Clingman, Charles and the crippled daughter Lizzie stayed the winter of 61 and 62 at the home of J. L. McCanles in Johnson County, in the spring going to their home at the mouth of Rock Creek where they took out their final papers on this land, signed by Abraham Lincoln. They later kept a small store of supplies for the early settlers.

There were no schools and the four boys were grown before having access to books and they educated themselves enough to enter mercantile business in their later years and which at times they have each occupied themselves.

In 1865 she was married at Marysville, Kans., to John Hughes, and one daughter was born, Janie Hughes, now Mrs. Wm. Compton. John Hughes died on his farm on Rock Creek a few years later. Grandma performed many functions necessary to the early settlement-ministering to the sick the destitute settlers and travelers, and even the Indians finding a harbor at the McCanles station.

Monroe left in 1884 and he and most of his children reside in Kansas City, Mo. Joe McCanles, the eldest, a teacher in the music academy at Lawrence, Kans., Jas. Julian a farmer in Ray Co., Mo., Guy McCanles, the head of the Gregg Realty Co., Kansas City, Mo., Wendell McCanles, a prominent attorney in Kansas City and John McCanles, an orchestra leader in Kansas City, surely a family to feel proud of.

Julian the second son of D. C., moved to Florence, Colo., in the 80's where his uncle had founded the town. He is now a merchant there. His son Charles is in business with him and another son Byron is an officer in the navy.

Clingman and his sister Lizzie live with Mrs. Wm. Compton, their younger sister on a farm south of Endicott where Mrs. Compton has reared a family of eight most of whom are married and living near.

Charles the youngest son of D. C., was born on the way from North Carolina in a prairie schooner in 1859. He moved to Colorado in 1894 and is now a merchant in Denver. His son Grover is with him and also one unmarried daughter,

Russell, Charles' eldest son is an electrician at Portland, Colorado and there are four married daughters.

Grandma McCandles' ancestors were officers in our great Revolutionary war and honor and pride and loyalty to the flag are manifest in this family to this day. If heredity proves anything D. C. McCandles must have been rather good metal and not a bad man morally. He was strong, bold, fearless, liked music and fun and loved his family. His boys and grand children have proven out and are country and city builders, Guy McCandles and Gregg Realty Co. having taken a large part in building the newer Kansas City the last few years. Several million dollars of apartments and city property still under their supervision. Florence Colony was built by McCandles and our own Little Blue River country being made possible to settle by D. C.

There are only a few signs of the station left on my brother's farm northwest of Endicott. The stone abutment of the toll bridge, the well and a few large stones of the house foundation.

A large boulder fit for a marker has been set on the building site and it is planned on the next reunion or visit of the McCandles family here to hold a dedication and to put up a suitable marker for Jefferson County, Nebraska's first white habitation.

PHIL DAWSON.

THE TRUE STORY of the Rock Creek, Nebraska Territory Tragedy. The killing of D. C. McCandles James Woods and James Gordon, July 12th, 1861. This story is by William Monroe McCandles, an eye witness who was standing by.

My father David C. McCandles, left North Carolina in March 1859, his destination being Pike's Peak. This was during the gold excitement in Colorado. He came to Leavenworth, Kansas and outfitted for a trip across the plains. He got as far as Rock Creek, Nebraska Territory, and having met several parties returning from Pike's Peak with such discouraging stories about the gold prospects there, he stopped at Rock Creek and bought of Newton Glenn the only ranch on the creek at that time. This was on the west side of the creek, and was the overland mail and stage station on the Oregon trail at that time. During the summer of 1859 my father built a ranch house on the east side of the creek, dug a well and found plenty of water. There was no water to be had at the west ranch, excepting the creek water; also during this summer he built a toll bridge across the creek, which was quite an undertaking, for it was the first bridge along the line and a great help to travelers on the Overland trail. He built the house on the east side to house his brother, J. L. McCandles, who had concluded to come west and in the latter part of August of that year his brother and family, my father's family, father having sent us transportation, his

nephew, James Woods and Billie Hughes, an orphan boy, left North Carolina for Nebraska Territory. We came by railroad, steamboat and ox teams, and landed at Rock Creek about the 20th, of September 1859.

My uncle took up his abode in the east ranch house, Billie Hughes died with typhoid fever that fall. My uncle lived in this house until the spring of 1860 when he moved down to the ranch on the Little Blue river near the mouth of Rock Creek.

Father then built a barn and a bunk house on the east side and rented that station to Russell, Majors and Waddell, who operated the overland Stage and Pony Express to California, and then they took charge and furnished their own station keeper and stock tenders.

Early in the spring of 1861 father sold the west ranch to a couple of Germans, Hagenstein & Wolf. The summer of 1860 was a very dry year and my uncle became somewhat dissatisfied with conditions, so he picked up and moved down towards Nebraska City, and took up land in Johnson county Nebraska. Now after father sold the west ranch he moved to the ranch on the Blue. We had a good lot of cattle and horses and a lot of work oxen. We kept several hired men and were doing a regular ranch business. We furnished the hay for both of the ranches on Rock Creek. The Stage Company had at this time a man named H. Wellman and his wife as station keeper and Dock Brink as stock tender.

Early in the Spring of 1861 the Stage Company sent James Hickok to the Rock Creek station as assistant stock tender. Jim claimed to be a South Carolinian and father and he became quite cronies, both being from the south. The Wellmans and father were not quite so friendly, they were too slow with their payments. About the first days of July 1861 Wellman and I went to Brownville, after a load of supplies for the station and some for father. We were gone about ten days as it was 100 miles to Brownville, on the Missouri river. We got home about 4 o'clock July 12th. There was a little ranch up on the road southwest of the station kept by Jack Ney. When we got to the station I saw some horses hitched up at Ney's and I thought I recognized them as some of ours, so I ran up to Ney's and found father, Woods and Gordon there. Father seemed glad to see me and wanted to know if Wellman had treated me right while we were gone and I told him that Wellman had treated me well; then we all came back to the station. Father and I stopped at the house and Woods and Gordon went down to the barn. Father went to the kitchen door and asked for Wellman, Mrs. Wellman came to the door and father asked her if Wellman was in the house and she said he was. Father said "tell him to come out" and she said "what do you want with him?" Father said I want to settle with him." She said "He'll not come out." Father said, "send him out or I'll come in

and drag him out." Now to make this more plain to the reader.—While Wellman and I were gone to market, father and Mrs. Wellman had some words, or a quarrel, and Mrs. Wellman had told father when Mr. Wellman came home he would settle with father for his imprudence; and that is why father made the remark that he wanted to settle with him.

Now when father made the threat that he "would come in drag him ut," Jim or "Bill Hickok" stepped to the door and stood by Mrs. Wellman, father looked him in the face and said, "Jim, haven't we been friends all the time?" Jim said "Yes." Father said "Are we friends now?" and Jim said "Yes." Father said, "Will ou hand me a drink of water," and Jim turned around to the bucket and brought a dipper of water and handed it to him. Father drank the water and handed the dipped back, and as he handed the dipper back he saw something take place inside that was threatening or dangerous—anyway he stepped quickly from the kitchen door to the front door, about ten feet north of the kitchen door, and stepped up on the step and said, "Now Jim, if you have anything against me, come out and fight me fair." Just as he uttered these words the gun cracked and he fell flat on his back. He raised himself to a sitting position and took one last look at me, then fell back dead.

Now Woods and Gordon heard the shot and came running up unarmed to the door, and just then Jim appeared at the door with a Colt's Navy revolver; he fired two shots at Woods, and Woods ran around the house to the north, Gordon broke and ran. Jim ran out of the door and fired two shots at him and wounded him. Just as Jim ran out of the door Wellman came out with a hoe and ran after Woods who had run around the house and hit Woods on the head with the hoe and finished him. Then Wellman came running around the house where I was standing and struck at me with the hoe and he yelled out "Let's kill them all." I dodged the lick and ran, I out ran him to a ravine shelter south of the house and he stopped there. Mrs. Wellman stood in the door clapping her hands and yelling "kill him, kill him, kill him."

Father was shot from behind a calico curtain that divided the log house into two rooms, and was shot with a rifle that belonged to himself. He had loaned the gun, to the station keeper for their protection in case of trouble with the many hard characters that were traveling the trail.

There were but four pieces of fire arms on the grounds at this time. My small double barreled shot gun, small, or boys size, with one barrel loaded; father's rifle that was kept in the house, a Colt's Navy six shooter that was in the house and a double barreled shot gun that Dock Brink kept at the barn loaded with buck shot.

Now to bear me out that Woods and Gordon were not armed when they ran up to the door, if either or both of them had been armed they surely would have had their re-

volvers in hand, and while Jim was shooting Woods don't you think one or the other of them would have done some shooting? Do you think that if Woods had been armed he would have let Wellman knock him in the head without trying to defend himself? Now for more evidence that Gordon was not armed: Gordon kept a blood hound that usually followed him where he went. This dog was with him at the barn when the fracas began. After Gordon had made his getawa3,—being wounded the station outfit put this dog on his trail and the dog trailed him down the creek and brought him to bay about 80 rods down the creek. When the bunch caught up, the dog was fighting Gordon, and Gordon was warding him off with a stick. Gordon was finished with a load of buck shot. Now if Gordon had been armed don't ou think he would have killed the dog? All of the sensational writers have had those men loaded down with knives and firearms.

* When I made my escape from Wellman I ran three miles to the ranch and broke the news to my mother. One of our hands hitched up a team and took mother and the other children up to the station. I was so exhausted with my get-away that I remained at the ranch or home place. I went up to the station the next morning, there was quite a crowd there that had gathered from twenty-five to thirty miles up and down the old trail.

The first thing I saw when I got near the station was a crowd of men burying Gordon. They had brought his remains from down the creek up near the station and had dug a grave on a little knoll and put him in boots and all, wrapped in a blanket. They made a rude box for father and Woods and buried them in the same box on the hill south of the station, by the grave of Billie Hughes. Their remains lay there for twenty years, then I moved them to Fairbury cemetery about seven miles west of Rock Creek.

After the killing my uncle, J. L. McCandles organized a crowd over in Johnson county and came over and arrested Hickok, Wellman and Dock Brink and took them before a Justice of the peace at Beatrice, Nebraska, and they had a preliminary trial before old Pap Towle, an aged Justice and were acquitted.

No motive for the crime was established clearly at the trial. However, Hickok and Wellman claimed they were protecting the station and what they might have said at that time indirectly no one will ever know. Probably anything to clear themselves.

The conduct and management of the station and not meeting the settlements were what I gathered from fathers conversation about his argument with Mrs. Wellman to be the cause of the trouble. No one to refute their statements. I was summoned as a witness but not asked to take the stand. The county was not organized at that time and the trials were crude, merely sham trials. My uncle then bundled us up and moved everything moveable over to Johnson

county where he disposed of the stock and other property. Mother lived there until the spring of 1862 then we moved back to the ranch on the Blue river. We surely went through some trying times. We had to run from the Indians several times, went through all kinds of hardships, but mother kept her five children born in North Carolina and one that was born in Nebraska all together and they are still alive, but she is dead. Died at the ripe old age of seventy-five years. Her remains rest by father's at Fairbury, Nebraska.

My uncle moved to Colorado in 1863 and he became very wealthy and quite prominent. He was a representative and Senator in the state legislature. He laid out the town Florence, Colorado. Oil was discovered on his land. He died at the age of 86 years.

I lost tract of Jim, (or Bill) Hickok after this episode, and did not hear of him again until 1870. He was in Junction City, Kansas, that summer, next he was in Abilene, Kan., then Dodge City, Kan., Denver, Colorado, Cheyenne, Wyoming and Deadwood, South Dakota.

If Jim ever killed more than one more outright, I would like to have the evidence, and not fiction.

My father was no killer, horse thief, desperado nor anything of the kind. We trace the family back to 1770 and there have never been any of our ancestors found hanging on a limb, so far.

This is written at the age of 76 years by

WILLIAM M. McCANDLES.

3343 Bellefontaine Ave.,

Kansas City, Mo.

Jefferson Davis' Ships of the Desert

By Mr. Lee Harlan and Miss Louise Ward, Students in Texas History Class, Baylor University.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Camp Verde, the old camel post, is located twelve miles north of Bandera, Texas. Nothing remains of the old post except one of the old barracks buildings, which was used as officers' quarters, and is now occupied as a dwelling by Col. W. H. Bonnell, who owns the property. Living in Bandera county are many old people who remember seeing these camels on the range and being driven through the country. Mr. J. W. Walker, of this county, was a care-taker at Camp Verde, during the Civil War period, and has in his possession a bell worn by the leader of the herd.



IN HIS ANNUAL REPORT of the Secretary of War Davis recommended that in addition to the railroad which was projected to connect the east and west, a sufficient number of dromedaries be introduced for the purpose of mounting troops in the trans-desert trips.

In the annual report for 1856, four years later, he notes the arrival of thirty-two camels and their acclimation in Texas. The report further states: "The very intelligent officer who was sent abroad to procure them, and who has remained in charge of them, expresses entire confidence both of their great value for purposes of transportation and of their adaptation to the climate of a large portion of the United States."

Experiences in the Mexican War taught U. S. officials many lessons. The isolation of the Pacific settlements early called attention to the fact that some method of communication was necessary. Several young officers came to be of the belief that the camel would be the best (temporary at least) form. Among these was Jefferson

Davis. Reasons given for such beliefs are as follows:

1. Camel travel faster than horse.
2. Carry heavy loads over rough ground.
3. Go without water for days and live on poorest forage.
4. Endure extremes of heat and cold.
5. Climate of the western regions of the U. S. similar to that of countries where the camel was in use.
6. Camels were used in America before:
 - (a) In Cuba and South America for transportation from mines to coast; Unsuccessful.
 - (b). Some camels were brought to Virginia in 1701. Nothing further is known of them.
 - (c). Imported into Jamaica by British. Chiggers infested their feet and rendered them unsuccessful.

Major George Hampton Crossman suggested their use first in army during Seminole War. The difficulty in transporting supplies in Florida was the occasion. Crossman studied the subject and twenty years later was considered the authority.

Major Henry Wayne of Georgia was another young veteran of the Mexican War who suggested the use of camels by the government. Together with Davis, then Senator from Mississippi, he made an exhaustive study of the camel, especially of his adaptability to Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, as well as California.

In 1848 Wayne formally recommended to the War Department that camels be imported for experimental purposes. Davis, then on the Committee of Military Affairs, undertook to get an appropriation.

In March, 1851, he proposed to insert an amendment to the army appropriations bill providing for \$30,000 for the purpose of buying fifty camels, bringing ten Arabs and pay-incident expenses. He supported the measure with a speech, reviewing the

history of the camel as a beast of burden and explaining the need for the animal in the west. He showed how they were suited to that region. Dromedaries, swift camels, were to be used to mount cavalry and carry small cannon. Senator Ewing objected that the climate of the west would be too cold. Davis showed that parts of Asia were colder. Senator Rantoul objected to the measure as extravagant. Others called it ludicrous. The amendment was not added.

A year later, Davis having returned to Mississippi, Bissel of Illinois introduced a bill providing \$20,000 for the project. It is known that Davis was the originator of this bit of legislation. The house passed the bill but it died in the Senate.

The public was now interested, and suggestions poured in to the authorities.

1. John Russell Bartlett, author and ethnologist, who worked on the Southwest boundary from 1850 to 1853, recommended the camel.

2. George Robbins Gliddon, Egyptian archaeologist, who had lived in Egypt twenty years, wrote a memorial to Congress declaring the project feasible.

3. George Perkins Ward, philologist and diplomat, who lived in the Levant and knew camels, delivered a lecture before the Smithsonian Institute in 1854, and wrote a little book published in 1856, entitled "The Camel, His Organization, Habits, and Use, Considered with Reference to His Introduction Into the United States."

4. The American Camel Company was organized in New York due to public interest. Its purpose was the introduction of camels in the Southwest. This company landed one shipload in Texas, but nothing further is known of its activities.

Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War in 1853. He took up the camel question at once. Major Wayne, Lieut. Belle, and Captain Adams of the Yuma post were asked to prepare information with reference to the use of camels on the Western deserts. At the end of the year 1853 Davis strongly recommended the experiment to Congress. The portion of his report dealing with the question was quite detailed. He emphasized:

1. The extent of the newly-acquired territory.
2. The lack of navigable streams and good roads.
3. The absence of grass and water.
4. The only routes were long and circuitous.
5. Oxen, mules and horses were slow.
6. Cost of transportation in these regions for one year was nearly \$500,000.
7. Indians could attack and slip away into the desert because of lack of means for swift pursuit.
8. The Pacific coast, 120 days distant, needed adequate connection with the rest of the United States by swifter and better facilities.

Congress refused the appropriation, but

in 1854 Davis again made his request. The army bill made no such provision, but Senator Shields of Illinois, together with some western representatives, succeeded in getting a grant of \$30,000. The bill was passed March 3, 1855. Davis was at once at work on the project. The animals were to be secured only in the Levant. Major Crossman was offered the commission, but he declined, and the appointment was given to Wayne and David D. Porter, a lieutenant in the Navy. Wayne went to England and France for further information. Porter was to follow him with the storeship, "Supply" and meet him at Spezzia. Davis furnished Wayne with all that he knew.

At the Zoological Garden in England Wayne was convinced that camels could be used in the U. S. In Paris he consulted officers who had used camels in Algeria. Data secured here convinced him that the Asiatic camel was more suitable than the African. He adopted this classification:

1. Bactrian: Two-humped, large.
2. Arabian: One-humped, burden.
3. Dromedary: Swift Arabian, not a burden animal.

Lieut. Porter inspected a herd of camels belonging to the Duke of Tuscany at Pisa. They were of Egyptian stock, and had been used in Italy for two hundred years. Two hundred and fifty of them did the work of a thousand horses. Some of them carried 1,200 pounds at a load.

At Spezzia it was decided to secure a camel at once for study. The "Supply" proceeded to Tunis, where Mohammed Bey presented them with two camels. These were hoisted aboard, and two men began to study the camel in earnest. The "Supply" proceeded to the Asiatic coast at Smyrna. They found five burden camels, but there were no dromedaries, which they especially wanted for defense against the Indians. No dromedaries could be had at Salonica. All of this type had been secured for use in the Crimean War. A projected trip into Persia had to be abandoned because all roads were closed due to the war. At Constantinople circulars were sent out asking for information. The Bactrian they learned was of little use; the single-humped animal was the one favored. English officers who used the camel in India praised the camel highly. Some 3,000 were in use in the Crimean War.

At Constantinople there were no camels available. The Sultan sent into the interior for a supply.

Wayne and Porter proceeded to Egypt. The former went to Cairo for permission to export the number of camels wanted. Porter remained at Alexandria. By this time he had become a camel enthusiast. He studied the animal continually and made a report to Davis. In the report he stated: "I hope to see the day when every Southern plantation will be using the camel extensively."

Wayne and Porter soon became expert

camel traders. At first useless animals were palmed off on them, but not for long. They became able to distinguish good from bad. Two worthless animals were sold to a Constantinople butcher for \$44.00.

At first the Egyptian authorities would permit the exporting of only two camels. The number was increased to four on protest and later to five. Disgusted, Wayne was about to leave, when the viceroy presented six. They proved to be worthless, and Wayne declared the gift an insult to the United States. Six fine camels were immediately produced. Nine camels were loaded on board by a specially constructed car, and the animals were placed on a "camel deck" built for the purpose.

In the meantime G. H. Heap had secured a number of camels at Smyrna, together with accessories, supplies, and care-takers. On February 13, 1856, the "Supply" set sail for the United States with thirty-seven camels:

- Nine dromedaries.
- Twenty-seven Arabian burden camels.
- One young Arabian.
- Two Bactrian camels.
- One cross breed.
- Four others.

Wayne spent his time on the return voyage in translating various works on the camel. Porter, now a fanatic on camels, kept a field journal of the camel deck. During the voyage six calves were born. In rough weather the camels had to be strapped to the deck. At Jamaica, where they put in, 4,000 visitors viewed the cargo in one day.

The "Supply" touched at Balize, Mississippi, and the cargo was transferred to the "Fashion." On May 14, 1856, the camels were landed, to their evident joy, at Powder Point. The "Supply" sailed back to the Mediterranean for a new cargo of 44 camels, and again started for home on November 16th. Of the number secured thirty-seven were Arabian females, three were Bactrians, three were Arabian males, and one was a cross-bred female. Due to the exceedingly rough voyage of eighty-eight days only forty-one arrived in good condition.

Wayne immediately made public tests of the camel's capacity. One of the creatures rose and walked indifferently away with a load of 1,256 pounds. A poet celebrated the camel in the *Indianola Bulletin*. Miss Mary A. Shirkey of Victoria sent a pair of camel hair socks to President Pierce.

The camels to the number of seventy were marched by easy stages to San Antonio the latter part of May. These were taken to Val Verde and to Camp Verde in September. In the trips to San Antonio six camels did the work of twelve horses in half the time.

The camels proved their ability to carry loads where wagons were impractical. At fords and slippery slopes they experienced difficulty, but this obstacle was overcome when they became accustomed to wading

water. Davis called the camels a success at the end of 1856.

John B. Boyd succeeded Davis in 1857, and Wayne, transferred to Washington, was succeeded by Capt. J. N. Palmer. For his work Wayne received a medal. Floyd recommended the purchase of 1,000 camels in December 1853, 1859, and 1860, but his recommendation was disregarded.

After 1857 a few camels were sent to posts at El Paso and Bowie. Army hostlers and their legitimate charges hated the intruders and rivals. Sometimes the hostlers allowed their new charges to escape in order to be rid of them. Before the Civil War several successful experiments with the camel were made. Lieut. Edward F. Beale set out in September of 1857 to build roads. He reported the camels highly useful and that they even learned to swim. Beale had twenty camels under his care from 1857 to 1861. Major D. H. Vinton used twenty-four in 1859 in his surveying work. Lieut. Edward L. Hartz was in charge of the main herd. He declared his charges superior to mules, though not so sure-footed. Difficulty was experienced in keeping the packs in place because of inexperienced handlers.

In 1859 Mrs. Watson, living near Houston, purchased two cargoes and hired care-takers. F. R. Lubbock, later governor, was in charge of them. Lubbock later declared that their only fault was the sensation they created. Ten camels were imported into New York in 1857. Two survived and were taken to Nevada. In 1875, the Nevada herd numbered ninety-five. In 1861 a western company imported twenty for hauling wood and supplies for mines.

When the Civil War began the camels were scattered. Quite a number were at Camp Verde. Beale had twenty-eight in California. The others were scattered about in Texas. In 1863 the Federal government considered using the camels which remained in its hands to carry mail between New Mexico and California. Postal officials objected. Until 1861 the camels at Camp Verde were constantly in use, and the ungainly animals were a familiar sight between San Antonio and the Gulf. Because horses disliked them they were a nuisance. Brownsville forbade them in its streets by public ordinance.

All the camels in Texas fell into the hands of the Confederacy when the Civil War broke out. They were allowed to forage for themselves. A few wandered away. Federal troops found three of them in Arkansas and auctioned them off in Iowa. Others went to Mexico. A few were used to convey the Confederate mails. When the war ended sixty-six remained at Camp Verde. Bids were asked and only three were received, of \$5.00, \$10.00, and \$31.00 per head. On March 8, 1866, Colonel Bethel Coopwood became the successful bidder. He carried the animals to Mexico to use in circuses.

Strays were heard from occasionally.

They ravaged fields and frightened horses. Soldiers frequently ran across them in the seventies. In July, 1875, a wild herd was sighted near Oatman's Flat, on the Gila River. One of the government camels was in a park in Mexico City only a few years ago.

The Civil War caused the abandonment of the camel experiment just when it was beginning to turn out well. It could still be used to advantage in some districts of the west. Railroads and automobiles now offer too great competition to make the use of camels really practical except in certain localities. Even in the Levant and in the Sahara the caterpillar tractor is supplanting the ship of the desert.

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Preston R. Rose Papers

Another installment of the plantation papers of Preston R. Rose, one of the early day cattle raisers in Texas, has been presented to the University of Texas library. These papers, numbering between 150 and 200 and consisting chiefly of data relative to the marketing of products from Mr. Rose's Victoria County plantation, were given to the University by Mrs. Elizabeth Rose Austin and Mrs. Dorothy Austin Watts of Donna, daughter and granddaughter of Preston Rose.

Other small units of Preston Rose's papers have been presented to the University by Mrs. Margaret Austin Redfield of Dallas and Miss Fannie Ratchford of Austin, also granddaughters of Rose.

Preston Rose opened one of the earliest plantations in Victoria County, going there in 1846 and buying large holdings. Included in his holdings was what is known as the John Linn tract. This tract was the original grant to John Linn from the Em-

presario de Leon. The plantation was located south of Victoria on the Guadalupe River on the Victoria-Indianola Road. The latter was known, however, at that time as Powder Horn. Rose owned more than 100 slaves who worked the plantation. A part of his land consisted of a large pasture, containing about 15,000 acres, which was fenced with plank. This is said to have been the first fenced pasture in Texas and fencing was not generally practiced in the coast country until in 1872.

The pasture was stocked with fine Durham cattle and horses imported by Rose from Kentucky and he was the first man in the state to attempt to improve the native longhorn cattle. Rose's brand, the "Seven A" was known throughout his section of the state and it was selected as one of the thirty-two widely known "trade-marks" of the Texas range which were used in the decoration of Garrison Hall, classroom building at the University of Texas.

Preston Rose died on the eve of the Civil War and his plantation was wrecked, the plank fences torn down and used to build shelters for Federal troops, the fine Durham cattle were used to provision the soldiers and all that was left was Buena Vista, the plantation homestead. The old house and Preston Rose's grave are all that remain of the once flourishing plantation.

Along with Preston Rose's papers, there has also been presented to the University of Texas library a collection of the papers of his brother, Judge John Washington Rose, who came to Victoria at the same early date and opened a plantation about nine miles north of Victoria in the Mission Valley. These papers are of similar interest to those described above. Included with Judge Rose's papers are manuscripts and papers of his son, Victor M. Rose, who wrote the "History of Victoria County" and "The History of Ross's Brigade" and numerous other pamphlets and several volumes of poems.

These latter papers were presented to the University by granddaughters of John Rose. They are Mrs. John Warburton and Mrs. Thomas O'Connor of Victoria. From Mrs. O'Connor and Mrs. Warburton have also been received some valuable diaries of their father, Overton Stoner. These diaries were kept over a number of years and are chronicles of the weather, farming and ranching conditions in Victoria County.

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Was a Texas Ranger Fifty Years Ago

Mr Wm P Hughes, publisher of the Northport News, Northport, Washington, writes: "In the Menard Messenger sent me by my brother, Captain John R. Hughes of El Paso, I see that your magazine is devoted to early life in Texas; therefore I enclose money for which I would like a copy containing the write-up of the Ranger convention, if you have one left and place me on your subscription list. I served as a private in Lieut. Reynolds' Co. E, fifty years ago, joining in Austin September 1, 1877. I was only a kid, having spent the night of my 20th birthday patrolling the corridors of the old State Capitol building, it being understood there was danger of robbery of valuable papers in the Attorney General's office. I was one of the Rangers who was on guard in delivering the famous desperado, John Wesley Hardin, from Austin to Comanche Springs, although I was assigned to other duties when we arrived at Lampassas Springs. The boys in those days were full of fun and played jokes on new recruits, so I got mine as follows: I was using a carbine of old vintage, but at the instance of big Bill McDonald, Sergeant McGee and others, I was urged to go to the tent of the commander, Major John

B. Jones, and ask for one of the new guns to be given out, and they made it plain to me that I should ask for a Gatling. If I had taken a thought I would have known what a Gatling gun was, but I did not, so I marched up to the Major and informed him that I had come for my Gatling gun. He smiled and said that he did not think my horse was able to bear the weight of one. I promptly answered that I had one of the best horses in the company and could carry anything any other Ranger could carry. Then all of the other Rangers, who were in hearing distance, yelled with laughter, and the light at once came to me that it was a joke. Thereafter I was never called anything but 'Gatling.' I was in the service only three months, however, when a reduction of the force was called for, and I being so young and inexperienced, received my honorable discharge at Camp Bear Creek, November 30, 1877. I regretted it, as I liked the service and all the boys, and have such a kindly feeling for them and the good old Lone Star State that I always like to hear about them." I have many relatives there, especially in Austin, and hope to make a trip there some time, and possibly end my days there."



GATEWAY TO SAN SABA MISSION

The San Saba Mission, built in 1756, on San Saba river, one mile above present town of Menard, is now only a mass of ruins. The photo above shows entrance as it appears today.

John Joyce Was a Pioneer

By Homer Shanks, Clyde, Texas.



ONE OF THE most noteworthy pioneers of West Texas is John D. Joyce of Clyde. He was one of the eight children born to Henry Joyce of Georgia, who married Sarah Posey of South Carolina. John D. was born July 12, 1844, and moved, with his parents to McKinney, Collin County, Texas, in 1849, joining the Confederate army in 1862. He went through the war and moved to Parker County in 1870, where he married Sarah Abigail Strain in November, 1867. They had nine children, seven of whom are now living, being James Henry Joyce and J. Worth Joyce of Clyde; Mrs. Inez Lilly, Amarillo; Mrs. Annie Smotherman, Houston; Mrs. Alto Dunigan, Grimes, Okla., Mrs. Alva May Holland, Clyde, and Mrs. Mary Porch, Delhi, Okla.

During all of his life after the Civil War, until he was compelled to quit on account of his age, Joyce was a farmer. He became a Mason at Weatherford in 1869.

When he returned from the war after three years' service, Joyce found his home had been devastated and moved to Parker County, 12 miles southwest of Weatherford, in 1867, where Indians were plentiful and who made raids nearly every "light moon," stealing horses and proving a menace to white settlers.

On one occasion his mother and youngest brother narrowly escaped capture by the Indians while on the road to a neighbor's house for protection, while the men were away on business.

On another occasion his uncle, Henry Maxwell, and his brother came upon four Indians in the Parker County section. An Indian shot a poisoned arrow through the chest of Maxwell, from which wound he died that night, but the brother escaped.

The settlers all went to Weatherford to mill the same day, and returned the following day so as to have numbers to defend themselves against Indian attacks which occurred frequently for 10 years after Joyce moved to Parker County.

Joyce tells interesting stories of how the little settlement in the timber lands along the Brazos River attended the church services, where the preachers came armed with guns and pistols for protection against the Indian. They would lay the weapons on the table during the services which, he says, were long and impressive, even though there were only a dozen present.

"In those days," Joyce says, "no man lived to himself because the constant dangers of pioneer life taught us the importance and necessity of co-operation."

In company with D. M. Stuart, formerly of Strawn, who died at Clyde a few years ago, Joyce assisted in driving a herd of 1,800 cattle belonging to Wiley Johnson, Nathan Blackwell and John Henderson from

Palo Pinto County through the wild unsettled country to Trinidad, Colo., where they were sold to Charley Goodnight, who has since become a noted character in the ranch world, but who was then a young man just starting out on his career.

After leaving Palo Pinto County they traveled 500 miles before seeing any inhabited place except Fort Chadbourne, south of Sweetwater, where some United States soldiers were stationed, it being a part of a line of forts protecting settlements against the Indians, other forts being Fort Concho, now San Angelo, Fort Colorado, Fort Griffin and Fort Belknap.

At one point west of Fort Concho, the party of 12 men in charge of the cattle was threatened by about 25 Indians mounted on ponies armed with carbines. The cattle were herded into a horseshoe bend in a creek and carefully guarded night and day from the Indians, who could be seen at intervals circling the herd, until U. S. soldiers, scouting the country, were told of the danger, whereupon they drove the Indians away.

After reaching the Plains, Joyce and his party drove the herd for four days and nights without water, finally getting water at Horsehead on the Pecos.

Leaving the army after the close of the war, Joyce lived in Parker County 16 years, then moved to Comanche County in 1882, living there until 1900, when he moved to Brown County, living there until 1906, and then to Tom Green County near San Angelo, where he lived till 1912.

Then Joyce moved to Sayre, Okla., where he acquired a 320-acre farm which he still owns, but in 1923 he and his family got the Texas fever and moved to Cross Plains, where they remained until the oil boom. It was then that he moved to Clyde.

Mr. W. G. Grady, Indian Creek, Texas writes: "I met you at Menard, and was much pleased with your appearance and glad to meet a man who takes such an interest in Texas early days, and above all, the beloved Texas Rangers who followed the Comanche trails at the dead hours of midnight and just before day stop for a few hours rest. What did they have for a bed? A wet saddle blanket, and a saddle for a pillow, and covered with the bright moon and stars above. Worn out for rest and sleepy, but couldn't sleep for the distant howl of some wolf, or the hoot of an owl in some distant tree, and sometimes it turned out to be the Comanches making the noise. Now the dear old Rangers are getting the praise of all good people for making our good old Texas a place in which we can live in peace. I love them all."

An Indian Route Across the South Plains

By V. O. Key, Jr.

SINCE WHITE MEN first traveled across the Staked Plains and encountered such great hardship, it has been somewhat of a puzzle as to just how the Plains Indians succeeded in making their homes on this dry rolling plateau, and completing long journeys across it with comparative ease. It was impossible for the savage to carry a large water supply on his hurried trips, yet he was not a victim of the mirages that created false hope in the minds of the thirst stricken white wanderer.

Coronado, the noted Spanish explorer, is thought to have made an expedition across the plains of West Texas on one occasion and his writings bear witness to the difficulties met by him. This region became known as the Llano Estacado, the Staked Plains, after some Spanish churchmen from the San Saba mission marked a course across the waterless area by setting stakes along their route.

Members of the memorable expedition that set out from Austin under the auspices of the Republic of Texas for Santa Fe to negotiate commercial agreements and with eventual annexation in view were almost starved for water when the Mexican officials took them in charge. Other explorers had great difficulty in crossing the Llano Estacado, and about the only persons who accomplished the trip with consistency were Mexican cattle rustlers, horse thieves, and the Indians.

The problem was water. The practical route had to have water supplies located at convenient intervals. The route across the North Plains leading westward from the Canadian River, is well known, but there was a course far to the south which is almost unheard of, according to R. W. Pittman, of Seminole, Texas, who is county judge of Gaines County, and one of the early settlers in that country.

This route ascended the cap rock almost directly west of Snyder, made one camp at Cedar Lake in Gaines County, another at the Seminole Well, with the next stop at Monument Springs in New Mexico. The following day the Indian party would arrive on the banks of the Pecos River. A glance at your map will show that this is almost an airline route with watering places at nearly equidistant intervals.

Water can always be obtained in the "breaks" country along the headwaters of the Colorado and the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River. Tobacco Creek in Dawson County, a part of the Colorado system, is about the farthest west that water is found the year round. From this creek to the western edge of the Staked Plains it is about 200 miles. It is said that Indian parties could make this trip and on to the Pecos in four days.

The first stop after ascending the cap rock was Cedar Lake in the eastern edge of Gaines County, which is an alkali lake covering about seven thousand five hundred acres or twelve square miles. In the early days there was a fresh water spring on the shore that furnished water for the redskins. Large numbers of Indian relics have been found there, which indicates that the savages camped there at least intermittently over a long period of time.

Local tradition says that Quanah Parker, the son of Cynthia Ann Parker, and later the illustrious chief of the Comanches, was born at this camp at Cedar Lake. Cynthia Ann Parker, it is remembered, was a white woman who was kidnapped when a very small child by the Comanches. She later became the wife of the chief of the tribe.

From the first water station, it was only about thirty miles to the Seminole Well, which was in a draw near the present city of Seminole. This well, which taps an underground stream, is still in use, being pumped by a windmill. It is about eight feet deep. The local belief is that the well was dug by the Seminole Indians. Stone implements, including domestic instruments, weapons and other flint work is found in profusion about the well which at least makes it probable that some tribe dug the well. Next day's travel carried the warriors to Monument Springs in what is now New Mexico, and the following dusk would find them on the Pecos River. In another day they could be safe from pursuit in the Sacramento Mountains on further west.

Three tribes are supposed to have used this route. The Seminoles having dug the well were the first to make its use practicable. When the Comanches began their celebrated "moonlight raids" this route of retreat was available. Later the Mescalero Apaches, the last of the warring tribes on the Texas frontier, under their famed chieftain, Geronimo, raided the pioneer ranch settlements on the plains country, and fled to the New Mexico mountains for safety over a country through which the whites were reluctant to pursue.

J. Walter Fewkes, Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, says that the band of Indians that are thought by local tradition to have dug the Seminole Well were in reality not of the Seminole tribe. "They are sometimes referred to as the Black Seminoles from which circumstance it seems possible that they are really Seminole freedmen," he declared. "In any case the Seminoles came into Texas in very late times and probably had little to do with the trail system and wells in the vicinity," he continued. Then, it is probable that the wells were dug by some other tribe than the so-called Seminoles.

The last redmen to use this route, pion-

eer ranchers say, passed over it in the early "eighties." Now an automobile high-

way traverses practically the same route that the Plains Indians followed.

Captain Charles Schreiner, Pioneer



CAPTAIN CHARLES SCHREINER, who died at his home in Kerrville, Texas, February 9, 1927, was one of the outstanding frontier characters of the Southwest, and contributed more than any one man to the development of the region in which he lived for so many years. Captain Schreiner was born in Alsace Lorraine, France, February 22, 1838, and came to the San Antonio region in 1852. At that time San Antonio was little more than a village, and the surrounding country a wilderness, infested with wild beasts and wild men. Captain Schreiner, with keen vision, foresaw wonderful opportunities for the man with grit and determination, and although he was then but a lad in his teens he started out with the determination to carve out a career for himself that would place him in the ranks of the prominent financiers and business men of the state. In 1859 he entered the stock business on Turtle Creek, Kern county, in a small way, gradually building his herds, acquiring land holdings, and thus expanding his interests as the years passed by. Ten years later, in 1869, he engaged in the banking and general mercantile business at Kerrville, which business has continued to this good time.

In the establishment of a bank and store at Kerrville at that early date Captain Schreiner placed himself in a position to assist the pioneers of that section and thus help in the development of that favored region. He was heartily in accord with any project that was for the good of the community he had chosen for his field of operations, and with the keenest of business ability he permitted no opportunity to slip that would aid in its development. The result was that in the course of time he became identified with several industrial projects, chiefly cattle and sheep raising, and was also engaged in the mercantile and banking business at Junction and Rocksprings, as well as having connections with banking and mercantile concerns in San Antonio, and holding stock in several railroad companies, gradually building a fortune that made him several times a millionaire. Despite the burden of years Captain Schreiner gave active attention to his banking, mercantile and live stock interests until 1918, when he transferred the bulk of his property to his children.

At the age of sixteen years Captain Schreiner entered the Ranger service, serving in Captain Henry's, Captain Sansom's and Captain McFadden's companies, during 1854 to 1859. When the Civil War came on he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served for four years.

For many years he was in partnership

with John T. Lytle in the cattle business and the firm drove more than 150,000 cattle up the trail to northern markets.

Today the name of Charles Schreiner is linked with the making of West Texas, for he was the moving, building spirit that made things possible for that region. The town of Kerrville stands as a monument to his genius, and the substantial business and public buildings, schools, colleges, and pretty homes in that thriving metropolis lend evidence to the fact that "he builded better than he knew." For seventy-five years he was a citizen of Texas, and when he passed away at the ripe age of eighty-nine years, he left thousands of friends throughout the state to mourn his departure.

The drawing of Captain Schreiner, which appears on the front cover of *Frontier Times* this month, was made by Warren Hunter, of Harper, Texas.

The West Texas Historical Association.

We are in receipt of the Year Book, Volume III, of the West Texas Historical Association, which is just off the press. It contains much valuable historical matter, and should be in the hands of every student of Texas history. We strongly urge every teacher and every person interested in the preservation of the history of our State, to become a member of the West Texas Historical Association, the annual dues of which are only three dollars, and all members of the Society receive the Year Book free, as well as such other publications issued by the Association. Dr. C. C. Rister, Dr. Rupert N. Richardson, of Abilene, and Judge R. C. Crane of Sweetwater are giving their time to the affairs of the organization, and no officer receives a salary. We attended the meeting at Stamford last April, and we were greatly impressed with the work that is being done by the West Texas Historical Association, so much so that we do not intend to miss a meeting in the future. Send three dollars to the Secretary, Dr. C. C. Rister, at Abilene, Texas, and have your name enrolled as a member, and you will receive a copy of the Year Book, which, alone, is worth the membership fee.

Anyone knowing of the Ranger service of Baldwin P. Lee is kindly requested to communicate with his widow, Mrs. Emma L. Lee, 303 Carolina Street, San Antonio, Texas. Mr. Lee served in Captain Lawrence's company, Coryell county, and also in Captain Gillentine's company in the battle of Dove Creek. Any information regarding his service will be appreciated by Mrs. Lee, who is seeking a pension.

Boys Fight Indians in Llano County

Mary Malisa Haynes, San Antonio, Texas



AS I REMEMBER this was in the year 1866. My parents lived on Pecan Creek, Llano County, Texas at that time. The boys who were in that first fight were my brother, Montgomery Wright (Gum) Phillips, John and Sanford (Sant) Backeus, Ralph Haynes, Jonn and Sam Reams, Ben Gibson, Deve Harrington and Ezra Phelin, all young boys in their teens. I remember when they all started out as Indian scouts looking for "Heep Big Indians." All stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Richards for dinner, and while there they told their host and hostess what they had started out to do. Mrs. Richards teased them and told them they were a pretty set of youngsters—self styled Indian scouts. She told them she imagined they would all run if they saw an Indian; however before they left she promised them if any one of them killed an Indian or got in a fight with any to come back and she would give the whole company of them the finest dinner that could possibly be gotten up with an all night dance to follow. They accepted her promise and with that they started out with renewed confidence. The Richards home was a big log house at what was then called Lairmore Springs. This was not far from another landmark, the large two-story house known as the Joe Smith place. After leaving here the boys traveled some distance, when they came to what is known as Round Mountain. One of the boys suggested they go on top of that mountain and see if they could get sight of anything from there. The mountain was covered with a growth of shin-oak bushes of considerable height. As they neared the top they could see it was bare ground, which turned out to be an open camp ground, and as they reached this they all rode up together and to their utter astonishment they beheld what they were looking for "Heep Big Indians," all sound asleep taking a mid-day siesta, with all of their horses staked or tied close by. With an awful yell (it was afterwards decided my brother gave the biggest yell) they charged, pulling their guns and pistols. Each boy picked him an Indian. As it happened, my brother, Gum Phillips, and Ben Gibson got after the same Indian. This Indian was riding on a folded wagon sheet in the running fight down the mountain. The sheet unfolded and was dragging on the ground. Ben Gibson was on his horse, "Paddy," which was the prettiest and fastest runner in the bunch, and was right on this Indian when Paddy stepped on the wagon sheet, nearly dismounting the Indian rider, but frightening Ben's horse so he shied to one side. At that moment my brother had gained ground and ran up between them, and as quick as a

flash my brother had his pistol up against the Indian's head. At the same time the Indian jerked open her blanket baring her breast, and saying: "Me Squaw." But with an oath he said, "What do I care?" so "Me Squaw" went to a happy hunting ground which was all said and done in the twinkling of an eye. Gum's pistol just naturally went off. "Me Squaw" had no



"Gum" Phillips

effect when they killed and scalped our people; if anything our women were the most horribly treated.

After Brother had killed his Indian he looked and saw Deve Harrington, who was on a fine fast horse, in hot pursuit after his Indian. This Indian had a companion who stayed right by his side. Brother joined Deve in this chase and persuaded Deve to change horses with him. In doing this he gained close range on the larger Indian, who shot my brother's pistol out of his hand. This gave the Indian courage and he gave a mighty triumphant yell, but Brother's yell came back like an echo, for no sooner had the Indian shot the pistol from his hand than he drew from his hip another. This gave Mr. Indian a cue to move up, which he lost no time in doing.

All during this running fight the larger Indian would whip his horse on one side, then the other, with terrible blows, coaxing and instructing the smaller Indian to do the same.

They had chased these Indians about twelve miles when Brother's horse gave completely out, and as it was getting late,

they gave up the chase. They had spent most half of the day in this chase and was about dark when they reached the starting point on top of the mountain. All the other boys were there safe and sound, each one helping himself to the spoils of the Indian camp. Ralph Haynes was dancing around and with other things he had on a beautiful silver belt made of hammered silver dollars. One of the dollars had a twisted hole in the edge from a bullet. The silver belt had been taken off the squaw Brother Gum killed, and it was promptly turned over to him as his trophy. Also the wagon sheet she was riding on. I remember my mother had that wagon sheet washed and she used it as a covering over the bed slats of one of our beds.

The boys divided all the spoils, getting Indian blankets, ropes, bridles, saddles, and even full Indian regalia, with many other things. That night, when my brother arrived home, he threw all the trophies he had down in the yard. I remember his favorite dog barked over those things all night.

"Ezra Phelin killed the Indian chief in this fight and it was thought my brother, Gum Phillips, or Dave Harrington must have killed one of the two they were after, from the signs of what was found some time after. It was thought the smaller Indian who rode so close to the other one in the chase must have been a squaw or more apt to have been a young boy.

The boys were advised to report this fight in person, with their trophies, to the Governor of Texas. They did this, my brother taking his money belt and all of the boys took some of the spoils of the fight. When these were brought before the Governor, he praised them very much for their brave daring for boys so young. The Legislature was in session and they voted to present each boy with one of the latest model 44 Winchester guns. As the Governor presented these to the boys they all felt very proud and well paid for this service to their state.

Some of these trophies were left in Austin. I have been told that they may have been lost when the old capitol was burned.

The next morning after the fight Amos (Ame) Hardin, my brother-in-law, and his son, Liman, rode up to the ranch and on seeing the things in the yard Liman let out a yell, "My God! Gum has killed an Indian." We all jumped up, and everybody, all the negroes and all the dogs packed up and went to see the happy hunting ground and to see the dead Indians, after which the boys called on Mrs. Richards to claim the reward. Of course no one was more surprised than she. She was expecting the stork any day and when she made the boys the promise she had no idea she would be called on so soon to pay the reward. Mr. Richards got the boys off to one side and with a few words of explanation all agreed to be satisfied with the dinner, leaving off the all night dance that was to follow.

The big dinner came off, and all the families were special invited guests. I remember sitting by Mrs. Charles Haynes, mother of Ralph, who was in this fight. Mrs. Haynes was a step-mother to John James Haynes, who became my husband some four years after this.

One other thing I remember about that dinner was the delicious boiled custard covered with heavy icing and served in pretty glasses. I was about fourteen years old, but very small to my age. It may be



Ralph Haynes

remembered by some that eggs were a luxury in those days. Chickens were almost out of the question on account of the numerous varmints. Wire fences were unheard of. As to meat, we had plenty of wild turkeys and game of all kinds to eat.

I am sending the pictures of my brother Montgomery Wright (Gum) Phillips and Ralph Haynes, two boys who were in this fight. The descendants of these men are scattered all over the United States. Ralph Haynes, a name-sake and grand child of the writer of this story has just graduated from the Los Angeles, California, High School, with honors, winning a four years' scholarship in the University of Iowa. Willie Haynes Shirley, another descendant lives in Washington, D. C.

If you can use this I am going to write again soon and tell you more of what I remember of Ben Gibson and his horse Paddy being in another Indian fight.

Bill Wooten, our old Llano county friend and neighbor who writes from Aravaipa,

Ariz. I enjoyed your story in the July Magazine very much. Come again Bill.

When my husband and I started out on life's journey together he bought the Wooten home in Backbone Valley, Burnet county, Texas, and it was there where all our four children (girls) were born.

Since writing this story I have been told the old Bill Moss home, a substantial two-story rock house I spoke of in this story was destroyed in a cyclone last April and it is now being built as a one story home, and not so far away my father's (Ben Phillips) old two story rock home has been destroyed by fire, and so the old landmarks of early days, like their owners, are passing away.

In addition to this story of the Round Mountain fight Mrs. Ben Gibson who lives at present in Marble Falls, Burnet County Texas writes that her husband told her he and these boys dressed up in full Indian regalia, Ezra Phelin with the old Indian chief's full outfit on, and faces painted,

rode Indian style single file up Congress Avenue, Austin Texas. The women ran off the streets into houses screaming and fainting. Many on their porches ran in the house and locked the doors. Some of the Austin men did not act much better. By the time they had reached the Capitol they had the whole town aroused. The Legislature which was in session, the Governor and all the crowd met them at the Capitol steps. They did not turn over the keys to the city to visitors those days but I have already said how proud they were of the winchesters presented.

Near Austin some where they rode up to a negro school house. Those negroes did not stop to find the door. They went out the windows and even tore the planks from the walls, leaving the building almost a wreck. If those negroes were ever seen around there any more none of these boys ever heard anything about it. They were arrested or threatened arrest for some of their pranks.

Mother Mears of Menard



ONE OF THE PIONEER MOTHERS of Menard is Mrs. J. W. Mears, now in the eighties. Mrs. Mears is a sister to the Sieker brothers, Colonel Lamartine P. Sieker, and Captain Ed A. Sieker, noted Texas Rangers both deceased. With her husband, Mrs. Mears went to Menard in 1876 from Virginia, to join her brothers who were already established there, having drifted to Texas after the Civil War. Mrs. Mears was born in Baltimore City, Maryland, and was educated there and in New York. Being of a literary turn of mind she accepted a position as principal of the public school in Menard, which she taught for some time, finally resigning on account of her young children, and was succeeded by J. W. Hunter, father of the publisher of Frontier Times. Mrs. Mears often meets business men now who attended her school and who acknowledge they owe their fine penmanship to her instruction. She brought the first piano to Menard county, and taught music for some thirty years. During the time her husband, J. W. Mears was sheriff, and tax collector of Menard county, she prepared the rolls of the office, as his deputy, unassisted, and at the Comptroller's Office in Austin they were pronounced the very best that had ever been sent in up to that time.

When Mr. Mears was patrolling the town as sheriff, Mrs. Mears would apply herself to the correspondence of non-residents, issuing tax receipts and other work pertaining to the office duties, which frequently lasted until midnight.

The Sieker family has a long and interesting history, that for local interest dates back to their father, Dr. E. A. Sieker, who gave up a lucrative practice in

New York to become associated with the Wonder Hospital at Richmond, as surgeon.



Mrs. J. W. Mears.

Before the War was over he became associated with the Treasury Department, also in the First Auditor's office, where he assisted in settling up the debts and largest accounts of the Confederacy. He was

highly educated, being quite a linguist and speaking five different languages. He received his education at a military school at Cologne, on the Rhine. Miss Emma Sieker (Mrs. Mears), was also associated with the Treasury Department, and quite a volume of Confederate money and government bonds bore her signature. Mrs. Mears and her father were prisoners for some three weeks when Richmond fell, and when released they enjoyed the novelty of crossing the James river on a pontoon bridge, on their way to their mountain retreat home in the beautiful mountains of North Carolina, where the mother and small children were.

Mrs. Mears has two sons living in Menard, Ed L. Mears and Herbert H. Mears, and one daughter, Miss Annie Lou Mears. One of her sons, Wellington, but familiarly known to his friends as "Weck" Mears, died some years ago, just as he was entering upon vigorous manhood. Mrs. Mears is proud of their citizenship, and takes great pride in the fact that she can say what no one else can boast, that she had four brothers in the Texas Ranger service at one time, viz: L. P. Sieker, Edw. A. Sieker, Thomas Sieker, and Frank Sieker, the youngest, who lost his life in the service on the Rio Grande while on duty. She also has four grand children and one great grandchild. Her only sister, Mrs. F. B. West, is living in Virginia.

During the reunion of the Texas Ex-Rangers at Menard in July, Mrs. Mears was there each day to greet the old heroes of the frontier, and was very much interested in the movement to erect a monument to the men who did more to wrest this fair land from savagery than anybody else, and in speaking of the proposed monument, Mrs. Mears said:

"We place flowers upon the graves of our unknown soldiers. What are we going to do for our departed and living Rangers? They were known to all of us as a gallant, patriotic, self-sacrificing, brave body of men, who made it possible for us to lead the wonderfully peaceful lives we now enjoy, where once the savage made life a terror. Are they not to have a tribute of some kind to perpetuate their deeds of valor and heroism? Let the citizenship answer. I would love to see a monument of some kind placed in the beautiful park at Menard, as the activities of the Rangers centered mostly in Menard and surrounding counties. In a man's vernacular, I take off my hat to the Ex-Rangers of Texas, living or dead."

Texas and Southwestern Lore.

We are in receipt of the latest publication of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, "Texas and Southwestern Lore," edited by J. Frank Dobie. It is a handsomely bound volume of 260 pages, and contains the following: "Folk-Lore of the Texas-Mexican Vaquero," by Jovita Gonzales; "Tales and Rhymes of a Texas Household," by Bertha

McKee Dobie; "Lore of the Llano Estacado," by J. Evetts Haley; "Names in the Old Cheyenne and Arapahoe Territory," by Della I. Young; "Nicknames in Texas Oil Fields," by Hartman Dignowity; "The Devil's Grotto," by Mody C. Boatright; "Myths of the Texas Indians," by Mattie Austin Hatcher; "A Note on Four Negro Words," by Robert Adger Law; "Ballads and Songs of the Frontier Folk," by J. Frank Dobie; "Songs the Cowboys Sing," by John R. Craddock; "Songs of the Open Range," by Ina Fires; "The Texas Cowboy," by Arbie Moore; "Cowboy Songs Again," by J. Evetts Haley; "The Ballad of David Crockett," by Julia Beazley; "Annie Breen from Old Kaintuck," by George E. Hastings; "Songs and Ballads—Grave and Gay," by L. W. Payne, Jr.; "R. C. H.—When I Lay Dis Body Down;" "Proceedings of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, 1926."

The Texas Folk-Lore Society is doing a wonderful work in rescuing and preserving the legends and folk-lore of this state. J. Frank Dobie is to be congratulated upon the publications being issued by the Society. His work is splendid. The "Texas and Southwestern Lore," just issued, may be obtained for only \$2.50 postpaid. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Mr. G. G. Reeves, of Almagordo, New Mexico, sends us a splendid account of the scalping of Matilda Friend, in Llano county, Texas, and the murder and capture of others in Legion Valley. This story appears in this number of Frontier Times and will be read by hundreds of old timers who know the circumstances of this early day tragedy. Mr. Reeves is remembered by many of the old settlers of that portion of Texas. He writes us that he is now almost blind, and cannot see to read, but that his wife reads Frontier Times to him, and he enjoys it very much. In sending us the story of Matilda Friend, he sent her photograph, which was on glass, and was broken in the mail, so badly that it cannot be used. We hope there are other members of the family who can supply us with a picture of Mrs. Friend, which we would be glad to use in Frontier Times.

Mrs. W. L. Kingston, of Toyahvale, Texas, is a booster for Frontier Times, and never loses an opportunity to say a good word for the little magazine. Now and then she sends us a bunch of subscribers, too, all of which is greatly appreciated by us. Recently she sent in the subscriptions of Mrs. George Black, Comanche, Texas; Mrs. Perry Wagnan, Balmorhea, Texas, and J. M. Phillips, Fort Davis, Texas. By the way, Mrs. Kingston is a native of West Texas. She is the daughter of Mrs. Bridget Lee, who conducted a hotel at Fort McKavett during the early days, and was known throughout that region as Mother Lee.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

While the editor was attending the Trail Drivers' reunion at San Antonio October 6, 7, 8, quite a number of the old trail drivers came to us and said they had received bills for back due subscriptions to Frontier Times. Frontier Times does not send out bills for subscriptions, for the reason that we do not send this magazine for a time longer than it is paid for. There is or was a magazine published in San Antonio called the Pioneer, which many people have confused with Frontier Times, and these back due subscription bills were sent out by that publication, as we learned later. There is only one Frontier Times in the world and it is published at Bandera, Texas.

R. L. Senderling, 101 N. Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles, California, writes: "I have had a copy of your magazine handed me and I must say that I was very much interested in it. as I am an old cow-puncher and used to know every outfit of any size in Texas. I have punched cows from Texas to Montana, and will name some of the outfits that I have handled cattle for: JA, CP, KC, XIT, LS, Bar X, 8-8, Heart, and I could name many more. I drove 3,500 head of Bar X bought from Uncle Henry Stephens on the Platte river the spring of 1886 to Montana and turned them loose on Red River that fall, and we did not round up 250 head the next spring. I worked for the Phillip Land & Cattle Co. for nine years, the LV on the Big Duge river north of Miles City. I also worked for old Major Mayberry, the Heart outfit on Snake Creek in Nebraska, 1882, 1883 and 1884. I punched cows with a great many Texas boys and I certainly would like to know if any of them are alive, Billy Bell, Clate Crew, Cliff Crew, Rube Branch, especially. I am now 62 years old, and I must say that I feel that I am not much over 40. I still have my old 45 Colts that I bought in 1882, and I do not know of a gun that you can depend on or beats it. My nick-name was Spud."

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

The Trail Drivers' Reunion.

The thirteenth annual reunion of the Old Time Trail Drivers, the men who drove cattle from the Texas ranges to Kansas and other northern markets in the early days, was held at San Antonio, Texas, October 6, 7 and 8. Several hundred old time cowboys were in attendance and had a great time mixing with their old comrades of the range. One of the features on the entertainment program was an "Indian fight," staged at Garrett Field, in which about forty Indians from Fort Sill and fully as many Cowboys from Southwest Texas, participated and furnished all of the thrills and excitement of a real battle. All of the old officers of the association were re-elected, being Col. George W. Saunders, president; Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa, J. D. Jackson of Alpine, Ike T. Pryor of San Antonio, Mrs. Amanda Burk of Cotulla, William Atkinson of Gonzales, Mark Withers of Lockhart, and W. B. Slaughter of San Antonio, vice-presidents. Mr. Slaughter was chosen to succeed J. A. Miller of Bandera, deceased. R. F. Jennings of Laredo was re-elected secretary-treasurer. Chaplain J. Stuart Pearce of Harlingen was renamed to discharge religious duties of the association. William B. Krempkau, chosen sergeant-at-arms for life at a former meeting, acknowledged his retention with a brief talk.

Approximately \$28,000 in cash and pledges has been subscribed by private contributors in a campaign being conducted by the Old Trail Drivers' Memorial Association under the direction of Mrs. R. R. Russell of San Antonio. Steps were taken at the meeting to ask the Legislature for an appropriation to help build the \$100,000 monument. Senator Julius Real, who addressed the meeting in favor of the fund, and Representative P. L. Anderson will be asked to make the memorialization.

Judge Geo. W. Tyler Dead.

Judge George W. Tyler, well known pioneer and historian of Bell county, died at his home in Belton, Texas, October 11. As the first white child born in Bell County, Judge Tyler grew up as one of the early settlers of Central Texas. He had in preparation at the time of his passing away a history of Bell County and he had also assembled much data concerning the history of the grand lodge of Texas. He had served as a member and president of the Texas Historical Society and retired from membership of that body three years ago. Only last year he surrendered his membership on the board of University regents due to his failing in health. He was a member of the law firm of Tyler & Hubbard of Belton and his only surviving son, Wallace Tyler, is a member of the firm of Jones, Gill & Tyler of Houston. In addition to his son, Judge Tyler is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. J. B. Hubbard of Belton.

Our Advertising Rates.

Frontier Times offers the following rates to advertisers. One page, inside cover, one time, \$20.00. Outside back cover page, one time, \$25.00. Inside pages, one time, \$20.00. Half page, one time, \$10.00. Quarter page, one time, \$5.00. One inch, one time, \$1.25. Reading notices, five cents per word each insertion. Estimate 30 words to the inch on display advertising. Cash must accompany all orders for advertising.

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I have for sale a complete four volume set of Frontier Times, October, 1923, to September, 1927, inclusive. In good condition. Address X12, Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912. Of Frontier Times published monthly at Bandera, Texas for: October 1, 1927.

State of Texas
County of Bandera

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Frontier Times and that the following, is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411. Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas

Editor J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas
Managing Editor J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas

Business Manager, J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

J. M. HUNTER, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October 1927.

A. MEADOWS, Notary Public

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LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN, written by himself, published in 1896; Reprinted by Frontier Times in 1925. Edition limited. Tells the true story of this noted character. Paper cover, 62 pages. Original edition now sells for \$8.00 per copy. Our price, per copy, postpaid, only One Dollar.

AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF SAM BASS AND HIS GANG, printed in 1878; original edition very rare. Reprinted by Frontier Times in 1926. Gives the real history of this noted bandit, most of the facts being furnished by a member of his gang. Paper cover, 56 pages. We have only a very limited number of copies left. Our price, postpaid, One Dollar.

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THE BOY CAPTIVES, written by J. Marvin Hunter, will be ready for distribution October 1, 1927. This book of 200 pages gives the experiences of Clinton L. Smith, and Jefferson D. Smith, who were captives among the Comanche and Apache Indians for five years. Paper cover. Price \$2.00 per copy.

TEXAS SAD SOUTHWESTERN LORE, edited by J. Frank Dobie; published by the Texas Folk-Lore Society; handsome binding; 260 pages. Price \$2.50. You should have this book in your library.

FRONTIER TIMES
Bandera, Texas

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The Texas Ranger

BY JAMES B. GILLETT

In collaboration with Howard R. Driggs

Published By

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The actual work of protecting the pioneers was delegated to the Texas Rangers who did valiant service by putting a wholesome fear into the hearts of thieves and bandits. Many thrilling incidents and hair breadth escapes of these marvelous men who made the border lands safe for home-building settlers are told by Captain Gillett, himself a Texas Ranger for over six years. He faithfully portrays the real ranger.

The story is full of inspiration for boys and girls, radiating as it does a love for law, a devotion to duty, and a reverence for parents and the Giver of all good.

The book is well illustrated with finely executed drawings which truly reflect the life of pioneer days. As a supplementary reader for intermediate grades this book is invaluable.

Cloth xiv-|-218 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.20

FRONTIER TIMES

Bandera, Texas

Back Numbers

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times in complete volumes, but we have certain numbers which we are offering in club form in order to dispose of them. We are making a special this month of a bundle of twelve numbers, each number of a different date, at \$1.50 for the bundle. These numbers do not run in consecutive order. Some of them are of Volume 1, some of Volume 2, 3 and 4. They are surplus copies which we are anxious to get off of our shelves. Our regular price for single copies of Volume 1 and 2 is one dollar each, and for copies of Volume 3 and 4 is twenty-five cents each, but if you will take advantage of this offer this month you will get a bundle of twelve copies for only a Dollar and a Half. We have made up only ten bundles of twelve copies each to sell at this price, so you will have to hurry if you want one of these bundles.

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"Proceedings of the Stamford Meeting," by John R. Hutte.

The West Texas Historical Association was organized in April, 1924. The annual dues are three dollars. The Year Book and other publications of the Association are sent free to members.

Those who have not the two preceeding year books may obtain same for the sum of three dollars each. A limited supply of these publications are now in the hands of the secretary.

WEST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASS'N.

C. C. Rister, Secretary

ABILENE, TEXAS.

Texas and Southwestern Lore

Edited by

J. FRANK DOBIE

Published by

TEXAS FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

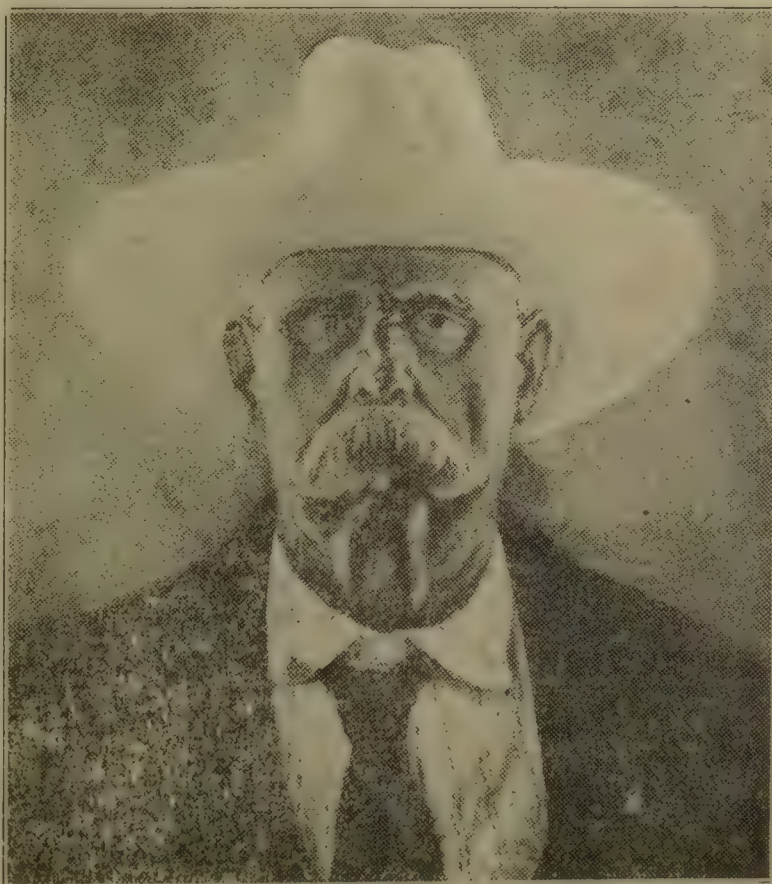
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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Vol. Five—No. 3

DECEMBER, 1927

\$1.50 Per Year

Killing of Dan Arnold and Lapoleon Lemmons

Written by Warren Hunter, Harper, Texas.

LIVING FACE TO FACE on a grassy hill-top, two boys were resting and reviewing leisurely the affairs of the round-up that preceded the drive of the Boss' cattle herd across the line into New Mexico. One lad, bordering upon the verge of young manhood, was telling the other of some experience which seemingly delighted him for his steely-blue eyes smiled merrily as he viewed the incident as depicted by his companion. Obviously the two were friends. Not of hail fellows; well met, type, but of the devotion of true friendship. The blue-eyed boy with a tanned and glowing face was not as old by several years as his "pardner," but he had courage that made up for his lack of size.

A few yards away grazed their horses with reins dragging over their heads and the bridle-bits out of their jaws so that they might eat the tall grass with ease. Below them they could see their comrades, on the round-up working around the cattle. The herd, of more than a thousand head milled on each side of a half dry creek where water stood intermittently in puddles. And as the three men in charge herd rode the two friends on the hill talked and watched.

Suddenly a commotion among the cattle below aroused their attention and they saw the herd stampede. Sim-

ultaneously their minds flashed back to the morning when they left the ranch and they remembered Dick Robertson's parting word of warning. "By Grabs, boys," he had said. "T'ain't goin' to be safe out thar. I've seen lots of Indian sign lately an' it don't look none too good!"

And days had passed quietly with no hostile advances from the unseen enemy of which they had observed so much evidence.

When the boys on the hill saw the herd stampede, Dan Arnold, the eldest, leaped up.

"They've stampeded, haven't they Dan?" asked John Coffey.

Then, Dan looking westward, exclaimed, "Indians!" And with a bound he mounted his horse, and waited for John to reach his horse that was grazing several feet away.

John hastily jerked his horse's hoof from the reins in which he had stepped and made a flying mount. Together they raced down the hill as John yelled, "Let's go to the creek!"

Together the boys hinged their horses down the steep hillside. John's bridle-bits dangling around his horse's neck.

The Indians, numbering about twenty-five warriors had gained so much on the fleeing boys that only a few feet separated them from their intended vic-

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tims. Painted and scowling, the Indians pressed them close, yelling furiously.

With his reins over his arm, John rapidly loaded his rifle, a rimfire Winchester, and turned to take aim at a half-naked savage who had pulled his pistol and was yelling, "Shoote! Shoote!"

The unexpected proximity of the Indian so unnerved John that his bullet went wild and the warrior kept shooting.

As they reached the level of the creek, Dan was shot through the head and without a word his lifeless body toppled from his horse.

The Indians closed around John and seized his horse. Realizing that they had him captured, the boy sprang from the horse into a growth of button-willow and raised his gun with the intention of shooting it out with them. When the Indians saw that the lad meant business they fled, holding their shields behind them and their feet on their horses' necks.

In desperation John sought a hiding place. The vegetation on the creek was scarce and few large trees, if any, fringed its banks. In the shelter of the low bank he crept up the creek to a place where two trees grew on the bank and where water had cut away the dirt from their roots. Then pulling big boulders up to form a wall around the roots, he crept into the hole.

During the ensuing hour John heard another cowboy up a fork of the creek, shooting and yelling like mad. The cowboy, Lapoleon Lemmons, was killed and scalped and his mutilated body was found later lying against a tree.

An hour spent in the broiling sun of mid-day soon began to tell on young Coffey and he ventured out to get water some two hundred yards distant. He had hardly left his hiding place when an Indian rode to the edge of the bank and peered over at him. He shrank away, however, when the boy raised his gun menacingly, and when he had disappeared John retreated to his place of refuge without the craved water.

During the retreat Nip Hammond had been chased to the ranch by a party of thirty warriors and was returning with assistance.

Another hour of torturing thirst brought John out for water for the second time.

And after reaching the waterhole he had not satisfied his thirst before looking for the Indians. Five of them were seen at a distance and he mistook them for the men from the ranch. Waving his gun to them he called out. This brought about 35 Indians from around the brow of the hill and they charged him with a rush. Then he heard John Ferguson, one of the men from the ranch yell, "Oh, yes, you cowardly devils, come out and fight like white men!" Then John dodged around some elm saplings and leveled his gun on the Indians. Fearing that John was a decoy and hearing the fervent and profane exclamations of John Ferguson the Indians abandoned the attack and fled.

The distance impaired John's vision and he headed for his friends doubtfully. Then as their talk drifted up to him he recognized the familiar "By Grabs," of Dick Robertson and he proceeded confidently.

W. A. Bedo recognized him and exclaimed, "Yonder's John!" They had hardly expected to find any of them alive. Hammond, on arriving at the ranch had told of all the men having been massacred.

While hiding in the cavity of the tree roots John discovered that he had been wounded three times, in the thigh, side and arm.

The party returned to the scene of the fight and buried the mutilated bodies of Dan Arnold and Lapoleon Lemmons. John Coffey was fifteen years old at the time of this fight, and Arnold and Lemmons were eighteen years old.

This fight took place on June 1, 1871, on Spring Creek, in Coleman county, Texas.

John Coffey was a son of Rich Coffey, noted frontiersman, who lived at the Flat Top Ranch in Coleman county during the early days. He was born June 21, 1856, on the Brazos in Hood county, and with his parents he moved to the mouth of the Concho, on the Colorado river, in 1862, they being among the first settlers there. He was married at the age of 18 to Miss Mollie Brown, of Coleman county, on December 31, 1874. About 1886 Mr. Coffey located on Little Devil's River, near Noxville, Texas, and has resided there since, and today is one of the substantial men of that section, honored and esteemed by all who know him.

Tells of Early Times in Coleman

Austin Callan in Coleman Democratic-Voice, September 5, 1927.

"I enjoyed reading a copy of your paper the other day. It set me to reminiscing. Something like forty-five years ago I inked a little army press with a roller when the first copy of "The Voice" was being printed. I remember that the headline was a very large one and the name was not changed to Coleman Voice until

some time later. The first printer I remember on the Voice was Charley Govan. He was murdered in Cuba in 1898 just before we got in war with Spain.

We had many struggles in the newspaper game there in those early days. I remember a man from Robertson Peak paying his subscription with a bag of duck-feathers.

My father sent me home with them in a howling norther and the string slipped off the mouth of the bag and the last I saw of them they were flying over the hill towards Ben Pittman's.

It seems strange what changes have taken place since that day away back there in 1882 when the first copy of the "Voice" went out. Coleman was small then; it didn't have a water or a lighting system until years later. It didn't even have telephones. The first telephone there was in the Voice office and the first conversation over a telephone I ever heard was between Rich Coffey and the operator at Baird. Uncle Rich said, "Get that d—d June Bug out of the box and talk to me." The line ran to Babb's ranch and on over to Baird.

We often set type until midnight with candles stuck on the sides of our cases. Once away along late some men came into the office and said that Bob Moore and a confederate had been seen acting mysteriously and it was suspicioned that they were going to make a raid on the bank, which was then located in the Coleman Simpson & Co. store. That was before the First National was organized. If I am not mistaken a prominent Coleman citizen whom you know took a shot at Moore the next day.

The night that Cleveland was elected in 1884 they shot anvils in front of the courthouse. There was a big bonfire and a man named Hyde Nails was carrying the powder and it went off in his hands.

They couldn't flash the results of an election on the boards then as they do now. Some local politician would generally get up on a beer keg or goods box in front of a bonfire and tell the latest and then make a Democratic speech. There was a one-legged fellow they called S. Fogle and some of the gang got him up on a box to deliver an oration in praise of Queen Victoria and an Irishman shot the box from under him.

Many if not all of those who used to participate in the election celebrations there on the square forty years ago, are gone. Walter Perry, Tom Dixon, Coon Dunman, Frank Rose, Frank Alexander and other familiar to all who have ever lived in Coleman, were generally there. Tom Austin was one of the speakers and he was a good one. When that great populist, Tracy, came to Coleman to make a third party speech, the boys went and got Tom and while he didn't have but a few hours to prepare himself he made a speech with more knowledge of the great fundamental principles of the Democratic Party in it than most of our leaders of today have.

I would like to spend a day in that little city again. I believe I recollect where every good pecan tree is located in the Dunman pasture. I know the size of the nuts on many of the trees that I am sure are still standing. There was a big tree standing in the middle of a field over

north of where the depot is now located that always had bushels of very soft shell-
ed pecans.

The first night I ever spent in Coleman was at Pete Callan's home right close to the depot. It was a long time after that before we got a railroad. I remember a mass meeting one night to raise the bonus for the Santa Fe. Some of them carried boxes on poles with lanterns and candles in them. One of the torch-bearers was F. M. Kane, whom we all called Sam Hill.

In those days Coleman was populated with real old pioneers. There were many of them ex-Confederate soldiers and ex-rangers who had done great service on the frontier. Many of these were located in and around Camp Colorado. Other men lived there who were leaders in the cattle game, among them Kin Elkins and his son-in-law Clay Mann. Clay was then the biggest cow-buyer in Texas. I was at the old Settlers Reunion at Camp Colorado in about 1890. L. D. Graves, Jesse Johnson, John Sinclair, "Uncle Alex," John Elkins and Henry Sackett were there. I reckon most of these are gone. Dud and Jesse Johnson furnished us some fife and drum music, playing the same instruments they had used in Company 1, 46th Texas Cavalry during the Civil War. I wonder how many of your people remember these things.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

Scouted on Pease River

J. W. (Bud) Ellison, Route 1, Box 34, Phoenix, Arizona.

I see from reading Frontier Times several articles written by W. K. Baylor, who was no doubt a ranger on the frontier of Texas in the early part of 1861. I would like to get in touch with him if he is still living, or any of the old boys that were with Baylor's Company or Sul Ross old company (at that time commanded by Lieutenant Dave Sublet), or Buck Barry's Company, Capt. May's Company, or Capt. Thomas Harrison's Company, of which I was a member at that time and Lieut. (Pete) or P. F. Ross was our First Lieutenant.

All of these Companies were on the frontier in the early part of 1861 in the vicinity of old Camp Cooper, which Baylor's Company, Sublet's Company and Harrison's Company captured in the first part of February 1861. Col. Dalrymple was with us but I do not know if he was in full command or not. We left Camp Cooper on a scouting expedition, going north on the old Arbuckle road, three Companies, Dave Sublet's, Capt. May's and Thomas Harrison's. The first or second day out company camped, I think, on one of the Elm Creeks, that run into the Brazos river. Sublet's Company went on about three miles ahead on another creek and camped and I do not know just where May's Company camped.

Unknown to us Baylor's Company, or a part of it returning from a scouting trip, came in after night and camped just over the ridge northwest of us, not knowing we were there.

The next morning between daylight and sun up three Indians got between Baylor's company and his horses. They ran the horses to the top of the ridge, but seeing our camp they turned the horses west out of our sight. We could hear the shooting of Baylor's boys so we saddled our horses as quickly as we could and three of us boys ran in a northwesterly direction to where we last saw the Indians. At the same time Lieut. R. F. Ross, with a few boys, ran in a westerly direction, thinking perhaps from the way they turned the horses he might overtake and kill them.

We three boys, Mart V. Jones and a boy by the name of Medford (I cannot remember his given name) and myself ran to the top of the ridge where we had last seen the horses and when we got there we could see the horses bunched up about a mile to the northwest, on the prairie. We ran near Baylor's camp to where the horses were and saw as we passed them an Indian pony with an awful sore back, which they had left. We kept on about a mile and a half going, in a northwesterly direction and saw the Indians string out, running about two or three hundred yards apart, the one ahead was on a horse, the

other two were on foot. About that time Capt. Harrison caught up with us three boys, and as our horses jumped a little ditch he said, "Now boys, the one that rides the fastest horse gets the Indian." The Captain and Mart were riding faster horses than Medford and me so I called to them to go after the front Indians and leave us the one behind, which they did.

I killed the first Indian. Medford's horse played out and he didn't get up in time. The Captain and Mart thought they had wounded their Indian because he lay down in the grass and they couldn't see him, so they came back to where we were with our Indian. Medford had come up by this time. Lieut. Ross and men had heard the shooting and came across to us. Then the Captain said, "We will go up now and see about our Indian." So we all surrounded the place where he was hid in the grass, in a hole which the water had washed out. The Captain kept saying, "Look out boys, you will shoot each other if he jumps up." About that time Jack Pierce said, "Hold up, I see him" and he shot him right through the fleshy part of the hips. He jumped straight up and Medford, who was standing in front of him, turned both barrels of his old shot gun loose and shot him in the face and breast, killing him instantly. The third Indian on horseback got away.

We took with us rations for 30 days but were gone 43 days, out on the head waters of Red River, Prairie Dog river and Pease river. We had another little brush with the Indians on Bear Creek that ran into the Wichita river on the north side, but they got away. It was late one evening and a few of the boys followed them. They ran East for about 10 miles, then north until they crossed Red River, then turned west up the north side of Red River. Dark came on and the boys came back to camp.

Next morning Lieut. Pete Ross took some of the boys and went north across Red River hoping to get their trail, but the buffalo were so thick they had put out all signs. They found a buffalo where the Indians had killed it and cut out a part of the meat and left the rest. There were thousands of buffaloes in every direction moving north.

We went west from this camp up on the south side of Pease River and went over the old battle ground where Sul Ross had killed the Indians when he captured Cynthia Ann Parker in December of 1860. The skulls and bones were still there. We went west on the south side of the Pease River one day's travel, then turned northwest and crossed Pease River, Prairie Dog River and Red River. We got into a snow storm for several days and had to burn

buffalo chips to keep warm. Then went out about 25 or 30 miles northwest of Red River on a creek that had good water. There we found lots of Indian signs. They had killed buffalo, dressed the hides and jerked the meat.

We took their trail which turned back in a southwesterly direction, crossed the Red River and went in on the headwaters of the Prairie Dog River, the middle prong which is now called Red River, so I understand. Saw lots of Indian sign that evening and saw lots of Indians running from different high points to the cedar brakes west of us. The valley we camped in showed they had a great many horses, for the grass was all eaten off and there were lots of horse sign.

The officers held a council, doubled the guard that night, and put several scouting parties on horseback all around the camp.

Next morning they decided to turn back, for our horses were so thin and poor on account of the scanty feed, and the buffaloes were so thick they had eaten all the grass. Several of us had to walk back to Camp Cooper, our horses playing out. When we reached Camp Cooper we found Buck Barry's company there.

We remained on the frontier until the latter part of June. Then Capt. Harrison's company went to Lampasas Springs, where we were mustered out of the Ranger service on the 2nd day of July, 1861. From there we went home to Waco. Soon after this Capt. Pete Ross raised a company for the Confederate service and a great many of the old Ranger boys joined.

We left Waco for Dallas about the 7th of August, camped below Dallas on the Trinity river and were organized into a Regiment and moved off from there up to Arkansas. Later on in November we went down to Frog Bayou, about 25 miles east of Van Buren, Arkansas, and went into winter quarters. While there word came from General McIntosh in command of the Southern Indians that Opothloka with 1500 warriors was coming down to wipe him off the face of the earth and he, General McIntosh, wanted some help.

Our Regiment went out to help them. Altogether Indians and white men whipped the northern Indians, killing lots of Indians, capturing their supplies and lots of their women and children.

This fight took place on Bird's Creek, December 28, 1861. All supplies and prisoners were turned over to Gen. Cooper. They killed several of our men, two from our Company G, Tom Arnold and Jim Whittington, both of Waco.

In April of 1862 our command crossed the Mississippi river and remained in the Confederate service the balance of the four years of the war, doing our fighting in Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia.

If Mr. Baylor is still living or any of the old boys who were with us, I will be glad to hear from them and if they can remem-

ber any of the incidents I have mentioned or can remember me, (J. W.) or Jesse W. Ellison, commonly called Bud, I will appreciate a letter from them and it will help to prove that I was a Ranger and can receive a pension from the U. S. Government for my services.

I am now 86 years old and nearly blind; have to get some one to do my writing for me.

The Attorney General of Texas informed me that all records of Capt. Thomas Harrison's Company had been destroyed by fire in 1881, or I would not require any other proof.

Can you tell me if Texas pays her old Rangers a pension? Also does she pay her old Confederate soldiers a pension? Any information that you can give me will be very thankfully received.

My father came to Texas in 1836, settling in Brazos county. I was born in Brazos county in 1841, living there until I was 12 years old. We moved to McLennan county in 1853. Was in the stock business and drove cattle up the trail in 1869, 1872 and 1883. I moved into Shackelford county in 1876, and was in the cattle business there until 1885, when I moved to Arizona and continued in the cattle business until I became too old to ride, and am now living in Phoenix.

If this is too lengthy to publish in your magazine, please publish any part you can as it may help me to get in touch with some of the old boys, which I can tell you would be a great pleasure.

"Rangers' and Sovereignty."

We are offering a bargain in that splendid book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," by Captain Dan W. Roberts. This book was published in 1914. It is out of print now, but we have been fortunate in securing more than one hundred copies of it, which we are offering at \$1.00 per copy, postpaid. Some book stores, having a few copies in stock, quote the book at \$2.50 per copy. It was written by Captain Roberts himself, and deal with his experience as a Texas Ranger. If you want one of these books we would advise you to send in your order at once, as the supply is so limited we cannot guarantee to fill orders after a few months pass. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Mrs. Louis Jones, of Glendale, New Mexico, writes: "Through Mr. R. C. Stanford I got a copy of Frontier Times and I was delighted with it. The first thing I saw was the account of the murder of Alwilda McDonald and Grandmother Joy, who was my great grandmother. I have heard my dear old grandmother tell of that sad tragedy time after time, with a broken heart, and she always spoke about what a beautiful girl her sister Alwilda was. You will find enclosed \$1.50 for a year's subscription."

Medicine Lodge Treaty Sixty Years Ago

By Gen. E S Godfrey, Troop G, 7th Cav, Cookstown, N. J., in *The National Tribune*



JOINED my Troop G, 7th Cav, Capt. Albert Barnitz, at Fort Kans., having graduated from West Point in June in the Fall of 1867. A few days later Troops

D, G and H were detailed as escort to the Indian Peace Commission, Maj. Joel H. Elliott commanding.

About 300 Army wagons had been assembled on the south bank of the Smoky Hill River at the crossing of the stage road opposite the site of old Fort Ellsworth; some timbers of buildings were still there, evidence of the site. These wagons were loaded with annuities or gifts for the Indians and supplies for the Peace Commission. Also there were four Gatling guns hauled by two mules each, with civilian drivers. Against my wishes I was detailed to command them. I receipted for the guns, mules, harness, etc., to Maj Henry Inman, Depot Quartermaster at Fort Harker.

The only Gatling guns I had ever seen were in the Ordnance Museum at West Point. My first problem was to get men to man the guns. I finally found two men one a Sergeant, who had served in the field artillery during the Civil War. We three worked out the minimum number of men to man the guns and the necessary number of men were then detailed. My second problem then was to improvise a drill to work the guns. On the march I drilled my teamsters.

There were no howitzers with this expedition. Ambulances and Dougherty wagons were sent to Ellsworth City for the Commissioners and these joined us on the first day's march. On arrival at Fort Zara (Great Bend), near the mouth of Walnut Creek, nearly all the Commissioners left the expedition and went to Fort Larned, where the Indian agency was then located.

The next day we camped on the Arkansas River near the mouth of Pawnee Fork. I well remember our astonishment to find that we could cross the great "Arkansaw" dry shod at some places and finding it a running stream above and below. The next day we were joined by the parties who had gone to Fort Larned, the personnel of the Indian agencies, including guides and interpreters and several officers from Forts Larned and Dodge.

I recall that our Army mess was increased to 13. At our midday luncheons a case of (12) canned peaches was opened and there was a drawing of "cuts" for the cans, the successful ones then contributing to the "short cut." Later Maj. Page and other visiting officers established their own mess.

After crossing the Arkansas River we ascended the sand hills. I rode to the

highest hill and there to my surprise found the wind had blown out a crater, exposing the top of a tree, which upon examination I found to be oak. Up to that time we had not seen any buffalo, but from my high sand hill I could see the rolling prairie to the south and miles and miles of buffalo.

It occurred to the Indians to drive these herds to that vicinity in anticipation of the assembling for the treaty conference on Oct. 12, 13, and 14—60 years ago—so that their people could prepare their winter supply of dried meat, etc.

That day, while at a halt, an Army ambulance drove up to where a group of us were. Lieut. Tom Wallace called out, "Hello, Satanta!" A bleary-eyed, drunken Indian, wearing the uniform of a Colonel raised up from his bed, looked out from the rear entrance, and not seeing any of his particular friends present, gave a grunt and settled back on his bed. Then the ambulance drove to where the Commissioners were grouped.

During the day, several of us, including Maj. Elliott, engaged in "runs" on the buffalo. That aroused the ire of Satanta and he complained to Gen. Harney, the senior of the Commission present. Gen. Harney sent for Maj. Elliott and placed him in arrest, but on arrival in camp released him. That stopped our sport.

Satanta's complaint was that we killed more buffalo than we needed for food. A number of times at our camps the command had to be turned out to keep stampeding buffalo, for some reason or no reason, from running into our camp and stampeding our stock. They were particularly troublesome on Rattlesnake Creek.

I will remark here that Gen. Sherman, who was chairman of the Peace Treaty Commission, was at no time present at this Medicine Lodge conference.

The day we reached the treaty grounds the escort and supply train was halted a couple of miles from the place, while the Commission and followers went ahead to meet an escort of warriors from the assembled tribes—the Arapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas and Comanches. The Cheyennes had not yet arrived.

The Commission was received by a vast array of chiefs and warriors in panoplies, with shouts and shooting of firearms, and escorted to a large, open space near the left bank of Medicine Lodge Creek above the villages.

The escort and wagon train then advanced and on arrival were placed in camp by Gen. Harney—the troops in line facing upstream; officers' tents on the right, above the camp of the Commission. My detachment of Gatling guns was camped behind the right of the line facing toward

the creek. The supply train was parked behind the Commission camp. The Commission had two hospital tents facing, with two flies between for the conferences. Daily conferences were held with the chiefs and sub-chiefs or delegations from the various tribes and bands.

Almost daily visits to these conferences left the impression of monotony in the welcomes by the officials and the replies by tribesmen. No doubt, though, that some of the speeches by the chiefs, whose dignified bearing and gestures and well modulated voices, lost much of their eloquence thru the monotonous translation by the interpreter.

For many years I had the translation of a speech by Chief Satank, that compared favorably with the speech of the Mingo Chief, Logan, with which we were familiar in the old McGuffey readers, and ending with the pathetic phrase: "And who shall mourn for Logan? Not one!"

I recall one amusing incident. Kicking Bird, then a sub-chief of the Kiowas, who later became the famous head chief of the tribe, had made his speech and remained standing, but had his gaze fixed on the high silk hat in front of one of the Commissioners.

The Commissioner, not thinking of the hat but that some trinket had attracted his fancy, asked "What do you want?" Kicking Bird, without changing his gaze, replied, "I want that hat."

The Commissioner, thinking he only wanted to satisfy his curiosity, handed over the hat. Kicking Bird took it and walked away. Later, he appeared in the immediate vicinity of the council tents arrayed in moccasins, breechclout, and the high hat.

He stalked back and forth, telling the tribesmen to look at him; that he "was walking in the white man's ways," and using other set phrases that had been used in the councils.

Finally he grew tired of his burlesque, set the hat on the ground and used it as a football until he had battered it out of shape, then stalked away.

These councils continued for more than a fortnight, according to my recollection, and there was considerable anxiety because the Cheyennes had not come in, and what the attitude of Charlie Bent would be.

One day word came that the Cheyennes would arrive the next day. Later word came that they would camp about three miles upstream for the night and arrive on the morrow.

There was serious anxiety as to the meaning of this delay when so near, and that night the guards were instructed to be particularly on the alert.

Stumbling Bear, a sub-chief of the Apaches, became a constant visitor at our camp and became particularly friendly with Maj. Elliott; he was sure to be there about supper time and got the "leavings"

of the supper. He would give us instructions in the sign language.

The morning that the Cheyennes were to arrive, Stumbling Bear came to our camp, but not in his usual jolly mood. He told us to be on our guard when the Cheyennes came in; then went away.

As the Cheyennes approached our camp, we could hear occasional shots and shouts. Stumbling Bear and a few of his tribesmen came walking rather hurriedly and without a word to anybody, squatted in close vicinity to Maj. Elliott's tent.

All the troops had instructions what to do in case of demonstration of hostile intent, but stood in front of their tents with everything in readiness to jump to their places fully equipped for dismounted defense.

The nearer the Cheyennes approached the more demonstrative they became. Shooting, shouting, and blowing of trumpets; of the latter they had two or three. When about two or three hundred yards from our camp they gave several loud shouts, and dispersed.

Stumbling Bear and his followers left in high good humor. A year later, Nov. 27, 1868, at the Battle of Washita, Maj. Elliott was killed. In January, 1869, the Apache tribe came to their agency at Fort Sill. Stumbling Bear came to see me.

I noticed that he had his hair cut off, and there were other unmistakable signs of mourning. I asked him if he was in mourning for losses in his band or family.

He replied, "No," and gave me to understand that he was in mourning for the loss of his good friend, Maj. Elliott. I never saw him again.

The conferences were closed soon after the arrival of the Cheyennes, the treaties signed ("touching the pen"), and then the wagons were unloaded and gifts of supplies were distributed—food, tobacco, clothing, blankets, pots, kettles, skillets, trinkets, etc.

At Fort Larn'd, Kans., these same tribes were assembled (in August, 1868), less than a year after signing the treaties, to receive the annuities promised by the treaties. The next day after the issuance of these annuities as if concerted, warriors of these same tribes attacked the frontier settlements in the Saline, Solomon and Republican Run valleys, killed men, women and children, outraged and made captive women, burned homes, and stole stock.

The outcries of consternation and indignation with protests for protection resulted in the Winter campaign of 1868-9 under Gen. Sheridan, including the attack, capture and destruction of Black Kettle's village of the Cheyennes by the 7th Cav., under the command of Gen. Custer, who later rescued two of the captive white women, Mrs. Morgan and Miss White.

Then these tribes went on their agreed reservations and for some years there was peace.

James W. Taylor, Texas Ranger

James W. Taylor was born January 20, 1843, at Dallas, Texas, and died May 17, 1917, at Gem City, Texas. When he was nine years old he picked pecans and sold them to the immigrants for enough money to buy a little old shot-gun. His father died with yellow fever and Hamp Witt raised him. He carried the mail from Dallas to Fort Worth when he was thirteen years old. In 1874 he joined the Texas Ranger company of D. Rufus Berry, when the Indians in Jack county threatened an uprising if the whites did not turn over Captain Hanen to them. He



James W. Taylor

was in the fight with Indians when Charlie Rivers was killed, and also when the Indians attacked Loving's ranch and tried to drive off the ranch horses and cattle, but the cowboys and scouts drove the redskins back to the hills. Mr. Taylor joined W. K. Baylor's company, which was stationed in Young county. He was at the dance given W. K. Baylor in the court house at Weatherford and a picnic at Palo Pinto county in honor for killing every Indian in the battle. At the lower edge of Jack county in 1868, he and four more men ran onto ten Indians and they killed four out of the ten. Mr. Taylor was wounded in the leg, just above the foot, the arrow passing through his boot. He killed the leader and the rest fled. A man

named Dunn was killed in this battle, and Mr. Taylor carried his lifeless body about three miles to a house, where a coffin was made out of a wagon box and the next morning the body was carried up to Old Veal Station and buried alongside of Pete Holden and Captain Tackett, two great Indian fighters. If there ever was a man who helped rid Texas of the Indians and outlaws it was Mr. Taylor. He was in hearing of the fight when Brit Johnson, the negro, was killed on Salt Creek Prairie in Young county.

Mr. Taylor's wife, Mrs. Lula Taylor, now resides at Canadian, Texas.

The Tie That Binds.

The following letter, written by Lake Porter, Falfurrias, Texas, to his old friend, George W. Saunders, of San Antonio, is published to show that the ties of friendship that have bound these old cowboys together through more than a half a century are still as strong as ever, and so it is with all of the old trail drivers and frontiersmen. Lake Porter and George Saunders were raised together; they are old men now; but that comradeship still endures. The letter follows:

"Dear Old George:—Looking backward I find that very few of my boyhood life-long friends are living today. You are one of that number, and if there is anything that appeals to my heart more strongly than my boyhood friends I have never yet discovered it. I find that out of a large family I am the only one living today. Why, I know not, nor question it, but am hoping that I may be able to fulfill the purpose for which I am kept here. I find that, financially speaking, I have made a complete failure, but otherwise I am proud of my existence. I find that my friends are numbered by my acquaintances, and if there is anything in this world that strongly appeals to my heart it is a true friend. I find that I am now in my 74th year of existence here, and I am strong and enjoying good health, for which I am grateful. I have always been grateful to my friends for their kindly advice and assistance through life. George, old boy, when I tell you that I love you I want you to know that it comes straight from the heart. Adios, amigo. Your old friend, LUKE PORTER."

Mr. Saunders says: "We are the same age and were raised together. He is not a financial failure. He raised a large family, educated them and they are all prominent in their communities. I consider him a financial success without help, for it has been 'root hog or die' with him all of his life. He was sheriff of McMullen county several years, sheriff of Brooks county several years, and is a first class native Texan."

The Killing of Ruben Smith



IN A DESCRIPTION of the killing of Rube Smith, by Lon Moore as narrated by A. J. Sowell, author of *Early Settlers and Indian Fighters of Southwest Texas*, published in 1900 the following is taken from pages No. 592 to 600.

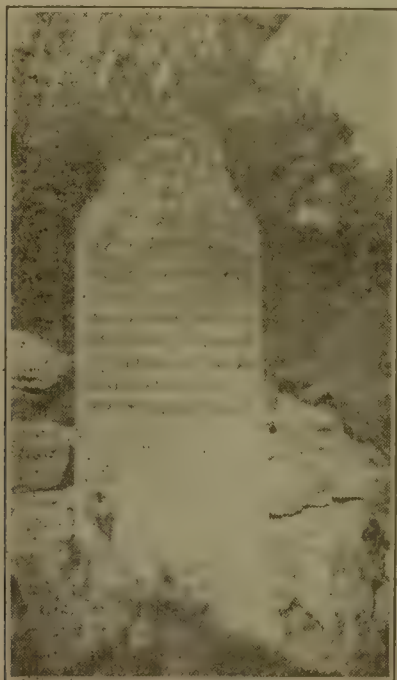
"During the Civil war the Indians made a raid on the Hondo and killed Rube Smith, one mile west of his house, on Liveoak slough. Smith and Manuel Wydick were out on foot hunting horses and had separated, when a large body of Indians attacked Smith. Wydick from the top of a hill saw them running him, and heard his pistol shots, six in number, but could give him no aid against such odds, and ran in with the news. At this time Lon Moore and Nathan Davis were also out and had separated. Moore heard Smith shooting, but thought it was Davis firing at havilinas. A party went back after Wydick came, and soon found the body of Smith, which they carried home, and raised men to follow the Indians. The Indians numbered about thirty-five, and camped the first night on the Hondo and killed three beeves and partly cooked them. While on the trail the settlers found where a wounded Indian bled on a rock, and strips of Smith's clothing, which had been used for bandages and which had been thrown down, very bloody. Lon Moore afterwards went back to the spot where Smith was killed, under a persimmon tree, and cut his name and date of death on the tree. He also found eight spikes in the tree around the spot where he made his stand to fight them.

"The Indians were overtaken at 12 o'clock on the day following the killing of the beeves. The men along were William Mullins, Nathan Davis, Lon Moore, Jerry Bailey, Manuel Wydick, Roe Watkins, Zed Watkins, Louis McCombs, Sam McCombs, Wesley McCombs, John Brown, and a schoolteacher named Bradford. The place was in a valley not far from the old Fort Ewell road, between San Miguel and Escadara (Siesta Dera) creeks. The Indians wheeled around when the white men charged, and the fight commenced. In this first onset the Indians were repulsed and some of their party wounded. The Indians being in large force, the settlers went back in the timber and dismounted to continue the fight there, and sent off two men, John Brown and Louis McCombs, to get the rangers to come and assist them, who were about twenty miles below. In this first charge Lon Moore's horse ran in among the Indians and was shot, and Moore slightly wounded in the arm with an arrow. He shot one Indian at close quarters with a pistol, and he slapped his hand to his breast where the ball struck him. The horse turned when hit and went back to the other men. The Indians re-

treated in among some rocks. The two men who went after the rangers slipped away without being seen, so the Indians would not pursue them.

"When the white man came into view again the Indians discovered that two of them were missing, and yelled and charged, thinking these two had been killed. The fight lasted off and on all evening. The white men would charge and rout the Indians from the rocks, and then would have to retreat and load, and the Indians would charge and rout them. Many arrows stuck in the trees, and the settlers would pull these out and break them to keep the Indians from getting them in case they had to leave their position. During these charges and counter-charges and retreats Nathan Davis was badly wounded with an arrow, which went through the right shoulder, the spike coming out on the opposite side. It was taken out by William Mullins. The horse ridden by Mullins was killed in his tracks with an arrow, which went in at the edge of the saddleskirts, and the spike came through on the opposite side. The horses ridden by Davis, Monroe Watkins, and Bradford were all wounded. At length, during a charge on the part of the Indians, their chief was killed by Mullins, which put an end to the fight. He fell close to the white men, and the Indians made one desperate attempt to recover his body, some of them even grabbing at his hair, but were beaten off. This was a strange fight. The Indians and white men swapped positions time and again, and the loose stolen horses were captured and recaptured as often as they changed. In this way Mullins mounted one of Rube Smith's horses, which the Indians had, when his was killed. During the fight, when both parties were keeping close under cover, Lon Moore and Roe Watkins went out to give the Indians a dare to draw them out, but were fired on without the Indians showing themselves. "Uncle Jerry" Bailey, the oldest man in the crowd, and very brave, would go in front twenty or thirty steps and watch for a chance to shoot, but one time would have been caught if it had not been for Lon Moore. The Indians charged, and the guns being empty, the men mounted to leave the timber and take shelter somewhere else until they could reload, but Uncle Jerry was slow to mount, having to run from his advanced position back to his horse, which, being frightened at the near approach and the loud yelling of the Indians, would not stand. Moore, seeing his critical condition, spurred his horse back and held the other until the old man could mount, and when they wheeled to run some of the Indians were close upon them. The men when they left the timber would make a circle and dismount among the rocks which the

Indians had just vacated, and there load



Grave of Ruben Smith.

their guns. The Indians finally left the battleground and went to a waterhole. One Indian died before they reached the water, and they hung his bow and shield on a limb and threw his body into the waterhole when they reached it. The Indians were followed to a point above Bandera by the rangers, and there they found where five Indians had been buried. Near the graves were two mules and a horse."

Rubin C. Smith, resided on east bank of Hondo Creek, about 12 miles south-east of present town of Hondo, when he was killed by Indians on April 15th, 1864, west of his place. He was buried in the Masonic Cemetery near New Fountain, about six miles northeast of the town of Hondo. The tombstone has inscription as follows:

"Sacred to the Memory of (Masonic emblem, square and compass) R. C. Smith, who was killed by Indians April 15, 1864, was Junior Warden of Hondo Lodge No. 252 from its organization until his death, Aged 38 years."

He had a ranch and owned about one thousand head of cattle, and 150 head of horses. He left surviving him his widow, Lovina Smith, and six minor children, Mary E. married John S. Swan; Martha Anne, married Geo. G. VanPelt, Jr.; Alice S. married Willie Robbins; George W. Smith; Lavine P. married C. P. Holden; William Butler Smith. His widow, Lovina Smith, was married again Nov. 30, 1865 to George VanPelt, Sr., and they moved to Caldwell county, Texas.

A True Memorial

By Phebe K. Warner

IN A LOW GREEN VALLEY down in Crosby county stands the famous Old Rock House of the South Plains of Texas. This beautiful valley of several hundred acres is artistically framed by the circular cap rock of Blanco canyon.

Fifty years ago, September 20, 1877, Hank Smith, then a young man in the prime of life, drove his ox team, hitched to a wagon load of supplies, down through the canyon and brought them to a halt at the front door of this historic home.

That was a great event. But no one knew it then because no one knew what that event was to mean in the history of the great commonwealth of Texas. The Old Rock House was new that day. As new as the country it was so soon to dedicate to a land of homes. And like the canyon in which it stood, all it possessed was its four walls and a floor. All the rest was an empty space without even a memory in it. Even the partitions had not been built that were soon to convert this empty space into a happy home with its wholesome kitchen, its big cheery living room, its cowboy quarters and that up-

stairs room specially equipped for every sick boy or man who passed that way. The new rock house was then an empty shell. Today the Old Rock House is an historic shrine whose every nook and corner is filled with sacred memories. "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home." And this dear old home has had a whole half-century of "livin'," and lovin' under its kind old roof.

On that eventful day in September, 1877, Hank Smith was alone except for some cowboy companions. He had left Mrs. Smith and the children, George and Lelia, back at Old Fort Griffin in Shackelford county until he could complete their new home and get ready for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were not known as Uncle Hank and Aunt Hank in that day. They were known as plain Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith of Fort Griffin, Texas, the proud parents of two little children for whom they were not afraid to do, dare or die if need be.

A few weeks later when Mrs. Smith and the children arrived and little George and Lelia scrambled out of the old covered wagon and with their mother took posses-

sion of the big rock house, the walls of Blanco canyon echoed for the first time with the voices of little children instead of the yelping coyotes and Indians and the great South Plains of Texas ceased to be a wilderness of waste lands, inhabited by wild animals and wild men to become the home of hundreds of thousands of happy children, brave women and the sturdiest race of men the world has ever known. And the patter of little children's feet has silenced forever the thunderous uproar of millions of stampeding buffalo.

A half-century passes. And the morning of September 20, 1927, dawns bright and beautiful on the same Old Rock House a monument of pioneer hospitality. But Uncle Hank and Aunt Hank were not there. They are sleeping above the caprock in the little cemetery at Old Emma, the first county seat of Crosby county. But on that fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first home on the South Plains of Texas, Robert Burns Smith and his family, George Smith, Lelia Smith Wheeler and Mary Smith Kirk, and their families, children of this old home, met at the Old Rock House where Robert Smith still lives to welcome back to their old home the two thousand old friends who came that day to celebrate with them the fiftieth birthday of their home and to take part in dedicating to the memory of their parents, Uncle Hank and Aunt Hank Smith, the beautiful State park which Robert Smith has given to the state of Texas as a memorial to his parents. The park includes a portion of that beautiful valley in which the Old Rock House stands and it is to be used forever as a meeting place for the Old Settlers association of West Texas, and a playground for all the children that are yet to live in this great country. Could any other monument have expressed the beautiful lives of service and sacrifice that Uncle Hank and Aunt Hank Smith lived so perfectly as the gift of a part of their old home estate back to all their old neighbors who struggled with them to lay the foundation of the glorious South Plains to be perpetuated as a happy meeting place not only for their old friends while they lived but as a great social center for all their children and grandchildren as long as time lasts?

Instead of the lone ox team and wagon driving up to the Old Rock House that day, five hundred automobiles were parked in the valley below the caprock and hundreds of people visited the old home which was thrown wide open for every one to enjoy.

There was the old living room with its modern furnishing, but its great fireplace, closed for the summer. If a radio could speak to us from out of the past from that old fireplace what thrilling stories it would tell! There is the dear old kitchen where it is said by her friends, Aunt Hank Smith fed more hungry men free than any other woman in Texas history. There was the

little narrow stairs that lead from the kitchen to the sleeping rooms and the sick room above and another great fireplace where every cowboy and every sick man on the plains found rest and cheer and protection. Picture if you can the army of men that have wended their way up that old stairway in the 50 years that have gone. For the Old Rock House was more than a home. It was also a free hotel and a free hospital. What would it mean today if Aunt Hank had kept a register of all her guests.

Then over in the corner of a downstairs room was the place where Aunt Hank used to keep the postoffice until the business grew so big Uncle Hank was compelled to build a little postoffice out in the yard where Aunt Hank handed out sunshine and sorrow for nearly 40 years to the people of the plains.

And on the outside you may visit the sheds, the old rock walled well that the children used to holler down, the old-fashioned garden with its old fashioned flowers and big pecan trees. All and everything the visible dreams of the first home-builder of the South Plains. What a challenge to the home builders of the next 50 years!

—O—
Thalis T. Cook, Texas Ranger.

Joe T. McKinney, of Willcox, Arizona, writes: "I am sending you a clipping from the El Paso Herald, of December 17, 1922, giving an account of some of the adventures of Thalis T. Cook, a noted Texas Ranger. He served all the useful years of his life as a ranger on the frontier of Texas. There never lived on earth a braver bunch of men than the Texas Rangers, and there was never a braver one than he or one who did more valuable service for his native state. He enlisted when a mere youth and served incessantly as a ranger and peace officer until he was forced to resign on account of the wound in the knee he received in battle, but several years after he was wounded. I have been reading your valuable magazine for the past two years, and I have never seen his name mentioned in it. He passed away a few years ago. He was my boyhood friend and relative, and was a noble lad and a manly man, absolutely fearless, strictly honorable, generous, witty, a good storyteller, a fine entertainer, and a man who could be relied upon at all times. A history of his life would be a great book, filled with such adventures and thrilling experiences as are recorded in the clipping (The Murder Yearling of West Texas) herewith enclosed. I am ready to contribute liberally to one who will look up his record and write it."

—O—
Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.

Heroes of the Frontier

Eugene Cunningham, in New York Herald-Tribune, October 16, 1927.

THE TEXAS RANGER can ride harder, fight longer, live rougher and make less talk about it than anything else that walks on two feet!"

So wrote a thoughtful reporter back in 1882, and in studying the record of this world-famous organization from its beginning—back in the '30s—down to the present day, the pronouncement quoted above seems to epitomize for all time the standard of the Texas Rangers.

For nearly a hundred years now the Rangers have kept watch and ward upon the peace of an empire. Originally their chief duty was the education of the Red Man—teaching Comanche, Lipan, Kiowa, Apache et al.—that the way of the transgressor was hard, indeed, when his transgressions were committed within the balliwick of the Texas Ranger.

Forward, ever forward, went the frontier, creeping onward in the shadow of the Rangers. As the Indian menace vanished, as the roaring days of trall, herd and railroad construction camp came on, as white men rode honestly or on devious errands where once the savage had raided, then the Ranger's duties altered. But perhaps they became even more dangerous than before. It is recorded that at one time the Rangers held a list of wanted desperadoes that totaled a thousand and more!

"Some of the wanted ones were riding right beside us, too!" chuckle the old-timers. "In the old days it was pretty hard to check up on the references a man presented, so some pretty hard cases get in with us. But they didn't stay long! We'd get descriptive lists of criminals from headquarters and you should have seen our outlaw brothers pore over those lists! Then some fine morning they'd be missing and we knew they had seen their names on the newest lists and were 'breaking down the timber,' as we used to say, getting away from the Rangers."

They have had two or three forms of organization, but the present force was established during 1874, when Governor Coke was roused to the need for a permanent frontier defense.

"The Frontier Battalion," it was aptly styled. It consisted of six companies, stationed about 125 miles apart, to police a frontier nearly 600 miles long. Without exception, fighting men of proved metal were chosen to command its companies, and these in turn picked fighting men for the rank and file. To John B. Jones, of Corsicana, a Confederate veteran, was given command of the battalion, with rank of major. And within six months virtually every company had had an Indian fight and some had had two or three.

"We live in the saddle and the sky is

our roof," the old Ranger chanted.

The Rangers! One might say that Texas has had two state universities—the group of buildings at Austin and the Rangers. Young men of every walk in life came to serve a year, two years, a lifetime. But whether their term of service was long or short, they went back to civil life ready to take up chosen occupations with all the grim earnestness, the matter-of-fact efficiency, the modest fearlessness engendered by a service in which the work of any day might require the supreme sacrifice.

Wherever one turns in this Texas of ours, the ex-Ranger is found. He has sat in the Governor's chair; he controls the activities of great railroads and financial institutions; he is the prosperous farmer the cowman, master of hundreds of thousands of acres, and he is poet and novelist as well.

If the very first Rangers are, to a man, almost gone, there remain many in the full prime of life who rode fiercely against marauding red man and white renegade where now prosperous cities send up their smoke-palls to a serene blue Texan sky. Over many a mahogany desk in luxurious offices one may see a Comanche bow and sinister, steel-tipped arrows, with perhaps the scalp of the weapons' owner. . . . And the quiet man at the desk, dictating to his secretary, took that scalp . . .

Up in Colorado City, an old A Company Ranger conceived the idea of getting together as many early-day Rangers as possible, to bridge the forty to fifty years of their separation. This was Major W. M. Green.

Invitations were sent to every old-timer he knew, with the request to pass on the word. And from all over Texas they came to Weatherford in 1920, a surprisingly large number, all enthusiastic over the idea of making the reunion an annual affair. And at this meeting the Ex-Texas Rangers' Association was organized. Major Green was elected commander; plans were formulated to assist the veterans in obtaining pensions and to advance other projects of interest.

In the latter part of summer, over all the wide reaches of the state and in other far-away states, the old men begin to get ready. And as "once in the saddle they used to go gayly," now in Ford and great limousine they come, over many a road they traveled cautiously and heavily armed in the days of their youth, to converge upon the meeting place.

I recently returned from the seventh annual reunion, held this year—as it was last year—in Menard. I am still crammed with a myriad of impressions, but the chief one is that of sincere gratitude to Captain

Jim Gillett, who invited me to join his caravan at Marfa.

There were only the three cars of us. To me was given the privilege of having J. D. Jackson, of Alpine, as car-mate. And most thoroughly did he serve as a sort of "liaison" between West Texas of 1927 and the same West Texas of the Smoky Seventies. Our road—the old Spanish Trail—between Fort Stockton and Ozona was in part the route he had followed as a trail boss fifty years before, moving longhorn cattle toward the Big Bend.

As the cars rose over little ridges, to descend again into the waters of the river and the creek, I could see ahead Captain Gillett's free arm stabbing out toward the draws to right and left. Looking behind, to see how Bill Kingston had weathered some ford which we had just crossed, I found his gesturing arm busy also. Sometimes I caught the echo of his high, soft Texan drawl. History class!

"Ever run into Ben Thompson?" I asked Joe Jackson without preface. One needs no preface in mentioning to these old-timers such notorious gunmen as Ben Thompson of Austin, fearless as a bulldog, dangerous as a rabid lobo wolf, wizard of the six-gun.

"Knew him when he and his younger brother, Billy, drove a water wagon in Austin," says Joe Jackson, squinting across the mists of forty-five years, "I arrested Billy, one time—in '82, that was. . . .

"My ranger-company was guarding the construction camps of the T & P railway beyond Monahans. A fellow showed up at the cap'n's tent and said a crooked gambler had taken him for five or six hundred dollars on the old 'top and bottom' dice-gag. Betting he could tell, every roll of the dice, what would be the sum of the spots on tops and bottoms, you know. . . .

"The cap'n told me to go down into the construction camp—it was a rough place, full of tinhorn gamblers and tent-saloons—and get this fellow's money back, then kick the gambler out of camp. So I went down and when I saw the gambler, I had an idea. . . .

" 'Cap'n says you better give this fellow back his money,' I told the gambler.

" 'Like hell I will!' he said. 'You Rangers may have the authority to arrest me, but you can't make me give back the money.'

" 'Better give it back to him, Mr.—,' I told him, hesitating after the word 'mister.'

"He looked at me hard for a minute and finally asked what I started to call him. I told him I used to watch a couple brothers driving a water-cart in Austin.

" 'You think I'm Bill Thompson, don't you?' he demanded. 'Well, I'm not! But if you're going to raise so much trouble over this money—here! Take it! But I'm not Bill Thompson.'

"I took the money and I took it with my left hand. For I had more to say that might very well necessitate real fast work

with a man's right hand. . . . You see, Ben Thompson and his brother had got into a row in Ellsworth, Kan., and there was a warrant out for Bill, for murder. . . .

" 'Thanks for returning the money,' I said to Bill. 'But you'll have to go to the cap'n with me.' . . .

"So I took him to the cap'n's tent and reported what I knew. The cap'n shrugged. He said he had heard, vaguely, that there were papers out on Bill, but he didn't have them.

" 'Go on and carry out the order I gave you!' he snapped at me. 'You've just executed half of it.'

"Well, it was funny. Mostly, a man feels downright indignant about being kicked out of a place, but Bill Thompson seemed to get a world of satisfaction about jumping down the trail ahead of a boot toe that morning."

Menard, the atlas remarks, is a town of 1,500, county seat of Menard County, situated about where Celery and Las Moras Creeks join the San Saba River. As statistics, I have no quarrel with these figures. But statistics are likely to be lacking in certain very important figures when the town analyzed is to serve as host for such a gathering as the Old Texas Rangers.

It is the number of pioneers and their descendants, the ancient spirit of frontier hospitality which make of Menard, even in this flivverized day, still a typical frontier town. It is these which count when the old Rangers come in.

Out in the Baptist Encampment Grove when sixty-odd old Rangers, with their wives and sons and daughters, gathered in the first formal meeting of the reunion, the Hon. Jim Callan made them welcome as his pioneer father might have done.

Under the supervision of that fine old Ranger and ex-Mayor of Menard, Bill Lewis, a new Ranger camp rose swiftly, white tents gleaming against the dark green of pecan trees, just as stood there—about, fifty years, other Ranger tents, but guarded then against Indian attacks.

All Menard was one great, hospitable town. On the grounds meals were served to all who came. And around tent and camp meeting pavilion alike they gathered, these gray but often lance-straight and keen-eyed oldtimers, men of a race and type outstandingly American—the Pioneers. Here—to make the picture concrete—were sixty-two men, the average of whose ages was above seventy years. They represented in the aggregate 4,300 years of such adventure as Fenimore Cooper fictionized.

That tall, slight, gentle-faced figure is Cap'n Dan W. Roberts, who to-day looks his eighty-four years. But fifty years ago Cap'n Dan's name was known from end to end of Texas as the Ranger leader who out-Indianed the Indians. In August, 1875 he led out of this very town the famous D

Company on an Apache trail—but let Jim Gillet talk:

"Cap'n Dan 'turned to face us, smiling: 'Boys, they're going to fight us! Look at that old chief forming his line of battle—it's beautiful."

"We weren't a hundred steps from the Indians now. Cap'n Dan ordered us to dismount, to shoot low and see how many horses we could kill. He explained that an Indian dismounted now was just the same as a dead Indian. We opened up, and with that first volley everybody—Indians and Rangers alike—fired and yelled at the same time.

"In less than two minutes the Indians jumped on their ponies and started breaking down the timber in every direction, trying to escape. We had killed a couple of horses and seriously wounded one Indian. We mounted and charged after them. I saw an Indian running. Ed Seiker was right behind me. Then my Indian was taken up onto the horse of another warrior. I killed their horse with a Sharp's .50 bullet and saw that the front man was a red-headed white boy! The Indian warrior had dodged behind the tree. I fired and shot high. Ed killed him.

"The red-headed boy had disappeared, but we had captured a Mexican boy, killed three horses and one Indian, badly wounded at least two Indians, one of whom died later, and recaptured fifty-eight head of stolen horses and mules. All the way Cap'n Dan had guessed exactly what the Indians would do."

As for Jim Gillet, who still moves with all the activity and enthusiasm of a young man—down on the border they still tell of the trip across the Rio Grande to capture in the midst of a Mexican town and return to Texas a Mexican murderer, Enofre Baca.

Two white-haired men, erect, clear-eyed, stand together, one slender, the other a heavy-shouldered, tremendously powerful figure. Wild Bill McLane, the slim eighty-five-year-old, came to the reunion to see about getting a pension. Not, he explains, that he needs it now, being able to work every day. But a time may come when he will grow feeble. . . . His children frowned on the idea of his coming to Menard alone. He had fallen into a creek the week before and they feared the effect of the drenching.

"As if water—even taken outside—could hurt a full-blooded Irishman!" grins Wild Bill. "I was born in a cabin on the Three Forks of Little River and in the '40s we knew what hardship was! They locked up my Ford, but I sauntered out like I was going to town and come catch-a-ride all the way from Winters! Like to see them kids out-smart an old Indian-fighter!"

The broad-shouldered man, Ben Gholson, is the survivor of a pair of famous brothers. He and Sam Gholson were born in the Republic of Texas.

First enlisting in the Rangers in '58, they were in and out of this service in frontier-fashion for several years. In March 1860, Captain J. M. Smith organized a company in Waco. Sul Ross was first lieutenant, being then just graduated from an Alabama university and, doubtless, not thinking of the days when he would be a brigadier general in the Confederate Army, a governor of Texas and a college president.

With other companies, Smith's went north against the Comanches, who fired the prairies before the Rangers. An urgent call came, while Smith's company was on Otter Creek, for the return home of Ben Gholson and Lieutenant Gault of the company. They were discharged on August 11, 1860, in the heart of a hostile Indian country fairly swarming with red men. This is Gholson's telling of the return journey:

"We traveled only at night, and the third night out, twenty miles from Red River, we saw lights kindling up ahead until we counted thirty-two. We saw a big herd of something ahead and, thinking the animals were buffalo, we rode carefully up and heard horses snort as they grazed. Then we decided that the horses belonged to the makers of the fires west of us. So we turned east.

"Twelve or fourteen miles further, we camped at the foot of a tableland. It was near morning and our horses looked back, nervously. We shut down on the smother halters to silence them and, looking back, saw a band of Indians riding down off a bench about 400 yards to the northeast. We hugged the hillside and watched bunch after bunch of Indians, driving horse bands, traveling southeast. We could hear the rattle of wigwam poles, the Indians talking among themselves and the snap of their quirts hitting the pack animals.

"Finally they were past and we went on. Moccasin tracks were everywhere, and on the south bank of the Little Wichita we found where a fire had been built, but had gone out almost immediately, indicating that it had not been used. And nearby was a dirty hickory shirt, of the kind commonly worn along the frontier. It had huge holes in it and it was caked with blood. We failed to find the dead man. We got back to Waco without further incident."

The business meetings of the association, even, are colored with the echoes of stirring incident. How can a graybeard rise to tell his reasons for meriting a pension without throwing back a curtain and showing a stage upon which belted Rangers charged down upon a coppery, half-naked horde of Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas or Lipans? Provisions of pension bills are explained by ex-Rangers who sit in the Legislature. And now there is talk of a proposed monument to the Texas Ranger.

But these quiet old men refuse to become excited over a monument to commemorate their own deeds in that day when the foundations of a state were laid and cemented with human blood. "Let posterity build a monument, if posterity cares to," is the general sentiment, indifferently voiced.

Reminiscence, renewal of old acquaintances—these interest the old timers. In vain Major Green pounds his gavel. Heads turn slowly; for a moment he has attention. But only for a moment. In twos and threes white heads draw together; from the depths of memory they draw pictures of places, faces of men a half century buried beneath the prairie grass, the woodland mold.

Captain John R. Hughes, a Ranger captain longer than any the service has ever known, securing promotion in 1893, when his commander was killed by Mexican outlaws, sits beside Kiowa Jones, who enlisted in Bill McDonald's company in '98 and worked along the Mexican border until 1918. With them are two others who represent the modern era of the Rangers—Cardwell and Sod Durst, yarning of their time in the service from 1914 to date. Durst is speaking of an oldtimer of Del Rio.

"He comes ridin' into town with his gun on, you see. An' they pinch him an' fine him \$10. Man, you ought've heard Pat roar!"

"I've been packin' a .45 forty-five years he tells 'em, but that don't make a bit o' difference to the judge that hands him the fine."

"Next time he comes to town a fella yells: 'Hey Pat! Yo' lariat's draggin'!'"

"Shore it's draggin'!" Pat yells back. "It's draggin' my ol' hawglaig. Maybe the's a law ag'inst packin' a plowhandle in this yere civilized village nowadays, but I've read that lawr plumb hawkeyed an' she don't make no remarks whatever about draggin' one!"

"An' off he goes, with the ol' .45 a-whackin' the dust behind his pony!"

The slow talk goes on—as it is going on everywhere about the grounds. The older men are telling of Indian fights. Hughes speaks in his precise, smooth voice of the fight he and Thalís Cook and a couple of other Rangers had in the Glass Mountains with Burk Humphreys and the Friar brothers. Cook, armed with a .45-70 Winchester, borrowed from Cap'n Jim Gillett, killed both the brothers. Burk Humphreys, escaping under a hail of bullets, was later captured and "sent up."

On the second day of the reunion the news-cameraman of a motion picture company lines up the oldtimers of Captain Dan Roberts' D Company. Although one of the oldest companies of the Frontier Battalion, Company D has more survivors than any other represented here. There is a thrill in watching these twelve old

Rangers march again behind Cap'n Dan.

A vote is taken on the place for the 1928 reunion. Colorado City, Major W. M. Green's home town, extends an invitation. Joe Jackson brings Alpine's bid. Colorado City gets it after some excited electioneering pleasant to witness. This is the last official business; now the oldtimers are free to do their reminiscing; to revisit the sites of their old camps; to drop a line into the San Saba again and pull out the yellow twenty-pound catfish; to gather during the evenings and pat a foot as "Uncle John" Lane's flying bow whips out Money Musk and the other old square dance tunes and a half-dozen volunteer callers chant the turns.

Not all these will come to Colorado City next year. That is the sad thing about the reunion. One by one, the veterans slip away from us; there will come a time when the oldest man in the association will date his service from the late '90s.

But even if these veterans of the real frontier are not remembered by their state, the Texas which they built; if no monument of stone is raised on the Capitol grounds in Austin, still will they have a memorial—and a memorial of the very finest sort.

For every line of fence lying threadlike toward the far Western horizon; every chimney of farm and ranch house crowned by lazy smoke; every road white across the Texas prairie—all these make a monument to the men who rode over ahead of the settler and homebuilder—the Texas Rangers.

Who Served With Samuel Glenn?

Samuel Glenn served as a Texas Ranger on the Rio Grande in 1860-1861, when he was seventeen years of age. His father and elder brother were both shot and killed from ambush in 1859, when the family was coming from the City of Mexico to Texas. They had considerable money and were relieved of it and their watches. After burying their loved ones at Saltillo, Mexico, the family came on to Corpus Christi. There were only the mother, Margaret Glenn, two sisters, Anna, who afterward married Grip Beckham and lived in Flatonia, and Lizzie, who married John Buchanan and lived in Hallettsville. After the mother and sisters were settled, Sam joined the Rangers to avenge the cruel murder of his father and brother. I do not remember who his captain was, or the names of any of the boys who were in his company. He was small, and was sometimes called "Dollittle." He served until the Civil War broke out, then joined a company of cavalry and served four years as a private. After the war he worked cattle for King and Kennedy, also for the Rabbs. Anyone knowing of his Ranger service please communicate with his widow, Mrs. Addie Glenn Baker, Payson, Arizona, who is in need of a pension.

Difficulties of Getting Married on the Frontier

Written By Mrs. R. A. Winn, Rocksprings, Texas.

I read so much in your valuable magazine about the Indian fights and the hardships of the pioneers that I thought it would interest some to hear of my bridal tour in the 60's, so if you think this article will interest any of your numerous readers, you may publish it.

At the time I was living in Menard county. Indians were very bad and conditions were such that it was hard to procure a marriage license. Mr. Winn had been gone for nine months winding up his business in East Texas, leading up to this main issue in our lives. Having done his courting and gotten my consent to become his companion for life before he left, and having faith to believe I would be true to him, he brought a led horse knowing that in all probabilities the Indians had stolen my horse, which was the case. He came on a Friday and Sunday he saddled old Dan, the horse he had led up for me, with a side saddle I had bought from Tul Smith, the leading merchant of Menard. He kept his goods in a side room of his dwelling house. The house in which he lived was a one-room log wall, covered with four foot boards split from the big oak trees which were plentiful all along the San Saba bottoms. I am sorry to say most all the timber has been cut and a lot of it wasted. Remember, this saddle was paid for with buckskin gloves I had made with my fingers as we had never seen a sewing machine at that time. Perhaps our gloves would not have sold so readily had there been better looking ones, still a pair of our gloves would last a year and they did not look as bad as one would suppose. Tul Smith was afterwards killed by Indians five miles below Menard.

I must get to the point of most interest (to me at least), which is my marriage to the dearest man on earth to me. We rode to Menardville and failed to get our license there, so we went back home very much disappointed. On Monday father gave an order to get our license at any county seat in the state (these were reconstruction days). After packing my trousseau in what was known as a carpet bag, we proceeded on our way rejoicing, my brother and Mr. Winn's brother-in-law accompanying us. At Mason all the officers were gone to Fredericksburg to some kind of a church festival, so we passed on beyond Mason and spent the night with a German family. They treated us very kindly. From there we went to Sam Phillips, an old friend of ours who lived in Llano county and I stayed one day there while the gentlemen went over to county seat for the required papers and the parson, but alas! our hopes were blighted. The county clerk had been thrown out of office and the place was

vacant and we were no better off than when we started.

So we called a council and decided to go forward. My brother and Crosby, Mr. Winn's brother-in-law, loitered behind that day and gave me such a fright that I took a good cry which relieved the strain on my nerves. They were as we thought just behind us when firing began. We ran with all our might to the first house and Mr. Winn ran back thinking the Indians had attacked them. Thoughtlessly they had been shooting at squirrels but I thanked God it was not Indians and excused them.

Our next halt was at Bluffton, I believe, and the next two days brought us to the town of Burnett where we were quietly married at a hotel by a Mr. Brooks on a Friday, the 1st day of April, I was loath to tell for a long time the day on which I was married, but in later years I was not so foolish because I found Queen Victoria was married on Friday, and if you will remember America was discovered on Friday, so I find in life it is not so much the day but the good use we put the day.

After the ceremony, my brother returned to Menard county and we journeyed on our way and stopped near the line of Burleson and Washington counties. It was two whole years before I had a chance to return on a visit to my parents. In course of time we moved back to Menard and lived there a long time, so long in fact, that to this good day it seems like home to me, although I have not lived there since 1892. I go back occasionally and always have a delightful time. So many of my dear friends have passed to the great beyond, I would be saddened but for the faith that assures me it will not be long until we will be reunited for all time.

I will soon be seventy-five years old, according to nature, I am drawing near the end of my journey. Thank God, I am not troubled over the fact but rather rejoice knowing there is a home prepared for me in a brighter world than this.

I often think if people at this time had as many obstacles to overcome as we did, there would be fewer marriages and still fewer separations. Unless we have homes, what is to become of our nation? My God, give us more of the old time love for our husbands and children and a heart to bear and forbear. If we would keep the fires of Christian homes burning, we must kindle in our heart a desire to please God and keep his commandments. By so doing, we will not only help our own selves but will help the nation our fathers died to redeem from the oppressors and the savages. May God help us to do our part, is the prayer of an old timer.

Read Frontier Times. \$1.50 per year.

The Life of Bigfoot Wallace

(Continued from last month.)

General Cordova, however, and his French interpreter were both killed just across the ravine. Cordova was stirring up the Indians in Texas to fight the white settlers, and this Frenchman was his interpreter among the Cherokees. He was defeated in a battle near Seguin in 1839, by General Ed Burleson and his rangers.

During the next charge one of the rangers said to Wallace: " 'Bigfoot,' yonder is a Mexican with pants large enough for you; look after him." The Mexican in question was assisting some others to carry off the dead and wounded that had fallen in the charge. Wallace was a conspicuous figure during the fight. His dress, massive frame, and actions when he was talking about the pants, attracted the notice of General Caldwell, and he rode up to him and said: "What command do you hold, sir?" "None" said Wallace. "I am one of Jack Hays' rangers, and want that fellow's pants, yonder;" at the same time pointing out his intended victim. He had reloaded his rifle after firing at one, and now watched for a fair shot at the big one, and when it was offered downed him in his tracks. The Mexicans left him, as well as several others, and Wallace secured the pants, which he said was of splendid material, and a good fit; he wore them to Mexico in the Mier expedition the following year.

Wallace said that after the battle, some of the men, while looking at the dead Mexicans, discovered that nearly all of them carried money of small denominations in their ears; sometimes as much as 25 or 30 cents in dimes and 5-cent pieces. The Mexican whom he killed and got the pants from, had \$2.75 twisted up in his sash, and Wallace said when he found it: "Look here, boys, how much I found in the sash; that fellow must have been a banker." The Mexicans were defeated in the battle, and withdrew with loss; but how great could not be ascertained. Wallace says there were about twenty-two left in the flats in view. Of the Texans, Jett was killed, and Creed Taylor, Calvin Turner and William Simms were wounded. Wallace was hit with four spent balls—three in the legs, and one on the knuckle of the right hand—but only made bruises. The Mexicans done a great deal of firing at long range, and when they were close, overshot. In this battle Woll had about 1500 men, cavalry and infantry, while Caldwell's men has been variously estimated by those who were in the fight. Wallace says there were 196 white men and one negro, named Tom, who had formerly belonged to General Sam Houston, but had been given his freedom. Tom wounded himself during the fight by the accidental discharge of his gun, badly tearing his hand. The writer once asked General H. E. McCulloch how many men were in the battle, and he said 201. Wallace said two Mexican

deserted the Texans just before the fight. Just at the winding up of this battle, a desperate and sad tragedy occurred a short distance east of the battle ground. A company of men, 52 in number, from Fayette county, and commanded by Captain Nicholas Dawson, were surrounded in the prairie by the Mexican army who had just been defeated by Caldwell, and nearly all killed, including their commander. They fought well, but had no chance. A few were taken and carried to Mexico. The Mexicans then returned to San Antonio, followed by some of the rangers to watch their movements.

Here are a few of the names of the Texans who fought at Salado: Matthew Caldwell, commander; Jack Hays, captain; Ewing Cameron, captain; H. E. McCulloch, lieutenant; Jesse Billingsly, captain; Milford Day, Creed Taylor, Solomon Brill, Ezekiel Smith, French Smith, Clay Davis, John Henry Brown, William King, John King, Henry King, James Nichols, John Nichols, Tom Galbreath, Ben Highsmith, Wilson Randle, Andrew Sowell, Calvin Turner, William Turner, Hardin Turner, Kit Ackland, "Bigfoot" Wallace, Mike Chevalier, Arch Gibson, James Clark, Miles Dikes, Henry Whaling, Rufus Perry, Sam Luckey, George Neill, Rufus Taylor, Pipkin Taylor, Josiah Taylor, Sam Walker, Ad Gillespie, Green McCoy, Robert Hall. There were many other gallant men in this fight, but their names cannot now be recalled.

In a few days the Mexicans began their retreat back to Mexico, carrying their prisoners with them. The Texans had been reinforced by men from the Colorado and other places, led by Colonels Burleson and Mayfield, until near 500 men, followed the enemy from San Antonio. The rangers hung close on their rear, and came into collision with them on the Hondo. Captain Hays proposed to charge the rear of the Mexicans with his rangers, and capture their cannon, which had been posted on the near approach of the Texans, if the balance of the men would support the charge. This was understood, and the onset made, and well did the rangers carry out their part of the program. They charged to the muzzles of the pieces, and shot the gunners down around them, but the support failed to come, and they had to retreat back to the main body. In this short, desperate dash, Lee Herrill's horse was killed by a grape shot, and himself wounded in the foot. Arch Gibson had his cheek bone shot off, and Sam Luckey was shot through with a ball, and fell from his horse. This latter incident, however, took place just before the charge was made, the shot being fired by a rifleman in ambush. "Bigfoot" Wallace was riding his mule in the charge, and when the cannon was reached, was unable to control him, and he dashed almost into a line of infantry which had been formed to support the bat-

Officers and privates from other companies came over to them, until the force numbered about 300. About 200 men went back, and arrived at San Antonio about the last of January, 1843.

The companies under the five captains who had separated themselves from the balance of the command, marched down the river four miles and encamped for the night. The next day they elected Captain Fisher to the command, and continued their march down the river. On the 21st they encamped opposite the town of Mier. What an ominous name! How the hearts of the readers of Texas history now thrill at mention of it, although at that time having no significance.

The town of Mier was six miles from the camp of the Texans. On the following morning they crossed the Rio Grande, and marching to the town, made a requisition on the Alcalde for provisions and clothing. He promised that the articles should be delivered the next day at the river, but below the Texans' camp. The Texans, however, when they went back to their camp, brought the Alcalde along with them, as surety for the delivery of the goods. On the 23rd the Texans moved their camp opposite the place where the goods were to be delivered, but the day passed off, and the next, and still the goods did not come. The Texas spies, who had been kept on the west side of the river, on the morning of the 24th captured a Mexican, who reported that General Ampudia had arrived at Mier with troops, and prevented the fulfillment of the Alcalde's promise. The Texans then determined to again cross the river and give them battle. By 4 o'clock in the evening they had all crossed, and were on their march to the town. Captain Baker had command of the spies, and first met the Mexicans who sallied out from Mier. Ampudia retreated before the Texans, and at dark again entered town.

The Texans advanced to the Alcantra creek, east of the town, and halted for some time, as this little stream ran very rapidly, and it was difficult to find a crossing in the night; but finally all succeeded in getting over. By this time a lively fight had commenced between Baker's spies and the Mexican cavalry, and five of the Texans had been cut off and captured. Among these were Dr. Sinnickson, Sam Walker, Beasley and "Legs" Louis. Others made narrow escapes. It was a hand to hand fight, and the Texans who were cut off were compelled to abandon their horses and take across fences and ditches. Sam Walker was caught by a powerful Mexican and held down while others tied him. One man named McMullins, was caught by the legs while getting over a fence, but his boots pulled off and he made his escape. Wallace was in town, on the edge of it rather, and told the men they would be caught, as he saw the Mexican cavalry and was getting back himself. He passed "Legs" Lewis and said: "The Mexicans will get you; you had

better run." After the main body of the Texans had crossed the creek, they advanced to the town and passed down a street leading to the public square, where the Mexicans had planted their artillery. While going into the town the Texans were fired on, and a man named Jones was killed. He was the next man in the rear of Wallace as they galloped in single file, and "Bigfoot" felt the wind of the bullet that killed Jones. Captain Wallace says that he was a well dressed man, and his impression is that he was once President or General. The Mexicans attempted to strip his body, and a lively fight ensued, in which twenty of them were killed. When the Texans got near the cannon, they were halted by a terrible discharge of grape shot, which swept the streets and caused them to seek shelter behind the buildings. It was now dark, Christmas evening, 1842. The only chance for the Texans to advance was by opening passage ways through the buildings, and advance by degrees towards the cannon.

It was dark when the Texans entered the town of Mier and most of them had left their horses in camp under a guard, and came in on foot, when they took possession of the buildings to avoid the discharge from the cannon, they at once commenced opening passage ways from house to house, fighting as they went, and by daylight arrived within fifty yards of the guns. While engaged in this work, Wallace found a Mexican baby which had been abandoned during the hasty exit of the occupants of the houses at the commencement of the fight. It set up a terrible squalling, and Bigfoot took it up, and advancing to a wall enclosing a yard, climbed up, and dropped it down on the other side, at the same time shouting out in Spanish for some one to come and get the Muchacho. He soon heard a woman's voice on the outside, and he supposed it was taken care of.

At daylight port holes were opened, and the deadly crack of the rifle commenced on the artillerymen. The cannons were soon silenced, for it was death for a Mexican to attempt to go near them. During the day three desperate attempts were made by the enemy to storm and carry the position of the Texans, but all failed with fearful loss. Wallace says they came so thick it was impossible to miss them, and the bravest of them was the Presidio ales (town guards,) who wore black hats with white bands around them, and who were nearly all killed. In one of the rooms occupied by the Texans, and where Wallace was, a strong Mexican drink called "aguardiente" was found and the men at once commenced drinking it to excess, and even one of their officers drank so much that he fell on the floor and was wounded by a bullet which came through a crack. The men were so worn out with the night's work that when they found this liquor they drank it out of tin cups like water. Bigfoot seeing it would render them unfit for ser-

vice, turned the balance of the fire water out on the floor.

Before the fight commenced Wallace says one of their scouts named Joe Berry, fell down a bluff, and broke his leg, and his brother Bates and some others who were with him, carried Joe to an outbuilding and placed him there, but were found during the battle, and their position attacked by the Mexicans. A sally was made in an attempt to reach the position of their companions, but none arrived there except Berry. Austin, a bugler, who was one of the party, was killed, Lieutenant Alderette the Mexican officer who was in command of the party who assailed the position of the wounded Berry, went in and killed him with a sword as he lay helpless, and then bragged about it after the surrender, and exhibited the sword which still had the blood of the gallant young Texan upon it.

During the fight in the night bugles were constantly sounding, and it was reported that the Mexicans were being largely reinforced. The Texans, undismayed continued to load their rifles and fire with such deadly effect that great confusion reigned among the Mexicans who continually uttered cries of rage and pain, amid a constant blast of bugles. After it was no longer possible for the Mexicans to go near the cannon and their charges had been repulsed, they occupied the house tops, and other places convenient to shoot from, and kept their bodies hid as much as possible, and many of those killed were shot in the head. Wallace says he loaded and fired his rifle fifteen times, and that he always waited for a good chance, and had a bead on a Mexican every time he touched the trigger. The Mexicans tried to recover their cannons by throwing ropes around them from the corners of the buildings, and succeeded in bringing some of them away.

During the fight after daylight on the 26th, the small guard which had been left on the east side of the Alcantra Creek, attacked about 60 of the Mexican cavalry, and routed them, but perceiving a large body of the enemy coming to assail them, they decided to make a desperate attempt to join their comrades in the town. With this determination they made a charge into the ranks of the Mexicans, and at the same time firing with fatal effect, but the odds were too great. Out of the nine men who made the attempt, only two of them succeeded in reaching their companions. Four were killed and three captured.

During one close charge of the Mexicans, many were killed and wounded on both sides. Among the wounded was Colonel Cameron. Cameron had fortified himself and men in the rear of the building occupied by Fisher, and had been exposed to a fearful fire during which he had three men killed, and seven wounded. The bugles of the Mexicans began sounding a charge from different parts of the town, and Cameron hastily entered the room oc-

cupied by Fisher and his men, and asked for a reinforcement to help defend his position. About that time a white flag was brought out by Doctor Sinnickson, one of the men who had been captured. He was ordered to do so by General Ampudia, and to tell the Texans he had 1700 troops in the city and 300 more on the road from Monterey, and that it would be useless for them to continue to resist, and that if they would surrender they would be treated as prisoners of war, if not, no quarters would be given. The prospect was gloomy for the Texans, and although they had fought as men worthy of the name Texans, and had caused the streets of Mier to almost run with Mexican blood, they still saw no chance to conquer. They were on a foreign soil, hemmed in on all sides by their enemies, their number reduced, and their survivors almost worn out, but still some of them were opposed to a surrender, and thought they could fight their way out of the town, and back across the Rio Grande. Many, however, were in favor of a surrender among Fisher's men, and Cameron, who was opposed to it, hurried back to his men to exhort them to continue the fight. Others under the different captains, favored a surrender, and commenced leaving their positions, and giving up their guns in the street. When Fisher's men commenced going out to surrender, whom Wallace had been with part of the time, he left them and ran to the position of Cameron. Others now left their commands and came to Cameron, until forty of them stood by him, asking him to take command, and continue the battle, or make a sally, and cut their way out. At this time great confusion prevailed; some of the men were surrendering, while others were preparing to continue the fight. Every few minutes baricades would be torn away, and men would march out, four or five at a time, and surrender. Cameron held his position with the forty men who had rallied to him, until all the balance had surrendered, and seeing that all hope was gone, said to his men, who with stern, but anxious faces stood around him, "Boys, it is no use to continue the fight any longer, they are all gone but us, and we will have to knock under." The men stood in silence for a moment, and looked sternly at the hordes of Mexicans who were now making a grand display, cavorting in the streets, and others carrying away the guns of the Texans, who were now prisoners, and bunched together on the plaza. The Mexican soldiers, and the citizens of the town were making a great outcry, and cheering for victory. A gallant officer named Thomas J. Green, who was with Cameron, broke his sword before he would give it up. Wallace was bitterly opposed to a surrender; he remembered the fate of his brother and cousin, after the surrender at Goliad, and expected nothing else for himself and comrades on this occasion, and told them so. The gallant Cameron, however, wished to save the

lives of his men, and taking the lead, they followed, and were met by a strong detachment of Mexicans as they emerged from their position into the street, and the painful work of handing over their guns, pistols and knives commenced. Wallace stayed back to the last, closely watching every incident of the surrender, thinking likely it might be necessary to kill another Mexican if the slaughter which he expected would follow, commenced prematurely, but at last handed up his arms, and was the last man to do so at Mier. He says, as they were being marched to the square, his shoes became red with blood, where the Mexicans bled, who were killed during those desperate charges, and also saw blood, in the gutters and on the housetops where they had bled. He says, a Mexican whom General Somervell raised and educated was killed in the fight on the Mexican side, and that he had Somervell's rifle with him.

The Mexican loss in the battle was fearful, considering the numbers engaged, which was 2000 on the Mexican side, 500 of whom were killed, according to their own report of the battle. The Texans had 260 men, sixteen of whom were killed and thirty wounded. The Mexicans had forty artillerymen killed, before they would give up trying to work their guns, which were in close rifle shot of the place where the Texans were posted.

Captain Wallace says he thinks there were more than 800 Mexicans killed, and while the results were not so great, it was a harder fought battle than that of San Jacinto. He says that they were carried up to the square, from where the surrender took place, he saw four rows of dead Mexicans lying close together, and reaching across the plaza, and that the priests were among them saying mass.

While this was being done, the bodies of the slain Texans, stripped of their clothing, were being dragged through the streets by the cavalry, followed by crowds of yelling Mexicans of all sizes and ages.

On the last days of December, General Ampudia set out with his prisoners for the City of Mexico, leaving the wounded at Mier in charge of Dr. Sinnickson. On January 9th, 1843, the captive Texans arrived at Matamoras, and on the 14th set out from that place, guarded by a troop of cavalry, and arrived in Monterey on the 28th, where they remained until February 20. On the march to Monterey it was one continual jubilee with the Mexicans. They starved the prisoners, and made them go on foot all the way, until they were almost barefoot and haggard. The Mexicans made grand demonstrations in passing through the towns, their approach being heralded with bugle blasts and prancing, charging cavalry. The Texans were marched through the principal streets, followed by yelling mobs of men and boys. The women, however, with but few exceptions, pitied the half starved and half dead Americans, some of whom were beardless boys, and

when they arrived in Monterey, the women came out with provisions and fed the Americans.

From Monterey, the prisoners were carried to Saltillo, where they found six of the Texans who were captured at San Antonio the year before, when General Woll visited that place. Bigfoot Wallace was still wearing the pants of the Mexican whom he killed at the battle of Salado.

At Saltillo Colonel Barragan took charge of the prisoners, and proceeded with them to the Hacienda Salado, 100 miles further on, where they arrived on the 10th, and were placed in prison. For some time past, the Texans had contemplated making an attempt to escape, and had formulated the plan at Monterey, but one of their own officers disclosed the plot to the Mexicans and the attempt was not made. Now it was set on foot again without detection, and carried out. There had been an addition to their number, of a portion of the Santa Fe prisoners, who had gone on the ill-starred expedition to New Mexico, and had all been captured, and sent over into Old Mexico, and confined with the Mier prisoners; also, a few survivors of Dawson's Massacre had been placed with them. Among the Santa Fe prisoners were Drs. Brenham and Lyons, who were anxious to make the attempt to escape. When all was ready, Captain Cameron gave the signal by throwing up his hat, and Lyons and Brenham led the charge on the guards. Cameron and Samuel H. Walker, who was captured before the battle of Mier, each charged a guard, and succeeded in disarming them. This was at sunrise, on the 11th day of February, 1843.

As soon as the first charge was made, and the guards were disarmed at the door of the prison, the Texans rushed into the outer court of the building where there were 150 infantry guarding the arms and cartridge boxes. There were about 200 Texans, and without hesitating an instant, they rushed upon the Mexican soldiers with their naked hands, and a desperate struggle commenced for the possession of the guns and cartridges. The Mexicans who were stationed inside the court of the prison, fired hastily and surrendered, or fled, but the Texans were not yet masters of the situation, as there was another company of infantry stationed at the gate, and a force of cavalry also had formed outside to cut off their escape. Without waiting, the desperate men rushed upon these and a terrible fight ensued. Most of the Texans had secured guns when this second hand to hand encounter occurred. Bigfoot had secured no gun as yet and rushed upon a Mexican to disarm him, but the fellow had a bayonet on his gun, and made a desperate thrust at the big Texan, who seized the bayonet, and a hard struggle commenced for the mastery, but the bayonet soon came off in the hands of Wallace, and another disarmed prisoner got possession of the gun, which, however,

had no load in it, as the soldier had just came up behind, and seized the breach, and fired it.

The fight at this time was fiercely raging, and Wallace went into it brandishing the bayonet which he used until the fight was over. In vain the Mexicans tried to keep the Texans from going through the gate which would give them their liberty. The contest was short, but bloody, and the noise and confusion was awful; the Mexicans uttering yells and screams of terror and surprise as the Texans rushed among them with clubbed guns, after the first discharge, and delivered blows right and left. The cavalry became terror stricken, and fled, and the infantry began to throw down their arms, and try to surrender, but for a time no stop could be put to the slaughter. At length the voice of Cameron was heard, who went among the men and begged for the disarmed guards. Wallace says they ceased to kill any more of them, but would strike them on the head occasionally when they moved to make them stand still. Many Mexicans lay dead on every side, while others were moaning with broken heads, and gun shot wounds. One Mexican Lieutenant, Baragan, son of the commander, displayed great bravery during the fight, and drawing his sword, backed against a wall, and successfully parried five or six bayonet thrusts. Some one suggested to Wallace to get a loaded gun and shoot him, but Wallace said no, that a brave man like him should be spared. The young officer was then called to surrender, and hand over his sword, but he refused, saying he would not surrender his sword to a private, but would give up to Captain Cameron. This officer was then called, and the Lieutenant at once surrendered his sword. His father, Colonel Baragan, had quit the field in ignominious flight. Other Mexicans who had surrendered, and were looking on during this episode, said this Lieutenant did not derive his courage from his father, but from his mother, and that he favored her.

The Texans did not come out of the fight unscratched. Five of their comrades lay still and motionless among their dead foes, and many were wounded and unable to rise from the ground. Among the killed were the brave and fearless Brenham and Lyons, who led the attack at the prison door. The Texans being masters of the situation, dictated terms to the Mexicans, one of which was that their wounded should be taken care of. Those who were able to travel prepared for instant flight, for they knew this was their only chance for safety, as a large force would soon be on their trail.

Some of the Mexican cavalry, who tied their horses, and were not close to them when the onset was made, ran away without mounting, and other horses were found in town, and soon enough were secured to mount the men and by 10 o'clock in the forenoon, they set out for the Rio

Grande. Bigfoot Wallace secured a fine dun pacing mule which belonged to Captain Arroyo, who had ran away and left the mule. By midnight they went fifty miles, made a short halt, fed their horses, then went twelve miles further, and again halting, slept two hours. Early next morning, they left the main road in order to go around the city of Saltillo. On the 13th they struck the road leading from Saltillo to Monclova, but on the next night abandoned it, and took to the mountains on the left. This was a fatal mistake, as events which follow will show.

The trouble and hardships of these brave men now commenced in earnest. When too late they saw the mistake which they had made. The country was a barren waste of mountains, without water or anything in the shape of food. Six days were spent in trying to get through. The men were perishing with thirst, and starvation. Horses were killed and eaten, and their blood drank by the desperate Texans. Bigfoot Wallace killed the fine dun mule of Captain Arroyo, and he and others of his comrades ravenously devoured quantities of it, and quaffed cups-full of the red blood with a gusto and apparent relish as if they were drinking to one another's health in the saloons of San Antonio.

Sitting around our firesides at home, surrounded by our families, and home comforts, we can hardly realize the gravity or horribleness of the situation, the dry lonely canyon, where the horses were killed to sustain human life. The bloody feast akin to savage orgies, can only be understood rightly by those who participated in it. They could not long remain here, swarms of cavalymen with pack mules carrying provisions and water, were on their trail. Leaving the remains of the slaughtered horses for the coyotes to finish, the Texans once more plunged into the dark mountains in a vain endeavor to reach the Rio Grande. They were hopelessly lost, and once more they began to suffer with thirst. They could no longer keep together as a body. The horses which had not been killed for food were dead or abandoned. Men became delirious, and wandering away, died alone in the dry, hot ravines or on top of lofty mountains and huge rocks. They could no longer carry their guns, and they were thrown away, at least most of them, and they toiled on. Men would sink down with their heads dropped on their breasts, and their feet pointing in the direction they wished to go. Bigfoot Wallace had partly dried some of his mule meat in the hot sun, and was carrying it in a haversack, and would from time to time partake of the meat until his thirst became so intense he could no longer do so. His tongue was dry and useless, swelled to the roof of his mouth. Five more days he spent without water, but during that time his legs never failed him. The men now were badly scattered. Wallace and three companions stayed together and

toiled on with faces turned in the direction they thought the Rio Grande to be.

The Mexican cavalry who were on the trail of the fugitive Texans, finally began to appear. These were more bold and to capture them. When they came up with the main body who had remained together, some of them still carried their guns, and although emaciated and nearly famished until they resembled dead men, refused to surrender except as prisoners of war. This was agreed to by the Mexicans and all were again taken. Wallace and his three companions, who were Captain Cameron, Tom Davis and James Ogden were headed off and captured within one hundred and fifty yards of a pool of water. They thought from the looks of the country that water was near, and were using their last remaining strength to get to it. The Mexicans doled out the water sparingly to the Texans, fearing they would kill themselves if allowed to drink all they wanted at once. While they were dispensing a small cupful to each man Wallace noticed a cowboyman near him who had the water gourd which had been taken from him at Mier, and thinking they would all be shot anyway, and rendered desperate by the situation, sprang at him and said in Spanish "That is my gourd, give it up." The Mexican soldier at once complied, saying: "Pobrecito" (poor fellow.) Wallace turned up the gourd and says that first swallow was the best he ever tasted, and continued to gurgle it down. Tom Davis ran up to him and said "Give me some, Foot." Wallace said he couldn't turn it loose, and Davis was unable to pull the gourd from his mouth. A Mexican officer said "Take the water away from that fellow, he will kill himself." Three or four soldiers then tried to take the gourd from the big Texan but were unable to do so until he had emptied it. After Bigfoot had drank the water, which was near a gallon, he turned and dropped down on his knapsack, and said he never felt so good in his life, and in an instant, went to sleep. He had not slept any for five nights. When he fell down the officer said: "See, now he is dead." It seems that the officers who were in command of this squad were humane, and treated these four prisoners well, even Captain Cameron, and camped here for the night, so that the worn men could rest, and occasionally through the night would give them a little more water. Wallace slept all night without moving, and the soldiers thought he would not wake any more, but would die that way. When morning came Wallace roused up refreshed and hungry, and opening his knapsack, began to make a hearty meal of his remaining mule meat. Some of the Mexicans said "Look at that man, he is not dead, watch him eat." One of them came to him and asked what he was eating. "Mule meat" said Bigfoot, as he looked the Mexican in the face. "Whose mule was it?" was the next question.

"My mule," says Wallace.

"It was not," said the Mexican. "He belonged to Captain Arroyo."

"Why didn't you kill him?" asked the Texan. "I killed him before he was taken," said the Mexican. "I killed him before he was taken," said the Mexican. "I killed him before he was taken," said the Mexican.

The Mexicans marched on, and brought in all they could find in the mountains, but of the 103 who had been taken after the fight at the Hacienda Salado, five died of thirst and starvation, four got through to Texas and three were never found or heard of.

Stragglers continued to be brought in, and at first all were tied together with ropes, marched in long strings. On the 27th their number had increased to 160, and were then carried to Salado and an order came there from Santa Anna for them to be shot. This the Mexican command refused to do, and instead assign his command to the British consul who had been taken. One of the prisoners, James H. Miller was a British subject, and the consul tried to set him at liberty, but he refused to accept it, saying he was a Texan and would die with his comrades if necessary. The prisoners were then all packed and sent back to Salado, the consul's command where they arrived on the 24th of March. Here another came from Santa Anna that every tenth man should be shot. The prisoners were kept on the prisoners, and double guards put around them. When the prisoners arrived at the scene of their break for liberty, Bigfoot and Henry Whaling were near each other, and noticed some Mexicans digging a ditch. Whaling remarked: "That ditch is for us." These were prophetic words so far as Wallace was concerned, for he drew a black bean, was shot, and put into the ditch along with his unfortunate companions who also drew the fatal beans.

In decimating the prisoners, it was decided by the Mexicans to let them draw lots and each man have a chance for his life. The lots were to be determined by drawing beans. The white beans meaning life, and the black beans meaning death. A pitcher was procured, and ten white beans to one black one was placed in it.

When all was ready, the Texans were marched out a short distance and formed in line, and an officer came up, bearing the fatal pitcher in which were 150 white beans and 17 black ones. Few men even in regular war times, pass through such a fearful ordeal as the men did who drew beans for their lives at Salado.

For a few moments the men stood in silence, and then the drawing commenced. No matter what could have been made of men's nerve than on the occasion. They will run almost to certain death in the excitement of battle, but to stand and de-

cide their fate in a second by the drawing of a bean, was worse than charging to the muzzle of a blazing cannon. The Mexicans were very anxious to kill Captain Cameron and were in hopes he would draw a black bean, so they would have some excuse to shoot him. The black beans were placed on top, and Cameron was made to draw first. As he reached for the pitcher which was held high, so no one could see into it, one of the captives, William F. Wilson, said: "Dip deep, Captain." He did so, and pulled out a white bean, and then stepped back into line. A look of satisfaction passed over the faces of the Texans; for they all loved the brave and unselfish Cameron, but the Mexicans scowled. The drawing went on rapidly, only a few hesitating to pull forth their bean in this terrible game for life. When the time came for Wallace to draw, he stepped up quietly, and reached for the pitcher, but his hand was so large he had some difficulty, and had to squeeze his hand down to the beans.

Wallace was among the last to draw which made his chance less, as the boys had dipped d deep until there was nearly as many black beans as there were white ones. He had to scoop up beans with two fingers on account of their scarcity, and crowded position of his hand, but succeeded in getting up two, and held them a few moments feeling of them. The Mexicans were watching closely, and an officer said to Wallace: "Don't you pull out two, if you do, and one of them is black you will have to take it." Bigfoot paid no attention to him, but felt of the beans until he discovered that one was a little larger than the other, and set the large one drop, and pulled forth his hand, and between his fingers he held a white bean. He is satisfied the one he dropped was black. The next two men to draw, were Wing and Whaling; both drew black beans.

The last three men on the list did not draw, as the 17 black beans were all taken out, and an officer turned up the pitcher or jar, and three white beans fell to the ground. Wallace says the vessel they drew the beans from was not a pitcher, but a jar, and that it tapered both ways something like a ten pin. When Wallace drew his hand out of the vessel, a Mexican officer took hold of it to examine it, and called up others to see how large it was. The prisoners were chained together, two and two, and drew their beans in alphabetical order. The man to whom Wallace was chained, was named Senabaugh, and had to draw before his companion, and Captain Wallace says if there ever was a Christian, it was this man. He prayed for himself and Bigfoot that they might be spared. He drew a white bean, and afterwards amid clanking chains in the dark dungeon of Perote, prayed and sang hymns, and thanked God that it was as well with him as it was.

Although the men knew that some were compelled to draw black beans, they could

not help showing looks of satisfaction as friend after friend drew those beans which gave them life. What keen pangs, however, of sorrow and regret shot through their hearts when the fatal black beans came forth, held by some dear friend or comrade, who had stood by them during all the fearful hardships and dangers through which they had passed, but was now compelled to die—shot like a dog, far from home and loved ones. Most of the men showed the utmost coolness, scarcely a tremor passing over their faces as the drawing progressed.

One noted gambler, when his time came to draw, stepped up with a smile, and said: "Boys this is the highest stake I ever played for." When he drew forth his hand his fingers held a black bean, and without changing the smile on his face, took his place in the death line, and remarked, "Just my luck."

As fast as the black beans were drawn out the unfortunate holder was placed in the death line. Sometimes the two chained together would draw black beans, and would not have to be separated, but move together to the fatal line. When one was taken and the other left, the chains were taken off, and the condemned coupled on to one of his companions in distress. Young Robert Beard was very sick, and had to be held up to draw his bean, but before drawing, so requested his brother that if he drew a black bean and himself a white one, to exchange with him, and he would die in his place, and the well one might live to get back home. His brother would not agree to this, but they both drew white beans, and lived to return home.

It is generally believed and told, that Bigfoot Wallace drew two beans at Salado; that one of his comrades, a young fellow bewailed his situation, and expressed his fear that he would draw a black bean in such a way, that Wallace told him to hush and take his bean which he had just drawn, and that he would take another chance. When the writer asked Captain Wallace in regard to this, he said: "No, I never drew but one, and was terrible glad when I saw that one was white, and had no idea of giving it away." He says this tale likely grew out of the episode of the Beard brothers. And another thing he said they could not have done so if they wished, for he heard an officer say that there should be no swapping of beans. M. C. Wing, a young man, was the last man on the list to draw a black bean, and was perceptibly affected. He had been very religious when at home, but had left the beaten track of christianity, and had gone sadly astray, and that seemed to trouble him a great deal.

One young fellow, a mere boy, drew a black bean, and giving one appealing look to his comrades, asked them to avenge his death.

"Talking" Bill Moore when it came his turn to draw said: "Boys I had rather draw for a Spanish horse and lose him." He

was a lively fellow, and helped to keep up the spirits of the balance. Good fortune favored him, and he drew a white bean. When the drawing was over, and the condemned men stood in the death rank chained two and two together, their roll stood as follows: L. L. Cash, J. D. Cocke, Robert Durham, William N. Eastland, Edward Este, Robert Harris, S. L. Jones, Patrick Mahan, James Ogden, Charles Roberts, William Rowan, J. L. Shepard, (cousin of the writer) J. M. N. Thompson, James N. Torrey, James Turnbull, Henry Whaling and W. C. Wing.

Henry Whaling then asked for something to eat, saying "I do not want to starve and be shot too." Strange to say the Mexicans complied with his request, and issued him two soldiers' rations which he ate. While the drawing was in progress some of the petty Mexican officers did everything in their power to annoy and tantalize the wretched men. When one drew a black bean they would express great sorrow, and tell him to cheer up, better luck next time, when they knew this was his last chance. When all was over the men stood in silence not a sound was heard among them. Those in the death line intently watching their captors. When the firing squad was detailed and counted off, some little sign of emotion was visible in the countenances of a few who were to be executed, and so soon to face the deadly muskets. Their bosoms heaved and the breath came short and quick. Others stood as calm as if on parade.

The irons were taken off of them, and they were led away to execution, bidding their comrades farewell as they marched off. Many tears were seen running down the amaciated and sunburnt faces of their more fortunate companions as they responded to this last goodbye.

When they arrived at the place of execution, the Texans asked permission to be shot in front, but were refused. Henry Whaling tried to get them not to blindfold him, saying he wanted to look at the man who shot him, and show them how a Texan could die. This, however, was also refused. The Mexicans stood close to their backs when they fired, and all fell to the ground. The soldiers then stripped them, and piled up their bodies like cord wood. They were all dead but one, J. L. Shepard. He was only wounded in the shoulder, but went through the process of being stripped and piled up without showing any signs of life, and when the soldiers left, made his escape to the mountains. Here he remained ten days suffering with hunger and his festering wound, but was again captured, brought back and executed.

Some say that James C. Wilson, the English subject made his escape before the drawing of the beans, but Captain Wallace says it was after. No doubt the British consul interfered to liberate him, but he would not accept it. He lived to return to Texas and lived many years honored and

respected and died in Gonzales county. Wilson county was named for him. His son, Judge James C. Wilson lived in Karnes county, and was district judge of his district.

After the execution of the unfortunate Texans, the survivors were started out heavily ironed for the City of Mexico. All that were able had to walk, and it is impossible to describe what they suffered. They were carried through all the principal cities on the route, driven like so many cattle, and almost starved. They were derided, hooted at and maltreated all the way by the populace.

The shackles on Bigfoot Wallace were too small and cut deep into the flesh. His arms swelled and turned black, and when they arrived at San Luis Potosi the governor's wife came to look at the prisoners and noticed the condition of Wallace. Her woman's sympathies were at once aroused, and she ordered the chains to be taken off. The officer in command refused to do this, saying only the governor had authority to give such an order. She replied to this that she was the governor's wife and ordered him again to take them off. This time he complied, and sent for a blacksmith who removed them. The good woman then bathed the black and swollen arms with brandy with her own hands and seeing others of the prisoners suffering also who had gathered around, ordered the blacksmith to take the chains off of all of them. Before she did this, however, she asked the officer in command if he was afraid of his prisoners without chains on and he said "No!"

When all this was accomplished, Wallace told her she ought to be president of Mexico.

On the march to the capital, after the chains had been taken off, Bigfoot made good use of his long arms as he passed through the towns. He would reach and get cakes and tamales off the stands of vendors of these things. The owners would make a great outcry, but the Mexican soldiers only laughed. Sometimes they would meet one carrying a tray or board of good things on his head, but Wallace was so much taller than the little squatty Mexican that he could reach down and get a handful of things without the owner knowing it. Bigfoot with his gaunt form and long arms was a great curiosity to them. He could pass one of those stands and then reach back and get the article from it.

When they arrived at a little Indian village, 18 miles from the City of Mexico, an order came from Santa Anna to shoot Captain Ewing Cameron. This was kept secret from the balance of the prisoners for fear they would make an outbreak. They took Cameron that night and put him in a room alone, and the balance of the men were huddled together in a small cell where they almost suffocated. They had suspicion, however, from their transactions that Cameron was to be shot, and next morning when they were all marched

out to a tank to wash, each man filled his bosom full of rocks determined to fight for their beloved captain, and die with him if an attempt was made on his life. The guards asked why they were getting the rocks and they were told it was for ballast so they could sink better. They made no attempt to take them away; in fact they were afraid to as they could see the men looked desperate. The march was at once taken up early in the morning. The prisoners asked about their captain and if he was to be killed, but the Mexicans said no, and for them to go, that he would come on soon. When the prisoners got one mile from this place on rising ground they heard a platoon of gun fire back at the town and they knew that the gallant Cameron had met his fate.

It was a refinement of cruelty on the part of Santa Anna to have Cameron executed after he had drawn a white bean. He met his fate unflinchingly and died as none but the brave can die.

Before arriving at the capital the captives were again put in irons and convict garb placed upon them. In this condition and with grand display they were marched into the historic city of the Montezumas.

Before leaving San Antonio, Wallace had some shirts made which came down nearly to his ankles and when he wore his pants out until little more than the waistband was left, the Mexicans thought he was a priest and occasionally along the route before donning the convict suit, some of them would call him Padre and run out and give him a piece of tortilla. It was dry and hard, but Wallace would soon mash it up between his teeth and relish it.

While being conveyed up the streets of the capital the populace was unusually noisy, hooting, yelling and offering many insults. One old woman, (squaw, Wallace called her) singled him out for her special taunts and jeers. She was very ugly with a long grizzled neck and would come in front of him, grin and make all kinds of wry faces. The shackled Texan was almost desperate with the smarting of his chains, and would have struck her if his hands had been loose, but as this was out of the question, he watched his chance, and when her back was turned, sprang at her and caught the back of her neck with his teeth, thinking he would bite a piece out, but the old woman squaled like a panther, and jerked loose. Bigfoot says that was the toughest meat he ever tried to bite. He could make no impression on it and his teeth slipped off and popped like a horse pulling his foot out of a bog. The soldiers laughed very heartily at this, ridiculed the old woman and bravoed the tall Gringo.

The British had a good deal to say about the killing of Cameron and talked to Santa Anna face to face, bitterly condemning his action.

It must be remembered that Texas did not belong to the United States at that time and was a republic. The United States had nothing to do in regard to protecting citizens of Texas. The new republic was not able to invade Mexico and release her citizens.

The Texas prisoners arrived in the city of Mexico on the first of May and remained there until the following October. During this time they were confined and closely guarded at night and worked with chains on during the day. Part of their work was to carry sand in sacks to make a fine road up to the Bishop's palace where Santa Anna lived. The work was slow and tedious, walking the lock step with chains around their ankles. Even at this, however, the Texans played off a good deal by punching their sacks full of holes and letting the sand run out as they went along so that when they arrived at the dumping ground the load had become very light. Part of the time the prisoners worked at Molino del Rey, one and a half miles from the city, and here four prisoners escaped by scaling a wall. They were Samuel H. Walker, James C. Wilson and one Thompson and Gatis. It was late in the evening just before sundown, and all the prisoners had been brought in for the night, and placed in different rooms, but all surrounded by a wall. Before the regular guard was put on for the night (which was always doubled,) the four men above mentioned scaled the wall while the sentinel's back was turned.

The man Thompson had played off on the march by wrapping bloody rags which he had secured some way, around his foot and leg, limping and making the most terrible faces. The Mexicans let him ride all the way and he had not been able to work much on account of his leg; falling and tumbling about every time he tried to walk. The men all knew that Thompson was putting on, and that there was nothing the matter with his leg, and Wallace said he had rather walk or work either, than to make faces and contortions that Thompson went through with. When the sentinel came into the room where he had left the prisoners a few moments before and found it empty, the truth flashed across his mind at once, and bringing the butt of his gun down on the floor with considerable force, exclaimed "Caraja." He, however, did not report the loss and it was not found out until next morning, then no one knew how it occurred. What mostly surprised the Mexicans was that the crippled man had got away—scaled a wall when they did not think he was able to step over a rock a foot high. The four all made their way back to Texas. In October the prisoners were sent to Perote, distant about 300 miles from the capitol. They had to walk all the way, but without chains on. Here they were confined in the damp, loathsome dungeon of Perote, and the air was so foul that forty of them

died. Wallace, with ten others went wild, and had to be tied down. All died but Wallace, and he was tied down fourteen days. The Mexican doctors who were in attendance, had their assistants to rub Bigfoot to bring back circulation, and in doing so, pulled a plaster off his sore back, and he knocked the Mexican who did it clear across the room.

Seeing they would all die if too closely confined, they were carried out to work during the day—Wallace with the balance as soon as he was able. They were hitched twenty-five to a cart and made to haul rocks from the mountains down to town. During this time the Texans let three carts accidentally get the start of them, and run off a high bluff and smash to pieces. They hitched Wallace to a cart alone on one occasion to haul some sand, and a spirit of devilment coming over him, he pretended to get scared at something, ran away, and could not be stopped until he had demolished the cart. It was a funny sight to the Mexicans to see a man running away with a cart and could not be stopped or headed off until it was overturned, and they gave way to loud peals of laughter.

During this long confinement one of Jack Hays' old rungers, named Joe Davis, conceived the idea of digging under the dungeon wall, which was five feet in thickness and twenty-two feet to get under the foundation. There were twenty-seven confined in this apartment, and all agreed to the plan and they went to work, digging at night, and hiding their dirt as best they could. Some of the dirt was carried out in their clothing as they went to work on the streets and scattered gradually so as to escape detection. In this way they succeeded in digging under and out. This made a hole of forty-four feet they had to dig to get under and out, but they did it, and twenty-four of them succeeded in getting clear. The plot was discovered soon after they got through. Wallace heard the men were all getting out of that room and he went there to get through also, and found the room full of Mexican officers and soldiers and had to give it up. Four of those who got out were recaptured and brought back and chains put on all again. They were also compelled to work hard and nearly starve. Many weary nights now passed away and clanking chains could be heard at all hours. Many rats invaded their prison den, and so near starved were the men, the rats were caught and eaten. The rats would run up the wall to the little cross-barred window where the sentinel stood, and going through would drop into the dungeon. When the rat was heard to hit the floor there would be a lively rattling of chains as each man tried to catch him. Captain Wallace says they were looked upon as an extra dish, and when several could be secured they would save them for Sunday and have the

cook to make a pot of soup, which was greatly enjoyed by the prisoners.

The captain in command here was a wooden-legged fellow with a long Mexican name which the Texans could not pronounce easy, and the more irrelevant ones of them called him "Limping Jesus." He would come in to inspect the cells with a great splutter of official dignity, and one of the men drew a perfect picture of him on the wall which made him very angry and he had it effaced.

If all the minute particulars were written of the interesting incidents through which the captive Texans passed, it would fill a large volume. The main points have been given, and enough of minor details to give the reader a clear conception of the situation. The pathetic incidents were occasionally interspersed with the ludicrous, which broke the monotony of prison life and suffering.

On one occasion while Bigfoot was crazed, and fighting and trying to tear everything in his reach, two young Mexican women of the higher or wealthy class, expressed a great desire to see the wild Texan. They made known their wish to the Padre of the city, and he promised to go with them to the prison. When they arrived at the entrance, and the guards threw back the prison door, the dusky damsels drew back alarmed when they heard the clanking chains of the prisoners. The good father assured them, however, that there was no danger, that trusty guards was at hand, and the "Mucho Grande Loco Americano" was unusually docile. In the meantime some of the Texans who had seen the party enter and caught on to the import of their visit, went and informed Wallace who was lying on a cot. He at once raised up to a sitting position with his feet on the floor and completely enveloped himself in a sheet except his eyes, and looked as much like a ghost as possible. When the party came up in front of Wallace, and the shy maidens were tremblingly viewing, "El loco hombre," (the mad man) Bigfoot threw off his sheet and uttering a yell that would have made a Comanche Indian turn pale, sprang at them. With one long wailing scream of terror and despair, the two Mexican girls sank to the floor and Wallace caught one of them by the foot. Great excitement now prevailed. The guards rushed in and seized Wallace and tried to loosen his grip on the girl, but not being able to do so, dragged Wallace and the girl about over the cell in a vain endeavor to pull him loose. The girl still screamed and Bigfoot uttered growls and roars like a caged lion. The Mexican soldiers cursed and threatened to cut him loose with their sabres while the priest hopped about and called on all the saints both small and great that were laid down in his catechism. To add to the excitement of the scene, the Texans were rattling their chains and with upraised man-

acled hands threatening the soldiers if they used their sabres on Wallace.

At last in sheer desperation the priest sprang upon Wallace himself and the tension on his muscles was so great as the soldiers continued to drag them about that he was compelled to turn loose, and was carried to his couch, while the girl fairly flew from the prison with her disheveled hair streaming behind her. The other girl had vanished. The priest went out with a quick step and flushed face.

During all these tedious months of captivity, friends in the United States were using their best endeavors to have the prisoners liberated. The young republic of Texas was not able alone to send an invading army into Mexico and strike the chains from her citizens, but did all she could in conjunction with others to have it done by the Mexican authorities. The wife of Santa Anna, who was an invalid and a good woman, plead with the stern dictator for their release. He was greatly attached to her and would grant almost anything she asked.

Not long after this, four of the prisoners were released through the intervention of influential friends in the United States. These four were Bigfoot Wallace, Thomas Tatum, James Armstrong and Wm. F. Wilson. Wallace was liberated through his father and Governor McDowell of Virginia. Their plantations joined and the two families were friends of long standing.

Thomas Tatum, who was a native of Tennessee, gained his liberty through the influence of General Jackson.

William F. Wilson, who was also a native of Virginia, was released through the influence of Governor McDowell.

The chains dropped from the manacled wrists of James Armstrong through the good offices of Thomas Benton of Missouri.

On the 5th day of August, 1844, the four men in question walked out from the dark Perote dungeon free men, after a twenty-two months, and on the same day the wife of Santa Anna died; loved and regretted by every Texan who wore the chains in Mexico.

As to the balance of the prisoners, suffice it to say that soon after the death of the president's wife, the president gave orders for all of the Texas prisoners to be liberated.

He had promised his wife on her dying bed that he would do so, and let it go to Santa Anna's credit that once in life he kept his promise.

When Bigfoot and his three companions once more breathed free air they set out on foot in the hot, broiling sun, for Vera Cruz having one dollar apiece which was given them by the prison officials to defray their expenses out of the country. On the route they passed through the city of Jalapa, one of the cleanest and nicest, Wallace says he ever saw.

The Mexicans treated them kindly along the route when convinced that they were not French. One woman gave Wallace water and fanned him when he came to her door nearly dead with heat after a long tramp across a sandy plain.

When they arrived at Vera Cruz the people were dying by the hundreds with yellow fever and they could not find a ship bound for New Orleans where they intended going. One ship had just left before they arrived. Eleven days they had to remain here, and then had to board a condemned ship to get away. The vessel was bound for the dry dock at New Orleans, and commanded by a South Sea Island captain. It had been a French merchant ship and was very large. The captain said if they were Mier prisoners he would not charge them anything.

By the time they got aboard and under way Wallace and his crowd and six sailors had the yellow fever. The old captain of the ship was not alarmed at this, for he said he could cure them if they would take his medicine. His first treatment was an average bottle of castor oil, which he required them to take at two doses a short time apart. His next was a bitter concoction made of red looking roots which he brought from the South Sea Islands. Captain Wallace says the roots looked like radishes. Before they arrived at New Orleans the sick men had all recovered, and were able to eat full rations.

Friends had deposited funds at New Orleans for Wallace and his companions to draw upon, and on this Wallace had contracted for their rations on board during the passage. A man named Young had charge of the commissary department, and failed to issue them sailor's rations as per contract. This so enraged Wilson after they got so they could eat, that he took hold of Young one morning and tried to throw him overboard, and would have done so but for the intervention of Wallace. Wilson had Young nearly over when Wallace caught hold of him and pulled him back saying, "It will never do to be arrested for drowning such a rascal as he is." When the ship arrived at New Orleans, Young reported them as mutiners, and tried hard to have the whole party arrested. When the authorities found out the nature of the case, they said the men ought to have sent him overboard. Wallace gave the captain an order on the prisoners' fund for their passage which he did not want to take, but Wallace insisted, and bidding him farewell, they separated in the streets of New Orleans.

Captain Wallace had an old school mate in the city named William Morehead, who was lieutenant in the police force, and through him Wallace also obtained a position on the force. Bigfoot only served three weeks in this business, but in that time made \$800 catching run-away negroes that rewards were offered for. He also had some stirring adventures. On one oc-

casian a desperate sailor belonging to an English vessel, was doing up, the town, and Wallace and Morehead went to arrest him. They soon found one man whose face was mashed into a pulp, and the bloodiest man Wallace says he ever saw. When they came upon the bellcose individual who was putting such ugly faces on people he squared himself for a fight and wanted to know their authority for demanding his surrender. For reply they showed him their clubs. The police clubs in those days were called colts and different to those now in use. They were heavily leaded and a most formidable weapon. The man went with them a short distance, when they both took hold of him, but suddenly struck Morehead a fearful blow on the right jaw, and knocked him down. Before Wallace could do anything, he received a lick which he partially dodged, but which nearly tore his ear loose from the left side of his head. At the same time Wallace brought his club down with terrific force on the fellow's head which cut his cap in twain and brought him to the side walk. Bigfoot then reeled and fell himself from the effects of the blow which he had just received. This was all done in a few seconds, and the trio was on the ground together. Morehead was the first to get up, and planted his heels in the desperado's face. Wallace also got to his feet feeling pretty rickety, but laid hold of him and the two dragged the tough sailor about a block. Here they met a boy who said he was on the same ship with him and that the man was a deserter. In the office he made an attempt to escape, striking one man in the stomach, knocking him straight up in the air, and he came down on his head. Before the desperado could do anything more Wallace knocked him down with his club, and he was dragged in and made fast in the stocks.

Morehead made complaint for the lick struck him and wanted \$75 damages. When Wallace was asked what he would put in for damages, said "Nothing," and continued "If two big men like myself and Morehead cannot handle one man I have no complaint to make." The old Captain still wears the sign of this lick.

Officers of the ship to which this fellow belonged were notified of his arrest and six marines, armed with cutlasses, were sent to bring him back to his vessel.

It was learned that this man had been a prize fighter and Wallace says he was the hardest fleshed man he ever had his hands on and his muscles were as hard as rocks.

Wallace says there was one clerk on the force named Everett who gave him an account one day of being cut in the side by a man with a pocket knife in 1837. Wallace knew he was the man who did it, but said nothing.

Bigfoot Wallace soon got tired of the city and once more craved to roam through

the woods and over the prairies of Texas, and soon after the episode with the prize fighter, left New Orleans, and again took shipping for Galveston, Texas. He arrived without incident this time, but did not remain long, going from there to LaGrange in an ox wagon. He was not satisfied to stay here, and soon got in with a man named Carr, who was going to carry a drove of cattle to San Antonio. The trip was made without incident and the cattle delivered on the river below town.

Wallace stayed in San Antonio awhile, met up with old friends and comrades, but finally decided to settle on the Medina river and farm some.

In 1845 Wallace erected his cabin on the banks of the Medina river, and once more enjoyed the solitude of the great West.

Near Wallace's camp stood on old cannon carriage which had been abandoned by Santa Anna's army when they invaded Texas.

It was no trouble to get game, it was on every side. Deer, turkey, bear, panther, leopard and wild cat, and smaller game without end. Panthers were so numerous that he could not hang up a piece of meat outside of the cabin but they would get it. When Wallace would find a lot of young panthers he would take a club and kill them like kittens. If they were large enough to climb a tree, he would climb after them with a club, and knock them out so the dogs could kill them. In one season there, he killed one hundred and forty-two of these animals up and down the Medina river. On one occasion he followed his dogs, which were running a bear, and on coming to him the bear was trying to climb a tree and one of the dogs was up on the side of the tree trying to pull the bear back. Wallace relieved him of the job by shooting Bruin through the head.

Sometimes the Indians were friendly, and at other times they were not, and during their hostile season he had to be on the keen look out, and was in danger all the time, living alone most of time as he was.

On one occasion he was out on foot some distance from home and came upon a band of hostile Indians in a wooded country. The Indians were all on foot also, but at once gave chase. Wallace aimed his rifle and killed one and then fled. After running about three miles and leaving the Indians some distance behind, and his wind getting short, he entered a ravine and loaded his rifle thinking there to make his stand and fight them, feeling he could run no further. The yells of the Indians, however, as they drew near, put new life into him, and leaving cover, he ran three miles more, and escaped them.

Many sick men came from San Antonio to the camp of Wallace to eat wild roasted meat. Some got well, but others died who were too far gone to recover. One Lieutenant Casey of the army was brought

out there in the last stages of consumption. When Wallace looked at him he told his friends who brought him, that his case was hopeless, remarking "I can't bring the dead to life." He died in a few days and his remains were sent back to New York. On Doctor Foster, however, who was so low and weak when he came that he could not talk above a whisper, recovery came and Wallace fat and in good health and went to California.

At this time the Germans were settling at Castroville above Wallace's camp on the Medina, and Wallace was of great advantage to them as guide and trailer after hostile Indians, who carried off their stock. The writer has been among these people a good deal, collecting West Texas history, and the old fellows all have a good word to say about Bigfoot Wallace, and tell many interesting incidents of their trips with him.

Mr. Peter Jungman, who now lives at Castroville, says that on one occasion himself, his brother John and some others were on a scout with Bigfoot. Night came on and they stopped to camp. It was in Indian times and no fire was made. When night closed down it had the appearance of rain, and Wallace approached an overhanging rock near by, and expressed his intention of sleeping under there. Others said they would too, and began to gather up their blankets, but about this time the warning sound of a rattlesnake was heard where they contemplated passing the night, and all drew back except Wallace. He picked up a stick and said: "Old fellow, you have got to vacate, I'm going to sleep here," and rustling, the rattler, and with the stick thrashed him off into the brush telling him to "Git! git!" with each blow, and then put his gun and blankets under, crawled under himself and went to sleep.

On another occasion a young man named Phil Hodge, who now lives in Sabinal Canyon, went out with Bigfoot to hunt horses. They carried no provisions along, and hunted all day without dinner. At sundown they were eight miles from the ranch, and young Hodge was terribly hungry and thinking how long it would be yet before they could get anything, when Wallace stopped his horse under a live oak tree and dismounting said: "I guess this will do Phil, you make a fire while I go and get something for supper." The horses were staked out, Phil gathered wood, and Wallace, taking his gun, went to some thick timber several hundred yards off. At dusk the crack of the rifle was heard and Wallace soon came back with a large turkey gobbler. This he split open, putting each half on a large forked stick, giving Hodge one to cook and he took the other. When it was cooked the old pioneer ate nearly all of his half without bread or salt, and then lay down on his saddle blanket and slept soundly until daybreak, then was up ready to finish his

turkey and be off again. Hodge followed suit in all of these.

As a farmer on the Medina, Wallace was not successful. He made several failures. In one crop he got Jeff Bond to go in with him, and they planted forty acres in corn, but it was a dry year, and the corn failed except nine nubbins. One day while Jeff was away, Wallace determined to have the benefit of those nine small roasting ears before they got too hard to eat, and went out and gathered them. He cut the corn all nicely off the cob, then putting some bear grease in the frying pan, and cooked it. When he went to sit down to his repast the thought struck him that Jeff owned a half interest in that crop, and should have his part, so he drew a line through the fried corn and only ate his side, and put the balance away for his partner. The absent man, however, did not get his share at last. Sam Lytle came along hungry, and finished it despite the protest of Bigfoot, who told him how the case stood. The Lytles had moved in there and settled on the Medina, below. Charley Lytle died, and was buried there, and his dog would not leave his grave. Wallace would go from his cabin every day and carry the dog something to eat. The dog would sit by the grave and look at it as if he expected his master to come out.

After the country began to settle, many people got lost, and Wallace would hunt for them, and was always successful. A little girl was lost once, and Bigfoot hunted several days, but there was so much prickly pear and chaparral the child was hard to find. One evening, however, he saw a Mexican quih (eagle) light on the ground, on the side of a rocky hill, and going to the spot, found the child, but it was dead.

On another occasion Sam Lytle, then a boy, got lost, and Wallace found him.

A man named Jones had a fight with the Indians at his house, and told Wallace that he shot two of them badly, and his dogs tore up another. Wallace took the trail of the Indians, although the trail was old, and found two dead Indians covered up with leaves and sticks. Wallace knew Indians ways so well, it was not difficult for him to find their camp on their dead if they lost any in battle.

During his stay on the Medina, Wallace made one fine crop of corn and sold it for a good price. He also served under Jack Hays again as a ranger, and their camp was near the cabin of Wallace, so he was at home and in the service too.

The Lipan Indians were friendly then, and lived on the Francisco west of the Medina. Their chief was named Juan Castro, after his father of the same name, who served in the Spanish army in Mexico and got his name there. The old chief died near Austin.

The chief who lived on Francisco had a daughter named "Chepeta" who often came with others to the cabin of Wallace,

and was very fond of him. Wallace treated him well and treated her to a good English dinner. She called him "Macho Grande Captain Wallace".

While the treaty was in progress, a treaty was made with the Comanche Indians at Fort Belknap, and a portion of the men under Hays was sent there to be on hand in case of a rupture. Ad Gillespie, one of the rangers was along who had been in the fight at the Pinto Trail Crossing of the Guadalupe and on that occasion had shot an Indian in a hand to hand struggle, and in turn had been lanced by the Comanche. Each thought the other could not survive the wound that had been given when the drawn battle was over, and both quit the field.

While the treaty was in progress, Gillespie laid down and went to sleep. Wallace soon after noticed an Indian standing near and intently gazing on the face of the sleeping ranger. Not knowing what his intentions were, Bigfoot walked up and asked the Comanche why he looked at the sleeping man. The Indian told of the fight at the Pinto Trail Crossing and, showing the scar where he was wounded, said he was the man who did it. He also said he wounded the white man with a lance, and could put his finger on the spot. Wallace told him to do so. He complied and said "there" as he indicated a place with his finger. Gillespie now woke up, and Wallace said, "Take a look at your old partner, Ad." Explanations followed, and Gillespie laughing said, "He must be the chap," and showed the old lance wound. The Comanche took off his blanket and showed the bullet wound on his brawny chest.

The treaties which were made with the hostile Indians at that and other times were not of long duration. The Indians would steal horses and that would bring on a collision again between them and the whites, and all would soon be on the war-path again. The treaties really did no good, and only caused the settlers to be off their guard when the Indians came on a raid.

When the Mexican war of 1846 broke out Jack Hays raised a regiment of rangers for service in Mexico. Many of his old comrades raised companies for the regiment. Among those were Kit Ackland, Mike Chevallier, Ad Gillespie, Ben McCulloch and others. Samuel H. Walker, who figured in the Mier expedition, was Lieutenant Colonel. Wallace joined the company of Gillespie, and went out as 2nd Lieutenant.

This regiment of Texas troops did good service in Mexico. Many of them had old scores to settle with the Mexicans. Only three years before some in the regiment had drawn for their lives and worked on the streets in chains. Wallace recognized several places during the campaign where he had toiled along the dusty road in chains, footsore and nearly starved.

Wallace was in all the fighting around Monterey, and in the desperate assault on the Bishop's Palace where his captain was killed. Early on that foggy morning, when the demonstrations were to be made on the palace, Captain Gillespie and Lieutenant Wallace went close to the walls of the fort to investigate. While they were there the fog lifted, Wallace fired and killed a Mexican sergeant who was standing near. About this time Gillespie slipped on a rock, fell against the wall of the fort and was shot by a sentinel. The ball struck the pistol lock of the Captain, and splitting one half of it went through his body. Wallace conveyed him to the rear, out of the battle, which was now coming on.

The Mexicans made a bold fight, but were finally routed, and their cannon all dismounted. They have some superstition about their defeat at the Bishop's Palace, and the old rusty cannon are still lying where the Americans dismounted them, soldiers are on duty there day and night, and have been ever since the battle.

Captain Gillespie lived twenty-two hours after being wounded, and suffered a great deal, being shot through the bowels. He drank water all the time, but morphine was administered and he died easy.

At the winding up of the battle while the bugles were sounding a parley, and the Mexicans were surrendering, Wallace was seen to aim his gun at a Mexican who had a flag. Officers interfered, and one of them said "Lieutenant, don't you know a parley when you hear it blown?" Wallace said "No! not when I am in front of that man." The Mexican in question was the man who held the bean pot when the Texans were drawing for their lives at Salado, and called up other Mexicans to look at the big hand of Wallace, and in various ways tantalized the wretched men. Wallace now accosted him in thundering tones and asked him if he had any bean lottery here now. "Look at that hand. Do you know it? Ever see it before?" The Mexican said "No." "Yes you did," said Bigfoot and called up others to look at it. He then cursed the Mexican for all the low down cowards he could think of, who only hung his head and as Wallace expressed it, "Looked like a coyote."

Part of the rangers were sent back to Texas for frontier protection after Taylor's battles were over, and of this lot was Wallace, and when his term of enlistment was out he went back to his old cabin on the Medina.

In 1848 Joseph Blair Wallace, brother of Bigfoot arrived from the old home in Virginia, and they had a fine time together hunting and scouting. Joseph served three months as a ranger, but his eyesight being defective, he soon afterward returned to Virginia, leaving a fine flint lock rifle with Bigfoot.

Although the Indians who lived on the Francisco had been friendly, the time came

when they had trouble with the white settlers who had commenced to settle west of the Medina, and which ended in an open rupture. A fight or two took place, and the Lipans moved into the mountain country towards the Northwest, and made many raids on the whites. In one of these raids they got a mule and horse belonging to Bigfoot Wallace, besides many horses and mules belonging to other settlers. This was in 1848.

The pioneers naturally looked to Wallace to lead them against the Indians and were surprised at his delay, for a month passed away before he took any steps to follow and chastise them. He said the Indians soon after a raid would be on the watch out, and hard to surprise, and that he wanted to wait until they fancied they were not to be followed, and were careless, and then "pounce" upon them.

When the Lipans arrived at their camp, which was at what is now called "Frio Water Hole" on the divide at the head draws of the river, "Chepeta," the chief's daughter, recognized the horse and mule of Wallace, and was greatly agitated, and warned her people to look out that Bigfoot would be after them sure.

When Wallace thought the time had arrived to go on an expedition against the Indians, the first thing he did in getting ready was to mount his horse and wend his way through the chaparral and prickly pear many miles towards the south-west until he pulled rein at the cabin door of his friend, Edwin Dixon Westfall, who lived the life of a hermit on the banks of the Leona river far in advance of civilization.

Westfall was equal to Wallace or any other partisan leader as guide trailer or fighter. He was tall, straight and strong of limb, and had no mortal fear of man or beast. He and Bigfoot had been on many dangerous trips together, and each knew the courage and ability of the other.

Westfall saw Wallace as soon as the latter emerged from the brush and entered the clearing of several acres surrounding the cabin, and when he approached, cried out "Hello Foot; git down. Glad to see you." "Same to you" was the reply. "What's the news." As they shook hands Westfall answered "Nothing stirring here. What's the matter down the country?" "Indians!" said Wallace.

The two friends sat up late that night, and Wallace gave particulars of the Lipan raid, and his plans for the expedition, and the help that was expected from Westfall. The latter was more than willing to go; he had heard of the raid, and was surprised that Wallace had not been after them before now, but said it was all right, that they would "catch" them napping. No great amount of preparation was necessary. A few more bullets moulded, powder horn replenished, and all was ready for the start early next morning. The two pioneers wended their way back a distance

of fifty miles to the cabin of Bigfoot, and soon began to raise men for the Indian hunt.

Westfall's ranch was on the Leona, thirty miles below the present town of Uvalde, and was completely isolated from the balance of the world.

Wallace and Westfall raised about thirty men, and the start was made towards the northwest. All trails by this time had been obliterated, and the Indians had to be searched for.

The route lay up the Medina to where Bandera is now, then across through the famous Pass of Bandera, and over into the Guadalupe valley; up that stream past where Kerrville is now, and out to the head of the Guadalupe river. Wallace knew that if he could get within a radius of twelve or fifteen miles of the hostile camp he could find it.

Hunting parties would be out in various directions, and if he crossed their trails the main body could be found.

At the head of the Guadalupe Indian sign was plentiful, some being quite fresh. Wallace secreted his men and horses, and he and Westfall, went alone and on foot. An old trail, but large, was discovered going in the direction of the head draws on the Frio river in a southwest course. Numerous single trails were seen going in the same direction, and late in the evening a lone Indian was discovered riding across the divide south. Wallace also, with a spy glass, detected a smoke in a valley and the forms of two Indians about it. They were squaws smoking bees out of a tree and getting the honey.

Wallace was now satisfied that the Lipans were in camp at some watering place either at the head of Sabinal river on the Frio. Buffalo still ranged over the divide and across the prairies west of the Llano country, and no doubt the Indians had been chasing and scattering them, hence the numerous small trails which seemed to be converging towards a general center.

The two scouts went back to the men and remained there that night, but early next morning got out of the canyon and cut across the rocky divide in a post oak and black jack country towards the head of the Frio, going clear around the draws of the Medina, Seco and Sabinal, which all head close together against the divide, which runs between these streams and the South Llano and its tributaries. Also on the south side of this divide, head the two Frios, Nueces and many small creeks.

The divide is undulating, interspersed with timber and prairie, and all covered with rocks. Unmistakable signs of the near approach to an Indian encampment, were seen at various places and about noon a smoke was again seen.

The men were now in the timber, and the smoke was a little south of them at the head of the east prong of the main Frio.

(Continued Next Month).

Jim Goff Tells of Hitson's Fight with Indians

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, October 25, 1927.

KULL MANY A GEM of purest ray serene, the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear. Not all gems of "purest ray" lie buried in the deep, as one discovers by interesting Jim Goff to the point of self-effacement. To paraphrase, "Prairies of wild flowers, with longhorns and antelope alike, 'knee deep in June.'" The flash of a redbird's wing, quiet scuttling of a cottontail, the pert "chip, chip" of a prairie dog, and a lithe coyote, whose sweep and line belie his marauding intent. The sunset's afterglow, fast merging into purple grayish mist, and far across God's deep blue window sills, warm starlight, shining into the face and mind of a Texas cowboy, awakening in him the knowledge that he is part and parcel of this great "scheme of things entire."

Poets do not always write, musicians sing, nor artists portray their ideals. Yet are they sensed, as an intangible perfume, whispering breeze, or moonlight magic of white gold. Jim speaks of a fighting chance to make good, while yet a child. Of education handicap and—merging into forgetfulness of self—of his love for the wide open spaces, the haunting eyes of a dumb animal in pain, day dawns and twilight, with campfire memories. Lacking words—nor needing them, to speak more wondrously than the many hidden melodies reflected in his face. This, the atmosphere in which he lived, moved and had his being, regardless of the strenuous work of herd and trail. Follow him along the by-paths of heart-ache, struggle, mirth adventure and success, as he tells the story, graphically, filled with heart-throbbing interest.

"My mother, Nellie Knight, was born in Cherokee County, Georgia, and father, J. M. Goff, in Fayette County, Georgia. Shortly after they were married, along in the late '50s, they pioneered to Texas in an ox wagon. Old Babe Honey, a longtime family servant, gee'd and haw'd those oxen and when they were particularly unmanageable he spent his time repeating, "I sho' don' know what us'll do, efen Injins come while dese here oxen is so pow'ful contrary." He never found out what turn they would have taken under such circumstances, for the trip, long, and tiresome from the red hills of Georgia to the green prairies of Texas, was made without Indian interference.

"Father's aim in coming West was to raise cattle. The stop was made on Rock Creek, ten miles west of Fort Worth. There was no town to speak of where the sky-scrapers now stand, but the garrison of soldiers made it safe to live close by. When war between the States was declared, father volunteered, and was from the be-

ginning to the end of it in Hood's Brigade. Those were trying times at home, as well as on the battlefields, for the live stock had to be taken care of, grain raised for bread, and nobody but mother, the children and old Babe Honey to do it.

"Ten years' after establishing the Rock Creek ranch, father took a notion to move farther west, and his next location was made on Tecumseh Creek in Throckmorton County. There were seven children then, two sets of twins and three odd and it took the courage and determination of the trail-blazer to undertake the making of a home for such a family in an Indian-infested area. Of course, the redskins were being steadily pushed back, but they often came down on a depredating trip and once in a while there would be a hand-to-hand fight.

"J. W. Hitson, one of the biggest cattle owners in that country, with his cow outfit was driving a bunch of cattle through, by way of the Tecumseh crossing about a half-mile from our ranch. The opposite side of the creek at the ford was walled in by tall cliffs, leaving only a passage between to cross over. A deep ravine ran along our side and the outfit was pushing the cattle across it when one of the boys spied Indians under the cliffs. The bed of the creek was narrow and Hitson, seeing the danger, told the boys to let the cattle go and get down in the ravine for shelter. The negro cook had just bought himself a new hat and when it blew off he stopped to get it. Hitson shouted to him not to get off of his horse, but 'hats was hats' those days, so he paid him no mind and kept a crawling. No sooner had he hit the ground until an arrow struck him and he never got up from where he fell. The cowboys were pretty well entrenched in the ravine and the Indians, after wasting several showers of arrows more or less ineffectually, climbed to the top of the cliff. Hitson thought to get a better lay of the land. But after holding a consultation they began pushing heavy boulders down, endeavoring to kill or force the boys to the open. They were too far away to have much luck in this mode of warfare, though their aim was correct enough to knock the sight off of one of the boys' guns; but no actual killing was done in that way.

"Then they held another conclave, which terminated in the forming of a single file. Those left to tell it said it looked like a line a mile long. Down they came and up on reaching level ground they formed a line of attack and sent a shower of arrows that had a telling effect. Hitson told the boys not to waste their ammunition and to be sure of their mark when they let a shot go. It was a serious situation and

looked like it would be another Alamo. By accident, or the purpose of the Almighty, the boulders had rolled down in such a shape as to form a natural breastwork and it was to this that those who escaped owed their lives. One of the cowboys, more daring than the others, crept close to Hitson and told him that he was going to try to get away to Camp Cooper, where troops were stationed, six miles away and bring help.

"Tears rolled down Hitson's cheeks as he pressed the boy's hand and told him good-bye and wished him godspeed. He never expected to see him alive again. But it was death either way; so he told the boys to keep up a heavy fire until the messenger was beyond the reach of the arrows. Under cover of the ravine, the breastwork, behind trees, rocks, everything that would shield his body until he made the open, he crept cautiously and when he found he was beyond range of the arrows he was soon out of sight. Ammunition was getting scarce after the period of continuous firing and again the boys were making every shot count. It was 1 p. m. when the battle began; now the sun was down and no soldiers yet in sight. The agony of suspense, suffering of the wounded, the sight of running water, just out of reach and the eternal vigilance required to beat the redskins to it. This was the situation of Hitson and his boys when, almost doubting their sanity, they noticed the Indians were slinking back under the cliff. The whirr of flying arrows stopped. It was dusk and the very air was charged with the tenseness which was almost unbearable. What was purposed by this partial withdrawal—a night attack, to circle and surprise from the back? Who could tell? The remnant of the little band of cowboys lay in deathlike stillness awaiting the outcome. Dark closed down and with ears attuned to the slightest sound, they listened for the thud of horses' hoofs. Eyes trained to distinguish a possible line of men against the horizon grew weary. Hope, fast changing to despair, took new life as "They're coming," passed in faintest whisper from lip to lip of the watchers. That brave boy had run the gauntlet and brought help, 'but what price glory.' The troopers reconnoitered and gave as their opinion that falling to force an evacuation of the ravine and seeing the escape of the messenger, the Indians had timed the coming of the soldiers and left under cover of the dusk. The 'sign' beyond the cliffs showed that they had made good their get away.

"The ravine and cliffs remain unchanged. The breastwork is there today, a mute witness to the christening with blood of what was ever afterward to be known as 'Hitson's Battle Ground.'

"Fifteen years after the Indian fight, a medical student interested in seeing the result of an arrow when it hit its mark, the force with which one sped from the

bow and similar things, got my brother to go with him and take up the bones of the negro, cook who had stopped for his hat. And there, sticking fast in his temple, they found a three-inch steel arrow point driven in so firmly as to resist all effort to remove it. A similar one was imbedded in the third rib, near the spinal column. The steel had rusted some, but both of the points were in good condition and bore convincing evidence of the force with which they were sent.

"Father gave me plenty to do and I tried to be conscientious in doing it, for I knew that working cattle meant keeping everlastingly at it, with no craw-fishing. Whenever I had a day off I put it in on the X ranch, for I figured the extra bit of cash wouldn't hurt me and I wanted to learn all I could about the management of a big ranch. Between times I wedged in a month or so of school in the little country schoolhouse of Throckmorton. The chief ambition of my life then was to get a good education. The bitterest disappointment afterward, that I failed to do it. There were very few, then, that got more than an elementary start. Fighting Indians, raising and trailing cattle, cultivating patches of grain—these were, if not more important, certainly more timely for the frontiersman and his family.

"It was on the fourth day of March, I was in my early 'teens, when I was left to shift for myself. I knew nothing of the East nor its people, so what more natural than that I should drift farther toward the setting sun and a better cow country? Homeless, heavy hearted, without money or recommendation, I landed in Midland, Texas, looking for a job. It was a wild country, the headquarters for ranch supplies and cow camps, from the line of New Mexico on. Four-horse wagons with sideboards, loaded to the brim, were lined up in front of the little stores, carrying big stocks of supplies, every day. The town was composed of cowmen who lived there to school their children and manage their ranches at the same time. Traveling was done on horseback or in horse-drawn vehicles. One of the cowboys sent me to T. J. Martin, known all over that country as Uncle Tom. He crossed over the river many years ago, and Texas never lost a better man. I told him, with more assurance than I felt, that if he would give me the chance I would make a reputation as a dependable cowboy. I also told him something of my struggles and hardships. Uncle Tom was the kind of a man that a boy could talk to; you've seen that sort. So I up and told him all about it. He gave me the once over, and said: 'Go down to the Cross Tie and go to work; you've got a job there as long as you want to stay.' There were about 6,000 head of cattle on that ranch, and I stayed with 'em day and night for ten years, doing everything that goes to make up a cowboy's day. At the end of the time I

was confident that I had graduated as a cowboy, if I hadn't been told so, which I had. That was what I had set out to do, make a good cow hand wherever I was placed. Now that I had accomplished it, I began to think about new range. It was hard to pull out and leave Uncle Tom, for he had been a mighty good friend to me when I needed one the worst way. The foreman, Wes Watson, and my running mates, Cal Holcomb and Ab Vest—it just took the hide off to give them up, but I wanted to change grazing, so I started saddle tramping again; this time with a reputation made by hard work.

"Crowley and Bishop owned a place a piece out from Midland, known as the Burton ranch, and I got my next job there. It was a steer ranch, no stock cattle worth mentioning on it. From there I helped trail two herds of 2-year-olds, of 1,500 head each, to Mobeetie, where we delivered them at the John Shelton ranch. Bill Odin was our boss on that drive. Pete Ernest, Frank McClaren, Walter Zinn, Jim Killem, brother Frank and myself made the drive. Our cook was a Mexican, Acado Vasquez, and he knew his stuff. When he didn't get mad he was a fine fellow; when he did he was the very devil.

"The following August Mr. Crowley transferred me to the Y-Bar ranch, owned by himself and Garrett, and I worked there for two years. From there I went to the Staple 5, owned by H. E. Crowley, brother to A. F. of the other firms carrying that name. I stayed there in routine cattle work until he sold, three years later, to John Scharbauer. Soon after H. E. sold out he bought the Clabber Hill ranch from Newman and Martin of El Paso, and I found myself transferred again. I never changed base any more until Crowley sold out several years later and quit the cattle business.

"I remember on one of our trail drives our cattle went two and a half days without a drop of water and anybody who has ever handled a dry day herd knows what we were up against. The second day of the famine had been strenuous, the herd almost unmanageable, and we were worn out when night came. Contrary to our expectations, the cattle quieted down early and seemed satisfied to stay put. We came on to camp, a quarter of a mile away, fully decided that we would all get a good night's sleep. Cowboys breakfast before day, and since the cook would be getting the meal about the time our cattle would begin stirring, we asked him to keep an eye on them and if they started to run to wake us up. I was out of humor, which means plain mad with him, but we didn't know it, so when he didn't report we took it for granted that he'd do it. The sun awoke us next morning shining in our eyes. The cook was rattling pots and pans between cusses and the herd had gone to the races. When we asked him where the cattle were he said in broken English:

'Damfino.' It didn't take us long to find out that, like the Dutchman's geese, wherever they were they were 'hell bent.' It took us 'til near about noon to find them, round them in and get them going again. They had smelled water somewhere and gone hog-wild. I've noticed driving dry herds, that they smell water for six miles and they are gone whenever they get a whiff of it. Animal instinct comes pretty close to mind reasoning, it seems like, sometimes. For instance, you may have noticed that neither horses nor cattle will lie down in a low place in cold weather. No matter how keen the wind blows, nor how cold it is, they will seek the side of a hill for protection and lie down there.

"Speaking of fun, we had. For us the Fourth of July meant a big blow-out, with calf-roping, broncho-busting, bulldogging and a big dance at night. The entrance fee to the contest was \$10 and the prizes ranged from \$25 to \$100, or down the other way, for the smallest money went to the last man in the winning. Folks came in whatever kind of vehicles they had, or could get, and sat in them, or stood to see sport. The corral, or arena, was the limitless prairie; the steers, longhorns, were held by a bunch of cowboys, and the ropers and riders, eighteen or twenty of them, were grouped waiting for time to be called. Everybody was like one big family. Cowboys rigged up suitable for the occasion and the women folks dolled up in lace and ribbon and all sorts of pretty things. The cowgirl of the movies had not then put in her appearance. Women wore all of the hair God gave 'em, skirts that came to their ankles, hats with flowers and things and looked like peaches and cream to us cowpunchers. When we left the dance hall somewhere near day-break the next morning it was to relive the fun of that day and night until another time for celebrating came around.

"I have seen some fine calfroping time made in those contests. It was there that Clay McGonigal, long since gathered to the Master's range, broke the world record in roping. The first bull-dogging was done along about that time, too. But the finest thing about all of it was the good fellowship feeling. Nobody was envious, malicious or underhanded about anything. If they were it was never shown outwardly. Cowboys had a way of settling such things and they didn't fail to hurry in doing it. A 'yellow' was soon spotted on the ranch, or in camp, and it was made so unpleasant for him that if he didn't 'git' of his own accord, he did pretty soon, under pressure.

"Running cattle was hard, hazardous work, but it was an open, free sort of life, and it was fascinating. I am sure I met with as many hardships and had as many ups and downs as any of the boys, and I know I shirked nothing. Yet my cowboy days were the best of my life. Nothing of

success that has come to me in later years can give me the same thrill pleasure or enjoyment that I experienced then in a sense of duty well done on the open range. It has been twenty-five years since I have seen any of my old cowboy associates, excepting Walter Zinn of Tarrant County and brother Frank, who is now living at Spur. I don't know of anything that would give me more pleasure than to see them all just one more time.

"There has never been, to me, any music so melodious as the old cowboy songs drifting out on the midnight air, hushing the cattle to quiet and us boys to our dreams as we lay on our 'sougans' under the stars. No dining-room will ever look so inviting nor the food as tempting as it did in the cowboys' kitchen about 2 p. m. when, after rounding up since daybreak, he got the chance of a look-in as the cook chanted his final 'Come and get it or I'll throw it out.'

"It is true that some folks, unacquainted with the original brand of cowboy, con-

sider him rude, rough and ungentlemanly. It is a mistake, pure and simple; he was almost without exception a 'diamond in the rough,' a rugged, honest, honorable man, with a limited education, a heart of gold and an unlimited sympathy.

"When the spring is in the making and the day is just new born, in mind I relive my cowboy days so vividly that I feel the swing of my horse as I gallop across the prairies in a sense of freedom, a lack of constraint and a whole-hearted happiness that only an open range cowpuncher can understand. I hear the night guard singing that old song.

" 'At night when I lay on the prairie,
And gaze at the stars in the sky,

I wonder if all of us cowboys

Will meet up there in the sweet bye and bye?"

"And it makes me wonder more than ever whether, if I never get to see the old boys on this earth any more, will I meet them when I cross the dark river? Somehow I believe that I will."

Rustling the Rustlers in the Eighties

By Colonel John H. Brandt, Commander-in-Chief National Indian War Veterans, in Recruiting News.



PERHAPS few of the present day citizens of the state of Oklahoma peacefully enjoying their broad acres, or living securely in their thriving cities, realize fully—if, indeed, they even know—what part the Army of the late 80's played in clearing that territory of squatters and other undesirables just before the great homestead run which occurred on April 22, 1899.

At that time there existed in the place of the present state, two territories, the Oklahoma Territory and the Indian Territory. The entire section was overrun with squatters, men who had, without any authority, moved in with their families, cleared farms, and generally established themselves. In addition there were horse thieves, fugitive from justice, as well as cattle rustlers, moonshiners, and a general collection of outlaws. When Congress decided to open the Oklahoma Territory to homestead settlers, it became necessary to free the country of the element which held the land unlawfully. The Army was called upon to do this work.

It was not altogether the people who lived unlawfully in the territory that gave us our greatest trouble, however. Some of the most thrilling ventures were met with in encounters with the solid citizens from the nearby border towns and cities. It had long been the habit of the more wealthy business people of these cities to get together a crowd of 20 to 25 people, consisting of teamsters and others, make up a hunting party, cross the Kansas line in the night and go down near the Red

River where all kinds of game, such as deer, antelope, wild turkeys, and fur bearing animals were abundant.

They would stay for a week or ten days, load up three of four wagons with game, and then, traveling by night, make their way back over the line. Later they would brag about their feat, and consider it good sport to "so easily fool the soldiers."

Their operations, of course, were illegal, and they were, to all purposes and intents, just as undesirable an element as were the squatters. It was our duty to see that they stopped their depredations. The trouble was that they were hard to catch, due to the great amount of border to be patrolled by a few soldiers. Once home, they were influential people, and it would have been hard to prove anything on them. One large party, however, we finally corralled, and this was the end of wealthy hunting expeditions.

A large party of bankers and business men of Wingfield had gone to the Red river country two weeks before Christmas, and had had wonderful luck getting deer, antelope, and turkeys. They had four farm wagons loaded to the guards with game when they returned. Likewise, they still had an ample supply of ammunition and other supplies.

They should no doubt have come out all right had they not made one fatal mistake. Banking too much on their prestige at home, perhaps, they haggled unnecessarily with a rancher's wife over the price of meals. She asked them twenty-five cents per meal for the 18 men in the party. They

refused to pay the price, claiming that it was exorbitant. While the quarrel was in progress, the rancher's ten-year-old boy slipped out the back way, saddled up his pony, and rode twenty miles to inform the soldiers of the whereabouts of this party.

It was seven o'clock at night when we received the news. My commanding officer, Captain Fosbush, detailed four other men and myself to go out "and bring them in dead or alive," with further orders to take no chances.

At seven-thirty we were out on the trail, carrying with us 100 rounds of ammunition for our firearms and some hardtack for rations. In that we knew the country, we were fortunate, for this gave us somewhat of an edge on the marauders. We knew that they must ford the Chickasha river in order to get out, and we knew further that they could ford it nowhere save at a certain point. Thus forearmed with knowledge of the situation, we rode north directly for this ford, where we planned to wait for the caravan and take the party by surprise.

A light snow having fallen, we were able to determine, upon reaching the ford, that the hunters had not yet arrived at that point. Therefore we got under cover at a point from which we could command the crossing, and began our vigil.

At about eleven o'clock we heard the rumble of heavily loaded wagons on the frozen road. As the party drew nearer, we heard the men laughing and joking, little suspecting that there was a soldier within ten miles of them.

I split my detachment of four, and placed two on each side of the road. They had orders to shoot to kill if any one of the oncoming party offered the slightest resistance. As the leaders approached the ford, I stepped out into the moonlight and challenged the party, at the same time telling them to hold their hands up high, that I had a whole company covering them with orders to shoot to kill at the slightest move.

The party halted. The leader, riding a beautiful bay horse, asked me what it was all about. I informed him that he and his associates were prisoners of war. He asked me if I knew that the Secretary of War was a good friend of his, and told me further that if I did not stop my foolishness, I would lose my job.

That would be too bad, I told him, as I would be financially ruined, but as there was no place to spend my income, it would not make much difference.

He then offered me \$1,000 to let the party go. I replied that I had never known a soldier of the United States Army to take a bribe, and that I would not consider it.

Then I called acting Corporal Jerry Dunn, a man with over 28 years' service, to come forward and disarm the party, which was done with neatness and dispatch. Having lined them all up, ordered

the teamsters back on their wagons, and tied the saddle horses on the rear of the last wagon, we were about ready to start, when the thought struck me that if that bunch should ever scatter, and realize that there were only five in my detachment, we would be in a fearful jam.

I called Corporal Dunn into conference. He suggested that the men be hobbled. The idea seemed first rate, except that we had nothing to hobble them with. Therefore, I told Corporal Dunn to translate his suggestion into the deed. He did forthwith. He merely reached into a pocket, got out his knife, and proceeded to cut off every button of the hunters' trousers and underwear. It was winter. They could not afford to lose so much apparel. Consequently the prominent financiers held them up. They were sufficiently hobbled to make them docile during the march.

When everything was in readiness to go, I asked Corporal Dunn to fall in the company. When only three men answered his summons, the remarks of our captives were anything but complimentary—and in those remarks was included Uncle Sam's whole Army. However, they marched with us.

We reported our prisoners in person to the captain at eight-thirty the next morning.

For Christmas dinner we had much game, and a great variety of it. The soldiers dined sumptuously and many were the stories told by myself and detachment of four.

The bankers also had what was special fare—for them. They dined on Government Straight, hardtack, sow belly, and Black Jack coffee.

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

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The Red Murder Yearling of West Texas

Mrs. O. L. Shipman, in El Paso (Texas) Herald, December 17, 1922.

THE MURDER CALF might well serve for the title of a story old timers at Marfa relate of a killing at a roundup that led to many other killings.

This calf, the cause of the killing of H. H. Poe once well known pioneer cattleman about Alpine, was branded "Murder" by cowboys at the roundup and released. Many are the stories told of this outlaw yearling in later days. Judge H. H. Van Sickle, for many years prosecuting attorney at Alpine, asserts that he roped the calf a number of years later, but released it.

Some say it was last heard of on the plains in the vicinity of Odessa, but there are others who aver that the calf returned to Alpine on occasions and bellows through a window of a former saloon where the last of the string of killings in connection with the original affair, took place.

"While acting as district attorney for the old 41st judicial district, which embraced Brewster and Pecos counties, together with a great many others, in company with Judge Walter Gillis (who is now dead) I left Alpine one day with the judge to open and hold district court in Fort Stockton, Pecos county," said Judge Van Sickle, reminiscently.

"In those days the judge and the district attorney went on horseback with their lassos and their running irons in the saddle. When more than half way to Fort Stockton, near what is known as Asabucha draw (hackberry draw) I discovered a lonely red yearling on the hillside and requested the judge to wait a moment, saying we would start a Maverick brand and the first throw of my lasso roped the yearling and threw him on his right side and I motioned for the judge to come up.

"In the meantime I had started a fire to heat the running iron and when the judge approached he made the remark that brands were usually put on the left side. Thereupon he lassoed the yearling by his hind legs and turned him with his left side up and, behold! A brand was disclosed. It was "Murder" in letters extending from the jaw to the tail. After some consultation the little red bull yearling was released.

"Near Leoncita in about 1890, DuBois & Wentworth, a firm whom everybody knew owned a great deal of the country, were conducting a great roundup as was usually the custom in those days. H. H. Poe, a well known man, had a small herd. He was a one armed man, having lost an arm in the battle of Gettysburg.

"He was driving this particular red yearling from the general roundup to his round up as his own when one of the employes of DuBois & Wentworth, Fine Gilliland, a

cowboy, cut the yearling back into the general herd.

"A quarrel ensued and both men drew their pistols and the battle began. Poe, with his one arm, attempted to hold his horse and shoot at the same time and his foe, turning his horse loose, advanced on his victim and shot him to death.

"Gilliland fled. Various cowboys at the round up, which was on the section of land where the Hovey well is now located, caught the yearling and putting on the brand, "Murder, January, 1890," turned it loose on the range and this is the yearling that the district judge and I attempted to maverick while in the discharge of our duties prosecuting cow thieves.

"Later T. T. Cook, a Texas ranger, in company with John Putnam, a ranger living at Marfa, left Marathon for Fort Stockton leading a pack horse and with them was a favorite dog. Cook was an old and efficient officer and knew the mountain passes as well as he did the streets of his town and he sought to go through the Glass mountains, thinking likely he might apprehend the man who had killed Poe, his friend and relative. When far up in the mountain, Putnam, being in front, the pack horse between and the Cook in the rear, a lone horseman passed in front and as he was passing (neither Cook or Putnam knew who he was) he pulled his pistol and shot Cook in the knee cap and killed his horse. All fell in a pile. Then Cook called to Putnam to kill his assailant's horse.

"Being one of the best marksmen in the Big Bend, Putnam fired and killed the horse which fell upon his rider. Then the battle proper ensued and when the smoke cleared away the stranger was dead as well as his horse. He was identified as Gilliland. The pack horse and Cook's horse were also dead and the favorite dog was dead.

"Cook was taken by Putnam to Marathon, thence brought by train to Alpine, where he was given medical attention. He was taken to the home of Mrs. H. H. Poe, who had a brother visiting her who was a famous surgeon in the Confederate army. He was the only doctor or surgeon in the town at the time.

"It was found that Cook was shot in the center of the knee cap and I borrowed a brace and bit from the blacksmith shop owned by Weyerts and an attempt was made to extract the bullet, the surgeon having no surgical instruments with him."

"Cook was finally sent to the Santa Rosa hospital at San Antonio, where he recovered partially but refused to have his limb amputated and was ever afterwards a cripple but not too badly crippled to perform great services for the Big Bend

country as a peace officer.

"Later he had a warrant in his pocket issued by me for some horse thieves and, together with Capt. John R. Hughes and some other men started after the thieves. The rangers picked up the outlaws' trail and followed them into the McCutcheon range, there they lost it. They had been on a long hike and the main body of men decided to rest awhile at the Jeff ranch.

"T. T. Cook, Beau McCutcheon and another man decided to scout around the hills and if possible pick up the outlaws' trail. They suddenly came upon three of the robbers. The outlaws were well located behind rocks. Cook told the men with him to go back to the ranch for reinforcements and he would keep the bandits corralled on the mountainside.

"The outlaws kept Cook constantly entertained during the time he was waiting for the other rangers, as they kept up a steady fire and would curse him and invite him to come after them.

"Just the same, Cook managed to keep them there until Capt. Hughes and his men arrived on the scene.

"Capt. Hughes told Cook to take charge of the fight, as he had been fighting them for several hours and understood the situation. Cook led the men up the mountainside. One of the outlaws was directing all of his fire at Cook. When he exposed himself to get a more direct aim, Cook fired a second sooner.

"A younger brother of the outlaw, seeing his brother was killed, called out a desire to surrender and threw up his hands. Cook started to him, but when he thought Cook was off his guard, he opened fire, but again Cook was too quick and his bullet reached its mark. He grieved over having to kill this lad—said it was one of the saddest memories in his life—but it was kill or be killed. The third bandit took advantage of the excitement to make his escape.

"The warrant was returned saturated with human blood and in one of the fires in Alpine, a great many years ago, it was destroyed, with a great many other relics."

Another story of Alpine's early days related by Judge Van Sickle relates how Jeff Webb lost his life July 2nd, in the early '90s. Webb was a nephew of Gilliland. On that night in Alpine, there was a terrible rain storm. Jeff Webb and Sam Taylor left a saloon to get Webb's horse so that Webb could go to a roundup north of Alpine about Burgess's water hole, and, on leaving the corral a pet bear belonging to some friendly cowboy, with a small chain on it, passed them. Webb took it in front of him on the saddle and started to the roundup. The next morning his lifeless body was found a short distance below the spring below Alpine with the pet bear sitting on his face and his saddle horse grazing in the pasture.

A great many arrests were made for this killing but no tangible clues were ever

evolved and the thing was lost sight of until several years later when Victor Leaton Ochoa, now of El Paso, cleared it up.

Ochoa had led a revolution in Mexico, and, escaping across the line into Texas, he said later, he was riding hard in the direction of El Paso, with a noted border outlaw whom everybody knew for company. When within two miles of Alpine on their way to Presidio, they met a horseman in the dark and the outlaw accompanying him thought he was going to be captured and fired at the horseman.

They passed on but the outlaw lost a dirk and his Mexican hat. These two articles had been picked up near the body of Webb on the day after he was killed. Ochoa further said that they had heard a whining or crying as though a child was in distress and they went to the body of the dead man and found a pet bear licking the face of the corpse.

Soon, after this occurrence, one rainy night in September, Sam Taylor, the man last seen with Webb, was engaged in a poker game in the back room of the Buckhorn saloon when the report of a gun was heard from the window and it was discovered that Taylor had been killed.

He fell forward on the table and he held in his hand aces and eights—a "Dead Man's Hand."

This shot that killed Taylor also killed the night operator at the S. P. office and wounded Andres Rodriguez, who is a well known Mexican in Alpine today.

Sam Taylor some time before that had a difficulty with a railroad conductor at Valentine on what is now known as "110" and killed the conductor, Frank Sorrells, with a knife, and the conductor shot him through the eye.

"Rangers and Sovereignty."

We are offering a bargain in that splendid book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," by Captain Dan W. Roberts. This book was published in 1914. It is out of print now, but we have been fortunate in securing more than one hundred copies of it, which we are offering at \$1.00 per copy, postpaid. Some book stores, having a few copies in stock, quote the book at \$2.50 per copy. It was written by Captain Roberts himself, and deal with his experience as a Texas Ranger. If you want one of these books we would advise you to send in your order at once, as the supply is so limited we cannot guarantee to fill orders after a few months pass. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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Oldest Living Pioneer of Eastland County

Written by Marjorie Rogers, Marlin, Texas

PEOPLE AMUSED ME complaining about having to do without a little sugar and flour during the late war," said Mrs. Susan Elizabeth Steele, oldest living pioneer settler of Eastland, Eastland County. "During the four years of the Civil War, I did not have one grain of sugar, salt nor coffee. We had what is now known as graham flour. The blockade cut us off from everything and we could not get foodstuff shipped in. We had a hard time getting anything to eat in those days.

"I was about 20 years old when the war broke out and had been married just a short time. My husband left me with the negroes on our plantation and went to the War; our grub was running low. Some men were hunting up in the mountains from my house and wounded a deer; I lived down in the Cove. The deer came with a leap into my back yard. I picked up a mallet, struck it in the head, and killed it; a negro woman on the place helped me dress it. We did not have salt to cook it with so I dug dirt from the smoke house and boiled it in a large kettle, dripped it and got the salt for our meat. It was black but it served the purpose. Women had to work like men, then."

Susan Elizabeth Bedford was born in Cherokee County, Georgia, on her father, John's Bedford's plantation near the village of Canton, January 18, 1841, where she lived until she was married to John L. Steele, March of 1859, moving to her husband's plantation near by. John L. Steele was made captain (field officer) of Company D. by acclamation and was mustered out with the Twenty-third regiment of Georgia volunteers at the beginning of the War. He did not see his bride again until the close of the war.

"I learned to work hard early in my life and was prepared for the hardships of the War. When a young girl, I led twelve negro women and a good many children in the fields, every day, either planting or thinning the cotton or corn as the case required. My father hired the male slaves out to the Dalongia Gold Mines of Georgia and the women of the plantation had to do the men's work. I had very little schooling.

"I put the cotton seed on the ground and put ashes over the seeds, then wet the ashes, rolling the seeds well in the wet ashes. This kept them from sticking together; as they were not ginned clean of the lint, and this made them easier to pick up. I tied the sack of seed around my neck and walked down the rows, planting by hand. After a hard day's work. I spun and wove until mid-night, making

the material for my wedding garments and then sewed them by hand. We dyed the goods various colors.

"The ladies wore long full skirts and about four underskirts in those days. We prided ourselves on our small trim waists. The style demanded that we have a pretty fichu around our necks and a neat, small black silk apron, tied with a large bow in the back.

"I spun, wove and made by hand my husband's Confederate uniform and the Governor of Georgia said that 'it was one of the finest pieces of workmanship that he had seen.' It took me about three months to make it.

"My father moved to Brister's Cove, Ethawah County, Alabama. As the War continued the Tories, a band of men who would not go to War but lived in the mountains and depredated upon the people, raiding and stealing food and every thing else of value, made it unsafe for me to stay on my place longer. They were worse than the Federals. Many a time I have hid my food in the ash-hopper or buried it to keep them from stealing it. They took my feather beds up in the mountains near my home, and cut the ticking. I could see a perfect "snow" of feathers flying. The ticking was valuable. I closed my house and went by boat from Rome to my father's place in Alabama, where I lived until the close of the War.

"There were skirmishes eighteen miles from where we lived. The Federals took our slaves to Guntersville on the Tennessee River but most of them came home. After this my father took them to Florida.

"After the War I went back to my home in Georgia. Everything I had was stolen by the Tories, except the washpot and the stove. My husband was in poor health and could not work. We decided to move back to Brister's Cove, Alabama, and buy a farm. I took two negro boys with me. The boys and I cleared the farm, that I bought with what Confederate bonds we had, of sassafras roots. I did not let the boys know that they were free until I got my land cleared up and in good shape.

"If it had not been for the Ku-Klux Klan, a secret organization which was originally founded in Pulaski, Tennessee in 1866, we could not have lived after the War. The carpetbaggers tried to keep the negroes under their control so that they might be sure of their votes at every election. The negroes thought that freedom excused them from work. These carpetbaggers made the negroes so mean that they tried to abuse the white women as well as the men where I lived. The country was under Military Rule, and the negroes had their way so long as it conformed to the wishes of the carpetbagger.

My husband was a Klansman. I helped make lots of uniforms. We lived between two bands of negroes who raided the



Mrs. Susan Elizabeth Steele

whites. The men in our community had to do something towards enforcing the laws toward the interest of the white folk.

I have seen the men call for water and by some tube arrangement drinking several buckets of water and thank the negroes and walk off leaving them frightened half to death.

"We moved to Texas, coming as far as Fort Worth on the train in '77. Here we bought furniture and went in an oxcagon to Eastland County, four years after its organization. We spent the first night of our stay in this county on a ranch; that night a band of Indians from the Reservation, raided our host's cattle, taking what meat they wanted, leaving the skeletons behind. There were plenty of deer and buffalo in the county at that time.

"Eastland was nothing more than a community then with 150 inhabitants. A man by the name of Pond was the first merchant. He had his goods freighted in

oxwagons from Fort Worth; Colonel Shannon was the high-sheriff.

"I am the only living charter member of the Eastland Methodist Church that was organized with twenty members in 1878. I have been a member of that church for seventy-five years. We held church in a small rock building that was used for courthouse and all other public gatherings. In 1925 I broke the dirt for the foundation of the handsome new church that will soon be completed. The school building was made of logs as was the small jail.

"I lived in the country near Eastland one year, and then moved to town where I ran the Steele Hotel, a dollar a day house, near the Station, for twenty-two years. It did not cost much to live then as I could get a nice chicken for 15 cents and a dozen fresh eggs for 5 cents."

Susan Elizabeth Steele is the only living charter member of the Eastland chapter of the Eastern Star. She is still an active house keeper, cooking two meals daily for her two sons with whom she makes her home. Probably one of the most interesting things about this pioneer woman is that she still chews with her original set of teeth. She is the mother of eight children.

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

Mr C. D. Carlisle, San Antonio, Texas, writes: "I see that it is time for me to pay up again for your magazine. I surely can't miss a single copy. I read it with much interest each month, and sometimes think of trying my hand at writing a description of my first year's experience in Texas. I have seen many changes since I arrived in Fort Worth in the spring of 1878. There were very few fences in those days; wild horses were everywhere, and prairie chickens by the thousands near Alvarado, where I spent my first year. I am saying a good word for your magazine whenever the opportunity presents."

Back Numbers Wanted.

I have about 30 odd copies of volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4, Frontier Times for sale or trade. I am wanting October, 1923, and February, April, September, 1924, of volume 1. Look up your old back numbers and let me know what is the best cash price you want for one or all of them. Let us trade for numbers you want.—W J. Layland, Cleburne, Texas.

Two Old Muskets

Dallas News, October 9, 1927

IN AN INTERESTING collection of relics of early Texas history, owned by the Rev. C. A. Tower, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Jefferson, are two old flintlock muskets, with one of which a Texan is said to have fought the Mexicans in the battle of San Jacinto and with the other of which Capt. Bob Smith is said to have killed Chief Bowles in a battle between Texans and Cherokees in the present Van Zandt County in 1839.

"According to John H. Reagan's version of Chief Bowles' death, Capt. Smith shot the Indian with a pistol," said the Rev. Mr. Tower. "However, District Judge Robert T. Brown of Henderson, grandson of Capt. Smith, who gave the gun to me, said that his family had never heard of the pistol version of Chief Bowles' death until the Reagan memoirs were published. His grandfather's old flintlock had been in the family ever since Capt. Smith's death, and it was always understood by them that it was the gun with which Chief Bowles was slain."

The old rifle is ornate with carved silver and gold, and its stock is of bird's eye maple. Obviously it was a very expensive weapon. It originally was a flintlock, but Capt. Smith later altered it into a percussion-cap model.

Chief Bowles, the noted old Indian whom it is credited with slaying, in 1819 led the semicivilized Cherokees from along Smackover Creek in Arkansas to the Three Forks, along the Trinity, near Dallas, said the Rev. Mr. Tower, who is a close student of early Texas history. Other leaders of the tribe were John Dunn Hunter and Big Mush. Cabins and huts were constructed and crops planted by the Cherokees in their new Texas home.

Ranging over a great part of Texas and the Southwest at this time were the numerous and warlike Comanches. They fought the Texans, they fought the Mexicans and they fought all the other Indians except the Kiowas, their allies. They disputed the right of the Cherokees to settle on what they claimed as part of their hunting ground, and to avert war the Cherokees agreed to move.

Mounting mules, Chief Bowles and several companions made an overland journey to Mexico City, and secured a permit from the Mexican Government to settle on the red lands around Alto, Cherokee County, and Nacogdoches in the adjoining county of Nacogdoches, said the Rev. Mr. Tower. Accordingly, the Cherokees settled over this area, Chief Bowles building his cabin at a spring, three miles from the present town of Alto, which still is known as Bowles Spring.

Indians of one tribe or another frequent-

ly depredated as far south as Nacogdoches and the whites accused the Cherokees of the forays. Chief Bowles laid the blame at the door of the Comanches and other prairie Indians.

Texas had by this time (1838) gained her independence of Mexico, and the Government of the Republic devised a plan to ascertain which of the Indians was guilty of the raiding. Maj. B. C. Waters was sent with a considerable force of men northward along the Comanche trace, as the route followed by the Comanches was known. No Comanches or fresh sign of them were encountered along the trail, and about four miles north of the present city of Grand Saline, in Van Zandt County, the Texans threw up breastworks for 500 or 600 yards, in order that they might more effectively fight the Comanches, should they appear. The remains of these breastworks may still be seen, said the Rev. Mr. Tower.

While Maj. Waters and his force were at these breastworks, waiting for a possible appearance of the Comanches, the Killough family was massacred near the present Jacksonville, Cherokee County. This was accepted as conclusive proof that the Cherokees were the malefactors.

Determined that the Cherokees, who before their move to Texas had been forced west of the Mississippi by whites, should move out of Texas, President Lamar sent a commission to the tribe with this intelligence. On this commission were John H. Reagan, W. G. W. Jowers and Martin Lacy, Indian agent. The Cherokees were ordered to move from the Republic and were told that they would be paid for their property left behind.

Chief Bowles requested that they be given time to gather their crops, but the commission told him that they would give the Indians only ten days in which to begin moving.

Returning to Bowles Springs at the end of ten days the commission was told by the old chief that his young men were determined to fight rather than move. He further said that he realized that the Texans most likely would be victorious and he probably would be killed, but that it didn't make much difference to him, as the young men would kill him anyway if he attempted to keep them from the war-path. Because of his advanced age he viewed the prospect of death with little misgiving.

The Texans, under Burleson and Douglas assembled where Alto now stands, and the Cherokees got into battle front around Bowles Spring. There were said to be between eight and nine hundred men on each side.

Bowles retreated and made his first

stand on Battle Creek, above where the Cotton Belt Railroad crosses this creek in Henderson County, said the Rev. Mr. Tower. Although the Indians sustained a galling defeat, only two Texans were killed. Chief Bowles rallied his forces and made another stand about six miles north of the present town of Chandler, Van Zandt County, one-fourth mile west of the Neches River. In spite of the fact that the Cherokees had ensconced themselves in a deep ravine, the Texans hopelessly defeated them.

Shot from his horse, Chief Bowles was found sitting under a tree, wounded, as the Texans passed after the retreating Cherokees. Dead Indians were all around him. In the heat of the battle Capt. Smith shot and killed the wounded old chief, much to his regret, after he found that Bowles had been wounded, said the Rev. Mr. Tower.

After this disastrous battle the Cherokees scattered, some going to Mexico and others returning to Arkansas.

The second old flint-lock was located by Rev. Mr. Tower, along with eighty others, in storage in a vault at the penitentiary at Huntsville in 1903. Inscribed in the metal is a Texas star and the word "Texas." Through records and individuals at Austin it was identified as having been in a consignment of 1,000 such guns bought by Stephen F. Austin and a Dr Archer in New Orleans. These guns reached Sam Houston's army a few days before the battle of San Jacinto, at the same time as the Twin Sisters, two small brass cannons donated by the women of Ohio. Their arrival probably decided the fate of battle.

"When I unloaded the old gun I was able to understand how 880 Texans could defeat 1,500 Mexicans, killing 630 of them" said the Rev. Mr. Tower. "Beneath a wad of tow I found nine home-molded 'blue-whistler' bullets, and beneath a second wad about two thimbleful of powder. This powder will still ignite."

The flint locks of the Texas army were replaced in 1842 with percussion-cap rifles, and the eighty located at the penitentiary in 1903 by the Rev. Mr. Tower are said to be a part of those taken from active service and stored.

As frequently stated in these columns, we cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times. We have only certain numbers of each volume left on hand. We sell these extras at from twenty-five cents to one dollar per copy, according to date of issue.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

CALL OF THE RANGE

(By An Old-Time Cowboy.)

Backward, turn backward, oh time on your wheels,

Airplanes, wagons and automobiles, dress me once more in a sombrero that flaps

Spurs, a flannel shirt, boots, slicker and chaps;

Give me a six-shooter or two in my hand,

And show me a steer to rope and brand.

Out where the sagebrush is dusty and gray,

Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Give me a bronc that knows how to dance,

Buckskin of color and wicked of glance; New to the feeling of bridle and bits,

Give me a quirt that will sting where it hits.

Strap on a poncho behind in a roll, and pass me the lariat so dear to my soul.

Then over the trail let me lope far away.

Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Thunder of hoofs over range as we ride,

Hissing of iron and smoking of hide; Bellow of cattle and snort of cavese,

Longhorns from Texas, as wild as the deuce.

Midnight stampedes and milling of the herds,

Yells from the cowmen, too angry for words.

Right in the midst of it all I would stay,

Make me a cowboy again for a day.

Under the star-studded canopy vast, Camp fire coffee, and comfort at last,

Tales of the ranchmen and rustlers retold,

Over the pipes, as the embers grow cold;

These are the tunes that old memories play,

Make me a cowboy again for a day.

—San Angelo Standard.

An Ideal Christmas Present.

Frontier Times will make an ideal Christmas present for some old pioneer friend.

Why not order the little magazine sent to your father, mother, or aged relative, and give them happiness for a whole year for only a dollar and a half?

If you fail to receive your Frontier Times regularly please notify this office. Frontier Times is printed about the 15th of each month for the ensuing month, and it should reach every subscriber not later than the first of the month for which it is dated. If you do not get it by that time let us know and another copy will be sent you.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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On our cover page this month appears the portrait of a real frontier character, Col. John Coffey of Noxville, Texas. This portrait was taken from an oil painting by Warren Hunter, our staff artist, and is a splendid likeness of Colonel Coffey. The first article in this month's Frontier Times tells of an Indian fight in which he participated when he was but fifteen years old, and in which he received three wounds. Colonel Coffey is a son of that sturdy old pioneer of Coleman County, Uncle Rich Coffey, who was well known to the early settlers of West Texas, and of whom mention has been frequently made in these columns.

This is the December issue of Frontier Times, and as Christmas comes in December we are taking time by the forelock to wish all of our readers a Merry Christmas.

In the November number of Frontier Times an error was made in designating the pictures of Gum Phillips and Ralph Haynes, in the story of a Llano county Indian fight. The name of Gum Phillips was used under portrait of Ralph Haynes and the name of Ralph Haynes was used under Gum Phillips' portrait. We are using the portraits again in this issue with the right name under each portrait.



Ralph William Haynes.

For the second time since it was founded over four years ago, Frontier Times can boast of the installation of a larger and faster press. Our next (January) issue will be printed on a larger press, which we are installing. This press gives us double the page capacity we have had and will enable us to turn out a greater number of copies in less time than it now requires to print an edition. A folding machine is also being added. The steady growth of our circulation makes it necessary that we increase our facilities accordingly.

On pages 142, 143, and 144 will be found a list of old photos of early day characters and scenes made by N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio. Mr. Rose is an old time photographer of West Texas; he is thoroughly reliable, and has the utmost confidence of everybody who knows him. We have known him for forty years, and we do not hesitate to recommend him to anyone with whom he may have dealings. This list of photographs represents an accumulation of years of work, and includes pictures of noted frontiersmen, Texas Rangers, peace officers, outlaws and desperadoes, historic buildings, etc., and his price for each photo is very reasonable, considering the fact that many of them cannot be obtained anywhere but from Rose. Look over the list; we are sure you will find some there that will interest you and you may want.



Montgomery Wright (Gum) Phillips

The Language of the Cowhand

San Angelo Standard



DICTIONARY would be about as worthless as a song in a hurricane to a New Yorker trying to find his way around the ranch country of the west.

Cowboyese, the dialect of the ranges is as intricate and changes almost as rapidly. Some of the terms used in pioneer days have come down, unchanged through the years, but other influences—mainly that of the cavalry in which most of the cowhands fought the World War—are apparent in the dialect.

"The top screw mounted his cutting horse, and followed by a group of chuck eaters, started to train a bunch of cattle. The corral rope was on his saddle, next to the sougan, and as he placed a brain tablet in his mouth, the mount began to swallow his head and soon turned the pack."

A "top screw" is a ranch hand who has been on the ranch for years and knows the business of that particular ranch from top to bottom. A "Waddle" is another name for the same individual.

A "cutting horse" is the highest type of cow pony used for separating one lot of animals from a large group.

"Chuck eater" is the name applied to the young man from the east who comes out to learn the game.

"Trailing a bunch of cattle" means taking them on an extended trip from one place to another.

The "corral rope" was used to make an enclosure for the horses at night, being spread about the bushes.

The "sougan" is the blanket or comforter used by the puncher. He usually carries three of them and a cotton pillow. It is also called a "velvet couch" or a "hot roll."

A "brain tablet" is a cigarette.

A horse is said to have "swallowed his head" when he unexpectedly begins to pitch.

"Turn the pack" is the favorite expression for a horse throwing its rider.

"Pooch" is the name for a dessert of the cowboy on the range. It contains tomatoes, bread and sugar, when dished out to the "chuck eaters" it was with the remark, "Your pay is raised."

"Powders" are orders. "Go and get your powders from the boss," means "the boss wants to see you."

"Morral" is the feed bag out of which the horses eat.

The "remuda" is the collection of horses used by a cow-camp. In Montana and that section it is known as the "string."

"Sunning his sides" means to pitch or buck. A pitching horse weaves from side to side as well as up and down.

"Curry him out" means to rake a horse up and down the sides with spurs. "Galves" is the word for spurs.

A "night horse is the one that is tied up at night and used to rustle the other mounts in the morning. The cook is the "cusinero."

"Horse wranglers" have charge of the horses and rustle wood for the cook. During the old drives it was not uncommon for a man to change mounts six times a day. "Spool your bed" means to roll bedding.

How Arrow Heads Were First Made.

Where did the Indians obtain the flint for their arrowheads and what was their method of shaping them?

Among the Apaches every tribe had its factory in which arrowheads were made and in which only certain adepts were allowed to make them for the use of the tribe. Boulders of flint were collected and broken into pieces with a sort of sledge hammer made of a rounded pebble of hornstone set in a twisted withe which held the stone and formed a handle. Such flakes of the flint were selected as from their angles of fracture and their thickness would form the basis of an arrowhead. The master workman, seated on the ground, laid one of these flakes on the palm of his left hand, holding it firmly down with two or more fingers of the same hand, while with his right hand he placed his chisel or punch on the point that was to be broken off. A helper, sitting in front of him, then struck the chisel on the upper end with a mallet of very hard wood, flaking the flint off on the under side below each projecting point that was struck.

The flint was then turned and chipped in the same manner until required shape and dimensions were obtained; all the fractures were made on the hand, the yielding elasticity of the palm enabling the chip to come off without breaking the body of the flint. No metallic instruments were used in the work, the punch or chisel being made of a piece of bone or sometimes of the teeth of the sperm whale. It was about six or seven inches in length and one inch in diameter with one rounded and two plant sides; this gave one acute and two obtuse angles to work with. The operation was usually accompanied by singing, the strokes of the mallet being given in time with the music. Materials for the manufacture of implements and utensils and for building were gathered from the surface of the ground or quarried from the rock. The largest quarries so far examined are those at Flint Ridge, Ohio, in the suburbs of Washington, D. C., and at Mill Creek in Southern Illinois.—Dearborn Independent.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

Photos For Sale by N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas

For over thirty years I have been collecting and making photographs of early day characters and scenes. I am now offering copies of these photographs for sale at 35 cents to 50 cents each. Order from the following list:

JUDGE ROY BEAN, "The Law West of the Pecos," 50c.

Judge Roy Bean, with several friends, standing on his porch. 50c.

Lily Langtry, for whom Judge Bean named his town and saloon. 50c.

A view of Judge Bean's old house several years after his death. 50c.

A photo of Judge Bean's gravestone. 50c.

The five Roy Bean pictures for \$1.75.

CAPTAIN CREED TAYLOR, Frontiersman. 50c.

Captain Creed Taylor's old home before it was burned. 50c.

AMASA CLARK, Bandera county's first settler; Mexican War veteran. Several negatives. 50c each.

W. D. (Seco) SMITH, comrade of Big-foot Wallace. 50c.

A. G. VOGEL, merchant at Leakey, Texas, since 1883. 50c.

W. J. TOMERLIN, Real county pioneer. 50c.

HENRY MIMS, scalped by Indians, left for dead, revived, and lived to the age of 109 years. 50c.

ALFORD DAY, with his two old time six-shooters. 35c.

JOE CLEMENTS, with an old time six-shooter. 35c.

JIM CLEMENTS, Family Group. 35c.

GIP CLEMENTS, and two friends. 35c.

MANNING CLEMENTS, copied from tin-type, a good likeness. 50c.

CALIFORNIA JOE, with wife; only fair condition. 35c.

UNCLE JOHN LANE, famous Texas fiddler, at 87. 50c.

GROUP, GIRLS' BRASS BAND at Mason Texas, in 1895, Miss Constance Schmidt Miss Mollie King, Miss Lola Bird, Miss Belle Bird, Miss Winnie Murray, Miss Mary Schmidt, Miss Ann Crosby. 50c.

GROUP DEL RIO CITIZENS, with Hon. William Jennings Bryan, in 1910. 35c.

BEN C. DRAGOO, scout and Indian fighter, who participated in the recapture of Cynthia Ann Parker. 50c.

GEO. W. SAUNDERS, photo taken when a young man. 35c.

JIM SATTERWHITE, an old stage driver. 50c.

OLD STAGE COACH. 50c.

OLD STAGE STAND near Menard. 50c.

OLD CHAMPION, noted long-horn Texas steer raised by J. M. Dobie. Photo taken in 1899, splendid. 50c for 5x7; \$1.00 for 7x11.

TEXAS HERD at Dodge City, Kansas, in 1878. 50c.

HERD OF BUFFALO driven to market by W. B. Slaughter in 1912. 35c.

HERD OF CATTLE watering on the

San Saba in 1887. Driven to Clayton, New Mexico. Andy Murchison, trail boss, on horse in foreground. 50c.

ANDY MURCHISON'S TRAIL OUTFIT in camp at noontime, 1887. 50c.

STREET SCENE in Dodge City, Kansas, in 1878. 50c.

DOAN'S STORE on Red River, as it appeared in 1883. 50c.

JOHN LACKEY'S COW, suckling motherless kids and lambs on ranch in Menard county. 35c.

JESSE CHISHOLM, Father of the Trail, only fair. 35c.

COWBOY GROUP, taken in 1884, Dick Russel, Jeff Moore, Hood Murchison, Frank Pierce, Jim Gorman, Bob Drennan and Sim Francis. 50c.

MEXICAN CART and Ox Team, taken at Del Rio. 50c. Some of the following photos are made in 5x7 and 7x11 sizes; 50c and \$1.00 each. State size wanted when ordering:

STREET SCENE in Del Rio in 1883. 50c.

STREET SCENE in Del Rio in 1909. 50c.

BISHOP'S PALACE at Monterrey, Mexico, in 1901. 50c.

FREIGHTERS' MONUMENT in San Antonio. 35c.

LOG HOUSE, said to be the oldest in California. 35c.

STREET SCENE in Sonora, Texas, in 1897. 50c.

SAM WOODY CABIN, first house built in Wise county, Texas. 50c.

OLD CHUCK WAGON of John Custer. 50c.

HERMANN LEHMANN, Indian captive. 50c.

FRANK JAMES, in 1898. 50c.

JESSE JAMES, from an old picture made in 1875. 50c.

JESSE JAMES, after death, in the morgue. Photo by Uhlmann, St. Joseph, Mo. 50c.

JESSE JAMES, after death, in the morgue. Photo by Lozo, St. Joseph, Mo. 50c.

BOB FORD, photo by Lozo, St. Joseph, Mo. 50c.

CHARLIE FORD, photo by Lozo, St. Joseph, Mo. 50c.

COLE YOUNGER, photo made at Fari-bault, Minn., jail in 1876. 50c.

COLE YOUNGER, photo made at Stillwater, Minn., in 1889. 50c.

JIM YOUNGER, photo made at Fari-bault, Minn., jail in 1876. 50c.

JIM YOUNGER, photo made at Stillwater, Minn. in 1889. 50c.

BOB YOUNGER, photo made at Fari-bault, Minn. jail in 1876. 50c.

BOB YOUNGER, photo made at Stillwater, Minn., in 1889. 50c.

THREE YOUNGER BROTHERS, and their sister. 50c.

BILL CHADWELL, after death, from old faded photo, but fairly good. 50c.

CLEL MILLER, after death, from old faded photo, but fairly good. 50c.

CHARLEY PITTS, after death, from old picture, but very good. 50c.

THE APACHE KID. 50c.

BFN THOMPSON, killed in San Antonio, in 1884. 50c.

WILD BILL HICKOK, Marshal of Abilene. 50c.

BUFFALO BILL (Wm. Cody) 50c.

CAPT. L. H. NORTH. 50c.

RICHARD W. CLARK, the original "Deadwood Dick," 50c.

Dr. RICHARD TANNER, original "Diamond Dick." 50c.

COL. W. B. PEARSON, known as "Idaho Bill." 50c.

MAJOR GORDON W. LILLIE, better known as "Pawnee Bill," 50c.

DR. W. F. CARVER, who was called "Evil Spirit of the Plains" by the Indians. 50c.

BONEY EARNEST, old time scout. 50c.

CHRIS EVANS, brother to Tom Evans, alias Bill Powers. 50c.

OLD EVANS HOMESTEAD at Visalia, California. 50c.

JOHN SONTAG, at time of his capture, lying in strew, and group of his captors. 50c.

DALTON GANG, Bob and Grat Dalton, Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell after being killed. 50c.

CONDON BANK, which Dalton Gang attempted to rob, in 1895, at Coffeyville, Kansas. 50c.

HENRY STARR, two negatives, a bust picture and standing figure. 50c.

ED REED, WILL CLARK and one of their pals. 50c.

"THE WILD BUNCH GROUP," Made in 1901. Will Carver and Harry Longbaugh standing, Harvey Logan, Ben Kilpatrick and George A. Parker, alias Butch Cassidy seated. Splendid photograph, 8x10 in size. Price \$1.00.

A 5x7 photo of the above group for 50c.

GEORGE A. PARKER, alias Butch Cassidy, as he appeared in 1883, just released from Wyoming penitentiary. 50c.

BEN KILPATRICK and OLE BECK, after being killed in attempt to hold up train near Sanderson, Texas, in 1912. 50c.

BURNING OF NEGRO near White Plains, only fair condition. 35c.

PANCHO VILLA. 35c.

BILL LONGLEY, noted Texas Desperado. 50c.

SAM BASS GANG, Sam Bass, Sebe Barnes and Jim Murphy, in 1878. 50c.

JIM MURPHY and FRANK JACKSON, members of Sam Bass Gang, in 1878. Frank Jackson picture poor. 50c.

GRAVES of Sam Bass and Sebe Barnes at Round Rock, Texas, as they appear today. 50c.

CALAMITY JANE, a good picture. 50c.

PAT GARRETT, slayer of Billy the Kid. 50c.

BAT MASTERSON, two negatives, early day and in recent years. 50c.

WYATT EARP as he appeared in 1926. 50c.

MORVE L. WEAVER, two negatives, 50c.

CUSTER at Fort Lincoln, Dakota Territory, 1873-4, three photos, showing Sitting Bull in one group, and Gen. Custer in all. Officers and ladies. 50c. each.

SION R. BOSTICK, San Jacinto veteran. 50c.

J. W. THROCKMORTON, early day photo with his signature. 50c.

BIG FOOT WALLACE. 50c.

JAMES BOWIE. 50c.

DAVID CROCKETT. 50c.

COL. BEN R. MILAM. 50c.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON, three or four negatives. 50c. each.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a fine picture, copied from original. 50c.

PECOS HIGH BRIDGE in 1908. 35c. 50c.

TABERNACLE OF THE FOREST. A large oak tree under which early settlers of Bandera county, Texas held camp-meetings. 35c.

MISSION SAN SABA, four 7x11 views made in 1895 by N. H. Rose. No. 1 front entrance or gateway; No. 2, view over ruins looking east; No. 3, view of ruins looking northwest; No. 4, Gate Stone showing old names, one of which is Bowie. Price 75c each.

MENARD, before the flood December 24, 1898. 7x11 in size. Price 75c.

MENARD, during flood of June 6, 1899. 7x11 size. Price 75c.

SAN ANTONIO, Market Street Scene in the 60s. View on Alamo Plaza showing old market house and Alamo. View on site where Joske's store now stands. Calderon's freighting teams starting for Mexico in 1872. Price 50c each.

VERIMENDI PALACE in San Antonio.

CAPT. DAN W. ROBERTS, Texas Ranger. 50c.

CAPT. D. W. ROBERTS with B. F. Gholson and J. Marvin Hunter, taken at Rangers' reunion in 1927. 50c.

CAPT. JOHN R. HUGHES, Texas Ranger, several negatives, some of early days and of later times. 50c each.

B. F. GHOLSON, Frontiersman and Ranger. 50c.

R. R. (Dick) Russell, early day and later portraits. 50c each.

MAJOR W. M. GREEN, Texas Ranger. 50c.

TEXAS RANGERS. James Beaird, Dr. P. H. Chilton, Nat B. (Kiowa) Jones, Sergeant J. B. Gillett, R. C. Roberts, Henry H. Baker, F. C. Kaiser, W. W. Lewis, John A. Shannon, Col. L. P. Sieker, E. A. Sieker, John G. Gregg, W. T. (Slick) Clements, Doug Coalson. 50c each.

CHIEF IRON CROW, scout for Sioux in 1873. 50c.

THREE CHIEFS, Two Lance, Flying Hawk and Frank Goodlance. 50c.

CHIEF SITTING BULL, at age of 90 years. 50c.

ONE BEAR and his wife. 50c.

IRON SHELL and his wife, Kiss-me. 50c.

CHIEF RED CLOUD, with son, and grand

-daughter, three generations. 50c.

SGT. J. B. GILLET and HERMANN LEHMANN, meeting after 40 years. 50c.

CYNTHIA ANN PARKER, just after her re-capture in 1860, with her baby, Prairie Flower. 50c.

CHIEF QUANAH PARKER, son of Cynthia Ann Parker. 50c.

WHITE L. PARKER, son of Quanah. 50c.

GRAVE OF QUANAH PARKER. 50c.

BURIAL SCENE of the re-interment of Cynthia Ann Parker in Oklahoma in 1910. 50c.

PAINTED ROCKS at Paint Rock, Texas. 50c. Set of five pictures at 35c each.

GROUP, Sitting Bull, Swift Bear, Spotted Tail, Red Cloud and J. Meyer.

ARIZONA LIST.

The following Arizona pictures will sell for 50c each, or in even sets of six at 35c each. Will make a very special price on the complete lot:

JEFF D. MILTON, shot-gun messenger for W. F. Express company in early days.

BOB PAUL, an old time shot-gun messenger for W. F. Express company.

APACHE KID, and two of his pals, at their hillside home, Arizona, in the 80's

MERIJILDA, and interpreter through the Geronimo campaign.

CHARLES SHIBBELL, photo on wedding day 1877, old time early day sheriff.

APACHE BILL,—W. H. Young, 40 years a scout, guide and interpreter.

AL SEIBER, photo made just after his fight with Apache Kid and his gang.

LYMAN WAKEFIELD, old time sheriff of Pima county. Killed Chavez

JUDGE MCOMAS family, who were murdered by Indians.

JOHN BEHAN and sister-in-law, photo made while Johnny was deputy sheriff.

ROBT. N. LEATHERWOOD, old time sheriff; in fight with Black Jack Ketchum.

JOHN HEITH, lynched on Feb. 22, 1884, by infuriated citizens in Arizona.

CHACON and CHAVEZ, both murderers. Chacon hung and Chavez killed by Wakefield.

MANGUS, an Apache Chief, of the Chiricahua tribe.

QUA-THA-HOOLEY-HOOLEY, an Indian scout.

AN APACHE GIRL, with her first white folks' clothes.

AN APACHE taking his "annual" bath. SENTINEL in Geronimo's camp, before surrender, 1886.

GERONIMO and some of his warriors, 1886.

ONE WHITE BOY and one negro boy in Geronimo's camp, captives, 1886.

APACHE CAMP in the Canon de los Embudes, Arizona, 1886.

GERONIMO and NATCHES, a photo made by request of Geronimo.

GERONIMO, a photo made of him at Slaughter's ranch. 1886.

GERONIMO, a photo made of him in 1897, by Irwin.

A BIRDS-EYE VIEW of Geronimo's camp, Arizona, 1886.

GEN. CROOK, and staff, during campaign against Geronimo, 1886.

SCOUTS UNDER LT. MAUS, during Geronimo campaign, Ariz, 1886.

U. S. SCOUTS posing for picture.

U. S. SCOUTS with Indian Scouts.

U. S. SOLDIER SCOUTS, another pose. Na-da-sah, two soldiers and two, at ease in quarters.

GEO. WARREN, one of the original locaters. of Copper Queen mines.

JOHN A. SPRING, came with army to Arizona 1866; first school teacher.

PETE KITCHEN, came to Ariz. 1854. A good man—to leave alone, at Tucson.

MRS. HAWES, was cook in officers family at Ft. Grant, in 80's. Still living 1927.

SAMUEL HUGHES, came to Ariz 1859, founded first public school in Tucson.

ERICSON, an old timer who came to Ariz. in a very early day.

HENRY C. HOOKER, came to Arizona 1866; cattleman and Government contractor.

Wm. TIMBERLINE SPARKS, Author of Apache Kid and other stories.

CAPT. STERLING PRICE, Indian agent at San Carlos, in the 70's.

GOV. A. T. K. SAFFORD, second governor of Arizona, 1871-1877.

AL PECK, whose wife was killed by Apaches in 1886.

A. F. BANTA, guide to first governor of Arizona Territory, 1863.

GEORGE HAND, saloon-keeper and historian. Came to Arizona in 1866

JESUS MARIA ELIAS, Scout and Indian trailer. Located Bill Brazelton, stage robber.

ONLY PAPAGO INDIAN, survivor Ft. Grant massacre.

TEXAS BOB HECKLE, old timer who spent much time around Tucson.

W. S. OURY, came to Arizona 1856. Sheriff Pima county 1873-1877.

A. M. GILDEA, as he appeared with the Sellman scouts in 1878.

A. M. GILDEA, in a photo made at Eagle Pass, Texas, in 1876.

GREEN RIVER SMITH, first city marshal, Abilene, Kansas, 1871.

BILLY DIXON, a lovable character of our old time days. A real hero.

NED BUNTLINE, Wm. F. Cody, and Jack Omehundra "Texas Jack" in a group.

BLACK JACK KETCHUM, photo taken just before his execution in 1901.

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VERNON COKE WILSON, who was killed in effecting capture of Sontag and Evans, train robbers.

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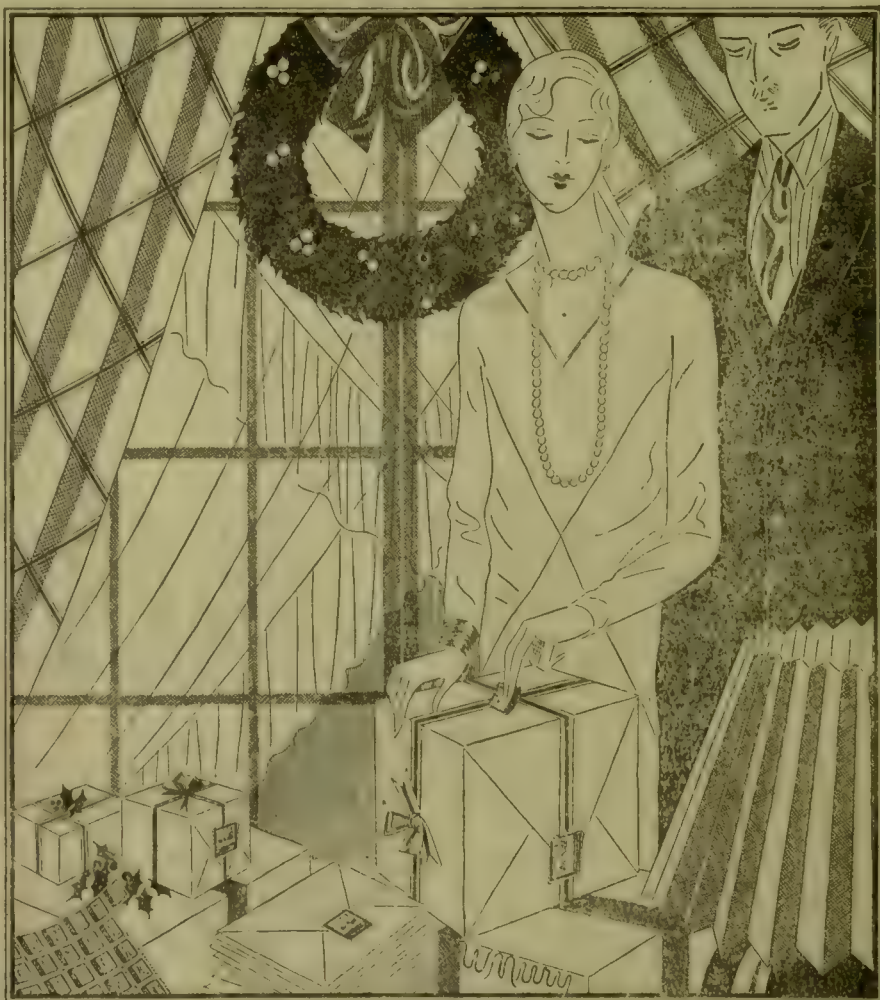
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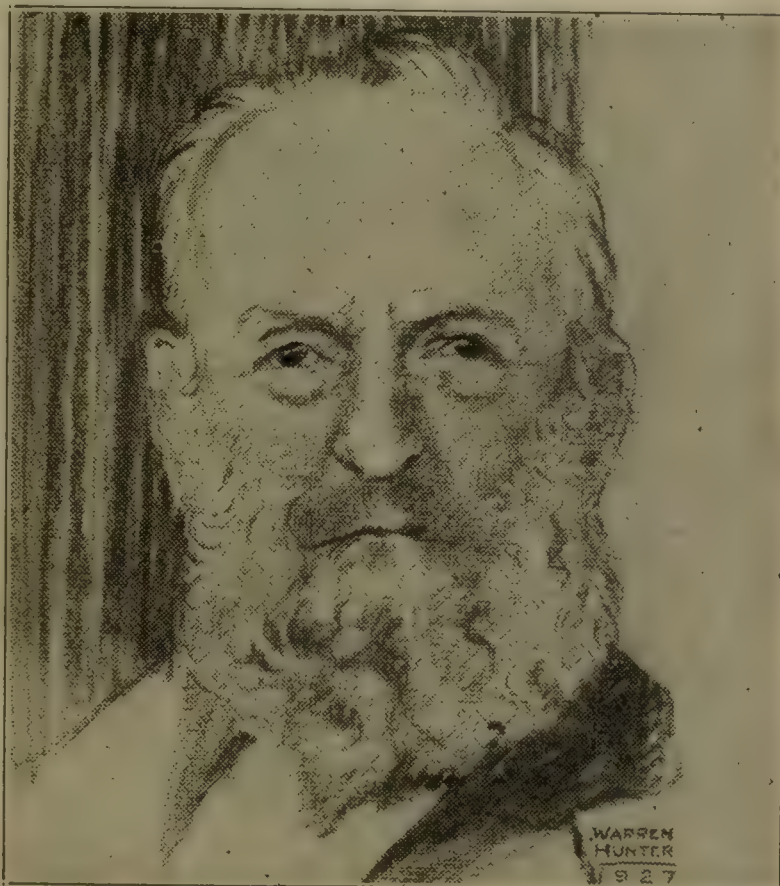
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Bass Outlaw

Eugene Cunningham, in Frontier Stories, Garden City New York.

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THEY say that he had but one qualification of the true Texas Ranger, this small, insignificant-seeming figure—he could pull his Colt like a flash of lightning and his aim was deadly. Many a time he filled the camp-kettle with quail which he killed with a .45 revolver, shooting off the heads with neatness and dispatch. But if he were as brave as any in pursuing criminals, he was of a quarrelsome disposition that usually embroiled him with the citizens he was presumed to protect.

As a Ranger he was an old-timer, having enlisted in E Company in '85. Two years later he joined D Company and his bravery and his gunplay won him appointment as corporal in April, 1890. Promotion to sergeant came with the murder by Mexican bandits, of Sergeant Fusselman Captain Frank Jones, later killed near Fabens in the El Paso Valley, was Bass Outlaw's commanding officer.

His pictures offer a puzzle to the physiognomist, when considered in the light of his reputation. He was a wolf the old-timers say. The Rangers of his company had no use for him. A receding chin, pale blue-gray eyes—these are the most notable features of his face. But the speed on the draw, the accuracy of his shooting, perhaps gave him a confidence not innate to

his character. And he was doubtless further emboldened by the respect in which his prowess was held by the ordinary citizen.

Sergeant was his highest rank in the Rangers, and he crashed from his position in a manner that must have soured him.

He was stationed at Alpine, in the Big Bend country, as part of Captain Jones' company. Jones was absent one night

and Bass Outlaw ran true to form; he was precisely drunk, but from saloon to saloon he went, growing more argumentative on the way. Finally he whipped out his pistol and announced that Alpine needed shooting up and he was eminently qualified to do the job. At the sound of shots, the sheriff of Brewster County appeared quietly on the scene. The sheriff happened to be Jim Gillett, who had never posed as a gunman but managed to pile up a

record during six years in the Rangers and later as chief of police of that turbulent border town—El Paso of the '80s.

He read the riot act to Outlaw; forced him to holster his Colt and threatened him with instant arrest at the next exhibition. They say that Outlaw tried to brazen it out, but Gillett is a serious-minded man and he repeated his ultimatum in unmistakable terms. Outlaw passed it off with a laugh and turned to the

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bar, announcing that the drinks were on him. From his pocket he pulled a handful of silver and a quarter fell to the floor.

Gillett stood watching him; there was a tense group, expecting that one of these two men, if not both, would not live until morning. They had heard many of Outlaw's boasts that no man could cross him and live; they knew Jim Gillett's unostentatious way of performing his duties.

Outlaw bent, as to recover the fallen coin. Then he straightened suddenly, looking hard and quickly at Gillett. His thought was plain to read—would the sheriff take advantage of his stooping position to kill him? Gillett understood. With lip curling scornfully, he bent, picked up the quarter and tossed it on the bar.

"Didn't have nerve enough, did you?" he said contemptuously. "There's your money. Now, you remember what I told you! It's a fine thing when a Ranger has to be ordered to keep the peace."

Captain Jones, returning to Alpine next morning, heard the story from a prominent citizen. He called Outlaw into his room and looked him over grimly. Outlaw's reputation worried the captain not at all.

"I told you not long ago that the next time you drank on duty you'd be finished," he said coldly. "Sit down at that table and write out your resignation!"

There was a battle of eyes for a brief moment. Captain Jones looked the "bad man" down. Sullenly, Outlaw wrote his resignation and received a voucher for the pay due him. He went out, furious, not at Jones, who had kicked him out of the service, but at Jim Gillett, whom he believed had reported his misconduct.

Joe Jackson, now a prominent cowman at Alpine, at that time conducted a mercantile store. Outlaw professed friendship for Jackson; owed him money. He came into the store and threw down his voucher.

"Cash it for me," he said, with an oath. "Take out what I owe you. That's the last one. Jones just kicked me out."

"I—heard you were going to quit," Jackson remarked cautiously.

"Quit!" cried Outlaw. "That old devil looked me in the eyes and told me to write a resignation. You bet I quit! I don't want any trouble with Jones. But I'm going to kill Gillett before I'm done. He's the man who told Jones."

Jackson argued with him that Gillett had done no such thing. Finally—bent on preventing this shooting or, at least, giving Gillett warning—he proposed that he go to Gillett and ask the sheriff point-blank if Gillett and ask the sheriff point-blank if he had been responsible for Outlaw's discharge. Unwillingly, Outlaw consented.

Gillett came hurrying to find Outlaw. As he remarked, it would be a sweet thing if he were to be killed by Bass Outlaw while in the county seat! Outlaw admitted his error and so probably saved his own life, but with equal probability Gillett was

spared to a long and useful career. Bass Outlaw was a wolf!

He secured appointment, now, as deputy United States Marshal. And on April 4, 1894, he was in El Paso with his fellow-deputy, Bufe Cline, and that famous Ranger, Dick Ware, he who killed Sebe Barnes and Sam Bass at Round Rock, now United States marshal. He had a grievance, this day, against Ware. Cline had been given subpoenas to serve and Outlaw wanted the fees attached to the work. Dick Ware told Outlaw that these were rightfully Cline's, but the sullen gunman was not to be argued with.

On the street, later, he met an acquaintance and unburdened himself of his grievances. This man, Frank Collinson, with another named Ernest Bridges, saw that Outlaw was on the verge of going into court to find and kill Dick Ware. They persuaded Outlaw to go to his room. At the door of the Bank Saloon the trio encountered that famous old gunman, John Selman, who had that year shot the notorious John Wesley Hardin in the back.

Outlaw insisted on going down to Tillie Howard's place to see a girl. He forced Bridges to go with him, putting his hand on his Colt-butt. Collinson and Selman followed, for fear of injury to Bridges. At the Howard house Outlaw left his companions in the parlor and went into the backyard. A pistol shot sounded.

"Bass has dropped his pistol," remarked John Selman, moving toward the rear of the house.

Tillie Howard came running through the parlor, blowing a police whistle. Selman reached the backyard as a Ranger named Joe McKidric, accompanied by a constable named Chavez, leaped over the back fence to learn why the shot had been fired. McKidric knew Outlaw and asked him why he fired. Then, seeing that Outlaw was half-drunk, he advised him to go to his room. Outlaw, by this time almost between Selman and McKidric, jerked up his Colt and shot McKidric through the head, firing again into the Ranger's body as it fell.

Selman was snatching for his pistol and Outlaw opened fire on him, wounding him twice in the right leg. Selman returned the fire and shot Outlaw through the body, just over the heart. Outlaw retreated, jumping the back fence into the alley. A block away he was arrested by Ranger McMahan, who helped him into the backroom of Barnum's Saloon at Utah and Overland Streets.

Outlaw's shot—that of braggadocio—had been fired a little after five in the evening. By nine o'clock he was dead, having sent before him a man worth a hundred Bass Outlaws. The old cowpuncher song is as good an epitaph for the business as any that could be written:

"First took to drinkin', and then to card playin'—"



The First Store Built in Leakey, Texas.

A. G. Vogel, Pioneer Merchant

On our cover page this month appears the likeness of Capt. A. G. Vogel, pioneer merchant of Leakey, Texas. This picture is from a charcoal drawing by Warren Hunter, our staff artist. For almost half a century Mr. Vogel has made his home at Leakey, now in Real county, and has been identified with the life of that community from the time it was on the outskirts of civilization, inhabited by a few of its pioneer settlers until today when they have all of the modern conveniences and keep in touch with the activities of the world. For many years he was postmaster at Leakey, in those early days when a man's nerve was put to the test, and many is the time when he used his left hand in passing out the mail to some desperate character, while his good right hand held a six-shooter for instant use.

Mr. Vogel was born in Leipsig, Germany, in 1846, and came to America in 1866, when he was nineteen years old. He was married to Miss Nancy Elizabeth Pendley in Atascosa county, Texas, in 1877, recently celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary. When he and his wife moved to Leakey, then in Edwards county, in 1882, there was no town there, but he helped to start one. He also helped to organize Edwards county, and for some years was county treasurer of that county. He opened a store in a tent, and a year later built the store building shown in the accompanying photograph. This building still stands and is still occupied by Mr. Vogel as a general store. It was the first store building in Leakey.

Mr. Vogel engaged in the stock farming business and made a success of it. In all of his dealings with the public he has been fair and liberal and hence the reputation of being the "pioneer merchant." He is now past eighty years old, but still active and can be found in the store where over

half of his long and useful life has been spent. Mr. and Mrs. Vogel raised five splendid daughters, four of whom are living: Mrs. Amanda Chapin of Leakey, Mrs. Lavina Sandefer of Bandera, Mrs. Carrie Beard of Leakey, and Miss Josephine Vogel of Leakey. The other daughter, Mrs. Emma Peterson, died near El Paso in 1921.

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr. Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the book is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

Rode for the Purple Mask

Written for Frontier Times by Marjorie Rogers, Marlin, Texas.

THE FIRST TIME that I ever saw Billy the Kid was in Fort Griffin, where he wandered with six other fellows and struck me for a loan of \$15," said Henry Ethridge, ex-cowboy and member of the Purple Mask, a protective and detective association of the early eighties, which had about the same rights as the Texas Rangers, to locate and punish cattle rustlers along the Mexican border.

"Fort Griffin was an old army and trading post in Shackelford County. The Government was taking care of a band of friendly Tonkawa Indians near the Fort at this time. There were no railroads, and cowboys and travelers from all parts of the country stopped here en route to their respective destinations. It was a good lively gambling town with several saloons. I was working for the Purple Mask then and waiting to be put on a job when a handsome young fellow blew into town looking for a job on the Hash Knife Ranch, which was about twenty-five miles north west and between Fort Griffin and Seymour. I was young and I guess he thought I would not mind lending him some money, so he told me that he was broke and needed money. He took a contract with Dan Irby, the Hash foreman, to drive a herd of cattle to either Kansas or Nebraska. At this time we did not know him.

"Sheriff Simpson and his deputy, 'Dried' Henry Herring, grew suspicious of this young fellow and his men, and went out to the Hash Knife to investigate. Billy and his bunch were in the lot branding cattle, getting ready for the trip. Of course, they intended stealing the cattle when they got started and changing the brand. Billy's men shot the sheriff and the deputy and got on their horses and rode away. I guess this was one of the first breaks Billy ever made into notoriety.

"Some time later, I was on the scout looking for pilfering Indians, as the Comanches and the Navajos were making depredations on our side, rounding up all of the loose horses and cattle they could find and slipping back across the Red River. An Indian is the slyest horse thief in the world. They keep in touch with each other by imitating birds, crickets, or barking like dogs. I was riding, alone, along the Pecos north of where the Texas & Pacific roads cross the Pecos River, spotting in the valley when I ran into a bunch of men camped on the river. There were about thirty of these men and I naturally thought it was a cow-outfit. I stopped and thought I would spend the night with them. To my astonishment, I discovered that I had run into Billy the Kid again. His men thought I was a spy and wanted

to shoot me on the spot. I knew that they would search me and find my badge and identification papers so I hid them under a rock. They examined me thoroughly. I told them that Texas was getting too hot for me and that I was pulling for Mexico. Billy told his men that he remembered my face; that I had befriended him once and that I was not to be shot. Next morning he took my good horse, but gave me a Spanish pony and a \$20 gold piece and told me to head on toward Mexico and that quick. I left my credentials under the rock. I went to El Paso where I found Pat Garrett and told him where Billy was camping.

"I was born two miles from Bremond in 1856 where I lived until I was sent to Salado College in 1867. I remained here until I was 18 years old. My first trip across the plains was with the Blocker herd of 3000 Texas long horns near Belton, and I was the youngest cow-puncher of the bunch.

"We took two cooks and seven men to herd the cattle. Our train consisted of three trail wagons which contained our provisions, ammunition and extras. The chuck boxes were built in the rear of the wagons. The wagons were pulled by four mules. We started in the Spring while the water and grass were good, and did not have to travel fast. It took us three months to make the trip. We followed the Chisholm trail running near Comanche, Fort Griffin, Shackelford County, Indian Gap, struck Northwest, then due north, crossing the Red River at Field's Crossing to Fort Elliot, where we picked up camp supplies and on through No Man's Land to Dodge City, Kansas.

"We sent spies ahead to watch for Indian rustlers. When we camped at night there were always men to watch so as to protect the herds from raids as well as the lives of the men. If a fellow went to sleep on the job and was caught up with, he was shot. The Indians had a trick way of slipping up and stampeding the cattle. We lost a lot of our stock that way. The rustlers would change the brand and take their stolen herds either to Dodge City or Arizona and sell them to the Eastern buyers. A lot of Indians were prompted to steal the cattle by white men. Indians always wanted horses for themselves.

"When I rode for the Purple Mask, I had to go to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to follow up herds of cattle and try to catch up with the thieves, as they took their stolen herds to Oklahoma and resold them. They changed the road brand and sold them to the Indian Agency. A lot of these thieves pre-empted land around Amarillo and started ranches as that was a safe country for them to hide out in.

"In those days a cowboy wore shop-made high heel boots, a large beaver hat, either white or brown, as we did not have Stetson hats then. Our spurs were fancy and cost all of the way from \$25 down to 50 cents. Only sheep herders wore cheap spurs. We got our board and \$25 a month wages. We did not have any expenses to amount to anything. About all we spent our money for was whiskey and gambling.

"After this trip I came back home. Bremond was nothing more than a white spot in the road. I was not content to farm. Once a cowboy always a cowboy, I

Henry Ethridge.

believe. I wanted to be back with the herd, and would have the wild man as there were plenty of real thrills in the West than there was in the law and rode and every fellow were that on his hip. I picked up a couple of Old Comanches, Brazos to lead them, and I had a couple of the winter with them and I had a couple. We hunted all the winter. They had a large ranch with some of the best of the old. We were out of the country. The as, which was a good horse and a wild-key to the park and a wild place. There were lots of big animals in the country.

"I helped carry a herd to South Dakota, near the Black Hills, on the Smokey River, for John Powers of Wildeville, Texas. It took us six months to make the trip. We established a ranch there and fattened up the cattle. There were lots of friendly Indians near the ranch. I stayed

a year out there, then came back to West Texas. Cattle raising was a profitable business then, as we got all the way from \$60 to \$82 a head for them.

"To me the open country was the prettiest sight in the world. Not a fence except along and near the water. These were rail fences. You saw very few farms. Wire fences were unheard of then.

"The first wire fence I ever heard of was when the wire-cutters cut the fences on the Goodnight ranch. The Rangers were sent by the Governor to stop them and they had a big battle between the law and the wire-cutters in which several on each side were killed. I knew Charles Goodnight and his wife; have worked on his ranch. Every Sunday morning they laid a religious tract on our breakfast plates.

"I helped lay and stake the trail from Haskell to the Texas border and from there two ways, one to Dodge City and the other to Abilene. There were three trails from different places in the State to market. I have been over the trails many times, I have seen the herds strung out five miles long. It was a pretty sight. Some were sold to the markets and others went to the stock ranches. Nearly all of the Northwest got their stock from Texas.

"I was in Dodge City, Kansas when 'J. Buckle' John Powers gave me a fine pistol. It is a 45 Colts, silver mounted with his name engraved on the handle. He told me whenever I did need to pawn or gamble it off and I never did. I still have it, and I would not take a thousand dollars for it; it has saved my life many a time.

"As we did not have movies in those days, none of us were asked to join them, but when William Cody, (Buffalo Bill.)

came to the Panhandle with Dr. Tarver getting paint horses and riders for his show, I met him and was asked to join his show, doing riding, roping and shooting stunts."

Henry Ethridge was married to Mrs. C. A. Jones of Marlin in 1903. They have returned to "Uncle Henry's" native town, Bremond, where they expect to spend the remainder of their days.

West of the Lone Star

Charles J. Finger, in The Dearborn Independent November 12, 1927



WENTY years or so ago, I rode into Amarillo, hitched my horse to the rail outside Jake's Place, and then went inside for a glass of beer and a free lunch of barbecued meat and bread and bean soup, taking the soup last because of my impatience to get to the solids, for the ride had been a dusty one. The houses were mostly shacks erected by men with rudimentary notions of architecture, and the sidewalks seemed to be results of the wild and glorious visions of property owners, for they were fantastically arranged as to height and width; and, as to material, each man had evidently made havoc of stereotyped ideas, seizing upon what offered: lumber scraps, packing cases, corrugated iron. So there was a complex charm about the main street, especially at night, because a walker in the dark encountered unexpected and novel things. In the daytime most of the varied population used the middle of the road—cowboys, depressed Indians, Mexicans, strangely indifferent dogs, combative gentlemen who said things in bare and precise language, a few stray pigs, some poultry.

Half a year ago I went to Amarillo again as the guest of one of those active-minded women who are so important nowadays as giving their serious attention to education and social activities and civic affairs. She was a Master of Arts of some Eastern college, and her home like the homes of her neighbors radiated culture. Many fine personalities were present, men and women whose ideas and bones were high; people whose intellect, sympathies, as we talked about libraries and books and music, I recall distinctly that from the window near which I sat I had a view of big modern buildings of white and red brick, with many stories of windows, with flower beds and trees.

So I have seen and examined pictures of the new Texas, the idea of what Texas has become in a short time. And Amarillo is typical of hundreds of Texas towns—probably Wichita Falls, Beaumont, Port Arthur, San Angelo. Indeed, there is an air of well-being about the entire state. It is no longer a cattle country, but a place of numerous variety of interests.

Twenty miles south of Amarillo there is a place to which you should go if you care for rare sights. It is a natural wonder, a

mighty canyon formed by the Palo Duro. I do not remember having seen so startling a sight, for I came upon it unexpectedly, not even suspecting its existence until I stood on its edge at a place where the land dropped down sheer for a thousand feet. It is more than a mile wide in places, and seems of immeasurable length. Everywhere it is most precipitous, and at places yawning gulfs run far into the land from the main chasm. But the wonderful sight is the variegated color, especially when seen in the rose flush of dawn or in the sunset time. For then there are towers flushed with delicate pink, and there are what seems to be ruined castles of the color of gold. From where I stood, an immense wall of green and blue with horizontal strata of bright red made a picture insurpassable in tone. Beyond that, rose walls of purple and crimson and violet.

The best course to set from the canyon is south, bearing slightly east, with a preference for some of the byways instead of the highways, because, the country is somewhat fenced up, there are gateways aplenty. And when I say that it is best to take such a course, I have in mind seeing the plains country proper, so that an idea may be gained of the range country. And when you have seen the range country of west Texas, you will know the range country of The Argentine, of Montana, of Africa, and of Australia, except for slight differences of vegetation.

That it is no desert country. Old maps mark it as desert land, and pictures of wild-wilds taken under a background for their dramatic purposes have deceived the plain as much as water. Both are wrong. Also, let it be said, old-time monophonic music was very wrong to have the fiddle playing a melody as if it were the fiddle. The fiddle plays a melody, a song, so in which a bunch of other notes or a prominent note or a different kind of note, the same tone, is heard. Also there are windmills, tall and stately, miles apart.

As my friend Cunningham-Garham puts it, nothing of the country that I have in mind. "A vast and empty space, empty, that is, of man and all his works, but full of sun and light, and of the sweetest air imaginable, so sweet that merely to think of it keeps the lungs fresh among the reek of towns, and makes the soul rejoice."

But you will not know the range coun-

Heading south, you will strike the pleasant Concho country on the old government road, a place once much troubled by raiding Lipan, Kickapoo, Comanche and Kiowa Indians. Here David Guion, compose was born. Here, Morley Roberts, now famous, herded sheep in 1890's. But before arriving at the Concho River you will pass the Pecos without suspecting that a river is anywhere in the neighborhood until you are actually on its banks. For it runs in a deep, narrow-sided canyon and its course is here as straight as if it were a canal dug by man, but deep as created as a barrel of snakes. Also it is dangerously swift, and ten feet deep. Nor are there always trees upon its banks; nor habitations, for its waters are strongly alkaline, good for neither man nor beast. Mosquitoes make life intolerable for any one camping near. Once, driven by them from my camp I made for Howard's Well in a Pecos tributary called Howard's Draw. This well is like a pleasant dream. It is a ten-foot hole, rock-sided, tree-shaded, cool. Many a fight between frontiersmen

[illegible]

Then there are lies, very interesting ones which are told in many places. For instance, you are told that the "Mountain Horse" or "Black Devil," which, according to popular tradition, haunts the Western plains. This creature is said to be some sixteen inches long, green-gray in color with a white-spotted back. If a rider gets close to its haunts it will immediately fly out, enraged, and woe to the man bitten by it, for it is poisonous. It can outrun the swiftest horse and will

pursue a luckless intruder for a whole day. It can sting with its tail, as a scorpion does, and it barks so loudly while running that the noise can be heard for five miles. Tradition says that the United States Government has offered a large reward for a specimen captured alive—some say a million dollars.

Or you might hear some Negro cook in happy humor singing one of the hundreds of Texas Negro folk songs. For example:

'I know moon-rise: I know star-rise.

(I lay this body down.)

I walk in the moonlight; I walk in the star-light,

To lay this body down,

I walk through the graveyard, I walk in the graveyard

To lay this body down:

I lie in th' grave an' stretch out my arms, I lay this body down.

I go to the judgment in th' evenin' of th' day

When I lay this body down,

An' my soul an' your soul will meet in th' day

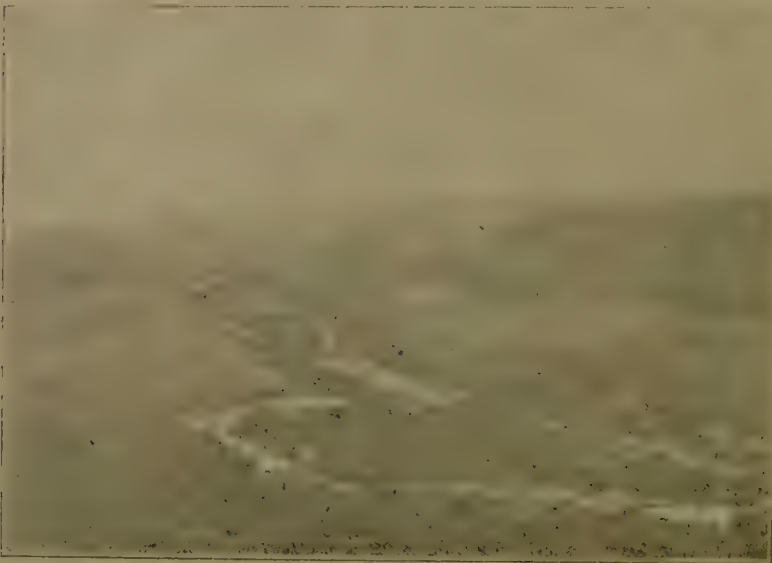
When I lay this body down.'

Or you may learn some of the queer superstitions and sayings, working maxims for the conduct of daily life, seldom coarse, always characteristic; for as people, so the proverbs. Thus: 'I got as much use for them politicians as a hog has for Sunday.' 'The doctor gets fat when ornery folks overeat' 'If you have rheumatics, carry a potato in your pocket and the sickness will leave you when the potato shrivels up.'

'There's such a thing as bein' a man that'll say five's an even number when the boss says so.' 'Any man can know by his own pot how other people's pots boil.' 'A good saddle never yet sold a poor horse.'

But if you would know Texas and its legends and history, sit by a camp fire at night with an old freighter. There are still a few of them in the range country, and they are stuffed full of tales. You will hear the stories of men who have fought their good fight and are set among the heroes: of Wm. B. Travis and the siege of the Alamo when all except a half-dozen Texans died fighting and Santa Anna ordered the survivors to be shot; of Sam Houston who fought in the midst of discouraging circumstances; of Colonel Bowie, the man without ulterior motives; of Stephen F. Austin who advised his fellow Texans to avoid national politics and confine themselves to setting their own house in order; of the journalist Brann and his famous duel.

Taken by and large, the men of the plains hang close to the ideals of Washington and Jefferson. They have not learned the silly modern trick of belittling their heroes. Nor in them is there any of that sickly sentimentalism that would ignore the faults in a man. They know that there are infirmities of the flesh, for they live close to nature. So their heroes are men all through, men without timidity, men who aimed at fullness of life, who grasped experience firmly, who nurtured zest and hope. But they are never impossible creatures of perfection, whitewashed out of all semblance to humanity or any other race.



Above is a view of the Beautiful Sabinal Valley in Bandera county, Texas, often raided by Indians in the early days. Captain John Ware, now living at Utopia, Texas, was one of the first settlers in this valley.

"Old Tige," the Hunter Hermit

From Galveston Daily News, August 8, 1877



LIAM J. LEDBETTER, County Judge of Shackelford County, lives in the vicinity of the town of Fort Griffin, Tex. He is one of the oldest settlers of the county, and, in common with other old settlers, has experienced a number of adventures here in earlier days. Perhaps the most noted event connected with the history of his family was the loss of his second child, John, nearly nine years old. In the year 1869 he and John and Harvey his elder brother, bound out with a neighbor at whose residence a school was in operation. One day, as usual, the children were amusing themselves gathering mesquite gum from the trees nearby, John being among the number. When they were called in to their studies, John was missing, neither could he be found. His father was notified and, together with the settlers for many miles around, hunted out and hunted the country over, but could find no trace of the missing child. The distressed parents had finally to give up the search in despair.

Since that time, much information has been gained from every quarter, particularly from the Indians through their agents and interpreters at Fort Sill, nothing had ever been ascertained to enable the parents to form an opinion as to what had been the fate of the child, whether he had died a slow death of starvation or devoured by wild beasts.

A few days ago a young man called at the house of a neighbor living within a mile of Mr. Ledbetter's residence and asked for dinner. He was apparently about 16 years old, clad in a brown ducking hunter's suit, of dark complexion, had a scar above his right eye and a double tooth. In conversation with the lady of the house he informed her that he did not know who his parents were and that he would like to find out something about his people and where he had originally come from. The lady at once noticed that the marks above mentioned in the description of the young man corresponded with Judge Ledbetter's description of the lost boy, and informed him, and requested him to go and see Judge L. and family as she thought it probable they might prove to be his friends. But now that there seemed to be a prospect that his wishes, just expressed, might be realized, he seemed unwilling to go, and passed by on to the town. This was no doubt owing to shyness or timidity. Word was immediately sent to the Ledbetter family, however, with a description of the young man by which he could be identified, and Harvey, the oldest son, went at once in search of him. Having found the young man, Harvey imagined he could see in his features a resemblance to his lost

brother; but he did not introduce that subject for some time, conversing at first on other and indifferent topics, and finally persuaded him to go home with him. Mrs. Ledbetter, on being informed he was in the house, became so nervous that it was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to meet him. The feelings of a mother under such circumstances may be better imagined than described. All that evening the parents conversed with and questioned the young stranger, and at bed time were still in doubt whether or not he was their boy. He could give no account of the people he was with or of any incidents that had occurred previous to his being stolen. This did not surprise his father, however, for he had frequently said that if the boy was stolen, and at the time become frightened, as would undoubtedly be the case, he was satisfied that, owing to his peculiar disposition, he would not remember anything that occurred previous to the fright. There was undoubtedly a family resemblance, several marks and scars also corresponded, as well as some peculiarities in his disposition. Perhaps no one ever pursued an investigation with more intense eagerness and interest than did the family on this occasion.

Early the next morning Mrs. Ledbetter went and stood over the sleeping youth, and earnestly studied the lineaments of his face, seeking there to recognize some feature to solve the doubtful problem. She became satisfied, for that motherly instinct which seldom errs, convinced her that this was her long lost child. Quietly she awakened her husband, carried him to the spot, and together they scrutinized the features of the sleeper. The father seems to have not yet been fully satisfied. During the day, however, all doubts were dispelled by his recollection of several incidents which had taken place before he was stolen, and which, he said, seemed to him like a dream.

His name, he says, is Bob—no more, no less—thinks he was sold by one band of Indians to another. The last Indians who had him, he has been told, were Comanches, but owing to his being at that time in bad health, they sold him to a hunter who went by the name of "Tige," the consideration being a sixshooter. Old Tige kept him tied to a tree for a week to keep him from following after the Indians. In that time he was weaned from them. Old Tige is one of those rare individuals who secluded themselves from the society of mankind, dwell in the most retired regions to be found, clothe themselves with skins and live by hunting. His camp or wigwam is on the head of what John calls Blood Creek, a tributary of and on the west side

of the Pecos River, up among the cedar brakes of the mountains, in such a secluded locality that it would be almost impossible for a stranger to find it. There Old Tige lives in blissful ignorance of the rest of mankind, save a few other hunters of kindred type who reside in similar dens at no great distance. They clothe themselves altogether with buckskin, and send a man occasionally in to the nearest trading post to barter for supplies. Old Tige himself has not seen a white woman in 30 years, and until recently had no other knowledge of the progress of time than when it was cold it was winter and when it was hot it was summer. He had lost all reckoning of the years, months and days. These men have frequent feuds with other bands. The rifle, pistol and knife are their only law, and when two of adverse factions meet, as a rule one of them must die. John or Bob, as young as he is, has shared in these affrays; he has killed his man, been shot himself, and badly cut with a bowie knife. He has no idea of law, and even now is constantly on the look-out when meeting strangers lest some of them might get the drop on him. He will not consent to be a moment without his pistol. He says old Tige has been very good to him, has killed several men who tried to hurt him; never made him do anything he did not want to do; taught him to read several books he carried with him into exile—among them the Testament and Shakespeare's works; nursed him in sickness, and in every way showed a strong affection for him. It is unnecessary to say that this affection is reciprocated. The old man has been the boy's almost sole companion, and the only friend

he has had. A short time ago Tige consented to let the boy make his first trip to the settlements with some cow men who had been gathering cattle in their vicinity. On this trip at Fort Concho, he says, he saw for the first time white women. Since then Tige again gave his consent to another and more extended trip, but cautioned him not to stay over three months, for if he failed to return he would die. This time he penetrated as far in the interior (with a cow outfit) as Dallas. There he got his first suit of clothing, the brown ducking suit, which he says made him feel very fine. His horse having been stolen, he started back on foot to the only home he had ever known—old Tige's wigwam. He had gotten this far on his long journey and thus unwittingly came to his father's door.

He still insists that he must go back to old Tige, even if he should conclude to return and live with his parents. They and his brothers are doing all they can to put off the time for him to start, in hopes that in the meantime they may wean him from old Tige and be able to keep him with them. For they fear that if he gets back with the old man he will try to persuade him not to return.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Colonel John C. Jacobs, of San Antonio, Texas, contributed a good story to Frontier Times several months ago, about the Ledbetter boy and the hermit of the Pecos, which in all of its details corresponded with the above story. Col. Jacobs gave his narrative from personal recollection, while the above was copied from the Galveston News of August 8, 1877, just fifty years ago.)

The Old Washington I Knew

Mrs. M. E. Cole, Felt, Oklahoma.



SEE in the columns of The Dallas News mention made of Washington on the Brazos. I was born there seventy-eight years ago and many fond recollections will ever make the old town a verdant spot in my memory.

It is said only "two stores are there" now. Why should it be so? 'Twas once a place where many rejoiced in the hope of its future, where the citizens were proud of their town which was, for a while, the seat of government. My father, C. M. Lockhart, an early settler and mechanic, had several shops on the back street, while his residence was on the river front a half mile from town.

I have often played among the shavings and turned the screw of the mortising machine for him as he built bois d'arc wagons. He would give me dimes for my imagined industry.

I remember a political rally, or barbecue, given by a party called the Know-Nothings. Fillmore and Buchanan were candidates for the presidency. The children of the party rode from town in an old stage coach and the larger ones were on top carrying the flag one mile to the academy. Sam Houston was the chosen orator for the day and during the hour a lad of 10 years, perhaps, rose and shouted: "Hurrah for Buchanan!" He was the editor's son. His mother gave him a reproving word, whereupon he replied: "Mamma, you told me to do it." I remember, too, that I did not enjoy the ride as I otherwise would, for I had to leave my new straw bonnet (such were worn at that time) downtown, as we were to go bare-headed.

The mail was carried by stage and I fancy I can hear the musical notes of the bugle or stage horn, giving notice that it would soon arrive to change the tired

teams. I used to love the flute played across the way and have, after years, been permitted to have it in my home.

The names of towns, Chapel Hill, Brenham and Independence (which last was the center of culture), are all familiar to me. Much was conveyed to my child mind from my parents, for I was only 9 years old when I left old Washington. I remember a maiden lady who lived on a high hill west of the shops. Her house was also elevated. I have seen the sun set under her house, apparently, as it sank beyond. This lady, Miss Merritt, owned a negro slave who freighted from Washington to Houston.

I recall gathering rattan vines from the great branch which was close by the home of an English widow, Mrs. Hurst, who lived with her two boys, and how we used to our amusement, their pronunciation, placing h and L. It was in that old town that I heard the first temperance lecture, which made an indelible impression on my mind. The Gospel was often preached on the downtown street and sometimes the speakers had to contend with rioting.

New Year's Creek was west. My grandfather lived there and we visited him once when I was quite small. I remember falling out of his hammock. Some years later my father laid down his hammer and moved over the river to Grimes County from whence he attended lectures at the New Orleans Medical School. He had loved the study and acquired much knowledge from his preceptor, Dr. B. B. Baker of Washington. Dr. Rufus Proleson, the great educator, who knew Baylor in its infancy, was related to my mother through the doctor.

Yes, I love to meditate about the past. I now am in the evening of old age and wonder whether a root or branch of the beautiful fig and china trees that shaded our yard can be found. Many things crowd my memory, but I shall retire.

Editorial Note.—The political rally and barbecue Mrs. Cole mentions took place in September or October, 1856, celebrating the nominations of James Buchanan and John C. Breckenridge for President and Vice President. They were the Democratic candidates and were elected. Millard Fillmore was the candidate for the American or "Know-Nothing" party and John C. Fremont was the nominee of the then new Republican party—the first nominee of that party.

Was a Minute Man

To the Frontier Times:—

Well, the ranks of the old Indian fighters of Texas are getting pretty thin. Those who were middled aged during the stirring days have about all passed over, and even we "youngsters" are pretty well grown up now. I am in my seventy-eighth year, having been born May 9, 1850.

In 1875, I joined Wash Walding's Company of Minute Men while it was stationed on what is known as Cow House Creek, in

Bell County, Texas, the Company being composed principally of men from Bell and Coryell Counties, and a few men from surrounding counties. I served as a member of that Company until 1878, except from about October 1st, 1875, to about March 1, 1876 when two or three others and myself were attached to the command of Capt. Zeb Porter, while stationed on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River.

In the summer of 1877, Capt. Wash Walding's Company of Minute Men were stationed at a place called Santa Texas, in Grimes County, Texas. When the Indians were again depredating on Brady Creek, in Grimes County, Texas, when Capt. Walding's Company arrived, we learned that the Indians were on the trail. The Minute Men followed the trail of the Indians to the Brazos River west of Grimes County, and the trail on to the Brazos River. From there to about where the Brazos River is now located, the Company met "Big Horn," a band of men who had been in the country having gotten tired of being killed and were fully equipped for a fight. We killed them.

In the fall of 1878, the Indians came into Grimes County, Texas, where settlers and farmers were being killed. The name of Manning lived on Blanket Creek, in Brown County, Texas, and men Manning's name was known. The Indians raided that part of the country, killing Mrs. Manning and her children. Our company of minute men were called in pursuit, and after a long chase, we killed them. The company was then divided into two divisions. One division followed the trail of the Indians, one of the bands of Indians escaping, but the other band was captured in the mountains, about where Grimes County is now located, and the bodies of the Indians were killed and their goods looted.

The Government has now made provision to pay for these old Texas Minute Men and Rangers who can secure the necessary proof. As our records in Austin burned several years ago, the only proof we have is the statement of some one who personally knew of our services. Therefore, if any of the members of either Capt. Porter or Capt. Walding's old Company, or friends of either company who know of my service as a minute man, will write me, and send me the necessary proof, a much needed pension, I shall be very grateful.

NICK BRAZZIL

Louise, Texas.

A. J. Von Bock, book dealer of Waco, Texas, has an annual subscription to Frontier Times and would like a dealer in all kinds of books and historical books. I had just received a copy of it, and wonder why you do not subscribe.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

Avenging the Coalson Massacre

Sam Wells, in *Hunting and Fishing Magazine*



IN THE YEAR of 1870 or '73 my father moved from Victory county, Texas, to Uvalde county. At this time there were only four families on the Nueces river, in the town of Uvalde. At that time there was only one very small store; the country was unsettled and full of Indians—and all kinds of game; bear, deer and turkeys, as well as mountain lions, and the wild boar or javelinas, or as some called them, the musk hog. But worst of all were the wild Indians. They were the terror of the country. They would murder people and steal every horse in the country and kill our cattle, and anything they could do that was mean. We had to watch out for them all the time or we would get killed ourselves. It was a constant warfare. Every few days we would hear of some poor man or family being murdered in some part of the country. As fast as we got a horse they would steal it. They would run off our cattle, and shoot our work oxen, and leave us afoot.

But in spite of the drawbacks, this was one of the finest countries that God ever made. All kinds of nuts and wild honey, fish and flowers. It was not long before the settlers began to flock in thick and fast. Soon the whites began to get to where they could put up a fight. Many a poor, white man died, but while the white man was licking up the dust, there was an Indian also licking up some of it. Up to this time we had to take the stuff that the Indians dished out to us, but soon we could hold our own.

One night a couple of young men were going up the river to a dance. About 9 o'clock as they were riding along the road they saw something out under some trees, close to the road. They thought it was a bunch of horses. Just as they got pretty close the horse ridden by young Dr. Lane threw his head up just in time to catch an Indian's bullet, between the eyes, and to save the life of his rider. The horse fell dead in the middle of the road and caught Dr. Lane's foot under him. The other young man jerked out his gun and fired several shots as he retreated in good order down the road. Dr. Lane was fast under his horse but his arms were loose, so he pulled his gun and began to return the fire. He was lying behind his horse where the Indians would have to go around on the other side of the horse to get him, and as he was shelling them pretty hard, and as the other man had gotten away and would probably return soon with help the Indians soon left. The other young man came to my house for assistance, so several of us boys hurried to his rescue. Upon our arrival we found the dead horse but no man. The Indians had left, but we could not

find the Doctor any place. We thought the Indians had captured him and carried him off to burn him.

We scattered out and began to call him by name and after about an hour's hunt and calling, we finally heard him answer us down the river about a half mile from where the fight took place. We went down and got him safe and sound.

When the Indians had left him and he had time to think, he braced himself against the horse and pulled his foot out of his boot. (These Indians stole nearly every horse on the river.)

We trailed them east to Rio Frio (about forty miles). When we got to the settlements we found a man that they had run across and they had shot his nose off close to his face. He was leading a horse, which he refused to give up. He had fought them off for several miles and had killed one that ran up and tried to spear him in the back. When the Indians got up pretty close he whirled and shot the Indian off his horse. He had shot several of them but this was the only one he was sure he killed.

When he shot this one they left him. He rode about twenty miles home through the hot sun with his nose shot off. He was so weak from loss of blood they had to carry him into the house.

These Indians went on about one hundred miles, stealing every horse they could get.

Over on the Frio a posse formed to follow them and try and overtake them. Now they had made their rounds and were headed back for the Rio Grande country and had come back through the Nueces country. When the posse that was following them came by our ranch Brother Dave went with them. They followed the savages about ten days. When they got on the headwaters of Devil's river they thought as they saw no one was after them, that they were safe. No one had followed them that far from settlement before. About the seventh or eighth day out the boys ran out of provisions. There was plenty of game in the country, but as the boys were on the Indians' trail, they had no time to hunt, and as game will leave the vicinity where Indians pass through and as they were on the Indian trail, they saw no game. The day they saw a bunch of mustangs or wild horses running from the scent of the Indians, they managed to get a shot at one so they ate the meat. Now, horse flesh did not go very well with some of the oafs. But it was that or nothing, so they ate it and said it was good. The tenth day they discovered the Indians camped in an oak brush thicket. There were about ten acres in the thicket. The Indians thought they had got away and

most of them were asleep. The boys surrounded them and took them by surprise, so they put up no fight at all. Brother Dave got a good shot at one and at the crack of his gun the Indian dropped to the ground. Dave was sure he got him, but it was in the thick brush and they did not get him.

The boys were pretty hard up for food (only horse meat.) They saw two Indians coming toward camp with two mules loaded with buffalo meat. Brother Dave and Johnny Patterson were the first to see them. As the Indians were off their guard the boys were able to get pretty close to them. The Indians were riding on the pack mules on the meat, and leading their ponies. The boys made a dash for them. The Indians jumped on their ponies and hit the hikes with the boys after them. The Indians' stolen ponies were the fastest in the Indians' stolen remuda, but the boys were giving them quite a chase and firing at long range as they were running at full speed. Also the Indians were running. Their shots went wild. Johnny Patterson was ahead. His horse stepped in a hole and fell—a very hard fall. Brother Dave stopped to see if Johnny was hurt. That gave the Indians the start of them and soon they were in the brush. But the boys got the buffalo meat just the same.

Now, the Indians in the thicket had the grass all burned off. The boys could not burn them out. As they now had meat to eat they were determined to keep the Indians, and starve them out, as the Indians had nothing to eat in the brush.

The Indians turned their horses out of the thicket, thinking that the boys would be satisfied to get their horses back and go home.

The boys wanted to get the Indians as well as their horses. They knew that the Indians would steal them back as soon as they could. They thought that the only honest Indian was a dead Indian. The next day, the boys went into the thicket and got all of the Indians' camp, saddles, ropes, blankets, and several other things. Among other things they got was an Indian shield belonging to Chief Crooked Foot. Pasted in the shield was the scalp of a woman with long golden locks. Now this set the boys on fire. If they could only get hold of old Chief Crooked Foot they surely would get revenge.

If the boys had only had force enough to have kept guard at night they could have killed or captured every Indian in that thicket, but the Indians would slip out at night, one at a time, and escape in the dark. So the boys left for home.

About this time there was a family by the name of Coalson. They moved in on the head of the Nueces river, and settled on a place called Cedar Creek. Nick Coalson built a nice little log cabin and other buildings and corrals for sheep and hogs. He had quite a nice little flock of sheep, as well as hogs. His ranch was about fifteen

miles up the river from our ranch, and in an out of the way place. No one went there only when they went on business, which was not very often. His family consisted of a wife and ten or eleven children. The oldest child was a boy about thirteen years old. One day the old man and the oldest boy went out with the sheep. I suppose the Indians were hiding on a hill watching the house. When the men folks got well out of sight, the Indians slipped up to the house and before the folks realized it they rushed in the house through the open door and grabbed each of the family.

Just back of the house there was a very large red oak. They used this tree to hang their meat on, and had meat hooks driven in the tree just as high as a man could reach. The Indians took the family and tied them hard and fast; then they hung them on these meat hooks. Some of them they stuck in the back of the head with the hooks, and some they stuck the hooks under the chin. The woman they hung with her head down and stuck the hooks in her knees. All of the family were hung around this tree in a circle. Then the Indians set the house on fire; then they held their war dance around the trees while the family roasted from the heat from the burning house.

When the old man and boy came home that evening they found the charred bodies of the entire family hanging on the hooks.

The old man put the boy on a horse and sent him to Fort Clark, about thirty-five miles for the U. S. soldiers.

About daylight General Lawton (then a lieutenant) called at our house for a guide. As all of the older boys were away, father sent me with Lawton. We arrived at the Coalson ranch about sun up. Such a sight I never saw before or since. The very sight of such horrible crime made me sick. I almost fell off my horse from looking at those charred bodies; and to think what a terrible death they died.

When Lieutenant Lawton looked upon this scene the hot tears ran down his cheeks. He looked more like a demon than a human. The most determined look in his eyes I ever saw, and all the men were the same.

Old Man Coalson was nowhere to be found. We finally found him a few hundred yards away, lying under a tree. We first thought he was dead, but on examining him closer we found that he still had life in his body.

There was nothing we could do, as we brought several neighbors with us to take care of the dead. Lawton told me to take up the trail and act as trailer and guide, which I surely did. I soon had the trail. We found that the Indians headed for Mexico, about one hundred and fifty miles over the roughest country they could go through. Lawton told me to ride. As I had a fine, fat government horse, I surely

rode, and rode hard, and I kept riding. The only admonition was to ride hard and harder and then still harder.

When the Indians got into the roughest part of the mountains I could see where they began to drop off, one at a time. One would drop out, then another. This was to throw us off their trail. Soon there would be only two or three going straight ahead. These would be riding the best horses in their remuda. Then these would scatter out and leave us with only one to trail. He would go over rocks, up and down canyons, twist and turn, and criss-cross, and mix his tracks. While he was making it so hard for us to follow his tracks, the other was making a bee-line for the Rio Grande. This was a trick they had played on me once too often. When they began to drop off I dropped off also. Soon I had the main trail again. I would be on the trail at daylight, and would only quit when it was so dark I could not follow it any more. The big government horses were so heavy they could not get over mountains and rough country like the Indians' ponies. Soon they began to drop behind. I being light and used to riding over rough country, would sometimes be a mile ahead of the soldiers.

The sign began to show that we were gaining on the Indians. When we started they were twenty-four hours ahead of us. Now they were only ten or twelve hours ahead. When they scatter out they thought we would follow the straight tracks. As we didn't show up on them I suppose they thought we had turned back.

We were getting close to the Rio Grande. The International law provided that the U. S. troops should not cross the Rio Grande under any circumstances. When the Indians got near the border they thought they were safe.

Along just before dark we discovered the Indians riding along at leisure. They knew if any one ran into them they could run across the river. When we saw them Lieutenant Lawton made a big dash at them and pretended like he would cut them off from the river. The Indians took their time in crossing, just enough to keep out of the range of our guns. When they got on the other bank of the river, and out of range of our guns, they would lean over on their horses' backs and put their hands at us as much as to say "Now what are you going to do about it? We are in Mexico!"

The Indians got a few hundred yards from the river and camped. They built up a big fire and camped in it. Lawton withdrew away from the river and went into camp as if nothing had happened, just as if he would start across the next morning. About midnight I felt a hand on my head. Lawton shook his head and said "Get up, we are going." I jumped up to find all of our horses saddled, and ready. We all mounted, and Lawton rode up by

my side and said to me, "We will go down the river. You stay pretty close to me." He and I rode ahead. We crossed the river and circled around, came in on the other side of the Indians and had them between us and the river. We slipped up as close as we thought best, then we made a dash among them. We sure took them by surprise, as they were all asleep, not dreaming of an attack from us. We were right in camp before they knew we were there. We shot left and right. Some of them we ran over with our horses. I believe we killed every Indian in camp. The Indians were so badly surprised they did not fire one shot.

After the fight was over we scalped every Indian, then piled up their camp outfit and dragged their bodies up and piled them on top of the camp outfit and set it on fire. I had two scalps myself, and every man in the outfit had one. We got down off our horses and joined hands around the fire and held a regular war dance to avenge the Colsten family.

When we got back to camp it was nearly daylight. Lawton only said, "Now, boys, this fight took place on the east side of the Rio Grande."

When Lieut. Lawton got back to Fort Clark, he reported to his commanding officer how he followed the Indians only to see them cross into Mexico.

The commanding officer, General McKenzie, would come over to our ranch and he and I would go to a turkey roost and kill turkeys. One evening we were sitting under a roost waiting for the turkeys to fly up. He gouged me in the ribs and said, "Sam, what did you and Lawton do to those Indians that massacred the Colsten family?"

I said, "Didn't Lawton tell you?"

He said, "No."

I said, "If you agree to say nothing about it I will tell you all about it."

He promised.

When I told him all, he said, "The damned rascal! He did just right."

(Editors Note—Samuel Wells, the author of this story, is a brother of Mrs. Jas. Whitecotton of Laguna, and his family were pioneer settlers in the Nueces canyon. He is now at White Oaks, N. M. and has written several stories of the early days in this section, and many of our old timers will remember these instances. This story was taken from *Hunting and Fishing*, a national magazine of Boston, Mass.)

Special Offer.

For a while longer we will make the special offer of *Frontier Times* for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to *Frontier Times* is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

Highway in Texas Has Vivid History

Del Rio (Texas) Herald, November 25, 1927.



FOR MORE than two centuries the King's Highway, which is being rehabilitated and is now open to traffic for most of its length, has been a landmark in Texas.

Traversing the State from Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande border to the old Mission of Adaes, near Robeline, La., this ancient road covers a distance of approximately 400 miles. It is one of the remaining links connecting the present with the stirring and romantic days of early Texas history. Planned by a Frenchman, the actual work of establishing the route was done by Spaniards.

When American immigrants began the settlement of the State in the first years of the nineteenth century the use of wheeled vehicles necessitated some changes in the road, as the old mule trail was in many places inaccessible. Thus, the old San Antonio road came into being, traversing the same course but often differing widely in location. There are places at the ford of some stream or the rise of a hill where the deep furrows worn into the soil by the beat of countless hoofs may yet be recognized.

It was in 1714 that Louis Juchereau de Saint Denis, a Frenchman of noble birth, interested Antonio Crozat, Governor of Louisiana, in the proposition of opening an overland trade route from the Mississippi River to the Spanish Province of Mexico. He gave Saint Denis a commission to explore the route and negotiate a treaty with the Spanish authorities.

With a party of twenty-four men Saint Denis set out on his expedition in the spring of 1714. As the result of the wanderings of these adventurous souls and help secured from the Spaniards in Mexico, the King's Highway had its beginning.

While it is true that the route was not laid out and established by their journeyings, the first step had been taken. An overland route had been opened, as Saint Denis had planned.

Thus the old mule trail that later became known as the King's Highway was originally laid out as a route from Mexico to Texas and between scattered missions. Paralleling the history of this famous road is that of these church-fortresses and the pathos and sublime courage of those heroic monks whose sole ambition was the evangelizing of the savages.

These Texas Missions were assigned to the Queretaro friars. They were known as the San Francisco, which was situated on the east side of the Neches, near the present town of Alto; La Purissima Conception, near the Linnwood crossing of the Angelina; San Joseph, on one of the tributaries of Shawnee Creek, near the northern line of Nacogdoches County, and Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe at Nacog-

doches. These four missions were established during the autumn of 1716.

Originally this trail seems to have been about as follows: From the river to San Antonio there appears to have been but one route, probably an Indian trail leading to a pass on that stream. At the other end of the road, between the Neches and the Sabine and on as far as Adaes, were Indian trails from village to village which the traveler naturally followed. But between the Neches and the San Antonio there was no settled trail for many years.

During a brief war with Spain, a few years after the establishment of the missions, the French made a raid from Natchitoches, which so terrified the colonists that they fled from their homes. It was about two years later that the Marquis de Aguayo led an expedition to re-establish the abandoned missions. He traveled far north of the highway, as it was afterward defined. Other travelers seem to have gone each a different route. It is probable that the section between San Antonio and Neches was settled by custom along the trail which was afterward known as El Camino Real, or the Royal Road. Years of travel over this route made it in time a well-defined trail. Boundaries of old Spanish grants in the beginning of the last century were marked by its trace.

Traditions of lost treasure along the ancient highway are numerous. One of these stories tells of the attack on an escort conveying a "jackload" of gold along the trail. All of the men in the party were killed except one, who was wounded. This man sought shelter in the home of a white woman living a few miles above the crossing on the Attoyac. He told of the attack, asserting that before he escaped he had thrown the treasure into a deep pond near by. He said that when he recovered from his wound he would go back and reclaim the gold. His wound, however, proved fatal, leaving the location of the spot where he claimed the gold was thrown unrevealed.

When Spain acquired Louisiana in 1762 the political reason for continuing the mission stations ceased to exist. Then years later they were abandoned. When the plant at Adaes was dismantled the inhabitants removed to San Antonio. Gil Antonio Barbo, one of the prominent settlers of Adaes, led the small colony, who were established for a while on the banks of the Trinity. There misfortune overtook them. First, a flood, then a fire and finally an Indian raid forced them to depart. They fled to the ruins of the Nacogdoches mission, where they established themselves. Thus the East Texas country was peopled again and the King's Highway entered upon a new phase of life.

Zebulon M. Pike, Explorer and Peacemaker

United States Army Recruiting News, November 15, 1927.



NOVEMBER 23, 1927, marks the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the discovery of Pike's Peak, Colorado by Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, United States Army.

That Lieutenant Pike was the first man to explore the region about the famous peak is alone sufficient to insure him a place among the nation's immortals and keep his name forever on the lips of travelers from all parts of the world. This towering promontory on the eastern face of the Rockies, rearing its summit more than fourteen thousand feet, may well be called the American Matterhorn, for, indeed, it is so well known to people of all nations that countless thousands who have little conception of the extent of our western range of mountains, at once recognize the name of Pike's Peak.

The United States Army of today takes a just pride in the achievement of Pike, and for his discovery and exploration accords him a place among its heroes. They find a deeper cause for paying reverence to his name, however, in the fact that while on his expedition into the untraveled wilds of the head waters of the Mississippi, his major role was that of peacemaker among the Indian tribes.

Pike's first expedition was made in 1805, while Lewis and Clark were still absent on their tour of the Northwest. He was sent out by General Wilkinson, Governor of the Louisiana territory, to make a similar survey of the northern Mississippi Valley. On this expedition he met some Chippewa chiefs whom he induced to expel the whiskey traders from among them and to make peace with the Sioux. To make permanent his offices, the explorer-peacemaker bought a tract of land at the mouth of the St. Croix River and built a fort, where he left a detachment from his party. He returned to St. Louis in April, 1806.

In that same year, encouraged by the work of the young lieutenant on his first expedition, General Wilkinson sent Pike out on a second tour, the chief purpose of which was to return to their own people, fifty Osage Indians, redeemed by the United States Government from Potawatami. He was also enjoined "to explore the country." He accomplished both missions. In addition, he held a grand council of the Pawnee Indians, which resulted in peaceful relations. Proceeding on his way, he came, on November 23, 1806, to the foot of the peak which bears his name. He attempted to scale it, but took the wrong path and found himself on top of Cheyenne Mountain instead. He therefore pronounced the taller peak unclimbable, and so it was thought to be until Major Long and his

party attained its summit in 1819. Leaving the newly discovered peak to its former isolation, the explorer and his party continued south, contrived to get themselves captured by Spaniards, were taken to Santa Fe, thence to Mexico, and finally to the American-Mexican border where they were released. In the meantime, Pike had gathered much valuable information, which won him recognition.

Lieutenant Pike, then general, while in immediate command of the troops engaged, was killed in action before York (now Toronto), Canada, on April 27, 1813. He died with the British flag from the captured fort under his head.

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The Mountain Meadows Massacre.

Much has been written and said about the Mountain Meadows Massacre in Utah, in 1857. We have a very lengthy story, given by Mrs. P. A. Koen, who lived at Goldthwaite, Texas, a few years ago, and who was a little child spared in this massacre. We will publish this story in a future number of Frontier Times. Answering a query in regard to the Mountain Meadows Massacre, the Dearborn Independent, Henry Ford's magazine, says:

"This was the massacre, by Indians, near Mountain Meadows in Utah on September 11, 1857, of a party of emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri who were on their way to southern California. They numbered, all told, about 140 men, women and children. On their way they were everywhere refused food until they reached the neighborhood of Mountain Meadows, a valley in Iron County, about 350 miles south of Salt Lake City. Here they stopped to rest their horses and on September 7, 1857, were fired upon by Indians and, it is alleged, by Mormons disguised. They withstood siege until September 11, when, on promise of protection by John D. Lee, Mormon bishop and Indian agent, they left the shelter of their wagons. All adults and children over seven years of age were killed, and seventeen younger children were distributed among Mormon families, but were afterward restored to relatives by the United States Government. The Mormons were accused of having instigated the massacre. Lee was executed for this crime in 1877, but a number of other indicted persons escaped conviction. In a confession made shortly before his execution Lee asserted that the massacre was committed by order of Brigham Young and others, high in the Mormon Church. H. H. Bancroft, in his History of Utah, discredits the confession, however, and lays the blame upon Lee and other minor fanatics."

The Life of Bigfoot Wallace

(Continued from last month.)

Wallace now enjoined the utmost caution on the part of the men, and led them down an open draw with timbered ridges on both sides. Soon a noise of numerous horses moving was heard on the ridge to the south and Wallace quickly dismounting, handed his bridle rein to a man, told the balance to halt, and lightly ran up the incline until he could look over. Here he discovered a large drove of horses moving through the timber, followed by two Indian boys.

Bigfoot took in the situation at once. These horses belonged to the Indian encampment; had been carried out to graze, and were now being driven to water. The camp was close. The smoke was coming out of a draw close by, and the horses were going straight towards it, and even now some of them had begun to disappear into it. Wallace trotted back to his men, hastily informed them of the situation; said this was the time to charge, and mounting his horse, dashed up the ridge, Westfall at his side, and the balance following. His idea was to charge in behind the loose horses and the clatter they made would drown the noise made by their own horses, and more effectually surprise the Indians.

It was as Wallace had anticipated. Never before were Indians more surprised. The two young Indians fled in another direction without giving the alarm.

The Indians' camp was in a draw of the Frio at a large water hole fed by a spring, and the Indians were all engaged in a feast of buffalo meat which hunters had brought in. Their shields and bows were lying about on the ground or hanging in trees when the onset was made.

The settlers went into the camp on horseback at a full running charge, making a great deal of noise, stampeding the Indians' horses, which greatly added to the confusion.

Just as they entered the camp, the mare rode by Wallace struck her foot against a rock and fell, throwing him over her head. Bigfoot lit on his feet half bent, such was his momentum, could not check up for several yards and came near butting an Indian in the stomach with his head, who had commenced to run away. Wallace had brought the gun which his brother had left with him on this trip, a strong, heavy flint lock rifle, and before he got erect, aimed it at the Indian and attempted to fire, but instead of exploding the piece the flint flew to atoms. In vain the Indians tried to rally and get into position to fight. They were over run and crushed by Westfall and the balance of the men, and soon scattered in wild flight.

Great confusion prevailed. Nearly 200 head of horses and mules were stampeding around them. Rifles were cracking, Indians yelling and whistling bullets cut the

air on every side. Wallace was furious, time and again he tried to fire his rifle, and almost placed the muzzle of the piece against the Indians who were running by him and ascending the hill in his rear toward the deep gorges of the Frio.

During this wild scene he heard a shrill voice screaming "El Capetan! El Capetan! Wallaky! Wallaky!" It was the voice of Chepeta, as she came bounding like a deer through the stampeding horses and fighting men, to the side of Wallace for protection. He told her to take hold of the tail of his buckskin hunting shirt and swing on to him and she would be safe. She did so during the balance of the fight, turning and whirling as he did. During this time, however, Wallace says there was one man so green that it was a wonder that the cows had not eaten him ere this. Seeing the action of Chepeta, he ran up and aiming his gun at her, exclaimed, "Look! Wallace, Look! There is one got hold of your coat tail!" and would have shot her had not the girl with dexterious movement kept Wallace between herself and the deadly rifle. Bigfoot turned on the man and yelled "Dern you, can't you see this is a girl and not trying to hurt me?"

The fight was not for long duration. The Indians were soon scattered and out of sight, except ten who were killed. At the wind up of the battle, Wallace saw an Indian on foot some distance off, carrying a gun in his hand, and a shield between his shoulders. There was one corner of Wallace's flint left, aiming high, took a last chance at him. To his surprise, the gun fired, and the Indian fell. The ball struck his shield near the top and having a solid brace against the back, went through and broke the Indian's spine, killing him instantly. Wallace got his gun, a very good flint lock, and afterward had it changed to a percussion. Many shields, bows and moccasins were obtained. One shield was decorated with the caudle appendages of two rattlesnakes which had thirty-two rattles each upon them. The horses and mules 190 in number, were collected, but Wallace's mule and horse were not there. Chepeta said some of the Indians had them on a buffalo hunt. The Indian maid bewailed the slaughter of her people, but Wallace told her "not to take on," and stay there until some of them came back. She was left in camp with one old squaw.

In 1849, while Captain Wallace was living on the Medina, the cholera broke out and raged fearfully in San Antonio.

Wallace had some friends living in town and went twice a week to see how they were getting along. Dr. Cupples, who lived in Castroville, and who had been a surgeon in the French army, under Napoleon Bonaparte, went to the afflicted city to treat

cholera patients. He told Wallace that if he would come in during the day and leave before night, there would be no danger.

The cholera germ arose in the air when the sun rose and settled back at night. Wallace says that when he was on his way to town and ascended the hill on the Leon, nine miles from town, he could always see a dense cloud hanging over the place, and when the sun would go down the cloud settled.

On one occasion he went in on Sunday, and more people died on that day than ever before, and it was called "Black Sunday." On that day dogs, chickens and hogs died. People fled in terror towards the mountains, and many died on the prairies before they could reach there.

Captain Wallace says that Dr. Cupples told him the mesquite tree, so plentiful in West Texas, was identical with the gum arabic tree of Egypt. There was no difference in them. Leaves and all were exactly alike.

In this same year Wallace went on an exploring expedition across the plains. They suffered at times for food and had to live on prairie dogs. Had no trouble with the Indians as the cholera had got among them and they had scattered off into small bands with their war spirit considerably dampened.

In 1850, Wallace obtained a contract to carry mail from San Antonio to El Paso, a distance of 600 miles, and frontier all the way. Five hundred miles of the way was entirely unsettled, and it took one month to make a trip.

During the time he carried the mail, which covered a period of several years, he had many exciting adventures with the Indians. He had mounted guards, six in number, who always rode close up to the rear of the stage so there would be no chance for the Indians to make a dash from cover and cut them off and capture the loose mules, which were always carried along in case of accident.

On one occasion however, in the Devil's River country, one of the guards named Ben Sanford, dropped a short distance behind, and was shot with an arrow by an Indian who was secreted near the road behind a Spanish dagger. He was so close Sanford heard the twang of the bowstring when the Indian turned the arrow loose. The wounded man ran his mule up to the side of the stage and told Wallace he had been shot by an Indian, and expressed a belief that his wound was fatal. The stage was at once stopped, the guards ordered back to kill the Indian, and Sanford taken from his mule and lifted inside the stage. Wallace pulled the arrow out, and perceived that the man was badly hurt.

The hunt by the guards was unsuccessful for the Indian, and the journey was resumed. Sanford suffered great pain, and died in the stage next day. Wallace kept on until he saw the man was dead, and then stopped and buried him.

Captain Wallace says that while he was on this mail route a large outfit came to El Paso on their way to California. They were led by a man named Finch, and had many ambulances and wagons. They broke up in El Paso, and scattered, some going into Mexico. Some of them came back nearly starved, and Wallace helped to feed them.

On one of these trips Wallace encountered very cold weather. The road was full of ice and cut the mules feet so badly that he took them out of the stage, and crossing the Rio Grande, carried the mail around through Mexico to its destination. This was the nearest route and the ice was not so bad in the road. On this trip he was twenty-four hours without anything to eat, and when he arrived at a little town opposite El Paso, he stopped at a restaurant and asked the proprietor how much he charged for breakfast. "Twenty-five cents" was his answer.

"All right," said Wallace. "Bring plenty of eggs."

The Mexican only had eight, but Bigfoot said he must do better than that. He looked at Wallace, and then went and hustled all he could, making a total of twenty-seven. He was told to go to cooking now that would be sufficient. The Mexican, however, hesitated, and seemed perplexed about something. It would near about break him up in business to cook so many eggs for twenty-five cents. Wallace, apprehending the situation, relieved his fears by handing over a dollar, and then told him to "pitch in quick." This had the desired effect, and the steaming eggs and other eatables were soon before the hungry Texan.

Wallace says it was a "pretty good bait," but he managed to get away with all of them. It was quite a curious proceeding however, to the onlookers, who gathered around and looked at the "Mucho Grande Americano" who could eat so many eggs.

Feeling greatly refreshed, Wallace continued his journey to El Paso, and then went back on the Texas side, got his stage, and returned to San Antonio.

The hardest fight with the Indians which Bigfoot Wallace and his guards had while running the mail line, occurred just above the painted cave, at the crossing on Devil's River. The bluffs are high here, and a capital place for Indians to ambush travelers on the road.

The stage party had stopped for noon, and were just preparing to renew their journey when twenty-seven Comanche Indians attacked them from the bluff. Wallace and his party of six, including himself, at once commenced a defense, but the Captain soon told them to hold their fire, and save bullets, as the Indians were so well protected among the rocks, that it was a waste of lead to shoot at them. It was hard for the men to keep from shooting, when being fired on both by bullets and arrows, but Bigfoot said, "Keep cool, they will show them-

selves directly, when they find out we will not shoot." This state of affairs was kept up some time, and the Indians, thinking the white men were cowards, began to partially show themselves. "Now, boys!" exclaimed Wallace, "run and tumble down under the stage like you were nearly scared to death." This was done quickly, and the Indians yelled, called them cowards and squaws, and the chief told his men that they could go down there and scalp all of them, as they would not fight. The men lay quiet and the Indians still continued to fire on them, and to heap vile epithets. Many arrows were shot, and three hit the stage and remained fastened there, while others went over and some fell short, sticking in the ground in a few feet of the wheels. One bullet hit a tire on the stage, split and half of it wounded Adolph Fry in the breast, but not seriously. The names of some of the other men of the party were McAllister, Gideon Scallaron, Louis Oge, and also one Mexican, name not known. Soon after the wounding of Fry, the chief and four of his braves came out in full view, to take a good look at the situation, and Wallace said: "Now boys, every man for his Indian, take good aim, fire!" The rifles almost cracked as one and every Indian in sight fell.

The Indian chief dropped near the edge of the cliff, and his arm hung over. Wallace yelled, and exclaimed, "There now, you are done eating horse meat."

For some time nothing was seen or heard of the Indians. Presently a lasso was seen to come over the rocks and fall among the dead men. "They are going to leave, boys, they have got enough of us," said Wallace, "but they don't want us to get those fellows' scalps. They are afraid to come to them, and are going to rope, and pull them behind the rocks." It was a slow business, and many failures were made, but loop after loop came until all were caught and dragged away except the one which hung over the cliff. Many failures were made at him, but at last a big loop came which dropped below his hanging arm, and he was quickly pulled out of sight.

The Indians failed to show themselves any more, and Wallace hitched up the mules, and started, but not for El Paso. He knew the Indians would ambush him somewhere, and likely with a larger force, and he put back for Fort Clark.

The three arrows which stuck in the stage remained there a long time, and was quite a curiosity to new comers, who looked at them when the stage would arrive in San Antonio.

It was the intention of Wallace to get an escort of soldiers at Clark, and take his mail through, but failing in this, had to come on to Fort Inge on the Leona, four miles below the present town of Uvalde. Here he failed again. The commander at that post saying he was afraid his men would desert if he carried them to El Paso. Bigfoot then wrote a letter to the depart-

ment at San Antonio, and telling the officer at Fort Inge that they could all go to the devil, hired an escort on his own hook, and went back with the mail.

General Kirby Smith, commander of the department in Texas at that time, arrived in San Antonio about the time Wallace's letter reached there, and being mad at the way things had been managed, ordered the troop at Fort Inge on a long scout, nearly to the Mexico line. On the return trip, Wallace met them and they looked as if they had, as he expressed it, "Been through the rubbers."

They had no tobacco, and had been living on poor turkeys for several days. Wallace never failed to deliver his mail but once on an out-going trip to El Paso. On that occasion however, he lost all of his mules and his whole outfit had to leave the stage, and walk to El Paso, a distance of 80 miles.

The circumstances were, he had gone into camp at "Dead Man's Hole" and the mules had been turned out to graze with a guard to watch them. Wallace was sitting down near a big rock mending some of his harness, and hearing a slight movement over him, looked up and around quick and saw an Indian on the rock in ten feet of him, just bringing his gun around to shoot. Big Foot threw up his pistol to shoot and the Indian dodged back out of sight. He now also perceived that the guards had strayed off and a band of Indians were driving off the mules. In vain he yelled for them to save the mules, but it was too late. They could only fire at them at long range as the hostiles ran away with the stock and yelling back to them.

The only chance was to walk back to El Paso and get more teams and come back after the stage.

"Dead Man's Hole" derived its name from the circumstance of two United States soldiers being killed there by Indians. Wallace found their remains and torn uniforms there when he first began to run the line.

On one occasion, on Devil's river Wallace found a track in the road that greatly puzzled him. He alighted from the stage and closely examined it. It looked something like a bear track, but it was too long and wide. "It is not an Indian" says Wallace to the guards. "They have some shape and symmetry to their moccasins. It steps like a nigger, but what in the devil has he got on, and what is he doing out here in this wilderness if it is one?" Not far from there Wallace camped for the night, and the strange individual came to them. He was a negro and a runaway at that, and nearly starved.

The negro was crawling up to the camp and one of the mules snorted at him, and Wallace ran around a rock to see what it was, and came near shooting him. The negro sprang to his feet and said, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!! Fo God, master I's glad to see you." Wallace said, "Come here, what sort of a nigger are you, anyhow? Want to steal my mule don't you?"

The strange darkey expressed his entire innocence of any such intention, and was soon relating his checkered experience.

He said that he had run away from his master in Louisiana and was trying to get to Mexico. Had been captured by the Indians, but made his escape, and was almost naked and barefooted. The strange foot gear which he had on was made out of a piece of mule hide which the Indians had killed. It was stitched together and run to a point twice the length of a man's foot and had corners to it.

Wallace took him on to El Paso, where he furnished him clothing and blankets and also wrote to his master to come to San Antonio after him. Wallace brought him back and put him in jail until he was turned over to his master, who had to pay for the clothing and blankets and \$200, which was allowed for all fugitive negroes taken up west of the Medina river.

On one return trip, and when near Fort Inge, Wallace discovered something in the road that he was very familiar with, but which he had not seen for a long time.

This was the track of the famous Big Footed Indian, and he had six followers with him. Wallace knew that his presence meant that all the horses in the country that he could round up would be carried off.

When the stage arrived at Fort Inge, Westfall was there, and was told about the Indians by Wallace, who advised him to be on the lookout, that the country would be cleaned up of horse stock sure. Wallace had some mules that he always left at Fort Inge until he returned from San Antonio, but on this occasion ordered them carried east of the Rio and kept there. Before leaving he told Westfall where his mules would be and in case the Indians got all the horses, and men could not be mounted to follow them, to go and get his mules and use them. He also told Westfall if he killed Big Foot he wanted his moccasins.

As Wallace expected, the settlers were careless and the Indians got nearly all the horses in the country and got off with them. Westfall, however, followed out the instructions of Wallace, and was soon on the trail of the red skins, on the mules. The trail led up the Nueces Canyon, then not settled, to the divide, and then turned across towards the head of South Llano. Westfall and his men followed on, and one evening camped in the cedar break, being satisfied of the near proximity of the Indians, and the utmost caution and silence was preserved. Westfall only had three men and one boy with him making five in all. The boy was named Preston Polly, and one of the men was Gideon Scallaron, the names of the others cannot now be ascertained. Westfall spent a wakeful night, for he was satisfied the Indians were near, and a fight would come off in the morning.

Just at the break of day, a smoke was seen ascending above the cedar tops in the thickest part of the brake, not far from the settlers' camp. Westfall, who had stepped

away from the camp a short distance to listen for any sound that might be heard in the still early hour, hastily retraced his steps, and telling his companions what he had seen, took the boy Preston, and went to reconnoitre the vicinity of the smoke.

The Indians had no thought that white men were near, in fact they did not suppose they had left horses enough for anyone to follow them on, and such would have been the case, but for the keen sagacity and forethought of Bigfoot Wallace in having his mules hid, and telling Westfall where they were in case he needed them.

Wallace always craved to kill the Bigfoot Indian, more especially after he had killed his friend and companion, Fox, and while the end of the wily chief was near, and he was to fall by the hand of Edward Westfall, it was at last through the instrumentality of Bigfoot Wallace.

When Westfall left his men he told them in case they heard his rifle, to come at once. He then went down a steep bluff, and carefully picked his way through tall coarse grass, high as his head, to a point opposite the Indian encampment which was on high ground in a dense cedar brake. There was also a pool of water there, and Westfall noticed a trail leading from it up the hill towards the point where he had seen the smoke. He was just about to start up this trail when he saw an Indian's legs through the rush, and soon discovered a large fellow coming down towards the water leading a horse.

Westfall was a man of strong nerve, but his heart beat quick when he saw the noted Bigfoot Indian before him. Making a silent gesture for the boy behind him to be still, he aimed his rifle through the tall grass, and took a careful aim at the big savage. About this time the horse which Bigfoot was leading suddenly stopped and snorted as he detected the presence of Westfall. The Indian turned his head quickly to look at the horse, presenting a side view of his body to the marksman in the ravine, who instantly fired, and this scourge of the frontier fell hard on the ground. The three men at the camp, when they heard the keen whip-like crack of Westfall's rifle break the stillness of the early morning, came yelling and almost tumbling down the embankment, giving assurance to their leader that help was near if he needed it.

The boy Preston stood by Westfall with a gun in his hand during this exciting scene with the utmost coolness for one of his years, while the old pioneer hastily, but steadily reloaded his gun and when his men joined him, led the way, and rapidly advanced into the cedar brake, past the body of the dead chief to attack the Indian camp. The shot, however, and the answering yell of Westfall's men had struck terror to the band, and they had fled, leaving their chief to his fate.

Everything about the camp indicated they were about to leave. A bear was killed,

barbecued packed ready for traveling. Blankets, buffalo skins and one bow and quiver of arrows were left in camp. The stolen horses were also left except those the Indians went away on. It is surmised that Big Foot was carrying his horse down to water before making the start.

Westfall's men had eaten nothing since starting on the trail, and did ample justice to the well cooked bear meat.

When the body of the fallen chief was approached it was found that the bullet had struck him in the left arm without breaking the bone, passed through the heart and body and came out through the right arm. In his right hand, tightly clutched, was a bow and some arrows, while the left held the rope attached to the horse, and such was the strong grip on both it was with difficulty that they could be released. The horse reared and plunged when the Indian fell but such was his weight the frightened animal could not move him. The horse belonged to Adolph Fry and had been stolen near Fort Inge.

Westfall had promised Big Foot Wallace the moccasins of the Big Foot Indian and secured them for that purpose, and when everything was collected up they wished to carry, went back to where they left the little mules of Wallace, and were soon on their way back to Fort Inge, where they returned the stolen stock to the settlers.

Wallace was gone on to El Paso with the stage, and Westfall left the moccasins at the fort to be delivered to him on the return trip. They were a great curiosity and many people came to look at them on account of their size being nearly fifteen inches in length and beautifully decorated with beads. A man named James Wilkinson, who had been around Fort Inge for some time, got possession of them by saying he was going down to San Antonio and would deliver them to Wallace there. Big Foot was told about the Indian being killed on his arrival at the fort and that he could get the moccasins as soon as he arrived at San Antonio. He was however, disappointed, for Wilkinson had left and gone to the Brazos carrying them with him. Wallace wrote several letters in regard to them, but to no avail, the man carried them on to the states with him.

As there was a great many rattle snakes in West Texas, the writer asked Captain Wallace in regard to the largest one he ever saw. He said while running the mail line, one time in Devil's river country, he saw a trail of a snake cross the road, and told some of the guards to follow it up and kill it as he wanted to look at him. The old residenter was soon found coiled up under a large cactus, killed and dragged back to the road. He was not so long but very large, about the size of an ordinary man's thigh. Wallace told one of the men to cut him open, as he believed there was something in him. This was done and a full grown jack rabbit exhumed, which he had just swallowed apparently.

On the next trip Wallace made after the big Indian was killed, he and his guards had a fight with the Indians. Early in the morning when the start was made from the Pecos country, Wallace told his men to brace themselves for a ninety mile drive that day. Many signs of Indians had been seen the evening before. Signal smokes far away in different directions, uneasiness of the mules at night, all combined, convinced the experienced frontiersman that on the following night an attempt would be made to capture the stage. His object in making this long drive before camping another night, was to scatter the Indians who would follow them through the day.

He knew that all of their horses could not hold out on such a trip, and would only have part of the load to fight if any. All day the stage rattled along at a lively rate, the guards following, at times in a gallop.

A short halt was made at noon, mules fed and away again. At sundown it was ninety miles back to their last camp. During the day Wallace saw signs of pursuit in the distance, but knew nothing would be attempted until night.

In selecting a camp at night, he never stopped in high grass, or very near thickets. The Indians would have no cover to advance close upon him unseen. The place selected for the night halt, was in an open glade with short grass, but sufficient for the stock.

On one side, and reaching partly around the camp, was a thick chaparral sixty or seventy yards away. When night closed down, Wallace had all the mules placed or staked on the side of the stage farthest from the brush, and putting George Hubbard on guard, told the other men to lay down around and under the coach, having their guns and pistols ready. Wallace himself lay down, but with ever vigilant eye, scanned the dark circle of the brush so as to detect the least movement there.

Hours passed on and all was still as midnight on a desert plain except the cropping of grass by the hungry and tired mules. At length a raven arose from the chaparral with a startled "caw!" and with broad flapping wings, flew towards the mules, and alighted on the head of the guard who was standing in the rear of the stage, motionless as a post. With a quick motion George ducked his head, and uttered an exclamation which sounded in the dark like "Ellen Damnation," and some might have thought he was calling the name of his sweetheart as he stood the lonely vigils of the night, and his mind wandered back to the loved ones at home, if he had not said it so quick, and energetically.

Now George was of a slightly superstitious nature, and the cold chills chased each other up and down his spine when he discovered that it was a raven which had lit on his head, and at once went to Wallace, informing him of the circumstance, and asked him its significance. "It means," says Wallace, "that the d-d Comanches have overtaken us, and are now in that

chaparel brush over there, and have scared that raven off his roost, which in its flight across the open ground, mistook the top of your head for a stump, and lit on it; that's all."

Wallace had one mule that would never eat when Indians were around, and this one now raised her head, blowed and looked straight towards the brush and refused to put her head to the ground anymore, but would walk to the end of the rope then turn quick, snort and look towards the brush again.

"They are here boys, handle your guns," said Wallace, as he pulled two long barreled brass dueling pistols, and crouched close to a coach wheel, one in each hand and pointing towards the danger point.

The men were all on the alert and ready, but still the Indians did not show up, and hours passed away again.

The guards began to relax and hunt easy braces for their backs and heads against the stage wheels, tongue, etc. Peter Weble stretched out at full length on his back, his head resting between two spokes of the vehicle. Wallace remained immovable with the pistols still in hand and with constant moving eye surveying the dark rim of the brush from one point to another. The mules were all uneasy and stamping.

Presently three dark forms became detached from the brush and started across the opening. Others were then seen in quick succession emerging from the chaparral at different points, and gliding silently towards the stage.

Bigfoot gave one short command to "nip them quick," and leveled his pistol at the three foremost Indians and the whole band, who seeing now that they were discovered, began to yell and come at a charge with uplifted shields and sending a flight of arrows and bullets ahead of them.

Wallace had an eight shooting rifle which he caught up after throwing his pistols down, and began to pump lead into them with that.

The men took shelter behind the stage, firing under and around it, and the Indians could not get to the mules without passing them. Their idea by this onset was to run them away from the stage, out into the prairie and then secure the stock.

One Indian fired a large well muzzed musket, called a blunderbuss, which carried nearly a hand full of powder and the same of buckshot. Wallace says it looked like a bushel of fire came out of it, and the shot struck the stage like a sluice of hail.

About that time a terrible commotion was heard under the stage, and the old vehicle rocked and rattled like it was in a hurricane. Peter Weble, who had laid his head between the spokes, and went to sleep, started to spring up when the fight commenced, and not remembering the position he occupied before going into the land of dreams, had his head fast between the spokes, and was making frantic efforts to disengage himself.

Bigfoot said at one time he thought Weble was going to run clear off with the stage. Peter was brave, however, and as soon as he could get out of his predicament, joined in the fight, and helped to repel the Indians, but his neck was sore for two or three weeks afterwards. The battle was over in less time than it takes to write it. The Indians made one charge, and meeting such a fire scattered, and went back to the brush as quick as they came.

How many were killed is not known. The night was not very light and only the outlines of their forms could be seen. None of Wallace's men were hit, but the stage caught it heavy, both with bullets and arrows.

Wallace did not purpose to give the Indians another chance at him that night, but at once harnessed up when the Indians were gone, and securing his pistols which had fallen by a coach wheel, hit the road again, followed by the guards and when daylight came was many miles from here.

During one of his trips the Apaches and the Mexicans had a good deal of trouble above El Paso. The chief of the Apaches was named "Blue Beads," whose camp was near town, and one night when the old chief started back from town drunk, was followed and killed by the Mexicans. Then the slaughter of the Mexicans commenced by the Apaches in revenge, and would have killed them all, but for the United States soldiers, who put a stop to it.

The Apaches at that time were friendly with the whites. Wallace had started back on a return trip, and had a Mexican aboard who lived at San Antonio. The stage was met by a large body of Apaches who surrounded and stopped it, and tried to kill the Mexican who was on the seat with Wallace. They made repeated thrusts at him with their lances which was warded off by Wallace with his gun, and who told them if they did not leave he would order the guards to fire on them as they were delaying the United States mail. The chief understood English, and soon galloped off with his men.

While Captain Wallace had many more incidents connected with his stage driving on the long frontier line from San Antonio to El Paso which would be of interest to the reader, but the main facts have been given in the preceeding chapters.

He tells one instance of killing a black-tailed deer at the "Wild Rose Pass." It was an extra large buck with powerful horns, standing on the cliff, and gazing down at the moving stage below. He was a fine mark to shoot at, but a long distance off, and a doubt was expressed of anyone being able to bring him down. Wallace said he could do it, and taking careful aim, and making allowance for the distance, fired. The big buck reared at the shot and then plunged headlong into the abyss below. His body made evolutions in the air as he descended, and as Wallace ex-

pressed it, was mashed into "sausage meat" on the rocks at the bottom.

After Captain Wallace quit the mail service, he went back to his old cabin on the Medina, but he did not remain long. People were moving in fast, and settling around him, so one morning he packed up such things as he had and wanted to carry, got his rifle, and whistling up his dog, set out towards the southwest carrying all of his earthly possessions on a pack mule.

Captain Wallace always had plenty of money to purchase such things as he needed, but was not encumbered with much personal effects. In a wild and lonely spot on the Chicon creek east of the Hondo river, and now distant about five miles from the present thriving little city of Devine, Bigfoot unloaded his pack, and there built him a cabin.

People were settling along the Hondo, Sabinal, Seco and other streams, and the Indians were constantly raiding upon them. The people soon found out where the cabin of Wallace was, and looked at him as a leader in pursuit of Indians.

During one raid a messenger came and notified him that the Indians were going down the Hondo Valley. Bigfoot got six men together, or five men, rather, and a boy, for Lon Moore was of the party, and was only twelve years of age. The trail was closely and rapidly followed, and the Indians were overtaken near San Miguel creek, and a fight ensued in which two Indians were killed and the balance scattered and turned up the country. Wallace had one man slightly wounded with an arrow.

One of the closest shaves Bigfoot Wallace ever had in his life, was while he was in pursuit of a band of Indians. On this occasion he had gathered a few settlers, and was following a trail through a brushy country. The Indians finding that they were pursued, laid in ambush. Wallace was in the lead trailing when suddenly an Indian rose up in front of him not more than a few steps distant, with his gun aimed squarely at the Captain's breast.

It took quick thought and action to avoid the discharge, but Wallace was equal to the occasion. He had his gun in hand ready to shoot at a moment's warning, and the minute the Indian threw up his gun Wallace threw himself backward from his horse and the bullet went over his head, and he at the same time shot the Indian from the ground where he lay.

J. M. Smith, who now lives near the Miguel postoffice, and who was one of the party, said it was the quickest work he ever saw done. The fall of Wallace from his horse, the fire of the Indian, and the shot from Bigfoot almost occurring simultaneously. Several Indians showed themselves, one of whom was shot by Smith, but not killed. The Indian Wallace shot fell in his tracks, breathed and struggled a minute, and was then dead.

While P. H. Bell was governor of Texas, he commissioned Wallace to raise a com-

pany of rangers for the protection of Southwest Texas from incursions of hostile Indians. Seventy-six men were raised, among whom was Edward Westfall who afterwards served as lieutenant in the company. They were almost constantly in the saddle, riding on many long scouts, and chasing, and sometimes having a skirmish, but the Indians avoided a conflict as much as possible dreading to meet Wallace and Westfall in battle, and so well did they know them that the picture of Westfall was found on a rock in the mountains, drawn by the Indians, and which bore such a resemblance to the slayer of the Bigfoot Indian that it was recognized by the men who found it. Westfall was one inch taller than Wallace, but of slighter build. He had light hair, and blue eyes.

The hardest fight that Wallace and his men had while he was captain in the ranging service, occurred at a place called Black Hills sixteen miles from the present town of Cotulla, in La Salle county. Wallace had been on a long scout down the country with nineteen men, and was coming back. It was a very dry year in the month of August in the early 50's and the men were suffering intensely with thirst, as the water holes had dried up where they expected to find water. Wallace and Westfall knew where all the watering places were, and went from one to the other, only to find hard mud or glistening white rocks. To add more to their discomfort, one of the rangers named Jackson was very sick, and unable to ride his horse and had to be carried on a stretcher, which necessarily made their progress very slow.

All this time the sky was like brass over their heads, and the August sun poured its scorching rays upon them day by day as they toiled along. Finally Captain Wallace said he knew where there were water holes on the "Todas Santos" (All Saints) creek in the Black Hills that certainly had water in them, as they were never known to be dry.

Across to the Black Hills the rangers turned, and finally came in view of the coveted spot, and were eager to advance, but Wallace held them back, and ordered a halt. There were horses there, and he did not like the looks of things.

The surmising did not last long. The water was in possession of a large band of Comanche Indians, and as soon as they discovered the approach of the rangers, swarmed out towards them, about 80 in number, and yelling loudly. Captain Wallace supposed he would be charged at once, as the Indians were so numerous, and gave orders sharply, and quickly. "Dismount men, secure your horses, place Jackson under this mesquite tree here out of the way, and stay by your horses quick! now quick! here they come!" It seemed at first that the Indians were going to come at once, and engage the rangers at close quarters, but when they saw the leveled rifles, and the two conspicuous leaders, they weakened, and soon came to a standstill, despite the fact that their

chief, who seemed to be brave, waved his hand and urged them on, coming nearly within gunshot himself before turning back. Captain Wallace said "Boys they won't fight they are cowards." The chief went among them, talked and gesticulated a great deal, and then charged at full speed.

A few followed a short distance, then wheeling, went back to the main body. Captain Wallace advanced forward with a few men, and took a position, and again waited. "Now boys" said he, "When that chief comes again we must kill him, and the battle will be over. Three of you stand ready, and if he comes close enough, kill his horse, and I will kill him before he can get away. One of you shoot at his leg and break it if you can, and then we will be certain of him." Wallace had a large heavy rifle which once belonged to Colonel James Bowie, who was killed in the Alamo. One pound of lead only made sixteen bullets for it.

Up to this time no shots had been fired. The chief would drop behind his horse when charging, and ride back in that way when his men failed to come. The chief again harrangued his warriors, and came to the charge, not even looking back to see if they were coming. This time the brave old chief came within gun shot, and seeing some of the rangers about to fire, dexteriously threw himself on the opposite side of his horse.

Three rifles cracked, however, about the same time, and the horse fell dead in his tracks. The chief quickly regained his feet, not being hit himself, and looked for his braves to see if they were coming to his assistance. About this time Captain Wallace shot the chief through both hips, and he fell. As he struck the ground he uttered two loud peculiar whoops which was answered by his cowardly men, and this time they came to him. The rangers met them with a charge and a fight took place. Captain Wallace noticed the rangers had left their horses and Jackson too far in the rear, and told them to get back as the Indians would make a dash and get them.

While this was being done, the Indians thought the rangers were giving way, and charged, and for a time things were mixed. The rangers got their horses and a good many of them mounted, and charged among the Indians using their pistols. While this was going on, an Indian ran close to Jackson, and looked at him, thinking he was dead.

The sick ranger was somewhat nerved up on account of the battle and turning his gun towards the Indian, fired at him.

The chief died on the ground where he fell, and the Indians went back to the water hole, some of them on foot, as their horses had been killed. Captain Wallace told his men they must follow them to the water, and fight them again as the men were nearly ready some of them, to sink with thirst.

The Indians had for some purpose built a brush fence around the water, and when

the rangers came to it at a charge, had to again dismount and tie their horses. Wallace and Westfall were the first at the brush, and Wallace shot an Indian who was trying to run away, and hastily reloaded his gun while others were crossing the brush, and firing at different points.

When Captain Wallace rammed his ball down, and capped his gun, an Indian sprang up a little to one side, and he quickly turned his hand, not having time to replace it. It happened that Westfall at that time ran in close to the side of Wallace, and the end of the gun stuck him in the eye, and nearly put it out. The pain was so great, and he was so badly blinded for a time, Westfall held his head down with his hand clapped over the injured optic.

Another ranger came by at this time, and asked Westfall if he was wounded. "No," he said, "Captain Wallace has put out one of my eyes with his gun stick at a time when I needed them the most."

One ranger in the fight, named William Johnson, who always killed an Indian in a close place, shot one in the back as he was running up the bank of the creek, and when the Indian fell, several pieces of tobacco fell out of his rigging somewhere. Captain Wallace passed by that place in a trot, but seeing the tobacco, stopped and picking it up, crammed some of it in his mouth. The rangers had been out of tobacco several days as well as water, and the captain was an inveterate chewer.

There was another water hole above the camp, and all the Indians went to that. The famished men, after routing the Indians, made a rush for the water, but what was their horror to find that they could not drink it unless it was a life and death case. The Indians had been there a week or more, making lariats, and had soaked raw hides in the pool which was already low, until the water was one seething mass of putrefaction, hair, maggots, etc.

Wallace saw it was impossible for the men to drink that water, and ordered a charge after the Indians at the upper water hole. Captain Wallace and Westfall led the charge, and when they got there, found the Indians with their forces together, and waiting to give them battle. Wallace waited awhile for the other men to come, but as only ten made their appearance, it was not safe to make a charge and a return was made back to the water hole. Some of the men were still there. Two of them had been wounded, and others were nearly dead with thirst and exhaustion. The sick man had high fever, and constantly called for water. The captain informed them of the situation, and all who could, went back to fight the Indians.

Wallace said he was going to have a drink of water if he had to fight Indians all day for it. When the rangers got back to the water, a battle commenced at once, but a close charge led by Wallace and Westfall drove the Comanches away and were masters of the situation. When the men had

quenched their thirst, canteens were filled, and they hastened back to their wounded and sick companions, and those who had remained with them.

While the men were drinking water from the canteens, one of the rangers told Captain Wallace that Luce Henyard, one of the rangers was badly wounded, and wanted to see him. The captain at once went to him, and asked if he was badly hurt. He said: "Yes, I'm killed Captain." He lay beside a tree, two rangers sitting down by him, and his pale face was turned in a wistful look to that of his stalwart captain, who bent over him, and began to examine his wound.

The ball had struck above the left hip, and ranging a little down, had lodged in the right loin. The captain took a sharp knife, and saying "Cheer up, my boy, I can fix you all right," proceeded to cut out the ball, and then making two poultices of prickly pear, put one over each wound.

The other ranger, Adolph Fry, had been hit by an arrow, but was not so badly hurt. He was also treated to a pear poultice. Twenty-two Indians were killed in the fight.

Next morning after the fight, Captain Wallace collected all the blankets, shields, bows, arrows mules and horses, and set out for Fort Inge, where his sick and wounded men could get medical attention. The camp of the rangers at that time was at Westfall's ranch, twenty-seven miles below the fort. In a few days news came to Captain Wallace that his men, especially Henyard, who had been wounded in the fight, were not doing well.

Wallace went up to the fort, and found that the surgeon at the post had ignored his poultices of pears, so he took his men away, carried them to the ranger camp, and said he would cure them himself. He continued to poultice with prickly pears, which he says kept out all fever, and was the best for a wound of anything ever tried. His men at once began to improve, and rapidly recovered.

When Captain Wallace quit the ranger service he went back to his ranch on the Chicon, and engaged in raising cattle and horses. His time, however, was divided in hunting, scouting after hostile bands of Indians, and trailing runaway negroes with his dogs. Slaves belonging to planters along the Brazos and Colorado rivers were continually escaping, and trying to make their way into Mexico.

Wallace being in the woods so much of his time with his dogs, a negro could seldom pass near his cabin without being detected. He lived on the main route from San Antonio to the Rio Grande country, and was as much on the lookout for negroes as Indians, and he made considerable money apprehending negroes and getting the reward offered for them.

So famous had Bigfoot Wallace become as a negro catcher, their owners would come to him from two hundred miles east, and employ him to take his dogs and hunt them.

On one occasion two planters named Beck

and Caldwell, who had lost negroes on the Colorado not far below Austin, came on south-west in search of them, and when they arrived in San Antonio, and made their business known, were advised to proceed on out to where Wallace lived on the Chicon about fifty miles from San Antonio. This they did, and after a good deal of trouble in finding the way, finally rode up to the door of the lonely little cabin in the wilderness, and made their business known.

Wallace agreed to go with them, but expressed some doubt as to finding them, for said he: "I think you are ahead of them, or else they have gone around my range." This some of them did, when so many of them were caught by Wallace, and carried back. They would tell the other negroes of the tall man who lived in the woods beyond San Antonio, and had dogs that could do everything but talk, and they began to avoid this route, and go through the mountains further north when running away.

Wallace took his dogs, and going out with his wealthy guests, made a wide circle, but no trace could be found. Not wishing, however, to give up yet, he told Beck and Caldwell of his friend Westfall, who lived a hermit's life still further to the south-west on the Leona river, and if they would go and see him, as he was out a great deal, they might get some information.

Westfall also had a lot of good dogs, one of which (and his favorite) was named George Washington.

At this time, however, Westfall was not without human companionship. A Frenchman called Louie had wandered away from the "pleasant land of France," and took up his abode in the wilderness with the Leona hermit.

On the way to the ranch Wallace killed a big fat deer, and carried it along, and no stop was made to eat anything since they left the place where they camped the night before, intending to rest and eat with Westfall. When in the neighborhood of the cabin, Wallace scanned the ground closely, and remarked that he "did not like the looks of things." When asked why, he said Westfall generally walked about in the vicinity of his place every day moving his horses to grass or looking for Indian sign, and that he could see no fresh tracks. At last they emerged from the chaparral, and came out into the clearing in the center of which was the cabin and corn cribs.

The first thing that attracted their attention when arriving at the yard fence, was a dead man and a dead dog lying in the yard in front of the door. Wallace at once exclaimed: "Hello, the Indians have killed Westfall!" and springing from his horse, approached the body.

The dead man had tolerable long hair, and very black, and his face was swollen, and as dark as that of an Indian. Wallace then said: "No this is not Westfall; it is an Indian he has killed." On closer inspection, however, it was found to be the remains of the unfortunate Frenchman, Louie,

and the dead dog was George Washington.

It was evident there had been a terrible fight here. Everything was torn up, and the inside of the cabin was covered with blood, but Westfall was nowhere to be seen. Wallace went down to the river, and gave some loud whoops, but no answer came. Everything was as still as midnight on a desert plain.

The two planters stood around in silence, and with scared looks, surveyed the bloody scene. They were not used to these frontier tragedies, and was now for their first time gazing on the bloody work of the savages. Wallace threw the deer from the horse, and telling them to start a fire and cook some of it while he would take a round and see if he could find the trail of Westfall. About a mile from the house, he found Westfall's track where it came into a trail, and then led off towards Fort Inge, distant about thirty miles.

Wallace followed the trail far enough to learn that his friend was badly wounded, that he had a small dog with him, had on a pistol and water gourd, walked with a stick and had no gun. Some would like to know how Wallace knew these things without seeing Westfall. To him, with his knowledge of woodcraft, it was plain.

That Westfall was badly wounded, he knew from the short steps he took. The tracks of a small dog was following, and the imprint of a stick was seen in the ground beside the tracks. He frequently laid down which was another sign of a severe wound, and he also left the imprint of his pistol and water gourd in the soft soil of the trail where these halts were made. That he was without a gun, Wallace also knew as he could see no imprint of it where he laid down, as he would have placed it on the ground beside him when lying down.

Wallace returned to the cabin, and telling the two men all these things, said he would follow on after Westfall, and help him. They had, however, cooked nothing, saying they were not hungry. Wallace said: "I'm a man. Cannot go without eating when I can get it." He at once made a fire, broiled a good slice of venison on the coals, hastily ate it, and prepared to start on his journey.

His two companions sat in gloomy silence, their eyes constantly wandering to the still form of the dead man in the yard.

Wallace was puzzled about Westfall's rifle. He could not find it anywhere. A shot gun was in the house, but this was all in the way of fire arms. That the Indians did not enter the house after the fight, he knew. If they had they would have carried off the shot gun, and also killed Westfall, for the bed was bloody where he lay after being wounded.

Wallace told Beck and Caldwell that the "nigger hunt was off," and that they could go with him, or wend their way back to San Antonio. They chose the former, and all three set out on the trail of Westfall. Many halts had been made by the stricken

man, and he would build a small fire in the road occasionally. It was afterwards learned that he did this to make a little strong coffee in a can, and which was all the nourishment he had during his painful journey of three days and nights, to the fort. Wallace trailed Westfall to the very gate of the enclosure around the barracks, and found that he had just arrived, and was in the hands of the post surgeon.

Westfall was struck with a ball quartering on the left side just above the collar bone, grazing the jugular vein, going through the right lung, and coming out below the right shoulder blade. Wallace says the jugular vein was exposed, disclosed by the ball, and badly swollen, so much so that it seemed a touch would burst it. He says he was shot from ambush while coming from a steel hand mill near the house, where he had been grinding corn.

The course of the ball having a downward tendency was from the fact of his having the meal on his shoulder, and in a stooping position. He managed to reach the house, and went in, and the Indians charged, and fired many shots. The Frenchman was brave, and seizing the shot gun, fired, and killed an Indian. The wounded Westfall tore a board from a crack in the log structure, and aimed his gun, but the Indians quickly ran away from in front of it. The Frenchman attempted to fire the other barrel of his gun through the door which had not been shut, but was hit by a ball, and instantly killed. The ball struck in the breast, glanced a little on the breast bone, and then went deep into the body. He turned when hit, and sat his gun against the wall in a leaning position, almost ready to fall over, and then sank down beside it, and died. The gun was in this position, and one barrel loaded when Wallace first entered the cabin. During this time Westfall had sunk upon the bed, and thought he was dying. He was very weak, and at times he was almost unconscious.

The dog, George Washington joined the fight, leaped the yard fence, and tearing all the rigging off one Indian, even the quiver from his back, but was mortally wounded, and came back to the house, and died close to the Frenchman. Westfall let his gun still protrude through the crack, and the Indians not knowing the situation inside, went off without making another charge.

Westfall lay the balance of the day, which was about noon, all night, and part of the next day, before attempting to get up, and part of that time, knew nothing at all.

Seeing he had some chance for life, Westfall got up, and with great pain, succeeded in getting the dead Louie out of the house by pulling at him with his left hand a little at a time. The dog was also gotten out in the same way, as he did not want them to decay in the house. Not being able to carry his gun, he hid it in some weeds. He had two horses tied in the brush, but supposing, of course, the Indians got them, did

not go to look. He was not able to ride even if he had the horses.

Wallace and some others went back, and buried the Frenchman, and also the dog.

The horses were found nearly starved to death; the Indians failing to see them. The poor animals had eaten all the grass and bushes round them, and even the grass roots in the ground.

Wallace could not find Westfall's gun, and it was not found until Westfall himself was able to go and get it, and it was then badly rusted. Westfall was a long time getting well, and in fact never did entirely recover from that fearful wound. It always hurt him. Wallace brought him books and papers to read while he was lying up, and often came to see him.

One of Westfall's brothers came to Texas, and lived with him some time at the ranch after getting up from his wound, and they raised a good many cattle. When it was no longer a frontier, however, Westfall sold out, and moved down on Calaveras creek about fifteen miles south-west of San Antonio, and opened up a farm. Here he married, but had no family except his wife. He died in June, 1897, at his home two miles from the town of Elmendorf on the Aransas Pass road. His property, valued at \$500, he willed to his wife to be used by her until her death, and the money to be invested in the purchase of a free library and reading rooms in San Antonio for both whites and blacks, but to have separate reading rooms.

In 1859 Captain Wallace concluded he would take a trip to the old home in Virginia, and go to see all his kinsfolk. He got up all the money he needed for an extended trip, and set out. He was too sharp to carry his money in a common pocket book in his pocket, and thereby got away with a pick pocket in New Orleans. This light fingered gent managed to relieve him of his purse, but it makes the old man smile till yet to think what a look of disgust and disappointment must have come over his face when he examined the contents. It was full and heavy, but consisted of needles thread, bullets and buttons.

By this time his name was famous in Texas, and his people had heard of his exploits, even in Virginia. Some of them treated him with the greatest consideration, while others, who were wealthy, and aristocratic, were shocked with his rough garb, and unique ways. They did not refuse to claim relationship with him, but tried to dress him up, and refine him, but Bigfoot got away with them in all these things.

While stopping with one of his aunts, Elizabeth Hoffman, who was 102 years of age, John Brown made his famous raid on Harper's Ferry. Bigfoot at once began to get ready to go with some cadets, who were ordered to the scene of the trouble. His aunt, however, persuaded him not to go as she was uneasy about the negroes rising. Bigfoot kept posted in regard to the latest news, and would at once inform his old aunt

of everything of importance that was transpiring. She would ask him every time he came in with news, if the negroes had risen yet. Wallace finally said: "No; I wish they would, so that if they come fooling around here we can have nigger soup for dinner." The good old lady believed he meant all he said, and holding up her hands in horror; said: "William! William! What have you come to since you went to Texas?"

Captain Wallace concluded while he was on a trip, he would go over into Canada. So after looking at the Niagara Falls, he went over, but was soon stopped by an official who said his valise would have to be examined before he went any further.

"What do you want to examine it for," said Wallace.

"To see what is in it" was the reply.

"Oh, if that's all you want, I can tell you what is in it. There is two shirts, one pair of pants and a plug of tobacco."

The fellow then informed him that his son, who was the inspector, would have to look into it, and that he was at breakfast, and to put his valise down and wait.

"That's a devil of a note" says Wallace "having to wait here until your son fools around and eats his breakfast. I'll not do it," and with that, went on up the hill with his valise. The man followed, yelling at him to stop, that he would be arrested, until quite a crowd collected to see what the row was about.

One red faced Irishman came through the crowd shouting "Let me at him. I know what he is. He is a d—d old Fennian." Wallace then laid down his valise, pulled off his coat, and waving his long arms at the Irishman, said: "Come here, honey. I want to hug you. Whoop-pa! come into my arms. I ain't had no fun since I left Texas." The red faced fellow stopped and a tall Englishman with the longest neck Wallace says he ever saw, came up, and asked him what the row was about, and if he was from Texas. Wallace answered in the affirmative, as to the latter, and to the other, he thought that Irishman wanted to fight. He then asked Wallace if he was from near San Antonio, and if he knew John Twohig, banker.

"Yes," said Bigfoot, "What do you want to know about him?"

"Nothing, only I had a business transaction with him once."

Suffice it to say, things were arranged without damage being done, and Wallace went on his way.

Not liking the looks of things on that side, however, he soon came back on the American side without taking much of a trip towards the interior.

Soon after this, Wallace said he "wouldn't give Texas for the whole shootin' match," and set out on his return to the Lone Star State, and finally arrived at his log cabin in the Chicon.

After getting settled again on his ranch, Captain Wallace resumed his old habits of hunting, trailing Indians, and seeing about

his stock, glad to once more tread his favorite haunts with dogs and gun.

In 1861, about the commencement of the civil war between the North and South, the Comanche Indians made a most daring raid through the Sabinal and Hondo country, killing a great many people, and carrying off a large drove of horses. Runners were sent far and near to notify the settlers, and one came on a swift horse to inform Bigfoot Wallace, and ask him to take command of the men who were gathering to fight the Indians. Captain Wallace lost no time in getting to the scene, and soon between thirty and forty men were together, and on the trail.

The Indians moved quickly, and started back to the mountains with their booty before the settlers could collect enough men to risk a battle.

The trail went out up Seco creek, and struck the mountains where the ranch of John Rheinhardt now is. The men were eager to have a fight, but a great many of them were young fellows, and hard to control. They would break away, half a dozen of them at once, from the main body, and gallop forward, or to the right or left to look at something they thought might be an Indian. Wallace would scold and expostulate, telling them they would run their heads into a hornet's nest directly, but it did not have much effect upon them.

Among the men who were in the crowd, and some of them good Indian fighters, were Judge Davenport, and his young son, William, John Kennedy, Ross Kennedy, Jack Davenport, Frank Hilburn, Lewis McCombs, George Robins, Lon Moore, Bill Mullins, Manuel Wydick, F. G. Finley, Nathan Davis, Malcom Van Pelt, and many others whose names cannot now be recalled. One young fellow named Harris, who lived at Ben Duncan's, was also one of the party.

At that time there was a small settlement in Sabinal Canyon, and also on the Medina where Bandera is now, but no road connecting the two places through the mountains except a bridle path. When the party of white men struck this trail where it crossed the Seco Canyon, Captain Wallace halted the men, and rode up the trail a short distance towards the Bandera side, and reported that four of the Indians had left the main body, and ran some one along this trail.

It was afterwards learned that it was the tax assessor of Bandera county, who was coming over to Sabinal canyon to make assessments. The Indians killed him, and got his horse, saddle and sixshooter. The Comanches had out spies watching for pursuit, and seeing them coming up Seco canyon, stopped at the head of the creek in the rough gorges to give them battle. They also tied a horse on the side of the mountain for a decoy, and hid themselves near by in the rocks and bushes. When Wallace and his party rounded the point

of a mountain which stood out in the valley detached from the balance, with a gulley between the horse on the side of the mountain was in plain view.

A lot of the young fellows raised a shout, crying, "My horse, my horse," and dashed up towards him. Wallace shouted to them to hold on, that it was an Indian trick, but it was of no use, on they went. Before they reached the horse, a volley from guns met them, and Indians showed themselves in various places, and continued to shoot, and yell, and charge down among them. Bill Davenport and his horse were both wounded, as was also young Harris and his horse.

Some of the men in the rear had partly ascended the hill, and the boys in front, who had been fired on, ran back into the second squad, who in turn gave way, and all come down on Wallace and the others, and the whole business got into confusion.

In vain Wallace shouted and cursed, and had to slide down a bluff himself to avoid a general rush of the Indians. Some few of the men commenced firing, and some went to the assistance of Judge Davenport, who had ran almost into the Indians to assist his wounded son back down the mountain. Captain Wallace was in an exposed place, although he was under a ledge of rocks. The Indians were close, and not being able to see him began to hurl rocks down there, one of which struck Wallace's gun.

Judge Davenport brought his son to where Wallace was, and laid him down under a cedar tree. Most of the men by this time had dismounted, and tying their horses, began to fight. Among these were Lewis McCombs, Lon Moore, John Kenedy, Hilburn and others. Hilburn killed one Indian and others were hit, and they took refuge behind the rocks so the men below could not see them, but was exposed to their fire.

John Kennedy and others who had long ranged guns, assended the hill in the rear, before mentioned, and then opened fire again, shooting over the heads of the men in the gap below. Kennedy killed one Indian, and they moved back from this fire. Frequently a man would break from cover, and run through an exposed place and join Wallace and Davenport at the upper ledge. Among these were Jack Davenport, Malcom Van Pelt, Nathan Divis and George Robins.

The Indians then made a charge on these coming around a point where they could see them, and several shots were exchanged. Captain Wallace knocked one Indian down with his fist, and George Robins fired a load of buckshot at one not more than twenty steps distant, but he caught the charge on his shield, and they rattled harmlessly to the ground. This, however, drove the Indians back, and they soon after quit the fight, but they carried the horses with them. The horses were in a cedar brake in the rear of the Indians.

The tax assessor's pistol was found on the ground where the Indians had fought, and also six shotguns and one hat. The guns belonged to men whom the Indians had killed on the raid. One of these was Mustang Moore who was killed on the spot where Moore's station is now on the International road.

Young Davenport was suffering considerably with his wound which was clear through the thigh, and made with a bullet.

Malcom Van Pelt asked if there was any man in the crowd who had on a linen shirt. No one showed up, but one man said he had linen wristbands on his shirt sleeves. Van Pelt said that would do, and they were torn off and carefully picked to pieces, and twisted into a string. This was then run through Davenport's wound, and left for the time being. Some one wanted to cut the leg of the boy's pants off, but Van Pelt objected to that as he was the doctor, saying it would freeze, as it was then nearly night, and had begun to sleet.

From the battle ground Wallace and his men went over into Sabinal canyon to the Ware settlement, where they could get treatment for the wounded. The wound of Harris was not severe.

Next day Wallace took his men and some new recruits and went after the Indians again. His idea was to get ahead of them and lay an ambush. This was well executed by traveling up Sabinal canyon, which could be done more rapidly than the Indians could cross the mountains and gorges with stolen horses.

Wallace knew the whole country and where they would strike the divide. It was not far from the Frio Water Hole, where he and Westfall fought the Lipans in 1840.

As soon as Wallace was satisfied the Indians had not passed he placed his men in secure ambush directly in their path, and if all had obeyed orders, they would have given them a total defeat.

The force of the Indians was supposed to be about equal to the whites, but some who were along think there were seventy-five of them. Wallace gave instructions for no man to fire until the Indians were in short range of their ambush. They were heard coming long before any of them came in view. The horses made a great deal of noise coming over the rocks.

The first Indians to come in sight were two riding abreast, two hundred yards away. At sight of them, Hilburn raised his gun and fired, and spoiled the whole thing. The Indians scattered everywhere, and although pursued, none of them were killed. Captain Wallace ran one some distance, and saw him throw something away that looked like a pair of saddle bags and about as large. Not being able to catch the Indian, he turned to see what he had lost. It proved to be two big chunks of beef tied together with horse hair. This was secured and eaten that night for supper.

The horses were collected, nearly two hundred in number, and carried back to the settlement. Hilburn said his gun went off accidentally.

During the civil war Captain Wallace remained on the frontier to help protect it, and see to the women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the army. Provisions could be had easy enough, but the great cry was for coffee. They tried everything for a substitute, such as parched potatoes, peas, okra, meal, bran, etc. Nothing, however, would answer, and whenever Wallace went among the people to see if they needed help, all their cry was for coffee, until finally he told them if they would quit making so much fuss about it, he would go to Mexico, and bring them a mule load of coffee. Wallace made his word good, riding one mule, and leading another across the Rio Grande to the nearest Mexican town. There were plenty of Texans across there who Wallace knew, and among others, was Licurgus Ward who helped Wallace get the coffee, and he came back with his mule loaded. They had a fine time among the women when Wallace went about over the settlement, and divided the coffee. Wallace says the women would sit up all night, and parch and make coffee, and drink and talk. It did him good to see them enjoy it.

When the country began to settle up around Captain Wallace, there was one Methodist preacher named Irvin Jones, who was a near neighbor, and who complained among others, of the depredations of the lobos among their stock, catching nearly all of their calves.

Wallace concluded he would try and kill them out. He first killed a deer, and then cutting some of it up into small pieces, put poison in it and dragged the balance far into the night, distributing his small pieces every half mile. He finally stopped upon the creek to spend the balance of the night, and then take the back track, and see how many he had killed.

There was a large drift near where Wallace had lain down to sleep, and the coons kept such a racket in the drift, that he could not sleep, and finally he got up, and procuring a pole, yelled and beat on the drift until the coons ran out. Three of them went up one tree, and remained there. On the back track where he had dropped his baits, Wallace found nine dead lobos, about all there was in that neighborhood. Going over to the preacher's house, he said: "Brother Jones, you need not be uneasy about your calves anymore for awhile," and then told him of his successful raid. Rev. Jones was well pleased at this, and told the captain whenever he wanted a bushel of potatoes to come over and get them.

Rev. Irvin Jones now lives in Sabinal canyon above Utopia.

Not much remains to be told of the eventful career of Bigfoot Wallace.

Speaking about eating things, Wallace

says he has eaten a little of nearly everything. Mule meat in the mountains of Mexico, prairie dogs on the plains of Texas, polecat in a Mexican restaurant, and a piece of Comanche in a Lipan camp. The latter he says was the worst he ever had, and did not know what it was at the time. He came into a Lipan camp when they were friendly, and asked a squaw for something to eat. She ran her hand into a sack, and pulling out a round looking piece of meat, handed it to him. Wallace thought it was buffalo meat, and at once commenced on it, but it was tough and sweet, and he soon found out it was not what he thought it was, but concluded to finish it anyhow. When he got through, the old squaw looked at him and said "Comanche good?" Wallace now realized what he had eaten, and told her no; and if he had known what she was giving him, would not have taken it, that he was not aware he was eating a Comanche, but now that he had got him down, would try to keep him down. The old Indian then gave him a piece of buffalo meat.

In the Mexican war during the siege of Monterey, the Texas troops forced the upper part of the city, and fought their way to the Hidalgo hotel, and there made a halt. The Mexicans had all left except the cooks, and they were nearly scared to death. The men, however, told them that they had nothing to fear, as they wanted some cooks about that time of the day. The men were very hungry, but there was nothing there to cook. Everything had been removed. Some sheep, however, was soon found in an enclosure, and thirteen of them were killed and skinned. The cooks were then put to work, and soon had the meat cooking nicely, but there was no bread to eat with it.

A dried up looking man who did not seem to think anyone would hurt him, was hanging around, and said if they would give him a dollar he would bring them a blanket full of bread. Wallace handed him a dollar, and told him to skin out quick, and get it. The Mexican was good as his word, and soon came back with as much bread as he could carry in his blanket.

One of the men said he was afraid to eat the bread, that it might be poisoned. Wallace said he would soon see whether it was or not, and going through the bread, picked out a loaf that looked cracked and and calling up the Mexican, told him to sit down there and eat it. He demurred at this, but the big Texan pulled his pistol, cocked it, and the Mexican went to work on the bread. The bread was tough, but he finally worked it all down. Wallace then selected another loaf, and told him to try that one.

The Mexican walled his eyes and made signs that he was choking to death. A quart of water was handed him to wash down with, and when that was all swallowed, more bread was placed in his hands. He took it, and went to work on it quick, but

soon choked, and Wallace handed him more water, and encouraged him to proceed by pointing his pistol at his right eye.

This loaf was finished, and the Mexican looked glad, and even smiled at the little pleasant joke of Bigfoot. His countenance changed however, when Wallace handed him another, and motioned him to proceed.

Before taking the bread the Mexican made the cross, and called on the saints. When he choked Wallace would give him more water, and he would look in despair towards the muzzle of the pistol. When the third loaf was eaten, he was told to sit down and see if it would kill him. As he did not show any signs of toppling over in two minutes, and as the mutton was cooking, and steaming hot before them, the Texans concluded to risk it, and pitched in.

While this dinner was being eaten which was not on the bill of fare of the Hidalgo hotel that day, the cannons were booming, and men cheering in the lower part of town where General Taylor was slowly carrying one street after another towards the center.

The little Mexican sat and rubbed his stomach while the hungry men were eating, and said: "Yo sentir yo comer no mas por semana." (I could eat no more in a week.) When told he could go, there was no grass grew under his feet.

Captain Wallace is now in his eighty-second year, and very nervous, so much so that he cannot wait upon himself at table. He has not lived alone for ten years. Part of this time has been spent with Mr. Bramlett and Mr. Thomas. His prominent home now is with Mr. W. W. Cochran and family, who live in Frio county five miles from Devine, south, and three miles north of Big Foot postoffice. He is a typical old Texan, free hearted, and has a good temper for a man who has passed through as much as he has.

(The foregoing story is reproduced complete from a pamphlet printed in 1899. It was written by A. J. Sowell, who secured the facts from Bigfoot Wallace.)

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Ben Drake's Exciting Life on the Range

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, November 15, 1927.

TRAILING cattle to Northern markets had passed from the embryo stage to a profitable business venture between 1866 and 1871—the year Ben Drake made his first drive. But the financial development in no wise lessened the hardship and danger encountered on the long, tedious, whooping up of the herd from two to four months at a stretch. The weather then was not merely an entrance wedge to polite conversation, but a thing to be reckoned with and endured. Swimming was classed neither as an art nor accomplishment, but a necessity; the one alternative for the cowboy who must cross bankful streams, minus bridge or ferry. Torrential rains were the order of the day and stampedes were of such common occurrence that the trail driver mentions them, merely, as part of the daily routine, unless marked by some outstanding feature.

Despite privations indescribable, happenings thrilling and hazardous, discomforts and suffering past endurance the trail held a fascinating lure that once experienced was seldom overcome save by a crucial situation demanding a radical change in the scheme of things entire. Thus it was with Ben Drake, who talks so interestingly of nine years of life up the trail.

"I was born twenty miles below Austin and grew up to the beginning of my 'teenth year working cattle," said Drake, continuing with, "and it was in the year of '71 when I was but 12 years old that I went with my first trail herd to Abilene, Kan. Tld and Kinney Murchison owned the cattle, 2,800 head there were, and their brother, Pete, was herd boss. Cal Young, Pincher Stahl, a fellow named Butler and a big Swede who, because we never could pronounce his name, went by the 'handle' of 'Peter Swede,' and a few others I can not now recall, were on that drive. It was a long and hard one, too, on account of hail and stampedes. One storm broke all records for the size of hail stones and it pretty nearly broke up Murchison's herd, too. The cattle ran hog wild and such another time we did have rounding 'em up again. That storm impressed me so, boy as I was, that I determined, if I ever got home again, I would stay. But when we got to Abilene and I had seen the sights and started on the back trip, I lined up for the next drive Murchison was to make, which was as soon as it could be started. We had the same boss and bunch of cowboys and drove to the same market. But there was 2,700 cattle in that herd.

"Murchison Brothers seemed satisfied with my work and wanted me to make another drive with 'em. By this time I felt at home with their outfit and also on the trail and was glad of the chance to go

again. We started that time with 2,900 head, making the total of the three drives amount to 4,800. That drive was exciting from start to finish, first one thing and another out of the ordinary happened all the way. But the climax came one afternoon as we were striking camp for the night. Bang! bang! bang! went the six guns in quick succession over the hill from our camp, followed by more rapid firing. Leaving the cook in full charge, we jumped our mounts and were off to see what it was all about. When we got there we saw one cowboy after another fire his gun and fall until nine of 'em lay piled up together dead as Heck. Nobody was left of that outfit but the cook was boss.

"They said it all started over one of the boys finding a stake pin and when he began tying his horse to it another rode up and claimed he'd seen it first. They got to fightin' and first one and another of the outfit joined in until it was a free for all and shootin' to kill. We stayed and helped dig a grave big enough to bury 'em all in and without ceremony or coffin we wrapped each one in his blanket and planted him, that was all. But do you know, it sort of struck me then, and does now, that something like that maybe caused the fellow to write the song that was so popular on range and trail, 'Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie.' Not altogether the thought of loneliness surrounding it, though God knows it was bad enough, but knowing that coyotes would scratch up the body and with the buzzards' help, pick the bones clean, you know that sort of makes a fellow feel like he would like to have a coffin and a weepin' willow over his grave.

"Somehow that buryin' sort of put a damper on all of us for the rest of the drive up. Then, when we started back and began to feel kind of natural again, came a day when Tom Hamilton, one of our own outfit, got sick. It was on the border line of Kansas and the Indian Territory, and what I mean he was sure sick. We tried to get a doctor, but, of course, it ended with tryin'. Tom got to sufferin' so that he begged me hour after hour to shoot him. But I never could just raise my six-gun and shoot a fellow lyin' helpless and sufferin' like he was even if he would have considered it a favor, and when he could not stand it any longer he just up and died. We buried him as best we could, and when I got back to Cedar Creek, in Bastrop County, and told his brothers George and Andrew about it, they asked me to go with 'em and help to bring his body back and I went. I felt a whole lot better, too, when we buried the bones near his old home.

"I made my fourth drive in the year of '74 from Williamson County to Abilene, Kan., with a herd of 2,000 owned by Tom

Daly and John Snyder. Al Boyce bossed the herd. The trip was tiresome and uneventful excepting for severe thunderstorms and stampedes. I couldn't blame the cattle for runnin' either, for lightning just played tag all over them. It sure made a good boy out o' me whenever it began forking out from their horns. I always stopped cussin' and went to singin' good religious songs.

"In '75 I hit the trail to Nebraska with the same outfit and boss. Bub Armstrong, Cal Joplin, with his brothers Cy and Ed, and several other boys that I have forgotten the names of, went along and we had one more time. Lots of stampedes, that were caused, I guess, by so many buffalo and deer. There were 2,500 cattle in the herd and sometimes you could not hardly see 'em for the buffalo. We ate venison and buffalo steaks until we couldn't stand the sight of one.

The next year I went with Snyder and Daly to Wyoming and it surely was one rough trip. Rains were heavy and streams bank full; it was cold and snowy and the herd of 2,500 old Longhorns wellnigh unmanageable. They drifted terribly before the northers and snowstorms. But we finally got 'em to where we meant to take 'em and I went back to Williamson fully determined to stay put for a while. When I got there I ran into a herd that was passing through on the way to Utah. It was from the Saul ranch, bossed by one of Saul's boys, and I was off again. I know I have said a lot about rain and hail and cold and all sorts and brands of weather, but if all the other drives could have been rolled into one, with all of the misery we had suffered, it could not have equaled that one to Utah. I swam every stream we had to cross on the up drive, then rode with my clothes frozen plum stiff.

"That last drive filled my craw full for a while and I didn't try it any more until '79, when I did my last trail drivin' with Saul again. We ran into heavy rains that trip, too, in the Indian Territory. Couldn't keep a fire burning to cook a meal of victuals for two days and no grub ever will taste as good as that breakfast the morning of the third day when we broke our fast.

"It was along about then that I got shot in the stomach and leg and the boss took me to an Indian camp. We were in the Territory, and he told the chief to take good care of me until I got well. There were nine Indians, counting the squaws, besides a big passel of children, all living in two tents. But the chief put 'em all out of one of them, and fixed me in it; then he doctored and watched after me for a long three months. I fared like they did ate so did I; if they starved I did likewise. as far as food was concerned. When they ate so did I; if they starved I did likewise.

"When I got so I could hobble around a little the chief went to Texarkana and got the United States Marshal to take me to

Austin and from there I went to my birthplace, twenty miles farther on. I started in all over again helping with the stock and farm, for I knew my trailing days were over—a fellow can't ride bucking bronchs with a lame leg. It has been pretty tough for me to just potter around instead of running my pony nickety-split, like I used to do. But I will never forget the old trail-driving days when, boy as I was, I rode and drove, drank black coffee, ate camp chuck and slept on a slicker in the rain as sound as if I had been lyin' on a feather bed."

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Back Numbers Wanted.

I have about 30 odd copies of volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4, Frontier Times for sale or trade. I am wanting October, 1923, and February, April, September, 1924, of volume 1. Look up your old back numbers and let me know what is the best cash price you want for one or all of them. Let us trade for numbers you want.—W J. Layland, Cleburne, Texas.

If you fail to receive your Frontier Times regularly please notify this office. Frontier Times is printed about the 15th of each month for the ensuing month, and it should reach every subscriber not later than the first of the month for which it is dated. If you do not get it by that time let us know and another copy will be sent you.

Last Buffalo Hunt Held in the Lone Star State

The Dallas Morning News, August 9, 1925.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The following article which appeared originally in the Dallas News, was sent to Frontier Times, by Mr. Sieker's sister, Mrs. Emma Sieker Mears of Menard, Texas, now known as Mother Mears, with whom he made his home for awhile when first arriving from Baltimore. Mr. Sieker's name is still legible, cut into the bark of the forest trees on the San Saba, at the ranch of his brother, L. P. Sieker. He and another brother, Tom Sieker, have been boon companions since boyhood, and both citizens of Dallas for many years.)



MILSPAUGH, the post trader, stirred on his bed of buffalo hides, stretched, yawned and swung his bare feet to the 'dobe floor. The clear notes of a bugle rang out over the quadrangle of Fort Concho and the whole post sprang into life. Long lines of blue-coated, black-faced troopers formed in front of the barracks. Orders were barked out by the officers and the lines broke into columns of fours. The fort was beginning another day.

In the late '70s life on the post was an exciting one. Indians were still ravaging the outlying farms and ranches and the negro troopers were in the saddle riding hard every day. Texas rangers under Captain June Peak and Captain Lam Sieker aided the troops in every way possible, but still the depredations of the savages continued.

San Angelo, then only a one-street town of adobe saloons, stores and houses, slept right on through reveille at the fort, for San Angelo was a night town that woke up about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and went to bed about 4 o'clock in the morning.

This little settlement, nestling in the crotch of the three-forked Concho River, was the last settlement on the frontier and was the headquarters for many traders, scouts, buffalo hunters, trappers and prospectors. Here, too, the cow punchers from the ranches up the three forks of the river spent their month's wages in a single night of hilarity and dissipation.

Every other business along the single street was a saloon and dance hall where wine, women and song were mixed with the flutter of cards, the rattle of dice and the whir of the roulette wheel. In 1878, when A. B. Sieker and his younger brother, Frank first wandered into the little settlement, following their three older brothers, who had come from Baltimore to Texas some years previous, the settlement was in the height of its blazing infamous glory.

The boys had been traveling on horseback for many days in search of adventure. As they rode into San Angelo just as dusk was falling and masking the drab ugliness

of the 'dobe buildings, the pale yellow lights that streamed from the windows of the dance hall saloons were a welcome sight.

There was a wagon yard and livery stable at the foot of the dusty street and the boys rode their ponies up to the corral and dismounted. A dirty little restaurant was just up the street and as soon as the horses were bedded down for the night they tasted their first kitchen cooked meal in several weeks.

After the meal was finished, the strident strains of what corresponds to our modern jazz, twanged from a number of battered instruments by a negro stringed band, drew them into the light and gayety of one of the saloons. For Frank this was his first experience with a saloon and for A. B., who was older, the story was still new.

Blue-coated troopers from the white cavalry troop at the post swung the gaudily painted, scantily clothed "ladies of the night" in a wild dance as the band twanged out its rasping discords. The gaming tables were going full tilt. Chips clicked, cards fluttered, the roulette wheel sang its little tune of disaster and the bartender back of the rude pine bar made frantic efforts to keep up with the demands of the thirsty frontiersmen.

One of the soldiers from the fort had been drinking heavily. He was unsteady on his feet. He started to stagger out of the saloon. As he passed by the pot-bellied stove that stood in the center of the room, he stepped on the toes of a man who sat slouched down in his chair, his hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently fast asleep.

"Watch yer step, son," the half-wakened sleeper growled.

"You go to —!" the trooper swore at him.

There was a flash and a roar and the trooper lay dead on the floor. A dozen guns flashed out. The room was in a tumult.

"Stand where you are," an authoritative voice rang out over the hubbub. "Any man that makes a move toward Dave there gits his'n. Git Dave!"

And Dave got. For a few seconds there was the sound of rapidly diminishing hoof beats. The saloon was silent save for a few excited whispers from the girls, then the band struck up another tune. The dead body of the slain trooper was dragged outside the door and dumped unceremoniously into the dust of the gutter. San Angelo had just paid its daily tax of death.

The boys were scared to death. While the guns of the killer's friends menaced the crowd, they sat quietly at their table, but as soon as the accustomed jarring din of the celebration was continued they

slipped out of the place and sought a place to sleep.

Late in November of 1879, in what was considered best of the hunting season, an expedition was organized with Jack Harris, an old frontier Indian scout and buffalo hunter, as the leader. Another frontiersman who was noted for his skill with the rifle, Ben Smith, was included in the party besides the two boys.

Buffalo had become very scarce in Texas by that time and only a few had been reported by the hunters that year. A few years before a party of thirty or forty hunters had slaughtered more than 6,000 buffaloes in a radius of half a mile. The bones of this great herd lay shimmering white as the little cavalcade of two-horse wagons wound its way up the north branch of the Concho past the fort.

"In those days there was no other means of transportation save the horse and wagon," Mr. Sicker said.

"We carried a huge iron pot with us in one of the wagons, between 300 and 400 pounds of flour, ten sides of bacon, some side meat and a ham or two (about a hundred pounds of meat in all), twenty-five or thirty pounds of coffee, a variety of canned goods such as tomatoes, corn, beans and peas, no sugar whatever, twenty-five to thirty pounds of ground coffee and about 150 pounds of Star Navy chewing tobacco. Jack Harris was the only man that smoked in the party, but each one of the rest of us chewed about a pound of Star a day.

"This was a three months' supply of grub and contained only the bare necessities of life. In addition to the food, we carried blankets, our guns—Long Tom buffalo guns, Winchesters that shot from twelve to fifteen times—a lot of loose powder in a keg, some lead for bullets, several hundred brass shells for the guns, the loading tools and about 200 pounds of salt.

"Milsaugh, the post trader, sold us all of our provisions and supplies. He had freighted them into the post from San Antonio on wagons. We started from his 'dobe store in the fort and followed the north fork of the river.

"Every little way—several miles, I should say—we would come to a small ranch. As we went up the river the ranches got larger. For several days we traveled as fast as we could, for we had heard that there were Indians in the section and we wanted to get far away from the settlement as quickly as possible, for we felt that we had more chance in the open.

"Finally we came to the head of the North Fork and struck out across country northeast for about thirty-five miles, where we came to what was known as Forest Water Hole. This was a regular Indian trail water hole and about the only water in the country this side of Big Spring.

"We decided to camp there for the night, so we drove the wagons off into the grass about 300 yards, brought the horses back to the water hole, hobbled them and

led them into a shin-oak thicket that was about a hundred yards away from the water. We carried our blankets into the heart of the thicket and got ready to bed down for the night.

"Jim Harris found an old log not far from the water hole and when we drove up he set it afire. By the time we had the horses attended to and our blankets hid safely this log was just a mass of live coals. Ben Smith took a big pan we had with us and mixed up some bread dough. Each man cut himself a long stick, cut all the bark off it and sharpened one end. As soon as Ben had the dough ready each of us took a piece and rolled it out into a long piece and wound it around our sticks so that it looked just like a big corkscrew. On the end of the stick we put a hunk of bacon and then held the whole contraption over the coals, turning it constantly.

"In a little while the bacon began to sizzle and the grease began to run down the stick over the dough. The bread browned clear through, and if a fellow has never tasted that kind of a supper after a long day of riding in a rough wagon, he doesn't know what is good.

"When we hobbled the horses we put a bell on one of them so we could tell where they were. As night shut in this little bell tinkling was the only civilized sound that we could hear. There were a million different kinds of insects, birds and beasts making a noise, and Frank and I, being tenderfeet, got pretty badly scared, only we didn't let on to Jack and Ben.

"As soon as we had eaten Jack put out the fire and we all turned in. We were so tired that we dropped right off to sleep. Along about midnight we heard the bell on our horse jingle like the dickens. We knew what that meant—Indians! There wasn't anything that we could do but lie still, for we didn't know how many there were of them and the worst they could do if we kept still was to steal our horses. After awhile, the noise died down and we went back to sleep.

"Next morning we found hundreds of hoof prints at the edge of the water hole, where the Indians had watered the horses and taken a drink themselves. For some reason they did not bother our horses, but rode off to the south.

"That morning we caught up our horses and saddled up. We rode for twenty-five or thirty miles out over the prairie away from the water hole until we came to some hills. Jack told us to ride easy and try not to make any noise, for if there were any buffaloes around we wouldn't get near them if we scared them.

"Finally we came atop a hill and in the valley under us sighted twenty-two buffaloes. Jack told us to ride like the devil down into the valley, get as near to them as possible and then dismount and throw down on them. We did, but before we got down the hill the old bull leader saw us coming and the bunch started off up the

valley as hard as they could go, their tails straight up in the air. We took after them and Jack yelled to us to head them off and for all of us to shoot the bull the first thing.

"We gained on them and turned them, then when we got as close as we could, jumped off our horses, put down our rest sticks, laid our Winchesters on the top of the stock and began shooting at the bull. After the first round he fell, then we began shooting into the rest of the bunch as fast as we could.

"Jack had told us on the way out that if the leader was killed first, the rest of the herd would not run away. Well, this one did run and run like thunder. We got twelve out of the twenty-two and the rest got away.

"Nobody could tell how many he got personally, because we were just shooting into the herd all together and not picking out separate buffalo.

"After the shooting was over we rode up to the carcasses and Jack whipped out his skinning knife and set to work. Two of us would grab a buffalo by the feet, turn it on its back, feet in the air, then Jack would make a long cut down the belly. We would pull the hide off each side as he slipped his skinning knife between the flesh and the hide. When we were through the carcass would be perfectly clean lying on the green hide.

"We skinned all of the twelve this way then cut them up. The humps, which were right up on the shoulders, were the finest part of the whole buffalo to eat. The meat was just like bacon. There would be a streak of lean, then a streak of fat and so on through the whole hump. Each hump weighed fifteen to twenty pounds.

"We got about 2,000 pounds of meat and twelve hides out of that morning's work. When we had the carcasses all cleaned and cut up we loaded the meat into the wagon and drove back to the head of the North Fork, where we got out the iron pot and salt. We filled the pot with water, built a fire under it and put in some of the salt. As soon as it was boiling we dipped the meat in the brine, then hung it up, on a rope to dry. In a few days the meat was as hard as could be and perfectly cured.

"We drove away from the river a little way after all of the meat was cured and started poisoning coyotes for their hides. I never will forget the first night we were in camp after the buffalo hunt. We were all sitting around the fire that Jack and Ben had built, when Jack brought out the loading tools and said that we would have to load some more shells. He gave the melting pot to Frank and told him to fill it with lead and put it over the fire.

"Jack and Ben started cleaning the brass shells and as they would clean them they handed them to me to put new caps in with the recapper. Pretty soon the lead melted and Ben took the pot from Frank

and began pouring it into the bullet molds. As soon as he would fill them all up he would put the pot back on the fire and wait for the lead in the molds to cool, then he would dump them out and fill the molds again.

"When Ben had enough bullets made and I had enough shells recapped, Jack began measuring out powder and filling the shells. As soon as he had some filled, Ben put in the bullets and creased the ends of the shells so they held the bullet in tight. We worked until late into the night and filled every shell that we had, for we were getting ready for another hunt and we needed all of the ammunition that we had for it.

"The next morning Jack went into a thicket near where we were camped and cut a lot of poles about twelve feet long. We had brought a brace and bit with us and some strychnine and with the brace and bit he bored a lot of holes in the poles about a foot apart. He filled these holes with buffalo tallow mixed with strychnine and put them out on the prairie a little way from camp.

"The next morning there were dozens of dead coyotes lying about each pole. They didn't get more than a dozen yards away from the pole until the poison got them. We skinned the carcasses and pegged the hides out on the ground to dry in the sun.

"We kept at this for a long time until we had more than 600 coyote hides dried, then we started back for the settlement. We had tried several times to sight buffalo again, but there didn't seem to be any.

"When we got back to San Angelo. Mills-paugh, the post trader, bought the coyote hides at 50c apiece and the buffalo robes for \$5 apiece and took back all of our extra provisions paying us for them.

"When the Indians visited us at the water hole that first time we knew that Capt. June Peak and his rangers were only about thirty-five or forty miles from us, but we had no way to get word to him about them, as it was too dangerous to a man to try to go anywhere by himself in those days. The Indians would have gotten him sure and added his scalp to their collection.

"It was not until we got back to the post that we learned that the Indians who had been at the water hole had gone on to the settlement and had made a raid, taking all of the horses of the settlers. The soldiers had given chase, but they never did catch up with the savages.

"I stayed around San Angelo for about two years, hunting and trading and then went into Arizona prospecting for gold and silver. As long as I stayed in San Angelo I never heard of another buffalo being shot in Texas and from what I can learn, the little herd of twenty-two that we got into was the last herd seen in the State and that our hunt was the last hunt ever held in this State. That was in November, 1879.

"It wasn't very exciting prospecting in Arizona, but brother and I got a lot of interesting experience. At that time a lot of Arizona was an Indian reservation and when we got there we were given notice by the Indian agent that we had just twenty-four hours to get off the reservation.

"We had a couple of burros and got a merchant at one of the trading posts to grubstake us for three months' provisions and went off into the mountains.

"They were the San Francisco Mountains and were full of gold and silver—if a fellow could find it. We hiked out from the post—I forget its name now—and soon were in the Mokes country. The Mokes were a tribe of Indians that lived in the mountain valleys and were partly civilized. They raised some wheat, lots of mountain peaches that were as red as blood clear to the stone and some corn, but lived in the winter mostly on pinyon nuts that they gathered during the fall from the pine forests that covered the mountains.

"Pinyon nuts grow between the pine tree and are about as big as the end of your thumb and are as rich as so much fat meat. They are mighty good to eat and the Mokes lived on them almost all together during the winter months with what game they could shoot.

"One of the most exciting things that we saw in the mountains while we were with these people was a rabbit hunt. One morning all the bucks turned out on horseback and formed a big circle on the prairie. Four of them went away from the circle to the four points of the compass and took stations where they could watch the drive. At a given signal, the circle began closing in, the bucks yelling as loud as they could, their ponies running as fast as they could. As soon as a rabbit jumped out the bucks would shoot at it with their bows and arrows and if it succeeded in getting out of the circle, the watchers who went out from the circle when it formed would yell and tell them and then all of those in the circle would give chase. The watchers would move back as soon as the stampede started so that they could tell them again if the rabbit got away.

"They kept up this hunt all day and by night every buck had at least two rabbits tied about his waist.

"We never had any luck prospecting. Of course, we found a little gold and silver, but never were lucky enough to strike a really rich vein. We lived in this country until 1887, when I came back to Dallas and bought some teams and then went to work on the railroad, grading, at Gainesville. I kept at this for two years and then went to Louisiana, where I was employed by a contracting firm that was building levees along the Mississippi River. In a few years I owned the firm. Then because the river kept going on the rampage so much, it finally broke me and I return-

ed to Dallas, where I went into the grocery business.

"I almost forgot to tell you one of the most interesting things about the Mokes. It was the way they made their homes. They were like the teepees of the other Indians, but they were made out of some kind of a broad leaf laid on like shingles. These leaves were laid on poles and when the walls were finished they made a ladder that reached the top and another that went inside. They had no door to their homes except the opening at the top and they went in and out through it, using the ladders to get up and down. I often wondered what they did when the wet weather came.

J. B. Dunn, of Brookesmith, Texas, writes: Herewith I am enclosing a postoffice order for the sum of \$1.50 for Frontier Times the coming year. I am frontier stock. One of my mother's brothers was killed by an old renegade with the Cherokee Indians on Chamber's Creek at a point near what we know as Island Grove. This occurred at the time the Texas Republic had trouble with that tribe of Indians."

J. W. Bryant, of Dallas, Texas, writes: Please find enclosed check for \$1.50 for renewal to Frontier Times. I have been reading your magazine only about a year, but I am highly pleased with it, and I do not want to miss a copy. I have been in Texas since 1871, but my father settled in Smith county, a few miles northeast of Tyler, and Smith being among the first counties settled in Texas, it had ceased to be a frontier county when we arrived there. So I have no Indian story to give you, but have seen a few Indians traveling through the country, friendly Indians. My father, W. H. Bryant, moved to Texas from Crawford county, Georgia, arriving in Texas in December, 1872. There were six children of us, five boys and one girl at that time, and one boy and one girl born in Texas. We all experienced some of the hardships of early days in Texas, but nothing to compare with what I read in Frontier Times."

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

OLD BOOKS WANTED.

Cash for McCoy's "History of Cattle Trade;" Inman's "Santa Fe Trail," Wright's "Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital," Buell's "Life of Wild Bill," Hughes' "Doniphan's Expedition," Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies," "Lewis & Clark's Expedition," "Long's First Expedition," Edwards' "Western Guerillas," any old book about cattle trade and trails, cow towns, Santa Fe trail, early life on the plains, frontier, border or crossing the plains. Must be in good condition. Write me, describe fully, give price.—A. B. Macdonald, 4420 Norledge Place, Kansas City, Mo.

Facts and Incidents of Forty Years Ago

J. B. Cranfill, in *Houston Chronicle*, November 13, 1927



RECENTLY there came to my desk from the hand and big, generous heart of Frank Gaston, editor of the *Grandbury News*, a copy of that fine publication which chronicled the completion of his full 40 years as editor of that excellent county paper. During the prohibition campaign of 1887, Frank came to Waco and assisted me on the *Waco Daily and Weekly Advance*. The *Waco Advance* was an evolution of the *Gatesville Advance*. When it was evident that we would soon have opportunity to vote on a prohibition constitutional amendment in Texas I moved the *Gatesville Advance* to Waco, reaching the central city December 27, 1886, the very day that registered the forty-third birthday of B. H. Carroll.

I would have put things over in a glorious way financially if my enthusiasm had not outrun my judgment. So eager was I to do everything in my power for the success of constitutional prohibition in Texas that I started a daily paper, which ran from the time of its inauguration until the close of the campaign August 4, 1887. It was during this period that Frank Gaston came down and rendered inestimable service on the *Advance* in every phase of its activities. When the campaign was over and we had been swamped at the polls by a majority of more than 92,000, Frank ran up to *Grandbury* and became editor of the *Grandbury News*, which position he has continuously held since that time. So far as I know, he holds the record for continuity of service on any one paper in Texas. If there is any editor who has registered a longer tenure of service as editor of one paper than Frank Gaston has, all of us would like to hear about it.

This same fine friend brought to me recently a well-thumbed copy of *Baillio's History of the Texas Press Association* which I now have in my possession. It is a very interesting book, but on account of the scarcity of dependable material, Baillio was unable to give in detail all the history of the association, but he did a splendid piece of work, which is a monument to his memory.

A perusal of this volume and a renewal of fellowship with dear Frank Gaston, my old-time friend, caused my mind to traverse the track of long vanished years and reanimate the old days of Texas journalism. In thinking over that happy past, in which for many years I figured actively, I reincarnated some of the heroes of those glad days.

Among the picturesque figures of Texas journalism 40 and 50 years ago was Colonel A. B. Norton who, when I first knew him, was editor of Norton's *Intelligencer*. Nobody, I think, ever quite knew his age, but when I first met him his hair and beard

were white. He was a republican to the bone and even to the marrow of the bone. In the old days he had been a whig and when James K. Polk and Henry Clay were the contestants for the presidency, Colonel Norton swore that he would never shave or have his hair trimmed until Henry Clay was elected president. It was, like many of our vows, an unwise oath, but he kept it to the letter, so in the days of his old age, with his long, white, flowing locks and stately beard, he was one of the most distinguished figures that ever moved among us. He had been very hot-headed and even in his old age he still held to all of his political and religious views with an admirable tenacity.

Once when I was in Dallas during the days of my editorship of the *Gatesville Advance* I was his guest for dinner. He seemed to take quite a shine to the young West Texas editor and I loved him. He took me into his library and showed me three skulls of friends who had voiced their adherence to the Northern cause with too much vociferation, with the result that their skulls were pierced by multitudinous bullet holes. He knew all their names and the history attendant upon each man's death. He felt, of course, that it was an outrageous thing for these men to have been killed out here and perhaps it was, but we had not even then journeyed a sufficient distance from the days of the civil war to forget the heat and carnage of that struggle. There were many Union men in Texas, my father among the number. B. H. Carroll was a Union man and so was Sam Houston, but when the crisis came these Texas patriots gave their love and sympathies to the South. B. H. Carroll was one of the first men to enlist in any Texas company and my father enlisted early in the struggle. Houston would have gone to the front but was too infirm, and died the third year of the war.

But I am wandering away from my Texas press story. When I began the publication of the *Advance* in June, 1882, The *Chronicle* was far in the future and even the *Dallas Morning News* had not come upon the scene. It was not inaugurated until two years later. The splendid *Houston Chronicle* did not appear until 1902, 20 years later, but there were giants in those days—men of broad vision, splendid intelligence and magnificent journalistic prowess.

In thinking about the editorial heroes of those glad days I could not, if I would, and would not if I could, forget A. R. McCollum, who, when I began the publication of the *Gatesville Advance*, was the presiding genius of the *Waco Daily and Weekly Telephone*. It was for his paper that I wrote the first words that were ever print-

ed over my name. About 50 years ago, when I taught the Crawford race right down upon the Telephone and continued as its correspondent for several years thereafter, even until I became active in editorial harness myself and no longer had time for this engaging task.

In many respects A. R. McCollum was one of the most remarkable journalists I ever knew. Afflicted from birth with congenital cataract, he never was dowered with good eyesight. Even at his best he would have to place his face right down upon the manuscript paper as he wrote his editorials, and in reading the paper must be right up to his nose or he could not see a word. Literarily, he would not have been classed with the great writers of that time, but editorially he was one of the greatest men I ever knew. He served first and last with many different publications. Always active in the harness until the day of his death, he wrote more kind words about more kinds of people under more widely varying circumstances and conditions than any man I ever knew. As an editor he made no enemies but bound to him as with hoops of steel many loving and admiring friends.

Well do I remember the days of the prohibition campaign of 1887. At that time A. R. McCollum was publishing the Waco Evening Day and, while he espoused the prohibition cause, his attitude was so considerate and conservative that he made no enemies. He went through the entire struggle peacefully and tranquilly, never becoming excited and never arousing the truceless hostility of the opposing forces.

The Waco Advance was different. As editor, I maintained my record as a prohibition polemic both in the press and on the platform, and it yet seems to me a miracle that I ran that gauntlet and escaped with my life. All these campaigns were hot, but this 1887 campaign was seven times hotter than was its wont. There was more than one conspiracy for my assassination, but all of them failed and I came up smiling at the end of the conflict, ready to continue the fight.

There was, however, one incident of the campaign which lingers with me still. I noticed, as I traveled about over the state making prohibition speeches and gathering material for my daily and weekly paper, that every time I got on the train and every time I alighted from the train, a long, lean, lank, cadaverous man was very near me. I did not even know the brother and he never made any advances toward that fine fellowship that has often had its birth between fellow travelers. I am quite friendly in my nature. My wife says that if I met a man in the Desert of Sahara, I would immediately extend my hand and wish him a happy new year, then ask him as the first question where he was from and as the second question what church he belonged to. There is an element of truth in this, and my good wife,

as we have toured—we have driven up to Battle Creek, Mich., and back a number of times in our car—always tells the driver to hold me tight in the seat when we are passing a Baptist meeting house.

This man was really my shadow through a number of weeks of that campaign. It was so apparent that he was on every train I was on that quietly I instituted some investigations and learned that he was a detective shadowing me and in the employ of the anti-prohibition committee of the state. When I learned of this fact I was quite glad that I had been behaving pretty well because they never had anything on me.

But coming back to the Texas press of the old days, I am wondering if the new generation of editors have anything on the old set. There were some remarkable men in that generation, two of whose names have been already given. Of all the outstanding editors of 40 and 50 years ago I think J. W. Downs of Waco was perhaps the most remarkable. He was not noted for editorial ability. I think perhaps he did not write editorials at all. He was innocent of great business ability. Walking about as though he were half in a dream but always thoughtful, courteous and considerate, J. W. Downs became the most potential figure in Texas journalism covering a period of years. He was editor and owner of the Waco Daily Examiner and the Weekly Examiner and Patron. The Daily Examiner did not get very far, but the Examiner and Patron was the most widely circulated weekly paper then in Texas. It was the official organ of the Texas State Grange, of which my old-time friend, A. J. Rose of Salado, Bell County, was president. One of the outstanding figures of the grange in those days was W. W. Lang of Marlin, who came very near being governor of Texas through the support of the grange members. One of the ablest political addresses I ever heard was delivered by Lang at Gatesville during my editorship of the Gatesville Advance. If he had been as able a politician as he was an orator, I believe he would have overborne all opposition and have become the governor of our state.

During all these years Major J. W. Downs was the king of Texas weekly journalism. How he achieved that high eminence is yet a mystery. He has long since gone to his long home and nobody ever will know how he became so highly successful as leader in the Texas State Grange movement. When I started the Turnersville Effort, he printed that publication on his Waco press for a time, shipping it out to Turnersville each month as it came from the press and I found him to be one of the most upright men in business transactions I ever knew, but one of the most careless.

One of the most remarkable feats of journalism in those days was Texas Siftings, which I mentioned in my story of the

1882 meeting of the Texas Press Association. During those years, too, we had with us Sidney Porter, otherwise O. Henry, who achieved international fame as a short story writer. He published a little paper down in Austin, the *Rolling Stone*, which was really a scream. He was one of the most remarkable men of any age and if his life had not been snuffed out when he was comparatively young, he would have achieved other immortalities.

During those days the *Meridian Blade* was published by Fields and Gaston, the Fields being W. A. Fields, now of Hillsboro, and the Gaston being my old friend, Frank Gaston, of whom mention has been made. Later this paper passed into the hands of Col. Carey W. Styles, a veteran of the civil war, a native of Georgia and a most cultured gentleman. In some way the *Gatesville Advance* and *Meridian Blade* became involved in a hot discussion about something or other. I handed my antagonist the best I had and Colonel Styles came back vigorously, countering my arguments. The discussion lapsed into a personal phase and we went at each other hot and heavy. Finally Colonel Styles called me a wart and that ended the controversy. I never did know how to answer that.

There were very few adult Bible classes even 40 years ago. I had the only adult Bible class I knew in those days, and it was quite small. In the *Gatesville* church I taught a class of grownup men and women and we had great times studying together. In that class was my old-time friend, Dr. J. R. Raby, long since gone home, as well as his brother, Dr. Stoner Raby, who still moves among the people of *Gatesville* as a fine physician. In our later day the adult Bible class movement has overspread all America. When I was a boy the Sunday school idea had only taken into its concept little children but now I think it would not be a hazardous assertion to say that there are more grown people in our Sunday schools than children.

This adult Bible class movement is one of the most wholesome signs of our time and happily the thought and idea are increasing. Doubtless the hold of the adult Bible class upon the heart and imagination of our generation is constantly broadening and deepening. For 10 years in Dallas I taught a class of men, our record maximum attendance being 1008. Nearly six years ago I resigned that class and started the *Cranfield Bible Class* for men and women. We hold our services in a downtown theatre and broadcast every Sunday. The other day I was at Paris, a guest of the Lamar County Fair, as well as the Lions Club. I met a large number of the former members of my men's Bible class, among them Mayor Justice, who is now the chief executive of the city. At the Lions Club I met nearly half a dozen of former members of the same class and I heard from many sources of radio mem-

bers of our present Bible class who meet in Paris and listen in on our Sunday sermons.

As a matter of fact, there was no Sunday school in Hallmark's Prairie when I was a boy. The Primitive Baptists, with whom my parents were affiliated, did not believe in Sunday schools and this fine group of Christians discard the Sunday school idea entirely even yet, but there were Missionary Baptists and Methodists in Hallmark's Prairie, though all of them together did not seem to have sufficient interest in Sunday school. Now Sunday schools are everywhere and the adult Bible class is found in every Sunday school, not one but many in the larger schools, and the idea is so wholesome and so gracious that it is almost the thought most constantly uppermost in the present day life of our evangelical churches.

Six years ago, when we spent the summer in Long Beach, Cal., I attended the men's Bible class there, and the day I was present they counted 1174 men. Later, this class engaged in a contest with a big men's Bible class in Kansas City and before the contest ended the attendance ran into thousands in each city. I doubted whether any good came out of that contest, but when classes have contests among their own memberships to see who can do the most for the advancement and enlargement of the class, the idea serves a wonderfully useful purpose.

The social life of the people among whom I was reared was beautiful to see. True, there was no wealth and these old-timers were bereft of many of the gracious social activities so pregnant among us now, but none the less we had great and gorgeous times in those glad days. There was infinitely greater hospitality. We knew nothing of what we now call "social calls." I remember, with joyful heart, the times when George Calloway and his family would come to spend a night at our house. It was invariably Saturday night and just as invariably George, his wife and his three children all came boldly riding up to our gate, sitting the same horse. He was a good horse, to be sure, but he was the only horse George then had, and here they would come, happily, smilingly, lovingly, and the welcome they would receive at our gate would have brought gladness to a king. When night came and provision had to be made for their repose, there were pallets and children all over the parlor floor, the parlor, in that case being in summer, the front porch, and in winter, the kitchen. All the visitors would have to clear out in wintertime before the morning meal could be cooked and glad these children were to be around and become auditors while the old folks talked.

There was abounding hospitality and loving generosity among the old-timers in those happy, long past years. In many ways the neighbors had all things in common. If a beef was killed, the choicest

cuts from the beef were sent far and near to waiting neighbors, and no one thought any more of making a financial transaction of the matter than he would have thought of stealing a horse. Watermelons, peaches, early roasting ears, new crop potatoes and, in fact, everything of a like nature was free to all neighbors until the neighbors themselves were duly supplied with these necessities. This generosity oft-times took a much wider range. If a family fell sick and couldn't gather the cotton crop, or if some widow found her crop in the weeds at cotton chopping time, or confronted a white field of cotton with no hands to pick it out, the neighbors would gather by the score and clean the entire cotton crop in a day or pick out all she had and see that it was carried to the gin before nightfall. These dear oldtimers were not generous in money because money they did not have, but they were generous to a fault in all of these fine sublimated amenities of life which made for the ongoing of an increasingly higher civilization.

And those dear old-timers were great in times of sickness or when bereavements came. In my boyhood I never saw a trained nurse, but many of the Hallmark's Prairie women were expert nurses and their touch was as loving and gentle as the stroke of any hand of any nurse ever was since time began. They rallied to the call of these tragedies with an alacrity that made glad the angels. By night they would sit up with the sick and during daytime carry on their work at home. Then if death intervened and closed the earthly scene, these fine neighbors would come and watch by the cold form of the dead with a fidelity and affection and a dignity never surpassed.

Taken altogether, there was a comradeship, a neighborliness, a friendship in those old days that seems almost to have faded out of our lives. The fragrance of their love, the sincerity of their friendship, the dignity of their service and the sanctity of their fine fellowship thrill my spirit as these words are penned. I am glad that I grew into manhood in this high and wholesome environment. I learned then, and the thought of it all has lingered with me through the hurrying years, the high values that pulsed in the lives of those noble, hardy pioneers. I wish now I could be transported back into those hallowed days, linger again in the light of the love of my boyhood friends as I did when my world was vibrant with their love and my unspoiled faith had never known a doubt of either humanity or God.

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From a Texas Ranger.

The following letter was sent to us by Mr. W. W. Lewis, of Menard, Texas, with the request, that it be published in Frontier Times in order that the old comrades of Mr. Hawkins may learn that he is still alive and in good health. Some of the Old Guard will no doubt be pleased to learn his address, and we are sure he would be delighted to hear from them:

Dillon, Montana, Oct 12, 1927

W. W. Lewis,
Menardville, Texas.

Dear Sir:-

Some time ago I received a copy of Frontier Times from my old comrade, James B. Gillett, and in it was your picture and Ed Sieker's who has been dead for a long time, and also dear old Captain D. W. Roberts', who is still alive. Bill it sure made me homesick when I thought of them old times in old Company D. I know you were a charter member of the old company same as I, was mustered in at Blanco, May 25, 1874. I remember seeing you at Abilene Kansas. I was with a friend by the name of Ben Finnel. He and I worked together with the Johnson outfit. I think he was some relation to you was he not? Bill I have seen lots of ups and downs since I saw you 51 years ago. I have been married 39 years, have three children, one boy and two girls, all married; 6 grandchildren. Dock Long and I stayed together and hunted buffalo until the spring of 1882. I stayed on the Yellowstone, and Dock went to Alaska, and the last I heard of him about 20 years ago. He was at Nome, Alaska. Tom Mead, in 1878, went over in the northern part of Montana and I have never heard of him since. Old comrade, I would sure like to see you and talk over the fun we used to have in the old camps. Old Company D was composed of the best lot of boys that ever lived. They don't make them now days like they were then. I am an old man now, in my 80th year, just lingering along sort of in my second childhood. I was always sort of a rattle head. Bill, I would be mighty well pleased to hear from you. If there is anyone at Menard that knew me, give them my kindest regards. I remain very sincerely,

Your old Friend and Comrade.

JAMES B. HAWKINS.

Address, 935 Pacific St.,

Dillon, Montana.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Joe P. Smith, Postmaster at Click, Texas

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, December 6, 1927

TEXAS was in Mexican shackles when Joe Smith's father first listened to stories drifting back to "old Mississippi" of limitless prairies with cattle grazing alongside of buffalo, deer and antelope. With Paul he might have said: "None of these things move me," until rumors, oft repeated, grew into a steady murmuring of the brewing of a possible free-for-all revolution agitating Mexican authorities and frontier settlers. When this was verified Smith declared himself an exponent of Horace Greeley and piling women, children, household effects and servants into a prairie schooner he headed his ox team westward. It was no sacrifice for him to leave his fertile plantation, for he had pioneered Mississippi, and he was first of all an American patriot, whose blood was fired by the 'battle cry of freedom.'

The long and eventful journey ended on the Sabine River, in a spot verifying all reports of the beauty, resources and opportunities of this marvelous new land. Narrowed down to everyday routine, shorn of sentiment and romance, the venture proved one of hardship, privation, land clearing, cabin building, cattle punching and fighting or eluding the redskins.

Came the call to arms, with Smith assigned to Jenkins' Division, where he fought through until Mexico's chains were loosed, Santa Ana captured, the Lone Star flung to the breeze and Texas declared the adopted child of the U. S. A.

Back again with home and family, picking up the tangled skein of endeavor, the better to weave it into a more purposeful whole. Came the rumblings from the Northland, promising a possible market for the rapidly increasing herds of Texas longhorns. With new hope, working always with a prayer in his heart and a gun at his side, readjusting, progressing, sounded again the tocsin of war. Memory of the mental horrors beset him in the former engagement for the safety of his family, prompted Smith's second move across country and again trailed the battle schooner, this time stepping on Barren Line thought of danger and peril for his dear ones removed. He was 'led to the wall' again. This time for four years of struggle ending with the heart-breaking rankle of defeat for the "Stars and Bars."

Joy in the restoration to his wife and little ones effaced destructive thoughts and Smith again began rebuilding, constructively, the cattle industry. Trailing his first herd in 1869, from that time until he died in his eighty-eighth year, he made cattle the paramount issue in his life.

But in his going he left a son, Joe P., a laughing, rollicking youngster, who roped and rode and wrangled the horses and

worked the cattle, a kindergarten cowboy at the age of 10 years. This meant he must forego schooling, but not education. He matriculated in life's college, where a knowledge of people and events count for more than a Greek letter. He educated himself as he rode the day herd, roped, road-branded and sang the cattle to sleep on night guard. Joe Smith swings along with an easy stride, setting aside all thought of passing years, evidencing in every move his contact with life in the wide open spaces. He tells a cowboy's vivid tale of range and trail, thrilling with danger, humming with adventure, throbbing with pathos and sparkling with humor. Hold your breath in suspense, shudder with fear, cry and laugh with him as he repeats it now to you.

"I was born on Walnut Creek in Blanco County in the year of 1855, my parents having moved there from Fayette County the previous year. Most all the boys of that day and time began swinging a rope as soon as they could lift it. But I went them one better, for I was making loops before I could drag 'em along. Sort of natural for me to like cattle, I guess; father was a cattleman all of his life, coming so far as I know from that land called the late C. C. Shafter of the early days of San Antonio, master of cattle raising extensively in the pioneer cattle business. I had no other aim in life but to be a cowboy, and I reached that ambition. But about all I did at that time was to ride up the milk cows rope of the calves and stake out the horses.

"The Kiowa, Comanche and Apache were on the warpath, and we always expected trouble in the light o' the moon. We milked a little bunch of cows, headed by a big old white-backed one named Butterfly. She wore a bell and was generally first at the pen, so we always listened for the clatter of that bell to know when the cows were up to be milked. The cowpen was pretty well built and, being the only one near by, Arty Crowover asked permission to pen his horses and brand colts there while he was rounding up. Of course he got the use of it and had penned several bunches at different times; so when we heard horses running up there we thought of the state of mind that Arty was penning another bunch. As I said before, the moon was full, the time Indians do the most of their raiding and devilment.

"Long about dusk mother said, 'Joe, go get old Butterfly. I heard her bell an hour ago.' I went and, looking around for the cows, saw old Butterfly dead, with three arrows sticking in her side. I don't know why I didn't think, right then, of Indians, unless it was because an arrow, all feathered out, took my eye, and I decided I would

pull it out and take it home to mother. After a couple of trials I found I couldn't budge it, so gave it up. Just then the thought that Indians were near got hold of me, and I started to run. I was only about 7 years old and didn't wear anything but a little shirt with a tail that came below my knees. The farther I ran the faster I got, and that shirt tail stuck out so straight behind me that you could have played marbles on it all the way back to the house.

"Railroads were scarce as hen's teeth, Indians all trimmed up in feathers and war paint were as thick as bees. Settlers were few and towns more so, but supplies had to be hauled. I was started from Columbus to Austin and back on a freighting trip, which was slow and dangerous because I was driving oxen, which, of course, had to be managed on foot. There's no use lying, so I'll just come clean and say that I was scared stiff when I started, nor did I limber up until I got back home again. I was expecting an Indian to rise up and scalp me or an arrow to hit me from behind every tree and bush I passed. Looking back I don't think I would hanker after that job today, if I am six times 12 years old; for it was a ticklish one, and doubtless it was an accident that I ever got through alive.

"I had determined to go up the trail the first chance and I got it when I was 17 years old with Murchison brothers who sent 1,800 head up with Mr. Butler bossing it. It was a memorial trip for me. I had never been away from home, for any great distance, and we drove through a lonesome country. Not a house to be seen between Caldwell, Kan., and the Indian Territory. Mr. Butler saw that I was kind of homesick and said: 'Write to your mother, kid, and you'll feel better.' I said, 'I would if I could Mr. Butler.' Then I told him that while I had been to school for three months at one time and five at another I couldn't write a letter. 'Get up in the chuck wagon with me and I'll show you how,' said Mr. Butler. I did and he set me a copy. When I had it done I wrote to mother and she was just as proud to get the letter as I was to do it. You see and that's your story.

"Exciting things began happening to relieve the monotony. A drove of 50 buffalo ran once around and then straight across the middle. What a time we did have getting those stampeded cattle together again! But we finally rounded 'em all in. It's bad enough with just the cattle goin' crazy, but with 50 buffalo running wild through 'em, well, there ain't any time to get lonesome. I was cured of my blues right there. We had just got 'em goin' good again when we struck the Ouichita River and found we had to raft the chuck wagon across. I was sent on with the herd while the rafting was being done, and riding along I spied a thicket hanging full of big red Chickasaw plums. I decided the

cattle didn't need me right then and made for the thicket, filling my mouth and pockets at the same time. I rode farther into the brush, when chancing to look 'round to see how the herd was makin' it, what should I glimpse, between it and me, but six great big Indians with their hair hanging down and their faces hideous with paint.

"Well, sir, it's strange, but somehow, plums lost their taste and cattle their importance for me right then. The foremost thing in my mind was how fast I had to go to beat those red devils to the rafting place. I put the spurs to my pony and we were off. So were the redskins. They got faster and so did I. When I got to my boss he laughed and said, 'Go back to the herd, kid, they won't hurt you. There's too many of us, they won't attack unless they get one of us cut off so we can't get back to the bunch and we won't let them do that.' They didn't cause us any trouble but I am a whole foot shorter today than I ought to have been, just on account of that fright. That night we threw our saddle horses up against the side of the herd and rode 'round 'em all night to keep the Indians from getting them.

"Soon after that we got to Ellsworth, Kan., our market place, and after taking it in, us boys started back home, reaching the Murchison ranch Dec. 4.

"The next drive I made was for John Blocker, the man who took 82,000 steers up the trail in one year, and as fine a man as ever lived, I reckon. He bossed the herd himself. It was his brother Ab's initial drive so John made him right, and me left pointer, and in our opinion, the outfit might have gotten along all right without the boss but it never could have done without us. That trip was sort of stale. No excitement, nothing happened out of the ordinary, only maybe we slept with a few more rattlesnakes than common; they, together with prairie dogs, buffalo, wolves and prairie chickens were our companions and there were plenty of 'em. We drove the cattle to Cheyenne, Wyo., and delivered them. When Ab and me had sort of rounded up the town and looked it over, we took the train for home. Talk about sittin' on top of the world, why that's a small matter when compared to ridin' the cushions the first time.

"In the year of 1882 I drove 1,800 cattle from Paris, Texas, to Dodge City, Kan. They belonged to Ike T. Pryor, now of San Antonio, who made me trail boss. Bill Tooney of South Austin and Alfred Moore now of Camp Fordick were along. I don't recall the names of the other boys, but anyhow we made a fine drive and a quick one. Pryor sold the herd to what we called 'shorthorns' and I brought our saddle-horses back to Paris where I road-branded another herd for Pryor and drove it to the Choctaw Nation just east of Caddo, to the Wood Kirk ranch.

"It was in 1886 that I trailed my last

herd. I had moved to Mason County and Crosby & Gallagher were getting 2,600 cattle together for a drive to the southeast corner of Utah. They wanted me to go and boss the herd and I did. John Crosby went, too.

"According to my idea, the old times had it a dozen ways over today, even if we did work harder and do without a lot of things. Our friends were genuine, our ways clean and moral, and our fashions best. I can remember when it came threshing time several of us youngsters would mount our horses, ride up on the wheat stack and tramp out the grain. We did our plowing with an ox, a horse or mule and a hand plow. One of us boys followed, dropping corn and covering it with the foot. Now there are tractors, cultivators and threshers just like there are gas and electric stoves, instead of the old Dutch oven, but I don't think the bread is as good now as then.

"When there was a camp meeting booked to begin within thirty or forty miles, we yoked our steers or hitched up the team and went. When we got to the place our parents stood or sat 'round with groups of friends and talked, while us boys took out the team and fed it, and made camp. The girls cooked supper and when it 'was all ready they called the old folks to come and eat. Nowadays if there is any cooking done, and there isn't much at that mother does it, while daughter manicures her nails or fixes her permanent wave. If pa wants to go to prayer meeting son's got the car off joy riding. I can't say that I think modern education and habits are for the best.

"As for myself, I have no education, as I told you, excepting the eight months at a country school and my graduation in the chuck wagon on the trail. But I sometimes wonder whether I am worse off than if I had enough to successfully commit forgery or default. I, along with everybody else in pioneer days, was educated to be honest, upright and truthful; to make my word my bond and to back a man square in the eye when I was talking to him. Now it seems like the average man's word don't count for much and if you have a witness agreement you are always not to be counted out of your word. While as for leading you in the line a fellow would rather be viewin' the landscape o'er.

"In my country, they women wore hoops and skirts to their toes. You could see their necks only above their collars nor their waists, you was down like if you glimpsed an ankle occasionally, by accident. They used search on their husbands no war paint. Now they carry it round in a silver box and put it on while they're talking to you. Of course, it's all right, I'm not saying it ain't. But it kind of makes an old cowboy like me feel like he had better beat it 'til they get it done. I guess I am sort of old-fashioned, and I can't say that I'm particularly sorry I'm

for the old days and everything that went with 'em. I would like right now, the best in the world, to have a good chuck wagon supper and eat it sittin' cross-legged 'round the camp fire, hearing the horses nippin' the grass, the cattle lowin' and the bunch o' boys tryin' to see which one could tell the biggest yarn. I would like that a whole lot better than distributing, sacking up and handing out mail like I have done for the last fourteen years. And more than a whole lot better than goin' to what is now called a 6 o'clock dinner.

"Folks are always up in airplanes to get a thrill. Why one mile on a fast runnin' buckskin pony with a painted Indian back of you lettin' out a war whoop with every jump, has got a whole week of airplaning skinned a thousand ways for Sunday when it comes to thrills. Yes, I am for a good cuttin' horse, Indians, bronchos, biscuits made out with the hands, men who stick to their word and shoot straight. For cattle and prairie, night with its twinklin' stars, daybreak, all pink while the sun's risin' and a rattlesnake singin' because he's been shook out o' your boot. For the scent of boilin' coffee rising to greet your coming appetite and everything else that goes to make it a day and night, year in and year out, in an old cow puncher's memory of what he calls livin'."

We would like to have every old frontiersman send us a sketch of his experiences during the early days, for publication in Frontier Times. Write it in your own way and we will properly embellish it and pass it on to our readers. Many of the old timers claim they cannot write correctly as during their youth they were deprived of the advantages of an education. Do not let that prevent you from writing to Frontier Times. We understand your handicap, and are prepared to help you out. If your eyesight has failed or you are physically unable to write, get some one to write your story for you and send it on to us. Your posterity will be benefitted by a printed record of your part in the making of our state's history.

Back Numbers Wanted.

I have about 10 odd copies of volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4, Frontier Times for sale or trade. I am wanted, October, 1923 and February, April, September, 1924, of volume 1. Look up your old back numbers and let me know what is the best cash price you want for one or all of them. Let us trade for numbers you want.—W. J. Layland, Cleburne, Texas.

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Ox Wagons, Indians and Winchesters

Murter Neora Keel, in The Progressive Farmer



IN THE year 1850 my grandparents with my mother and her two brothers crossed the plains from Missouri to California in six ox wagons. There were 175 wagons in the entire train, for many other families went along at the same time.

They had been on the road six days, when by accident my mother, then just a child 12 years of age, fell out of the wagon. The wheels ran angling across her body. My grandmother had some homespun sheets; so tied the four corners of one to the wagon bows and put a feather bed in it. In this hammocklike arrangement, my mother rode all the rest of the slow and painful journey to California. It was six weeks afterwards before she could sit up, and for quite a while of this time they did not think she would ever be able to sit up again. They were three months on the way over.

Just a month ahead of my grandfather, the Indians had attacked a wagon train, massacred all the people, and burned the wagons. The same bunch, 300 warriors strong, came to my grandfather's train. I say "my grandfather's train," for he was captain. The story of their encounter with these Indians, as we have often heard it from Mother as she would sit and tell it, follows below:

"Early one morning, Father and Dave Double, the interpreter, spied a lone horseman ahead of them.

Father says, "Dave, looks like Indians." Dave says, "No."

But about 11 o'clock, Dave came to Father and exclaimed, "Sure they are Indians! Corral the wagons! Put the women and children in as few wagons as possible and put those wagons inside the circle!"

And just as soon as the wagons began to circle everybody knew what was coming.

My father raised his white flag; the Indians raised their red.

On came the savages with their war yell. About a hundred of them had circled around when all at once their leader gave a peculiar yell and every one of them halted. Twelve of them had a council. Then they came to my father's wagon and captured. Dave Double did not wish them to know he could interpret, for he knew what it would cost the train. But after awhile Father found out the Indians wanted 30 fat beeves, so they gave them freely. At that they all became peaceable and quiet.

Father had had the compass and square and the letter G painted on his wagon sheet before he started. When the Indians learned whose wagon it was, they called for Father's family. So Father took the chief by the hand and led him to the wagon inside the circle. Seeing me in my hammock, he bemoaned my pitiful condi-

tion. Taking hold of my hand, he patted and rubbed my head, with me scared nearly to death.

The next day, Dave and the chief showed Father 500 men, women and children coming over the hill. They put Father up on a chair and he then shook hands with every one of them. For three days afterwards he carried his arm in a sling. We camped right there five days. When we left, the chief bid my father go in peace, telling him he would not be molested on the rest of the journey.

Then occurred a most dreadful thing. In our train there was a young boy newly married, a know-it-all. No one could tell him anything. He swore he would kill the first Indian he saw. We came upon an old Indian squaw, white headed. Sure enough, this boy drew his pistol and shot her dead, everyone begging him not to. My father was 50 wagons ahead and did not even hear the report of the pistol. Father said he did not know the boy had such a weapon, or he would have taken it away from him.

Three days afterwards they looked back and saw 150 warriors coming at break-neck speed. They never stopped until they came to the three horsemen, my father, Dave and another man who was a preacher. They asked who killed the squaw. Neither of the three men knew.

"If you do not tell us," they said, "we'll massacre the whole train."

Father halted the wagons, took the Indians back with him and the other two men. When they came to the fiftieth wagon, a little boy 10 years old spoke up and said the fellow who killed the squaw was in that wagon covered up with a feather bed.

"Come out," demanded my father, "and tell why you did this thing; if you do not, every one of us will be killed."

The boy came out and told them. His parents and his wife's parents tried to buy the fellow off but no. They took him a short way from the wagon, hung him up face to wall and flayed (skinned) him alive.

They then told my father they could go, but not to touch that man. The whites had to do as the Indians said. It almost killed the young wife and the boy's mother and father. They lay for three days in such condition that the others did not think they would or could live.

After several days travel we came to the Pecos River in Western Texas. It was running bank full. Our cattle were so thirsty they simply fell in on their heads. Some were drowned and some swam out. The wheels were taken off and the wagons placed three-together lengthways. This made a raft. So they ferried everything



Mexican Ox Cart

Photo by N. H. Rose

across in this way. And that is how we got over Pecos River at Horsehead Crossing in far Western Texas long, long ago, and then went on our way again to California.

The foregoing concludes my mother's part of my story. The rest, which, we heard her rehearse many times, shall now tell myself.

How my grandfather came back from California by boat by way of the Isthmus of Panama, made other wagon trips across the plains again, and finally settled down in Tarrant, Texas, I need not now recount. My mother married Fleming Van B. Derrick, at Tarrant, July 13, 1859. Two years later, the Civil War began. My mother had to part with my father and never saw him for four long years. How my young mother met and faced the trying experiences of those times will make up the rest of this story.

She raised her own corn, kept the wolf from the door, raised most of her cotton, pulled the lint from the seed with her fingers, spun the thread, wove the cloth, and made the clothes for the family. She did the same with the wool, which she sheared from her own goats.

She had to go three miles to water to do the family washing. This she did with her own hands. The clothes were boiled in a small oven or spider—so small that the larger pieces had to be boiled one at the time.

At length there came a day when the community in which my mother lived got entirely out of breadstuff. They had meat in abundance but no bread and no salt. They killed and dressed their own beef and pork. One day when she and a neigh-

bor had dressed a hog, the question came up of what they were going to do for bread, for they had not had any for three or four days. There had been some talk of plenty of wheat being owned and held by some planter over on or near the Louisiana line. Mother said to the neighbor woman—

"If you will go with me, we'll go and get us a load of wheat."

"All right," joined in the other woman. "I had just as soon be killed by Indians as to starve to death."

My mother owned a fine span of large black mares. These were put to the wagon and off went the two women for a 10 or 15 days' journey in search of bread. When they found their wheat man sure enough, they offered him \$25 a bushel for just five bushels.

He spurned the offer—had no wheat to sell or give away either. Then my mother said to him—

"Sir, I am neither beggar nor thief: but I have come after wheat and expect to get it."

By this time the old man had become very angry.

"You need not get so full of wrath," Mother told him, "God will certainly reward you for your wrath."

For a second time the man got worse.

My mother picked up her Winchester and turned toward two of the slaves that were in the yard.

"Show me the wheat granary," Mother commanded.

They hesitated.

"I mean just what I say," were the words of Mother that broke the great stillness.

So the old man turned to the slaves and told them to go on.

One of them got a cedar tub to measure the wheat in. Mother drove up to the granary, filled her wagon bed, with the double side-boards, full to the brim.

As she drove back past the house, Mother was hailed by the planter's wife. Mother again offered pay, but the man refused it. "Where do you live and what is your name?" the planter inquired.

Mother told him.

The man then motioned to his wife, who went back into the house. Presently here came two slaves with a sack of coffee. Then they brought a barrel of sugar, a 100-pound barrel of salt, a 50-pound can of honey and one of syrup.

The planter told Mother to go by the mill, 10 miles out of her way, and have the wheat ground into flour, saying that he would pay for the grinding. She agreed. He gave her a slip of paper for the mill man, and then as they parted he said to Mother and her neighbor woman:

"If you honest women are also brave enough to risk your lives for five other families, surely I can afford to give something."

They went away and arrived safely at home. Not a soul did they encounter, although the Indians were raiding just five miles west of their route.

In a short while the Indians were out raiding again. A messenger came telling about it. The nearest neighbor was five miles away. Mother left her baby with her two younger sisters, saddled her horse, buckled her pistol around her waist, took her Winchester on her saddle (side-saddle), and off she rode up into Wise County,

after her horses and cattle. She was gone eight days—did not see a house, or a soul, or a fire. Had no one to face the danger with her.

The night of the eighth day, she came upon a fine thicket to bed her cattle in just a mile from home. She bedded them down and struck out. Half a mile from home, she saw on a high hill, lighted by the sky, the figure of a single horseman. Mother gave him time to come pretty close, then put spurs to her horse so as to go by him out in the bushes. As mother dashed past, she heard a familiar voice call out—

"Miss Sidney! Oh, Miss Sidney! Is dat you?"

It was the voice of a feeble old darkey the neighbors had sent out to meet her.

Mother got her cattle and horses safely corralled before the Indians came on. Those two mares she put in the smoke-house. The Indians tried every way to get her to open the door, but she refused. They shot the mares full of arrows; my mother cut out 50 the next morning.

Mother and those little girls sat up all night. Just before day, everything became quiet. The Indians had gone. They carried off five head of cattle, but not a horse. My mother happened to have one of the oxen her father had driven across the plains. Strange to say, he was left in the lot. He was the only ox that had survived the last trip and was given to my mother. Ten miles further westward the Indians killed a family of seven and burnt the house down. And there were many other terrible Indian depredations in those pioneer days.

A Kansas News Story Published in 1873

(From the Nebraska City Press, Aug 25, 1873.)



ONE OF THE MOST cold-blooded murders that we have chronicled for some time comes to us from Ellsworth, Kan. It resulted in the death of C. J. Pierce, of Nebraska City, a cattle dealer of large wealth and well respected by all who knew him. The full particulars we gain from Mr. Burman, his partner, who came up from the scene of blood yesterday morning. It seems that on the 20th of this month a man named Ben Thompson had been quarrelling with the deputy sheriff of Ellsworth county, Kansas, when his brother (Bill) came down the street with a shot gun on his shoulder, and shot Sheriff Whitney accidentally, the charge entering the left arm and side. The citizens armed themselves and the wildest excitement prevailed for a time, but the Thompsons finally mounted horses and made their escape. A posse went after them to kill them if they could. They did not find them, although they hunted two days. There seems to be a pre-

dicial feeling against Texas men there, and the Thompson brothers both came there to join Pierce, who left our city about one week ago, for his last trip, when he was to make Nebraska City his headquarters, and drive his cattle up here. Pierce hearing of the trouble offered to defend the Thompson boys, and said he would. Citizens threatened to drive him out of the city, and he told them "he had intended to leave that day, but now he would stay with them until the next, and that they could not drive him out." At this, a policeman, "Happy Jack," commenced to pick a quarrel with him. He told them if they wanted to fight he was there, and then put his hand on his hip, but he did not have a pistol, as Mr. W. T. Burman and a man named Kane had already taken it from him; when he turned back "Happy Jack" drew his pistol and shot him, the ball entering the right hip and lodging in the left. This, however, did not kill him, so the villain beat him to death with the butt of his pis-

tol and the heel of his boot. His friends were not allowed to interfere or go near him, and stood by and saw him die. Mr. Burman hired a man to go to him and get his personal effects and his mangled body. The friends then packed his remains in ice and sent them to Austin, Tex., for burial. This was his former home, and he was probably buried there yesterday. He was on his last trip to Texas, as he told his wife, who has been living in our city for some time, and is at present at the Shoff House, that he was going to, hereafter, live at Nebraska City, and make this his chief shipping point. Mr. Burman and his widow left this afternoon for Beatrice, where he has a large drove of cattle, and more are on the way there. Mr. Burman will attend to all of his affairs.

Many of the newspapers have it that he was a gambler and that he was a "rough," and right here we wish to stamp the whole thing as false. It is true he played cards, when not on the road; but he never gambled or made a practice of betting. While in our city he gained many friends. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, never intoxicated, and always the gentleman in every respect. He was very wealthy and rather free with his money, but his life and associations had accustomed him to this kind of living. He leaves a young wife to mourn his death, besides his many friends. His bereaved widow has the respect, esteem and sympathy of the entire community who feels that he was brutally murdered because he defended an erring comrade.

(From the Nebraska City Press, Aug. 26)

The following telegram of the particulars of the sad affair corroborates our accounts published yesterday, and more fully explains the cause of the brutal murder. The Thompson brothers are not known here, and we do not wish to say aught of their character, as we are not acquainted with them, but of Capt. Cad. Pierce we can truly say a more perfect gentleman, since we have been acquainted with him, would be hard to find in any city or state:

Manhattan, Kan., Aug. 22.—"Happy Jack" marshal of Ellsworth, shot and killed Capt. Cad. Pierce, a large cattle dealer, in Ellsworth yesterday.

The origin of this murderous affray grew out of the shooting of Deputy Sheriff Whitney, last Friday, by the Thompson brothers. Bill Thompson and another gamester were gambling, when a quarrel arose, Thompson striking the gambler a blow in the face. As soon as struck the gambler rushed out to get his revolver. Thompson, expecting blood, armed himself with a Remington rifle and a shot gun loaded with buckshot, and a pair of knives. His opponent, hearing how well Thompson was armed, kept steady. Thompson's blood boiled up, and after a while aimed "Happy Jack" came out to find him. Jack hearing a shot, one of Thompson's was coming, aimed in Thompson's

store. Finally, wishing to see if the danger was past, Jack stuck his head out of the door. Thompson, being on the alert, instantly fired upon him with his rifle. Jack dodged back and the ball lodged in the door, and he made his escape out at the back way.

Thompson, failing in putting an end to Jack's existence, strode down the street thirsting for blood. He met Deputy Sheriff Whitney, who was engaged in conversation with a friend, and dreaming of no harm from Thompson, who immediately pulled up and fired a full charge of buckshot into his side, tearing a terrible hole and frightfully shattering his arm, from the effects of which he died last Sunday. Thompson, after shooting the Sheriff, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his brother Ben, rode up and down the streets of Ellsworth, defying the authorities and looking for more victims. These two desperadoes, after cleaning the streets went to North town, a disreputable adjunct of Ellsworth, spent some time and then mounted their horses and lit out for Texas. They were followed by a posse who were unable to overtake them. "Happy Jack," learning that Capt. Pierce had offered these Thompson boys if they would kill him, one thousand dollars, went to Pierce's establishment and demanded if it was so. Pierce denied it, but made a motion as if to draw his revolver, when Jack fired, mortally wounding him and then beat him to death.

Pierce's body was brought to Junction City last night, attended by 50 Texans, on its way to Texas. Pierce was the owner of 7,000 head of cattle. The Texans are breathing vengeance and threatening to burn the town. Lively times are looked for. All is now quiet in Ellsworth.—Pleasanton Texas, Western Stock Journal, Sept. 23, 1873.

G. L. Epperson of Valley Spring, Texas, sends in his subscription to Frontier Times and says: "I see in last month's issue that Bigfoot Wallace said Westfall killed the Bigfoot Indian. That is a mistake. Cal Putman killed him and the people gave him a big dinner in Llano town. I know the Putmans well. One of his sisters, Mrs. Bill Edwards, lived near me, and now gets her mail at Llano. I also knew of the Round Mountain fight; knew Gum Phillips, Ben Gipson, and Ralph Haynes. I came to Texas in 1853, and have lived here ever since. If I could write I could tell you a lot of ups and downs. I took my brother's place in the woods and looked after cattle in 1861, when he had to go to war. I was only nine years old and was away from home for months at a time. I knew John Friend well, and I was raised up with and knew the Moss brothers well. Jim Moss was in the army with my brother."

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Captain M L Johnson, of 4539 Marshall Street, Dallas, Texas, writes us that he will soon publish a book dealing with his experience on the frontier. Capt. Johnson is now eighty years old; he has spent most of his life in Texas, on the frontier, and we are sure his book will be replete with incidents of a thrilling nature. As soon as the book comes from the press we will inform our readers in order that those who may want a copy can order it from Captain Johnson.

John R. Blocker, one of the best known cowmen of Texas, died in San Antonio December 3rd. Mr. Blocker was at one time president of the Old Time Trail Drivers Association. He drove many thousands of cattle up the trail to Northern markets in the early days. His passing will be mourned by hundreds of old cowboys and friends throughout the United States.

The last installment of the serial, "Life of Bigfoot Wallace," which has appeared in Frontier Times the past few months, appears in this number. We have had many requests for extra copies of the magazine containing installments of this splendid story of the famous frontier character, but we cannot supply them, as our list is growing so fast each edition is exhausted almost as soon as it comes from the press. However, we have reprinted this story in pamphlet form to sell at fifty cents per copy, and those wanting it should send in their order early, as only 250 copies were printed.

This month we are using two articles written by Mrs. Cora Melton Cross, and published in that splendid Texas newspaper, The Dallas News. Mrs. Cross writes interestingly of frontier days, and is thoroughly conversant with conditions as they existed in the cow country in early times. We have heard many comments on the accuracy of her description and detail of the subjects she handles, and of her pleasing style of writing.

In this issue of Frontier Times we have a good version of the Coalson massacre on the Nueces river, as related by Sam Wells of White Oaks, New Mexico. Mr. Wells had a prominent part in avenging the murder of members of the Coalson family and tells the story in a plain manner. He has promised to send us other articles dealing with his experience on the frontier.

Frontier Times is rejoicing over the installation of a larger and faster printing press and other necessary equipment to meet the demands of the growing little magazine. We are entering the New Year with brighter prospects than ever, and while we have not yet secured the desired 10,000 subscribers we are on our way. Hundreds of subscriptions came in during the past few weeks, hundreds more will come in next month. As our list grows we are working toward a bigger and better publication. Now help us to make Frontier Times all that it should be by getting your friends to subscribe. Mr. W N Brazzil, of Louise, Texas, sent us fifty subscribers during the past month. He is working to promote a deserving publication. There are thousands of old time Texans all over the United States who would take Frontier Times if they knew of the existence of such a publication, the only one of its kind in the world, and we are depending on you to help us get the word to them.

We have received inquiries from various people asking if Sam Bass and Bass Outlaw were one and the same person. Our answer is they were not. Sam Bass was an outlaw and desperado, killed by the Texas Rangers at Round Rock, Texas, in 1878. Bass Outlaw was a Texas Ranger at one time and was later killed at El Paso, Texas, by John Selman. A splendid story, written by Eugene Cunningham of El Paso, published in the December number of Frontier Stories, and reproduced in this issue of Frontier Times, tells of Bass Outlaw's checkered career.

In this issue of Frontier Times we publish a Kansas news story which was taken from the Nebraska City Press of August 25, 1873, telling of the killing of Cad Pierce and Sheriff Whitney of Ellsworth, and the connection Ben and Bill Thompson had therewith. These incidents are well remembered by many old time Texas cowmen who drove herds to Kansas in those days. Ben Thompson was one of the noted characters in those days. Ben Thompson was one of the noted characters in those days. He was killed in San Antonio in 1884.

On page 177 of this issue will be found a good story about the last buffalo hunt in West Texas. This narrative was given by A R Siker to a reporter of the Dallas News in 1925. It was sent to us by his sister, Mrs. J W. Mears of Menard, Texas, who writes that the names of her brothers can still be discerned cut into the bark of the forest trees on the old L. F. Siker ranch at Menard, carved there fifty years ago. The story will be read with much interest by our readers, many of whom still remember the Siker brothers and the prominent part they took in taming West Texas.

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"Early Days in Haskell County," by R. E. Sherrill.

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"Reprint of a Portion of Captain R. B. Marcy's Reconnaissance on the Headwaters of the Red River in 1852."

"Proceedings of the Stamford Meeting," by John R. Hutte.

The West Texas Historical Association was organized in April, 1924. The annual dues are three dollars. The Year Book and other publications of the Association are sent free to members.

Those who have not the two preceding year books may obtain same for the sum of three dollars each. A limited supply of these publications are now in the hands of the secretary.

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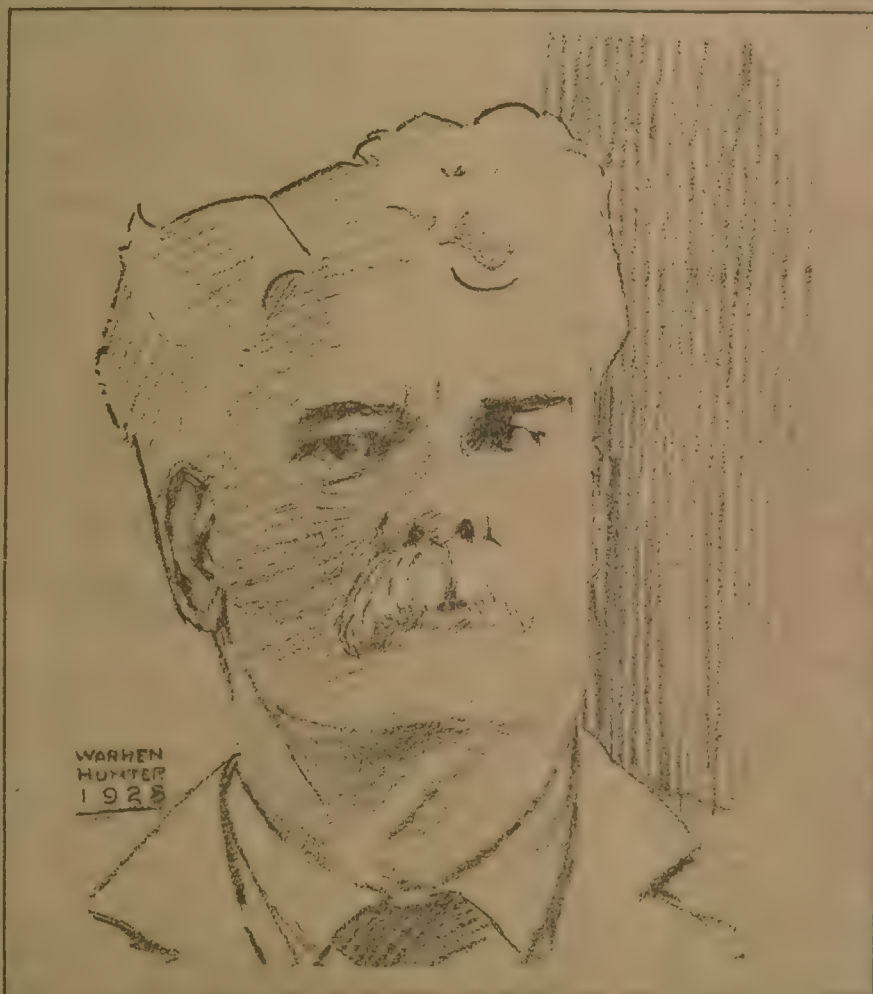
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WARREN
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1928

P. C. Baird

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PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT**

PUBLISHED BY J. MARVIN HUNTER



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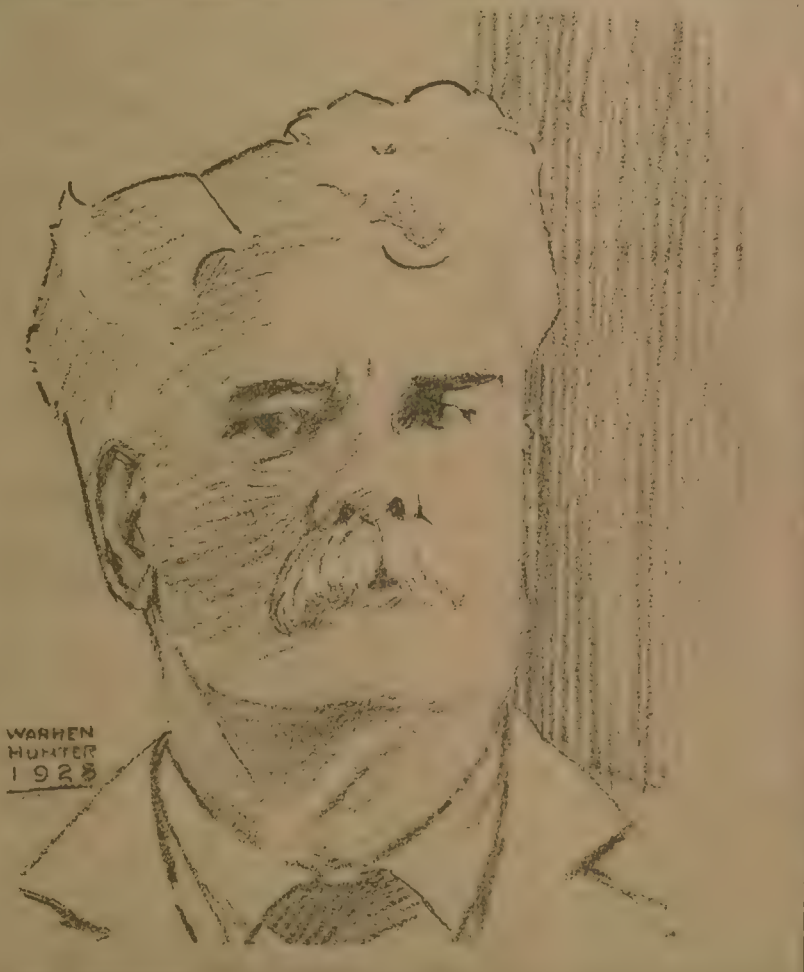
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Volume Five—No. 6

MARCH, 1928.

\$1.50 Per Year

P. C. Baird, the "Old Sleuth"

By J. Marvin Hunter.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING characters of early days in Southwest Texas is P. C. Baird, now residing at Mason, Texas, of which county he was sheriff for many years. Before going to Mason county, Mr. Baird was a member of the Texas Rangers, and had many thrilling experiences, which if all were related, would make an interesting volume. The writer has known him since 1888, and I know of his absolute fearlessness in the face of danger, and of his ever readiness and willingness to go where duty called him. I have seen his nerve put to the severest test, and he did not flinch. I stood on a street corner in Mason and saw Mr. Baird, then a deputy sheriff, and John C. Butler, sheriff, engaged in a pistol duel with two brothers, in which the two latter were killed. Afterward Mr. Baird became sheriff of Mason county and held the office for sixteen years, and during the time he had to contend with all sorts of lawless characters, but he was the man for the place and but few guilt-edged crooks escaped his persistent trailing. So active and so successful was he in running criminals to earth that he was nicknamed "Old Sleuth" and the name sticks to him yet, despite the fact that he has long since retired to private life.

While a Texas Ranger he was in charge of the scout

that made the fight at the Green Lake Water Hole in Edwards county, an account of which appeared in Frontier Times two years ago. He also led the scout which captured the murderers of Old Man Braig-iham of Gillespie county. And single-handed he captured the Fredonia safe-blowers after trailing them three days and nights. Each of these yeggmen were armed with a 45 Colts pistol and had 52 rounds of cartridges and twelve ounces of nitro-glycerine on their person. Mr. Baird took them in and recovered all the money and valuables taken from the safe, amounting to \$13,000. Mr. Baird is also the man who was employed by the United States Government, through Postoffice Inspector Hollingsworth, and uncovered the identity of the McNeil train robbers, and also the Flatonia train robbery in 1886, his work resulting in the capture and killing of the robbers, seven in all.

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Mr. Baird talks interestingly of those days when he reached Mason county, and the various characters he had to deal with. Some time ago he related to me the following particulars of a chase after a horse-thief, and I give it here as he gave it to me:

"Soon after tendering my resignation severing connection as a Ranger of Co. "D" Frontier Battalion I came to Mason, going to work as deputy sheriff, of Mason coun-

ty under John C. Butler, then sheriff, a horse and saddle was stolen from Wm. Schuessler, being taken from the Methodist church house door about nine o'clock on one Sunday night; I was notified of the horse being missing, and probably stolen the next day about eleven o'clock, after Mr. Schuessler had made diligent search, thinking possibly the horse had gotten loose and wandered away. On being notified of the missing horse and saddle, and also being told that the horse had been fresh shod the day before, and just how he was shod by Mr. Schuessler, I began to search all roads and trails for this certain track. Late in the evening of the same day, I found the track leading out on the Brady road, trail-it twelve miles, when it quit the road, taking across the country, as the country was all open in those good old days of yore. I trailed this track to Eden, in Concho county, where I found the thief had stopped long enough to get something to eat and feed his horse. Eden was then a place of one store, a post office, and likely inhabited with some dozen souls. The postmistress, a small, slender, black-eyed woman, with an eye like an eagle, had scrutinized this 'gentleman horse thief' closely, and was able to give me a very accurate description of him, being the first person in my chase that had seen, or could give me any information concerning the rider of the horse. The good lady did not get to see the horse, but this made no difference as I had the trail and track.

"After making inquiry as to roads, and herds of cattle that had passed, he headed his horse down the San Angelo-Paint Rock road; arriving at the forks of this road. Owing to so much travel and being very dusty, I was detained for quite a time, cutting for sign and to get the trail off again, to find that it had taken the Paint Rock fork. With the trail hot, on this hot August day, I leaned forward and picked my cayuse up on the spurs again with renewed vigor and spirits, much to the discomfort of my poor tired cayuse, as he was about "all in;" in fact, it was necessary that I remount at old Runnels City, in Runnels county, seven miles north of where Ballinger now stands. On arriving at Runnels City, and riding into a livery barn to have my horse fed, and to get a late dinner, as it was about one o'clock in the afternoon, to my surprise I found Mr. Schuessler's saddle hanging on a rack. On inquiry I found that the thief had traded it to the liveryman the day before for another saddle and fifteen dollars, as he appeared to be in need of funds.

"After hurriedly partaking of a lunch and cup of coffee, I secured a new mount from the livery barn, leaving my tired cayuse for a rest and general repairs, as he was pretty well spurred up, and leaving Runnels City at two o'clock, I hit the trail again. From two o'clock 'till night I put my new mount over the trail into Abilene, a distance of fifty miles. Arriving in the

outskirts of the then little burg, I unsaddled, tied my new mount to a mesquite bush, lay down with my saddle under my head for a pillow and rested. The next morning when I could see the first sign of a gray streak in the east, I saddled up, rode into Abilene, and turning into the first livery barn I came to, dismounted, and asked that my horse be watered and fed. Untying my slicker from behind the saddle, taking a 45 colts out placing it in the waist of my pants, the gentleman remarked that he would advise me to be careful, that the officers were very strict about any one carrying a pistol. I thanked him, stating that I would take care of myself.

"Walking down the isle between the stalls looking each horse over carefully, I did not find the horse I was looking for. I then ask the liveryman if there were other barns in the town, and being informed there were two others and of their location, I proceeded to search for the stolen horse. Going to the barn, and looking over some fifty or more horses that were being fed, I could find nothing of the horse I was on the trail of, so I proceeded to the next barn just north of the railroad and depot, owned by one Mr. John B. Bell. As I entered the barn Mr. Bell passed the time of the morning with me, and asked if there was anything he could do for me, to which I replied that I was looking for a cheap horse that I might buy. Casting my eye down the hall between the stalls, I discovered the horse that I had been trailing. Pointing to the horse I asked what such a horse as that was worth, to which he replied the horse was not for sale; that he had bought the horse and a saddle the evening before at a bargain (pointing to a saddle hanging near by) for twenty-five dollars. I said it was cheap, provided it was good property. I then asked him if he knew the party from whom he had bought the horse, and he said no, but he was satisfied as to the ownership of the horse. I then informed him that the horse was a stolen horse, and that I was an officer and wanted the man he bought him from. When asked if he had seen him since he bought the horse; he said that he saw him last about nine o'clock the night before. I then asked if he saw him after the passenger train went west, and he said yes. I then told Mr. Bell to go after Sheriff J. V. Cunningham, that I wanted him to help me scour the town for the man he bought the horse from. About this time Mr. Bell informed me there was an incoming passenger train that was due in a few minutes, going west.

I told him to go for Mr. Cunningham and I would take care of the train. He did so; and I took up a position near the depot where I could see all who got on the train. None getting on of his description, and the train pulling out, I walked across the street to the south side. About this time the breakfast bells began ringing. Mr. Bell not yet having returned with Sheriff Cun-

ningham, I strolled down the street with eyes open for my man. Walking in front of a restaurant, and taking a peep in at the door, I saw my "much trailed and coveted prize" sitting at the table partaking of a sumptuous breakfast. As I walked in he appeared to recognize me and began rising from the table, as if to make his way to an exit in the rear. I told him not to be in any haste, but to finish his breakfast, to which he replied, 'You have not only got me—but my appetite also; then too, to come clean I haven't a red cent in my pocket to pay for it with; I informed him that he didn't go hungry, and to take on that he didn't go hungry, and to take on a good fill, which he very modestly declined—I paying for the damage already done. At this time Mr. Bell and Sheriff Cunningham appeared on the scene of action, and on being introduced to Cunningham, and after a few preliminary remarks we headed for the jail to make a deposit with the jailer, as an additional ornament to his carcel.

"After a day's much needed and enjoyed rest, I placed my prisoner astride the same horse, to retrace and backtrack to Mason, a distance of 175 miles. The first night after leaving Abilene I spent in Runnels City, making a deposit of my charge with an old timer, the well known sheriff, John Formwalt. The next morning I pulled off a rodeo on a small scale for the amusement of the little town, giving an exhibition in riding when I topped the hurricane deck of the tired and spurred cayuse that I had left in the Runnels livery barn for rest and repairs. As he was of the Spanish type of cayuse, it didn't take him long to recuperate to the extent that he wanted to even up old scores. When he concluded his exercises with me. I was minus a hat, pistol, pocket knife, and saddle blanket, with the flank cinch forward and saddle on his withers, and I looking for a soft place to fall. The audience and witnesses to this show appeared to enjoy it very much from the yells and cheers that went up. I informed them I wasn't giving a cowboy's exhibition in riding, but that it was the old time Ranger-twist. At any rate, the crowd appeared to enjoy the "twist exhibition," and gathered up and brought to me all of my scattered articles. After replacing and adjusting my saddle and other articles, I again mounted the spanish cayuse, but the fun was all over; cayuse appeared to be satisfied—and so was I. Waving the crowd a Ranger's salute, and bidding them adios, pal and I were off again on our back trail, landing in Paint Rock to spend the night with my old time amigo, Co. W. T. Melton, then sheriff of Concho county.

"The next day's travel homeward at nightfall I landed in McCulloch county, at a sheep camp on Dry Brady Creek; here I had to resort to the old Rangers' jail, that of sleeping chained to "my pal" during the night, with only two small boys in the

camp to whom I turned over my keys and pistol, after locking myself and pal together. After a good night's rest Pal and I arose early, much refreshed, and after a nice camp breakfast which was appreciated and enjoyed, we saddled and mounted our cayuses, and were soon wending our way, back-tracking, to Mason. Just before old Sol hid his face behind the western horizon we rode into Mason. Here I made another deposit with Sheriff Butler, but not for keeps, as will be explained later.

"After a few days I was called to Blanco, as a witness, and to take other witnesses, in connection with some horse theft cases pending in the court in which I was connected in my official capacity, the horses being stolen in Mason county, and I capturing them in Blanco county, giving Blanco county jurisdiction in the cases, and we preferring to try them there. While I was in Blanco there was a jail delivery in Mason, in which five prisoners made their escape, my 'pal' being one of the number. On my return home I learned of the jail delivery on my arrival in Fredericksburg. On my arrival in Mason I wanted to take up my 'pal's' trail again, but found Sheriff Butler sick, and our district court to convene soon, it was necessary that I get busy preparatory to the holding of this court. In the meantime I kept tab on my 'pal', his movements, etc. This time he headed west, passing through Tom Green county, stealing a pair of horses from a rancher.

"After our court adjourned I was ready to take up my 'pals' trail again. From former association I had rather learned to like the chap. Taking up his trail, I found where he had sold the horses stolen in Tom Green county, to a party in Howard County, near Big Springs. His trail then led to Pecos City, where he stopped over for a good time for several days to spend the money from the sale of his Tom Green County horses. Then his trail led to Toyah, where he had a good time for a few days. His delays were all to my advantage as I was several days behind, an account as before stated. In Toyah I found that my 'pal' had taken the train for El Paso, presumably for another good time. Of course, under conditions, I also had business in El Paso, and boarded the train, arriving in El Paso one morning at four o'clock, and being tired and short on sleep. I went to the Grand Central Hotel and got a room for a short nap and rest, after which I was much refreshed. After eating breakfast I strolled down the street. It being my first trip to the city, I wanted to locate the town and think matters over in connection with the object of my visit.

"As I passed along down the street reading the signs as any country Rube will, I noticed a few of those fellows that wore dark colored clothes with large brass buttons on their coats. I was a little shy of these fellows as I was from the brush and cactus country. I hadn't gone far down the street, stopping on a corner, until my

'pal' turned the same corner at my elbow with his eyes elevated as if he, too, was looking the signs and bill-boards over. I hailed to him:

"Hello, there old scout! What are you doing here?"

And he replied,

"Well, here you are again. I can't leave home on a little pleasure trip but what you come and hunt me up."

"Yes," said I, "but what I dislike most is that I always find you broke and ready to follow me home, and I have to pay all expenses."

"I escorted him to the jail and 'I made another 'deposit' until the next morning when the train from the west passed through for Fort Worth. I spent the rest of the day with Ex-Sheriff Comstock, who was chief deputy under Captain White. And by the way, Mr. Comstock was a former sheriff of Menard county, and sprung the trap when a negro was hanged in Menardville in the early days of that county."

Mr. Comstock seemed to appreciate the fact that I was just a 'green Rube' from the brush and cactus country, and took quite an interest in showing me the sights of El Paso.

On arrival of the east-bound train at 2 o'clock the next morning, 'Pal' and I boarded it for Fort Worth, and reaching there we changed to the M. K. & T. for Austin. We encountered a train wreck on Waco Creek, two miles south of Waco, where we were delayed and did not reach Austin until 12 o'clock at night. The next morning we continued our trip homeward by taking the train to Burnet, thence to Llano and Mason by stage. Here I made my last 'deposit.' My 'pal' remained in jail until the next term of district court, when he pleaded guilty and went to the penitentiary for five years. After serving his term in the pen he returned to Mason county a wiser and better man. He told me that I had made a man of him, thanked me for my kindness and advice, and voted for me for sheriff at the next election."

Mose Hays Tells of Early Days

By Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News.

WITH the furling of the colors of the Confederacy a spirit of unrest dominated the Southland. The desire to "go farther" and perhaps "fare worse," was prevalent among her people. To the natural antipathy for rebuilding that always obtains, there was added the heartache engendered by the suffering and sorrow endured so willingly and yet so uselessly for The Lost Cause. And the war wreckage of homes and industries offered small inducement to recreate. This restlessness extended to the blue grass regions of Kentucky. In the Hays' household the wonderful opening of the far West was the subject for much discussion. Texas, just aborning, held first place in these debates, which reached from the Mexican border to the Davis Mountains, and in the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains, where day dawns, sunsets had cloud-effects where reputed to be the envy of the world. And the stretches of green so vast as to provide pasturage for thousands of cattle. But tales of Tragedy interspersed the setting forth of nature's beauteous and prolific dowry. Indian-raids, massacres and hideous atrocities were not infrequently recounted. It was this, doubtless which influenced the father of young Mose Hays to ignore the urgent pleas of his son to join the almost continuous moving caravan of covered wagons, Texas bound.

Came Colorado into the limelight with her gold find. Reports that nuggets were so plentiful that children used them for marbles in their play, together with the

natural advantages the Territory held for the raising of live stock, so enthused the head of the Hays' family that preparations for trekking northwestward were made as expeditiously as possible. Weeks of monotonous travel reached a climax for Mose, with the theft of the one and only horse the family possessed, necessitating his driving, afoot, the milk cows across 500 miles of prairie. But all things end and privations became secondary when Nevada and Colorado were sighted in their magnificent panorama of gorgeous coloring.

Tracks of panther, bear and smaller animals, with an occasional moccasin imprint, mute witnesses of lurking danger, were to the lad but forerunners of the much coveted thrilling adventure. Redskins, with their fiendish practices, were by him considered in the abstract, with a conception of reality as intangible as the Biblical definition of faith. When camp was made, Mose watched the wild creatures scurrying to safety for the night. And when the afterglow was merging into purplish gray, he listened to the storm of small bird's chatter, the eagle's scream, the cooing of the wood dove and flute-like notes of the mocking bird. With the hushing down of buzz and swish and whirr of insects, the twinkling stars came close and so fell night's enchantment.

With the wrapping round of moonlight magic he drifted into the world of dreams. Not so with those responsible for the safety of the camp. The pioneer slept with one hand on the trigger, his eyes half open, and took no chances. The hoot of an owl was no more significant to him of the presence

of that wise old bird than it was indicative that a redskin band were signaling to begin their dastardly outrages.

These were the prevailing conditions and surroundings through which the ox-drawn schooner wound it's way to Colorado in 1866. Many and varied were the vicissitudes endured and personal and history making incidents experienced, among which were the establishment of the well known "Triangle Ranch" and the founding of a palatial home in San Antonio. But Mr. Hays will now continue the story.

"I was born in Kentucky. When I was 13 years of age, my father became inoculated with the "Texas fever," and it threatened to be a fatal attack. I scarcely need to add that I was praying that it would be, for I was, in mind, already a wild and wooly cowboy of the plains. But Indians were going strong about that time and father, fearful of danger to his family, decided against the move. However, it was not long until he hit the trail straight for Colorado Territory. Of course, I was disappointed, for nothing appealed to me like Texas stories, but when he told me I was to ride our only horse and drich the milch cows all the way, and when that horse was saddled and I crawled astride of him; with the oxen yoked to the wagon and all set to go, well, I felt then that even Texas had nothing better to offer.

"You know, ever since that trip I have been sort of thankful that a fellow couldn't know what the future had mapped out for him. If I could then have looked ahead and sighted across the Kansas prairies the 500-mile truck that I was to take behind those cows on foot, I believe I would have backed down. But I must go back a little with my story. We moved along schedule time, meaning about eight or nine miles a day, grazing the team and cows without anything unusual happening. The country was of a sameness and the weather likewise. I was getting saddle chafed and sort of disgusted with the monotony when I woke up at Lawrence, Kan., to find my horse stolen. We looked for him for awhile without success and then I knew there was a good long chance for me to get a saddle rest. Well, sir, from there on I took it afoot and I want you to know that I wore my shoes ragged and my feet moth-eaten with that Kansas gravel. It was the hardest work I ever did in all my life and I sure could sympathize with old Job in his stone-bruises and boils, for there wasn't a normal bit of flesh on either of my feet. Finally we learned to make moccasins of buffalo hide, and while it was rough stab at shoemaking, they were a whole lot better than going barefoot.

"How did we do it? Well, we just took an oblong piece of green buffalo hide a little larger than the foot it was to cover, spread it down hair side up, set the foot in the middle, drew the edge up around the ankle and tied it loosely with a buckskin thong. Then the foot was slipped out as

gently as possible and the moccasin filled with sand and let set until dry. What I mean, they dried, too, so hard they would crack, but they would not bend. But it was the best makeshift we had for shoes. When it was hot the hide of the moccasin would draw and burn like—well, like any untanned leather, and a good crop of blisters divided time with the other foot ailments. I have gone across that stretch of country several times in a Pullman and never without reliving the foot misery that accompanied that drive. It was along about that period that I experienced the longest night of my life. Father was none too sure of our safety from the redskins and decided to travel at night for awhile. Long about sundown he told me to help yoke up and we would try it out. From then until 10 o'clock the next day we hit the trail steadily. When he turned the oxen and cattle loose to graze and laid down to rest it seemed to me we had traveled about 100 miles. But we finally got to Colorado and I began at once to make good my determination to be a cowboy. . . . From then until just a few years ago I worked as a cattle puncher or the owner of a ranch all over Colorado, Nevada and on down into Texas.

"It has been just fifty years since I first hit San Antonio. I will never forget what a rattling good time I had when I got there either. . . . The S. P. Railroad was in the midst of its second week of celebrating its building into the city and it was some round-up they had! There was every kind of Western amusement going on, but nothing that in any way measured up to the running in and out ever so often of the first passenger train. I was so fed up on ox wagons and cow ponies that two other cowboys and I just rode all the hair off of the cushions. There were not many railroads in Texas then and I doubt if there was a street car system in the State. That train was some sight to a set of green cowpunchers. I tried to imagine what riding in a Pullman that they told me they had back North was like, but I couldn't figure myself sleeping in a sure 'nough bed while the train was on the move. Of course, dining cars were not in the running at that time, but that did not worry me a bit just to sit pretty and listen to that old engine snort, the bell clang and the whistle shrilling out its signal was good enough for me. I decided right there that heaven didn't have anything on a fellow with a train running through his front yard. And nothing I have ever done in the way of traveling for pleasure has ever brought me in any way that which equaled the ride I took on the first S. P. train at San Antonio.

"When I sort of got over my funmaking spree I went over to Padre Island and bought myself 1,200 Longhorn cattle. It was the 10th day of May, 1877, that I received them and just ten years after that I took my first lessons in cowpunching in Colorado. We drove the herd fifteen miles through the water across the lagoon and

just at dark it stampeded. We were all tired out and I figured if the cattle were not they ought to be, so I told the boys we would let 'em run. I didn't calculate they would go far and we would go to sleep and round up in the morning. Not mentioning that I had any doubts about it, nor the wisdom of sleeping with my money running wild. Anyhow, I had made up my mind to gamble on it and the next morning what should I find but that entire herd sleeping on the bedding ground like newborn lambs. The truth was that they were just too blamed poor to run far.

"We hit the trail for the Panhandle on the South Canadian in what is now Hemphill County, then part of the Wild West, full of Indians and buffalo and scarce of settlers. There were not any towns anywhere round. It was while we were trailing that herd that we ran out of all kinds of grub but coffee and we killed and ate buffalo meat for five even days, washing it down with plenty of coffee. It wasn't so bad, but we were hungry for the sight of a biscuit. At last we struck a camp on Sweetwater and Henry Fry came to our rescue with a 100-pound sack of flour. I have eaten lots of bread, but never in my life did I taste any that measured up to that made right there in that camp. I found out then that an old boy don't know how lucky he is until he happens to be cut off from something like that. Sure does make him thankful for little things the rest of his life.

"Indians caused us a lot of trouble on that trip. They are born beggars, and when none of us were around for them to ask for a beef they just killed themselves one. Took it as their right that we should give them all the beef they wanted, and I guess we thought like they did; anyhow, they always got it. The truth was that we didn't care about stirring up a war dance.

"I bought and worked and drove cattle, trailing to Dodge City, Kan., until I decided to go into headquarters somewhere, and so I formed a partnership with Joe Morgan in what was afterward called the Triangle Ranch. It was located near where the town of Canadian now stands and took its name from one of our brands. Our cattle wore either a triangle or lazy T. The Quebedeaux brothers of Gonzales and a cowboy named Johnson of Cuero worked with us. We trailed our beeves to the Dodge City market and ran our stock cattle for increase. We got along fine, but we needed a bunkhouse the worst way, and it wasn't long until we got it. Three of us started out on a cow hunt and took along what grub we thought we would need, but it seemed like it was to be a kind of continuous performance for us to get out of flour, so when I saw we had none I started one of the boys to a buffalo supply camp on the head of Wolfe Creek to get some,

and took the other one with me on the work.

"That night, just about dark, a cold, driving rain set in and got worse as the night grew. We were sleeping on the ground, covering with a wagon sheet and the norther played the finest game of tag with us and that sheet that I ever saw. It would blow it off at first corner, then the other; the rain came down in our faces and puddles of water were around our bodies, and it got colder and colder. After I had fully made up my mind that the wind had won the game I asked my roommate if he thought he could find a cabin we had passed in the afternoon and how far it was back to it. He said yes, he could find it, and it was only about four miles. 'Roll out,' I said. 'We're going there right now.' I was up and had my horse saddled quickly, but he said he would rather walk, he was so cold, so we set out. It was well up in the day when we found the log house, after wandering the rest of the night, and it had an old buffalo hunter, with a broken leg, his wife and son in it. I rode up and asked if we could get something to eat and warm. The woman said she reckoned so, and we went in. She cooked some wild turkey, good hot biscuits and coffee and, talk about good eats, that meal had the world beat. After we had eaten I bantered the old hunter for a trade; offered him an old horse for the house, and he took me up. We moved in as soon as that spell of weather broke, and that house was our ranch headquarters for thirty-five years.

"The ten years I ran cattle in Colorado didn't mean I had my eyes shut all of that time. I had discovered at Rocky Ford the girl who is now Mrs. Hays. It was in 1879 that we were married and came on our wedding tour to the Triangle Ranch and set up housekeeping in the little log cabin. But wife was courageous as they make 'em, and when I had to go to Dodge City she went, too, in a wagon, for 150 miles, for winter supplies, she driving one team and I another. We camped out all the way and slept on 'sougans' on the ground. I remember on one of these trips we had loaded up and were ready to pull out of the city when a series of wild yells and rapid shots brought us to attention. We didn't think much of it, for the cowboys usually took their farewell of a town in that way. Wife turned to see what it meant. Just then the Marshal of Dodge City, Bat Masterson, fired his gun at three cowboys who were paying their respects in the usual way, and one of them slumped to the ground, dead. It was nothing uncommon to see the work of accommodating six guns those days, for tragedy went hand in hand with everyday life. That was also a memorable trip, for the extreme cold weather that just about prohibited us from continuing our journey. Wife stood it even better than I, and there never was a home

that looked so inviting and comfortable as did that little log cabin when we got the fire to going and things warmed up and cheerful, after riding so far in the bitter cold."

Mr. Hays is one cattleman who does not look with regret at the passing of the early days in the cattle business. He enjoys the comforts and advantages as well as the progress and pleasure of the city and greatly prefers them to the hardships and dangers of the frontier. Of this he says: "I experienced all of the privations, danger, suspense, sorrow and hardship that fell to the lot of a Texas cowboy and I had all I ever want of it. I came to San Antonio in 1912, built me a good home and quit that sort of life. My friends say I retired, but I didn't; I just quit. I made up my mind that I could live in a city and have the pleasures, advantages and comforts it offered, and that I owed it to my wife and myself. Now we spend our winters in the city and the summers on the ranch, where we take life easy. Yes, I am a ranchman, and always will be, I guess; don't want to be anything but a cattleman; but that is no reason why I should live like we had to when we fought the redskins and ate buffalo meat.

"I am glad I had my frontier experience; pioneering is always a source of pride, because it can't be duplicated on the same ground. I am happy that I had a share in blazing the trail in the live stock industry in a State that has since become the greatest cattle-producing territory in the Union. I like to manage my ranch and keep the wheels of business moving like clockwork; but like the cowboy in the song, 'When the work's all done next fall,' I want to retire to city comfort and pleasure, grateful for the opportunities of yesterday, enjoying the privileges of today and thankful for the blessings that may be mine tomorrow."

Tomb of Indian Chief found.

Scoutmaster Warren Toliferro and a band of his Boy Scouts, while exploring the rocky cliffs along the banks of the Sulphur fork of the Lampasas River a few miles west of Lampasas, recently discovered what is unquestionably the tomb of an Indian Chief who, probably a century ago, passed on to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

The tomb was in a cavern high up the side of one of the most precipitous bluffs along the stream. "This towering ledge has gone by the name of 'Indian Bluff' since the earliest memories of the oldest settlers of this country. It is very inaccessible and to reach it is a hazardous undertaking.

Inside the cavern was found bones, and preserved teeth that were undoubtedly those of a human being. Large quantities of multi-colored beads and many Indian trinkets were also found. The beads were in a remarkable state of preservation, retaining their lustre and beauty, and very little altered by the vicissitudes of years.

The beads are of every color and cut imaginable, from the cream bead to the vivid hues, from the tiniest bead to the highly polished bone bead two and a half inches in length. There is the hexagon shaped bead, the octagon, round, oblong and numerous other shapes. There is the obsidian glass beads from Old Mexico, the white stone, agatine, quartz and bone beads, all of which are hand bored.

Toliferro, after stringing the beads which he secured from the grave, found that he had 110 feet of beads, and other Boy Scouts in the party had 40 feet, making in all 150 feet of beads taken from the tomb.

Forty elk teeth, which had been hand-bored were also found, which would further seem to confirm the general opinion that this was the tomb of a Chief of one of the Indian tribes who inhabited this region many years ago.—Mrs. W. R. Young, in Lampasas Leader.

The Coalson Massacre.

Mr. Ira L. Wheat, of Rocksprings, Texas, writes: "I see an article in your January number in regard to the killing of the Coalson family. Now, I lived at Barksdale at the time, and the Indians came to my place the next morning after killing the Coalson family and got all of my horses, and when I got them back one of the horses had on Mrs. Coalson's side saddle. But that article was the first that I ever heard of the burning of the bodies. S. B. Rainey was there and pulled the arrows out of Mrs. Coalson's body, and kept them for several years. The same party of Indians came in the next year and killed the Lauren family on the Prio, just above where Leakey is now situated, and Captain Bullard of Fort Clark followed them into Mexico and killed the entire bunch except one woman. I do not think Lawton or Wells had anything to do with it. Mr. S. B. Rainey lives at Uvalde and I was talking with him a few days ago about this article. I do not know this man Wells, but I know Henry and Bell well, also Whitecotton."

Frontier Times reproduced the article in question after it had been published in Hunting and Fishing Magazine and in the Uvalde Leader-News. Later we had a letter from the author, Mr. Sam Wells of White Oaks, N. M. in which he offered to furnish us other sketches of his frontier experiences. We have received letters from a number of old timers contradicting many things in the Wells narrative, which makes us regret that we reproduced the article. Mr. Wheat is a real pioneer of West Texas, and anyone knows about the Coalson massacre he certainly does. We are glad he has come forward with his statement.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.

Memorial to the Pioneer Woman

From The Cattleman, Fort Worth, Texas.



ALL ages have honored their heroic dead. After the last great war, every civilized nation entombed the body of an unknown soldier in its most hallowed spot.

France, beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

Britain, in Westminster Abbey.

We, at Arlington

Every city, village, hamlet, in this nation of ours has erected monuments to the memory of the heroes of our wars.

Occasionally, we see the statue of a statesman, a scientist, a poet, a musician—builders of national character.

Latterly have been erected memorials to our pathfinders, scouts and guides—men who sought and explored the wilderness and expensive prairies of this continent.

Brave men, men of vision—Miles Standish, Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Jim Bridger, Kit Carson—they found and explored the land which supports this nation we are so justly proud to call our own.

Plymouth Rock and Jamestown alike furnished their quota of adventurous explorers; hardy souls who braved the dangers of the trackless forests and trailless plains in their search for new lands for settlement.

Plymouth Rock mothers and the Virginia brides bore land-hungry, healthy broods, demanding land for homes for their children.

From Plymouth Rock or Jamestown, to the Presidia del Monte Rey is a far cry, even in these days of comfortable Pullman travel; but in the days of the pack-horse and the covered wagon, it meant months of arduous toil and terrible dangers.

Yet every mile from coast to coast is dotted now with homesteads of descendants of these nation builders.

The blue eyed Saxon maid and her dark eyed Latin sister married their men and set out with them on their conquest of the West.

Many a honeymoon was spent with no shelter save the boughs of trees 'neath the canopy of Heaven.

Many a bridal couch was lighted only by the stars.

Many met their God with the blood curdling yell of savages in their souls, or in the agonizing pains of unattended childbirth.

Pictures have we aplenty of the stern Pilgrim Fathers and the gallant gentlemen of the friendlier Virginia soil; but we are forced to draw on our imagination somewhat for pictures of the mothers.

We see the men with their rifles and knives—their breastplates and swords.



Oklahoma's Memorial to Pioneer Women.

We imagine the Puritan woman with her blue homespun dress and blue sunbonnet; we visualize the mother of the South in her white apron and dainty white bonnet. But instead of arms in their hands for protection, we always see them with children in their arms to protect.

When these women started West, all their earthly possessions could be packed on a horse or in a wagon.

Surely their heavenly inheritance is greater than their earthly one.

Little did they have or know of worldly pleasures or comforts.

Cold and hunger were frequent experiences—danger, their constant companion.

In their most luxurious moments their shelter was meager, their menu limited; iced water, hot baths, fresh vegetables, milk—were recollections only.

Amusements, none,—unless it struck them as amusing when a darling child escaped unhurt from a fall, or mistook a deadly serpent for a childish toy.

What sturdy broods they bore—they, their daughters and their daughters' daughters—ever pushing Westward, ever making homes on the lands their husbands gained.

Loyalty, courage, fidelity, ambition, was in their mothers' milk.

Love of home, husband, children, made the wilderness to smile.

Fertile fields and blossoming orchards sprung from hot, eye-aching plains, tended by weary bodies and trod by bleeding feet.

The conquest of the West was not made with the accompaniment of flaunting banners and martial music.

Theirs was a lonely victory.

Few eyes witnessed the dangers and hardships they endured—greater by far than those of a militant army.

They had no supply trains nor base of supply to support their advance.

They had not only to conquer, but hold and live off the land they conquered.

The toll of life resulting from these hardships left millions of unmarked graves across this continent—graves of women who died that we might live and love this homeland.

Unknown soldiers of the great battle for civilization and the home.

All races, all creeds, all nationalities, gave of their best and bravest women.

We, here, who have had a part in designing a monument to the Pioneer Woman of America, to be erected in the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma, where she finished her last task of settling the land formerly occupied by Indians, and evolving the civilization of the West, should be proud that we have had this opportunity to pay our tribute to the most heroic figure in all history.

The foregoing speech was made by E. W. Marland in New York at a dinner given by him to the sculptors who submitted models for the statue of "The Pioneer Woman."

Mr. Marland decided to give the funds to erect the statue and solicited the aid of

the Reinhardt Galleries of New York. Twelve sculptors submitted models—Mahonri Young, Jo Davidson, Bryant Baker, John Gregory, Wheeler Williams, Maurice Sterne, A. Stirling Calder, Mario Korbel, Arthur Lee, F. Lynn Jenkins, H. A. MacNeil, and James E. Fraser.

Unable to make the selection from the excellent models submitted, Mr. Marland arranged a showing of them in the principal cities of the United States, leaving the final selection to a vote of the people.

The model by Bryant Baker received the high vote from the 123,000 persons viewing the exhibit, according to an announcement from New York on December 20th.

The statue will be erected in a park in the Cherokee Strip of Oklahoma and will be from 50 to 70 feet high, with a pedestal which will bring its height to about 100 feet. Preliminary estimate places the cost at approximately half a million dollars.

Of Interest to You.

Did John Wilkes Booth die in that barn near Bowling Green, Va., in 1865, or did he commit suicide in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1903? Read "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," by Finis Bates, who as a young lawyer, met him in Granbury, Texas, in 1872. Cloth bound edition, published in 1907, \$3.50. Paper back edition, \$2.50. I also have the following out-of-print books for sale. Scarce and hard to get. Paper backs. "History of Billy the Kid," by Charles A. Siringo, 1920, \$2.50. "Under the Black Flag," by Capt. Kit Dalton, 1915, \$2.50. I have many other Texas books for sale, or will trade for other books. I need in my collection.—Frank Caldwell, 108 East 17th Street, Austin, Texas.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

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If you fail to receive your Frontier Times regularly please notify this office. Frontier Times is printed about the 15th of each month for the ensuing month, and it should reach every subscriber not later than the first of the month for which it is dated. If you do not get it by that time let us know and another copy will be sent

Edwin Knudson, Pioneer

Miss Marjorie Rogers, Marlin, Texas.

THE NEWS of the gold rush in California had been hurled to the four corners of the earth and my father, Knute Knudson, for the third time responded to the majestic call of the new country with its opportunities. This trip he loaded his family and all of his belongings on ox-team wagons and joined the crowd of gold-diggers in the early spring of 1854 via the Oregon Trail," said Edwin Knudson, one of the oldest living citizens of Comanche, Texas.

"We started from Wyota, Lafayette County, Wisconsin. Some of the men walked, others rode horses and drove the loose stock that we carried. Every outfit hauled its own provisions. The women spun and wove as we rode for those long six months. We followed the Mississippi to the Platte river. Of course, we started in the Spring so as to have plenty of good grazing for our cattle. The wild flowers were a beautiful sight to behold. Deer, bear, buffalo, wild turkey, as well as other game, was plentiful.

"The regular trail took us to Independence, Kansas, along the rolling prairie. There was an abundance of wood, water and grass. The Platte river ran through a sandy country; beyond the Rockies past Fort Laramie and South Pass. The Oregon Trail and California trails divided at Fort Hall. The Desert started on the California Trail.

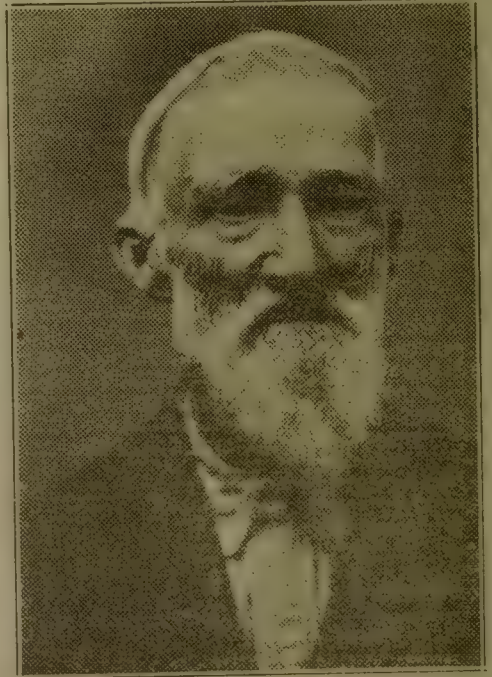
"It was about sixty-five miles the way we went across the Desert, this being traveled by night so as to save the stock. We switched off and did not go through Salt Lake City but passed through Ohama.

"The Indians along the plains gave us the most trouble. They would creep up on the camp at night and stampede our cattle by their wierd war-whoops, and we always kept men on guard to watch over the camp at night so as to give the signal in case of raids. The men of the camp would have to run the cattle down and bring as many as they could back. We made a circle of our wagons when we camped and kept close together for protection in fighting. We were always on the alert for robbers.

"It was not an unusual thing for a child to be born along the road or for a member of the caravan to die. We had to bury the bodies from eighteen to twenty feet deep to keep the wild animals from digging up the body.

"When my father made his first trip to California in 1849 San Francisco was a poorly constructed tent and canvas town, which had sprung from a small village to almost a small city over night. It was then a town of saloons, hotels, a few grocery stores and gambling houses. The houses were built of logs, slabs and canvas. The

gambling houses did the best business, as the miners seemed to have a reckless idea that the gold would not give out. Gold



Edwin Knudson

was brought in from the camps to the mint in San Francisco, weighed up and converted into money. Sundays were regular holidays. There were thousands living in San Francisco, which really was able to accommodate only about a thousand when the news of gold went wild.

"Rents were out of sight, three or four thousand dollars being asked for in advance for the smallest kind of a store building. You were charged exorbitant prices for a place to lay your tired body at night. You had to sleep in a room with as many men as could possibly be crowded into it. Twenty dollars were paid for a pair of boots without a thought. Food was also high. A twenty-five cent piece was the smallest coin then made. You seldom saw a copper coin.

"My father said that the first wagons of the rush usually landed at Fort Sutter and from this point they went in different directions to their respective stakes. The dig-gins were found at the bottoms of the deep river beds. The camps were placed on the hillsides or in the flats. Men were so

eager to find the gold that they did not mind the hardships. Their one big thought was to get rich and get back home to their families.

"Some of the people who had more money took the boat trip by Panama, as it was the shortest route. The boat sailed from New York to Panama and on to San Francisco. We returned this way some few months later; starting from Sacramento to San Francisco, then took another boat to Panama; took the train across the Isthmus and steamer from there to New York. The passage cost all the way from \$80 to \$150. Panama was nothing more than a collection of huts. This was a hot swampy country.

"This was one of the three ways that a person had to go and come from California. Either by overland route or by sailing around Cape Horn or by the Isthmus of Panama. The poorer class went by the overland route as they had no money, and were enduring the privations and hardships so as to get rich in the Land of Gold.

"Many families had been induced to migrate to Oregon by the offer of Congress, in 1850, of 320 acres of land to every man and his wife who would reside on the land for four years. My father was one of the eight or nine thousand men who took up the offer. Oregon had been organized as a Territory in 1848, shortly before we got there.

"We stopped in the beautiful Rogue River valley on ranch land near Jacksonville. There were no towns, only small settlements. In times of Indian trouble all of the settlers tried to hover together at one place and fight. There was usually a messenger that carried the word to the neighboring families. The Indians were constantly trying to steal our cattle.

"Jacksonville was a trading post as well as an Army post. There were hundreds of soldiers stationed there to protect the country from Indians and other disturbances.

"My father was the only blacksmith in that part of the country and the Government made a contract with him to shoe the horses, and keep up the wagons and other things that needed repairing. It cost a dollar a pound for horse shoe nails then. We charged from \$5 to \$6 to shoe a horse. This was in 1855, and the soldiers were then fighting the Indians.

"I knew of one instance where 18 yoke of steers hauling supplies over the Siskiyou Mountains, principally flour, from Oregon to California, were shot down by Indians; the drivers were killed and the valuable sacks of flour cut and thrown down the mountain side. This was a great loss as everything was very high and it cost a lot to freight.

"In the Spring of 1860 we drove with horse teams to Sacramento, California, and took the boat for home.

"I stayed on our Wisconsin farm and

raised grain during the Civil War, while my brothers fought in the Northern Army.

"I married Emma Lois Miller, a graduate of West Salem University, Wisconsin, and a teacher, September 27, 1866. My wife was a descendant of the old Colonial Ethan Allen family of the war of 1812. When the Civil War broke out she was one of the twenty young women sent from Oberlin College to Camp Sherman to help care for the sick and wounded soldiers.

"I brought my wife and three baby children to Dallas, Texas, on the train in 1876; bought a team and wagon, and went to Fort Worth, which was only a trading post in a wild country. We followed the freight road about three days, arriving in Comanche which was then a town of about three thousand souls.

"In the early 80's I took a contract with the Chichester Stage Company, operating the Fort Worth and Denver stage and carried from eight to ten persons. The fare was \$10 from Comanche to Fort Worth. We left Fort Worth about nine or ten o'clock, changed horses in Thorp Springs, Granbury, Stephenville, Proctor, Dublin, Comanche, Blanket, Tipton and Brownwood. Here I waited for the Western Mail from Mexico and points along that line. The stage company issued me a blue meal ticket book where I could eat along the points, and paid me \$25.00 per month in money. Things were not so high then as they are now and I could support my family on this. My wife taught in the Comanche public schools also. I was up a couple of times but never lost any of the money.

"This was a cattle country with plenty of free grass and cattle running loose; open prairies with wild game. There were Indians along the Clear Forks of the Brazos. The Chisolm Trail ran in South of Comanche and went West. I have seen 8,000 head of cattle pass through Blanket."

Edwin Knudson is the father of Mrs. J. R. Sledge of Stamford, Texas; Mrs. Grace Rogers of Marlin, Texas, and Georgia Knudson of Comanche, Texas.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

Sam Houston: Fugitive from Justice

By JOHN S. MAYFIELD

Author of "Paragons of Virtue" and "King of Liars or Queen?"

WHILE IN BOSTON, Massachusetts, this past summer, I had the pleasure of spending an enjoyable evening with a friend, who boasted a remarkable collection of early papers and books dealing with the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. He explained that the major portion of his collection had come from old trunks, attics, basements and other favorite hiding places of his ancestors, who had been closely connected with the political circles of Frankfort and Nashville.

As we were inspecting the manuscripts, my friend turned up an old paper with this remark: "You being a native Texan, here is something that would probably interest you. It is the requisition from the governor of Kentucky on the governor of Tennessee for the apprehension of Sam Houston on the charge of assault with intent to kill."

I commented on the historical interest connected with the item and asked why it had not been placed in some museum or public library. "No," he answered, "I'm just selfish enough that I would rather it be in a private collection, especially one belonging to a Texan." And before I knew it, he had placed the document in my hands, saying: "It is yours. Take it as a token of my friendship."

The document reads as follows: "Commonwealth of Kentucky, Executive Department: To the Governor of the State of Tennessee—Sir: You are hereby requested to cause to be apprehended Sam Houston, who has been charged by a Grand Jury empanelled for Simpson County, in this Commonwealth, with having feloniously shot and wounded a certain William White.

"When informed by you that the said Houston has been apprehended, an agent will be appointed on the part of the Commonwealth to receive him, the said Houston, from the civil authority of the State of Tennessee for the purpose of bringing him to trial before the proper tribunal in this Commonwealth.

"Given under my hand with the State Seal annexed at Frankfort, this 4th day of May, 1827. By the Governor, Jos. Desha, J. C. Pickett, secretary."

It was in 1826, before Houston came to Texas and during his second term as a member of Congress from Tennessee, that his first and most serious duel took place. The appointments of postmaster under the Federal administration were naturally not of the Jackson-Houston party. A Colonel Irwin had been appointed postmaster at Nashville, and Houston had expressed his opinion about him with that vigor which characterized his animadversions upon his political opponents. Houston's words were

carried to Colonel Irwin, and it was understood that the postmaster would hold Houston personally responsible for them on the latter's return from Congress. Colonel Irwin selected as the bearer of his challenge a Colonel John T. Smith, a noted Missouri desperado; Houston's friend, Colonel McGregor, refused to accept the challenge from Smith's hands. The challenge was offered and refused in front of the old Nashville Inn, McGregor dropping the paper to the ground as it was offered to him. No encounter followed between Smith and McGregor as was expected, and the news of the action was taken to Houston, who was in a room of the inn with some of his friends, General William White, who was present, expressed himself to the effect that Smith had not been treated with the proper courtesy. Houston overheard the remark, and said to White: "If you, sir, have any grievance, I will give you any satisfaction you may demand." White replied: "I have nothing to do with your difficulties, but I presume you know what is due from one gentleman to another." Nothing followed at the time, and it was soon spread about the streets of Nashville that Houston had "backed down" General White. This attack upon his courage reached General White, and he sent a challenge to Houston, which was promptly accepted.

The duel was fought at sunrise, September 23, 1826 at a noted duelling ground in Simpson County known by the name of Linkumpinch just across the Tennessee line in Kentucky. White was severely wounded having been shot through the body at the hip. Houston escaped untouched. As they took their places to fire, Houston was observed to slip something into his mouth, which he had placed between his teeth on the advice of Andrew Jackson, who had said it was good to have something in the mouth to bite on—"It will make you aim better."

The Grand Jury of Simpson County of Kentucky, in June, 1827, brought in an indictment against Houston for a felony in shooting at William White with intent to kill, and the governor of Kentucky issued the above requisition on the governor of Tennessee for Houston's surrender. It is this document that my Boston friend gave me.

The requisition was not complied with on the grounds that the facts showed that Houston had acted in self-defense. In fact, a prosecution in those dueling days must have been understood as a farce and the fight undoubtedly increased Houston's popularity, for soon afterward he was elected governor of Tennessee by an overwhelming majority.

Some Early Bell County History

L. A. Chanslor, Kitteen, Texas.

THREE YEARS after the organization of Bell county and in the fall of the year 1856, there was a decided movement of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, Utah, to gain converts to the Mormon faith, and in accordance with this decision, after a report of local conditions in Texas to the Mormon Bishops in Salt Lake City, it was then decided to establish a settlement of Mormons in the western part of Bell county, and a company composed of twelve or fifteen Mormon preachers were delegated to begin this colonization scheme to the everlasting glory of Brigham Young and his satellites.

In the early part of September these advance advocates of the Mormon religion reached the frontier town of Belton, which was then composed of a stage station and some ten or twelve stores, of which about half were saloons and gambling houses, and took up their residence temporarily on the banks of Nolan creek just west of where the court house now stands, and after resting for a few days, the Elders got down to business and sent out parties of two each into the different settlements of the new county to gain converts to the Mormon faith ostensibly, but in fact to get all the likeable young women wherever possible as converts to the faith and later as wives for the glorified church dignitaries in Salt Lake City.

Everything worked nicely for a few weeks with the new settlement, the Elders being away for several days at a time from the local camp, but in the mean-while a report was circulated among the permanent residents to the effect that the Mormons had been making strong appeals to the wives and daughters of the Gentiles to abandon their homes and take up their residence in Utah, where the true faith abounded.

This latter development failed to meet with the cooperation and hearty approval of the male Gentile element in Belton and surrounding territory, and a committee composed of leading citizens backed up with an assortment of firearms called on the Mormons, telling them that if they wanted to keep their ranks intact and their present good state of health that it was absolutely necessary for them to move elsewhere. After taking one good look into the stern faces of this committee, the Mormons loaded their personal effects into several ox wagons and left Belton, later taking up their encampment at a place on the Lampasas river now known as the McBryde Crossing, five miles west of the present village of Youngsfort.

This community was sparsely settled, but several families of pioneers had settled on this part of the river several years earlier,

and among these was a family by the name of Howard, who had a grown daughter and two or three boys nearly grown. As before, when the Mormons came to Belton, everything moved along nicely and the new settlement was accepted at its face value, until Howard noticed that the Elders were paying quite a little attention to his daughter. After making some investigation and finding that the Mormons were trying to induce her to leave home, Howard loaded his shotgun with blue whistlers and called on the Mormon settlement, and in no uncertain terms told the Elders to leave his family out of all their future plans and calculations, and all would be well with them, but failure on their part in complying with all the terms of his demands, that he would kill them all to the last man.

The Mormons personally took him at his word and assured him of their good intentions, but in the meantime they had gotten in the good graces of a settler by the name of LaNier, and it is on this man that the story hinges, for LaNier told the Mormons if they wanted the girl that he could induce her to leave with them, so he called on the girl with this intention in view. The girl evidently told her father of what was on foot, at least he found out LaNier's intentions and told him to leave the premises and to stay away if he placed any value on his life.

Several days after the heated conversation with LaNier, Mr. Howard decided to round up his cattle which were ranging in the old Crossville settlement, and with this intention in view, saddled his horse early one morning, laid his gun across his saddle and left home with the intention of being away the entire day. He rode to where the cattle were ranging and began the round up, when some sixth sense warned him that his presence was needed at home, so acting on this impulse he left the work to be done in the hands of other parties and rode home with all possible speed, and as he came in view of the house, he saw LaNier's horse tied to the fence. Howard dismounted and entered the house from the rear just as LaNier, badly frightened, made a plunge through the front door and tried to mount his horse, when he received two loads of blue whistlers in his back, which killed him instantly.

There is no doubt in the minds of fair minded people that LaNier had gotten his just deserts for the despicable part he had played, and a few years earlier, before Bell county had been organized, when each man was his own judge, jury and executioner, nothing would have been done or thought about the killing, but Howard, fearing arrest if the tragedy became known, decided to dispose of the body, and accordingly called on his sons to aid him. They load-

BELL COUNTY GALLEY TWO

ed the body across a pack horse, covering it with a tarpaulin and rode toward the west, which was the last ever seen of LaNier.

As people were frequently changing locations and long absences were more frequent than otherwise, nothing was thought of LaNiers disappearance for several months, until the news leaked out that LaNier had been murdered and a search was instituted for his remains, a party being organized for this purpose, but with no results as far as finding his body was concerned. The searching party did, however, find a place where a huge fire had been kindled at the base of a mountain, which now bears the name of the man who was killed, and a few bones badly burned were found, but it was never definitely proven that they were human bones.

Several months after the searching party was disbanded, Howard was arrested for this murder, and after the usual legal de-

lay was brought to trial in the District Court in Belton, and as the prosecution could not actually prove that a murder had been committed, inasmuch as a dead body had never been produced, Howard came clear and his case went on the criminal docket as the first murder trial ever held in Bell county.

After the murder trial the Mormon settlement finally dwindled to a few members, a few returning to Utah, some died from disease and the rest remaining at the encampment until one dark night a shotgun roared out of the stygian darkness, and the Mormon encampment was no more.

Nothing remains of this encampment at this date, even its exact location has been forgotten and time has obliterated even the graves of those that died that night seventy-two years ago, and there is not a half dozen people living today that ever knew there was a Mormon settlement on the Lampassas river.

W. W. Bogel, Jurist and Cattleman

Katherine Duckworth, in *The Cattleman*.

Among the men who have contributed to the building of a cattle empire in the Big Bend of Texas, whose names are indelibly written into its early and stirring history, and whose personalities are woven into the web of all its progress, none are more outstanding than W. W. Bogel, familiarly known as Judge Bogel, one of the largest stockmen in Presidio County, and a resident of this section since the early '80's. Judge Bogel came to Presidio County forty-three years ago, two years after the Southern Pacific built its right-of-way through Marfa; when the Big Bend was still a wilderness, its desert silences broken not infrequently, by the panther's scream and the howl of the lobo; when black bear were still plentiful in its canyons, and great herds of antelope and black-tail deer grazed in its valleys and on its countless hillsides. In those days, law enforcement was lax "West of the Pecos," and Mexican bandits and cattle thieves repeatedly set the stage for fierce combats between themselves and the cowmen; outlaws and ruffians were a potent force on the state's remote frontier, while cattle and sheep men, living miles apart in camps and dugouts, were "small potatoes and few in a hill."

Judge Bogel came to the Big Bend when there were no wire fence west of San Antonio; he was here when ranchmen first began fencing their land and boring wells for their stock, and when Marfa's population was less than a hundred, its railroad station a box car, and the town boasted of one store, one hotel and postoffice, a Chinese restaurant and gambling hall, and a few adobe shacks.

The Big Bend of Texas occupies Presidio,

Jeff Davis and Brewster Counties, covers approximately 30,000 square miles and consists of grazing land amounting to 50 by 75 miles. In this ideal range country is located the 60,000 acre ranch of W. W. Bogel, which maintains a herd of 3,600 head of richly bred Highland Herefords, and carries registered bulls from the best herds in the country.

W. W. Bogel was born July 23, 1855, the son of Augustus J. and Julia W. Bogel of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. As a boy, he was given the advantages of private schooling, after which, he entered the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, graduating in 1874, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Leaving the University, he worked in his father's drug store for a few months, when his health failed, and on advice of physicians to go west, he, at the age of 19, came to Texas.

Not wanting to be a financial burden on his father, he hired out on Judge Noonan's ranch in Medina County where he remained for three months, when he was then employed by George Dougherty as his sheep herder at the munificent wage of \$12 per month. After herding sheep for a short time, and with improved health, he decided he wanted to go into the sheep business for himself, so returned home to talk the matter over with his father. The elder Bogel listening to what his son had to say, was convinced that he would make good and gave him \$1,200, which he invested in three hundred sheep, and in the spring of 1875, established a ranch of his own on Todos Santos Creek in Frio County where he remained for five years. Frio County was then a part of the great South Texas cattle

range. Grass was free and it was almost a crime for the owner of land to ask for rent of its use. In 1880, he left Frio County and went to Maverick County where he remained for a year, then sold his sheep and went to San Antonio and engaged in the grain business and went broke. With what few dollars he could scrape together from the wreck, as he expresses it, he then went to Mexico and entered the sheep business on a small scale, remained there for sixteen months, and his venture proving unsuccessful, he returned to Texas. In 1884, in partnership with D. A. Crichton, and with 1,200 sheep he located in Presidio County on Alamito Creek, forty miles south of Marfa. After a short time, however, he took over all the flock, to which he added the flocks of John G. Davis and Hi Kelly to maintain on shares for two years.

In 1898, after having built up a flock of 10,000 head of sheep and the largest individual wool trade in the country, he sold out and embarked in the cattle business, locating in 1901 at San Esteban, 12 miles east of Marfa on the ranch formerly owned by James P. Ellison (better known as Col. Jim Ellison), well known cattleman and one of the original trail drivers of Texas, who in 1867, drove 87,000 head of cattle to northern markets, stringing them out all the way from Texas to Nebraska.

"Col. Jim had large numbers of cattle on the headwaters of the Alamito where my ranch is now located," said Judge Bogel, "and his line rider, Old Man Stowe, as every one called him, was stationed there. Stowe was a big blonde, neat in dress, with hands soft and white as a woman's, and long, yellow hair reaching to his shoulders. He camped alone in San Esteban Cave and led a lonely life. Stowe had a peculiar fondness for polecats, made pets of those living in the cave, and fed them as they played at will around his camp. On one occasion, he was away at night and two cowboys occupied the cave. As they began preparing supper, the polecats, as was their habit, began to appear, and one by one, the boys took a shot at them until they all lay dead. When Old Man Stowe returned and saw his dead pets, he at once started in search of the boys, and when he found them, the language he used was not in keeping with his soft, white hands, and when he vented his wrath on them, he dared them to ever put their dirty hides inside his camp again. Needless to say, the boys never accepted the dare."

Many interesting stories and legends are woven into the history of the Big Bend country—a thrilling legend of San Esteban Cave runs like this: In the early '50's there was a penal colony at Bado de Piedra, near the present settlement of Ruidosa, on the Rio Grande. The officer in charge of the troops at this post, conceived the idea of sending a company of his soldiers under command of a captain, to the staked plains north of the Pecos River to hunt buffaloes,

dry their meat and take it back to their colony on pack mules, of which they had a great number. From the best information obtainable, they came to what is now Shafter, Texas. From there, they went east to Alamito Creek, following it to the Tinaja (rock water hole), San Esteban. In the canyon north of the Tinaja, there are a great many caves which were then and for many years after, inhabited by Apache Indians. The fact that the Apaches lived in the canyon, was unknown to the Mexicans. The Indians saw them coming, concealed themselves, and when the Mexican troops were half through the canyon, fell upon and slew them all except the commanding officer who escaped to tell the story. Now at midnight, so the legend runs, of every 16th of March, a ghostly band of Mexican soldiers, chanting a weird and mournful death song, can be seen entering the canyon.

Some years ago, Judge Bogel was asked for a history of San Esteban Cave, and in a joking way, made up a story of a massacre which had occurred there. Later, he related the incident and story to one of Presidio County's oldest citizens, and was told by that man, that he (Bogel) was not as big a fabricator as he conceived himself to be; that just before the Civil War, a wagon train of eight or ten big prairie schooners, on their return trip from San Antonio to Chihuahua, was camped a half mile below the cave; the train was attacked by Indians, the mules driven off, the wagons burned and all the men murdered.

Politically, Judge Bogel is a Republican; fraternally, he is affiliated with the Masonic Order from the Blue Lodge to the shrine, and with the Woodmen of the World. His religion connection is with the Episcopal Church. During his residence in Marfa, he has accepted many positions of trust, among them, that of County Judge and County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Presidio County, which place he held, by successive elections, for 12 years.

February 15, 1882, W. W. Bogel married Miss Sarah Newton, daughter of Col. and Mrs. S. G. Newton, of San Antonio. Her death four years ago removed a real partner and helpmate to her husband, and one who had endeared herself to the citizens of Marfa and the surrounding country as a neighbor and friend, and as a patron of every worthy cause. The first home of the Bogel's in Presidio County, a two-room adobe at the forks of Alamito Creek, is still standing. Here, under a brush shed, which was added to the "commodious quarters" after the Bogel family moved in, Mrs. Bogel prepared the meals for her family, and often for neighboring families of the farflung ranges, and the cowboys who made it convenient to drop in on the Bogels every opportunity they had because they found them such good "mixers," and so human; because they swapped jokes with them, encouraged

The Lost Adams Gold Diggings

A. M. Tenny, Jr., in El Paso Herald.



IN THE late '80's, I believe it was 1887, although I am not sure of the year, a man by the name of John Brewer with his family, an Indian woman and a little girl, came to my father's farm, located at Walnut Grove, about 12 miles out of Round Valley, Ariz. (now Springerville) and down stream on the Little Colorado river.

Brewer had with him two good freight wagons, one of which he drove himself while the woman and girl took turns driving the other, a fine herd of cows and a few thoroughbred horses.

Brewer said he had come all the way from Colorado, was much in need of rest, and asked if he might camp on our farm. We were glad to see him, contributed to his comfort whatever the farm was able to supply and found him to be congenial.

It was not his first trip into that section, Brewer told me, as he had been there more than 25 years ago with a party of prospectors. And from what he asked me about the topography of the surrounding country I was quickly convinced he had been there before.

In conversation with Brewer over a period of several months I learned the entire story of his former trip into that section and of its bloody ending just when the hopes of a lifetime were seemingly fulfilled.

In 1862, Brewer in company with four other men, left California expecting to work his way back east riding first one freight wagon and then another. While resting up in Tucson, Ariz., Brewer and his companions chanced to meet with a half-breed Pima-Mexican who would come to their corral occasionally to chat with the Americans.

Brewer said he and his companions had brought with them from California some gold coins and among them a few \$50 gold pieces. The halfbreed was plainly excited at the sight of the money, the first gold coins he had ever seen.

But while the Pima-Mexican had never before seen gold coins the metal itself was not new to him, it developed in the subsequent conversations. He had seen pieces of gold larger than the coins, he said.

The freighters immediately became interested. The halfbreed said he knew of a country out east beyond "snow mountain" (undoubtedly Baldy peak) where each shovel full of sand would show color if not a nugget and that if Brewer and his companions would pay him \$1000 in the gold coin they had he would take them to the spot.

Although they did not have \$1000 to pay after listening to the story for several days they became enthusiastic over the country the Pima-Mexican described. For about

five days they bickered with the halfbreed.

Finally it was agreed that the five freighters would furnish a good outfit and pay the expenses of the trip; the guide was to receive \$50 in gold from each of the five for his services but was to furnish his own mount and saddle equipment. The halfbreed was inclined to hold out for the \$1000 he originally asked but the freighters said it was impossible for them to pay more than the \$50 each.

The final discussion of terms lasted well into the night and the next morning the halfbreed rode into Tucson saying he was reporting for duty. The next thing to do was to assemble an outfit. A conference was held and it was decided to move out as soon as possible.

Brewer borrowed the guide's horse and immediately went the rounds of the ranches nearby in search of horses for the trip but met with little success. When he was returning he met another man going the same direction with whom he fell into conversation and told of his difficulty in finding horses.

The stranger told Brewer that he had some horses and would be more than glad to rent them on reasonable terms. That evening Brewer introduced the stranger, whose name was Adams, to his companions. Adams too had come from California only recently, he said.

That night the freighters signed a contract with Adams whereby he, for a share in the gold findings, would furnish his horses, about 10 in all, equipment and everything necessary for the trail and would himself accompany the party. The freighters to defray all expenses of the expedition.

In two days the party was ready to take the trail, horses were shod, saddles and other equipment repaired and every man in the party was in the best of spirits.

The horses were large, fine animals, and appeared strong enough for any emergency. Brewer told me he believed Adams bought them near Tucson from farmers as they all bore collar and harness marks indicating that they were veterans at the plow.

The route lay northeast, toward the White mountains.

"On the fourth day we rounded Baldy peak on the north side and, crossing the north fork of White river, soon found ourselves on what is known as the 'continental divide.'" Brewer told me, according to the notes I kept of my conversations with him.

"What a paradise! Fine timber, good water and game plentiful. But we did not stop to hunt. We had been crossing streams that flowed to the west but now the watershed was to the north and east. Our last

camp in the White mountains, the fourth day out, was one to be long remembered.

"The fifth day at early dawn we were astir and, the morning meal over, we were soon in the saddle and ready to move on. Hardly a word was spoken and every man seemed to have a feeling of something bordering on sadness.

"In talking it over we all agreed that to leave the great mountain which had given us protection for four long days, took all the courage we could muster. To make matters worse, as we arrived at the margin of the timber, about half an hour's ride from where we had camped, the guide cautioned us for the first time about Apaches.

"Before leaving the timber we took note of our surroundings. Directly in front of us and on the route we were to take we could see a vast area of open country with high lava hills and rough canyons which we would have to cross.

"To the right and about 30 miles distant we could see a round, timber-covered mountain (Escudilla mountains). Directly in front of us and about 15 miles distant we were able to trace the course of the Little Colorado river as it made its way out of the mountains toward the north.

"But the best sight of all we would have missed had not the guide called our attention to it. To the north and a little to the west we could just make out through the hazy blue three lofty peaks, (later known as the San Francisco mountains) 200 miles away.

"As we moved out on the plains we began to feel the heat and as we rode on no less than four droves of antelope crossed our path. It was just a few minutes before noon that day, our fifth out of Tucson that we crossed the Little Colorado river.

"As we had been in the open all the forenoon we were a little uneasy and to add to our apprehension just after we crossed the river we discovered prints of bare feet in the sand. We were all of the same mind—that they meant that Indians were not far away.

"The guide said, 'Go Pronto!' and led the way out to the east. We lost no time getting into the hills out of sight of the river. About two miles from the crossing, we rode into a broad, open canyon up which the guide piloted us for a few miles. Turning to the left up the canyon wall, we were soon on high ground.

"From that point we turned again almost north and about five miles farther on we rode out on a high plateau. It was late when we finally went into camp for the night. As we had had a strenuous day, making our way at times with difficulty through canyons, over lava beds and through cedar thickets, we were more tired than hungry and turned in supperless after the guide had cautioned us that a fire could be seen for 50 miles in at least three directions.

We rolled from our blankets early the

morning of the sixth day. Every man was 'on his nerve' and would have shouted a 'hurray' had it not been that the guide was talking almost in a whisper.

"We are nearing our heart's desire," he said. As soon as it was light enough to see our surroundings we rode away, again without our rations.

"The halfbreed led us to a large cedar tree some 300 yards from where we had camped and on a little higher ground. We had not discovered the tree until daylight. There the guide almost took our breath away by announcing, 'See esas dos piloncillos? (Two sugar-loaf cones in the distance). Near them is our destination.'

"Those fellows acted like a bunch of kids on a vacation. They wanted to gallop away at top speed. Adams and the guide had the only level heads in the party.

"We left the tree, heading straight toward our object, the guide and Adams in the lead, the packs in the center led by three of the party and two bringing up the rear. Away we rode in the best of spirits.

"Two or three miles' travel put us on lower ground and two miles farther on we could see what appeared to be a deep canyon across our path. We were now in the cedars again and sure enough in short order we were on the margin of the canyon, and what a 'hummer' it was!

"We worked our way down into the gulch and as we were watering the horses at the bottom the guide said, "There is a little gold in this canyon but not as much as over yondr."

"The boys would not leave without investigating. A pack horse was led up and some pans were soon in operation. The statement of the guide was quickly verified. The party called a halt and decided to go into camp, telling the guide they would wait until the next day to finish the journey. If they went on without investigating the canyon further, it would necessitate a return trip soon, they explained.

"We selected a spot 200 yards back and a little upstream from where we found the 'color' in the shade of a cluster of large cedars to unpack and hobble the horses. Then every man grabbed his pan and made a rush for the gravel."

Brewer did not tell me what time of year it was but I guessed that it must have been early fall as he said there was no running water in the arroyo but plenty of water in holes, indicating that the rainy season was just over.

The party panned up and down the canyon a considerable distance finding 'color' everywhere. When darkness brought them back to camp they immediately took stock of the half day's panning and estimated it to be about a pound of gold. They would not consider moving on for the present to what they called "headquarters."

"Up to that moment excitement had run high all day," Brewer said, "and no one had thought of anything but the sand. Now that the tools were laid aside they

began to realize that none of them had taken any nourishment since leaving the White mountains the morning before. The next move was toward the kitchen.

After the evening meal was over and the camp had been put in order the men smoked and talked long and late. Finally when they did go to their blankets no one slept.

"The morning of the seventh day we were on the move early. After the morning meal was over, six pans returned to the arroyo. Every man worked his hardest paying little attention to anything but the sand.

"When darkness compelled us to stop and we went back to camp we estimated that we had penned about a pound and a half of gold that day, making a total of two and a half pounds of fine gold in 'a day and a half with six pans.

"After supper, pipes. And now everyone had time for reflection and conversation. Although none of the party had slept the night before the strenuous day's work had produced little desire for sleep. 'Time is too precious to be wasted in sleep,' the boys said."

Next morning as usual they were up and ready early. Again the question of moving on to a permanent camp came up as the guide was anxious to terminate his contract. While they were discussing the matter, Adams said that regardless of what was decided he must go to look for the horses which had wandered away. Taking one of the party with him he set out.

"The boys were anxious to get back to the arroyo," Brewer said. "I proposed that they go ahead and that I would wash up the dishes, set the camp in order to join them soon.

"Remaining in camp that morning saved my life."

"Little did I realize as I watched those three boys pick up their pans and start off to work accompanied by the halfbreed guide that they were going to their death," Brewer told me.

"There was nothing to indicate the impending tragedy and everyone was in a happy mood.

"I was busy with hot water and dishes thinking only of how fortunate this little expedition had been to date when suddenly I heard a sound which I took to be distant thunder, but there was not a cloud to be seen.

"My next thought was that it was a mighty wind and it seemed to be drawing nearer a chill of wonder swept over me. I immediately began to investigate.

"Back of the camp and only a few steps away was the canyon wall. Up it I went double quick. Then I looked back to where the boys were working. To my horror I could see a multitude of Apaches swooping down on my defenceless companions.

"A quick estimate told me there were upward of 80 and possibly 100 of the Indians, some on horseback but most of

them afoot. Suddenly they began to let forth horrifying screams and yells that fairly split the air, and, forming a cordon around the helpless boys, butchered them in an instant.

"One of the boys partly succeeded in breaking the cordon and for a few brief seconds fought back with a vengeance that proved him to be game to the core, but with one mighty stroke a brave carrying some kind of a club felled him and the slaughter was over.

"I knew that I must act and act quickly. There I was away from the camp without gun, pistol or provisions and in my shirt sleeves. To drop back into camp just a few steps away at that perilous moment I was afraid would be my undoing.

"I decided that above all else I must try to locate Adams and the man who went with him in search of the horses. The last horrifying glimpse I had of the massacre was of the reds apparently holding hands in a circle dancing around my dead companions and sending forth a blood-curdling song.

"If I valued my life in the least, I knew, I must put distance between myself and this scene. Immediately I moved out of sight, taking to higher ground and hiding as I moved along. My run took me to a thicket of cedars and feeling a little safe there took refuge for the greater part of the day.

"About sundown I ventured out and went to the rim of the canyon again. I looked about in every direction for anything that might be on the move. All day long I had imagined I heard the enemy still near, but from the rim I could see nothing of them.

"Finally I decided to descend to the bottom of the arroyo and there I found where the horses had been. I was somewhat relieved to find their trail and followed it upstream without any perturbation since by then it was almost dark.

"But my relief was of short duration for not more than a quarter of a mile further on I found where those red devils had unhobbled the horses.

"Then I almost lost my head and felt that I would collapse. The sight of the morning's slaughter had frightened me terribly and, instead of improving, matters had grown worse. The only thing which could have added to my alarm and grief would have been to find that Adams and his companion had been overtaken by the same fate as the boys at the camp.

"Being left alone in that wild and formidable country a four or five days' journey from help was a problem that required cool consideration. I was afoot and had no matches had I desired to light a fire.

"My knees knocked together and my heart pounded.

"Darkness brought me a little consolation as I was able to move about in safety. I decided at once that I must have another

look at the camp before deciding my next move.

"I crossed the canyon to the opposite wall and, climbing out on top, saw that the country had been fired and was still burning. Cautiously I felt my way along the rim until I was sure I was opposite to where the slaughter took place and in sight of the camp.

"But all I could see was a raging forest fire and I abandoned my plan of seeing if there was anything which could be salvaged.

"As I turned to get out of sight I don't know what came over me but I caught myself shrieking at the top of my voice, 'Adams! Adams! My God, what shall I do!'

"The sound of my voice so frightened me that I lost no time in disappearing from the scene believing that I had betrayed myself to every living creature in the vicinity.

"I ran and kept on running until finally I fell on my face exhausted. Just how far I had traveled I had no way of estimating and how long I lay there I do not know.

"When I came fully to my senses I was cold with perspiration that covered my entire body. I believed that I was safe temporarily. My clothing was considerably torn and I felt a stinging sensation on my forehead and face.

"With my hand I discovered that my face was covered with sticky blood and I realized that my frantic race through the timber had left its mark.

"I had lost all sense of direction but I had no sooner risen to my feet than I saw the half moon coming up over the eastern horizon. That put me straight with the world again and also had a tendency to straighten my head and put a little reason in me. I realized that my next move was of great importance and as I walked away facing the half moon I debated with myself as to what was the proper thing to do.

"The most important thing I knew was to keep on putting distance between myself and that hunted canyon. Daylight came and still I walked. Sunrise, and on I went.

"The warm sun was a blessing to me as I had been chilled most of the night. I soon began to feel more like myself. About 10 o'clock I walked out on the margin of a large clearing. Since it was unsafe to venture into the open and as I was ready to rest I decided to go into hiding for at least part of the day.

"I was not long in finding a refuge as the timber was thick and I lay down, but, tired as I was, my eyes refused to close. After vainly trying to coax myself to sleep I decided to move on. I took note of the country around and saw that a slight detour would keep me in the edge of the timber.

"I hit a lively stride and by dark estimated that I had put 18 miles between me

and my last resting place. As darkness began to cover the lonely country I found myself descending into a canyon. Travel at night was difficult and I decided to camp. Locating some thick brush and weeds I crawled in.

"That night was the longest I had ever known. I made myself believe I had rested and actually did sleep for a time but long before daybreak I became restless and could wait no longer.

"Shivering with the cold I crawled out and walked on as best I could until daylight. As soon as I was able to see my surroundings I went in search of water which I found further on down the canyon. Near the water I located some berries in a thicket on bushes. Although they were too sour to be of much use I gathered a few and made myself think they were palatable.

"Continuing on down this gulch a few miles I suddenly became uneasy and decided to abandon it. I climbed up the left wall and on top found some level and better country. I kept in sight of the canyon for several miles until, about 3 p. m., to my joy and surprise I came to a wagon road.

"There had not been a wagon on the road for at least a month but there were fresh horse and burro tracks going and coming and occasionally I found the print of a man's foot.

This gave me new hope that I was at least nearing civilization but I was afraid to be too sure. I followed the road a short distance when I began to have a feeling of distrust. "This road is too dangerous," I said to myself and veered off a little but kept to the general direction of the road.

"I was glad when darkness compelled me to camp for I was too weary to go further and pains of hunger had begun to tell on me. I had heard of men going without nourishment for a week without suffering but there I was three days without food and already desperately ill.

"I lay down, stretching full length on the cold ground and tried to sleep but by what I judged to be 9 p. m., I had experienced two or three attacks of something, I know not what, that I never imagined could be so severe.

"Pains shot through my body many times and finally left me with an 'all gone' feeling. When I came to or woke up cold perspiration stood out on my body.

"After resting a time I believed I felt some better but I was freezing. My head seemed clear and I tried to reason.

"I had passed three days and two nights since taking any nourishment. How long could I keep up the pace I had been setting? And was I getting anywhere? My predicament was serious. Something must happen and happen quick.

"To the east, I knew was the Rio Grande where I might be able to find friends, but

I had no idea how far away the river was and I was just about 'shot down.'

"I stayed awake far into the night and felt surprised at times that I felt as well as I did after such painful attacks. I finally managed to get a few hours' sleep but long before daylight I was ready to go again.

"With just a little difficulty I got on my feet and I was a little frightened at my trembly condition. One thing I decided then and there—it was to be down the big wagon road from now on. It was my last and only hope. Safe or unsafe, traveling would be easier there and I had decided that today was my last desperate shot to win.

"Leaving camp I was soon making good time along the road as I imagined it was just a little down hill. About every two miles I would take a few minutes' rest.

"I told myself that I was making good progress, but I was disappointed that day-break did not prove to be near as I had expected. Finally when it became light I saw ahead a gap in the mountains. Another hour and I was walking through the gap and following the road down into a canyon.

"Before long I came to a little stream and what appeared to be a cultivated field and turning a curve in the canyon suddenly saw two burros grazing along the water's edge. They were as surprised as I was glad and as I approached they beat a retreat across the stream.

"I lay down on the stream bank and drank. No sooner had I tasted the water, however, than I began to feel faint again. Just what happened I do not know but when I finally opened my eyes I closed them again right away and just whispered to myself, 'goodby, old boy, your time has come.'

"Three Indians were standing over me."

"I had no feeling of fear," Brewer told me. "I was just glad that I had got somewhere. I was too weak for words even had the Indians been able to understand me.

"They must have thought me quite a curiosity for they stood silent looking at me for several minutes. Finally one of them spoke and they began a conversation which I could not understand.

"I decided that I would attempt to get on my feet again and that if I was to be slain, the sooner it was over the better. I struggled a little and managed to roll over on my hands and knees. Then to my surprise one of the Indians stepped forward and taking me by the arm helped me to my feet and steadied me until I could stand alone.

"I thanked him in English and I thanked him in Spanish and was sorry I could not thank him in his own language. I was more delighted still when I learned that he spoke a little Spanish. While he was steadying me with his strong arms I had said, 'Gracias,' and he came back with a 'Poco malo.'

"Then I knew I was among friends. They proposed to take me to their 'casa' and pointed out over a hill and of course I could say nothing but 'sl.'

"One of the trio made a run over the little stream and soon returned with a mount for me which was one of the burros I had seen. Had I not been so exhausted and ill the efforts of the Indians to stack me on the little animal and make me stay put would have been funny.

"As soon as he got a smell of me it took all three of them to hold him. Finally one of the Indians put a sack over his eyes and another held the animal the third put me aboard. But it was no use. He simply objected toting me and we had to turn him loose. With a man on each side to steady me we made good time toward the house about a quarter of a mile away. On arriving they spread two sheep pelts on the floor and put me down on them.

"They understood my condition perfectly and began at once to prepare food. First they gave me a bowl of tea made from a weed that grew in the fields. It was the most palatable drink I ever had.

"Next they served me goat meat, which also was good, and some 'greens' on which they used salt instead of vinegar. Of course, the bean had its place on the bill of fare. The only fault I found was that they gave me so little of everything but the Indians knew that in my famished condition it might prove fatal to feed me too much.

"No sooner had I put the food away than sleep struck me. My sheep skin bed, while not very attractive to the eye, was what you call 'the real thing for the purpose.' There was no covering but the house was warm and I slept like a baby.

"It was the early morning of the next day before I awoke. The family was moving about and after a fire was lit I was given a vessel full of real coffee. I learned this was a custom of the people. No sooner was the pot drained than it was refilled and returned to the fire.

"After coffee the morning meal was prepared. I was intensely interested in everything that was going on. One thing particularly that struck me as curious was that there were no knives, forks or spoons. All the kitchen utensils were of home manufacture, the fry pan, coffee pot and other dishes being of either clay or wood.

"The family consisted of eight people, three grown males, two squaws and three children.

"After putting away a good breakfast I was decidedly glad that I was alive. My strength was returning and during the day I wandered about a little but not far from the 'casa.' Every place I wandered one of the men accompanied me, for which I was grateful.

"From a little hill a short distance from the house I made the discovery that this family had neighbors near by and was

glad to learn that there was quite a village within an hour's walk. These good people made me understand that the village was headquarters for several settlements in and around near by and that it supported a magistrate to whom they referred as 'Alcalde.'

"When the news of my strange and timely rescue was spread around I lacked nothing in the matter of attention and visitors. The way the Indians flocked in you could imagine a circus had come to town.

"After my second night in this 'rescue home' I began to feel the urgent necessity of moving on, but on invitation decided to visit the village first. An appointment with the 'Alcalde' was made for me and in due time I was escorted into his presence.

"He was an elderly man, smooth shaven, very alert and dressed in the cleanest white cotton suit I had seen in many days. A table, behind which he sat, and two short benches were about all the furniture in sight. Two pictures representing the crucifixion hung on the wall at his back. Everything was scrupulously clean.

"The 'Alcalde' spoke excellent Spanish and told me that he had attended school in Santa Fe many years ago. As he did not ask me any questions concerning my recent experience I surmised that he was waiting for me to approach the subject in my own way.

"Begging his permission to relate my story I told him what had brought our party into the country and of the massacre. He listened with interest and when I had finished he asked to be excused for a moment. He went outside and immediately returned with five 'of his brethren,' as he called them, and asked that I repeat the story to them.

"When I had gone over my experience again, being careful not to deviate in the least from my first account in order that the fine ear of the 'Alcalde' might not detect a single discrepancy, I waited for one of them to speak but they all stood silent, some gazing fixedly at the walls and others with their eyes fastened to the floor at their feet.

"A feeling of uneasiness came over me for during my entire recital of the story not an eye had been turned my way. Finally the 'Alcalde' broke the silence by asking me the name of the Mexican-Pima guide. I saw at once that it was to my discredit that I couldn't tell them his name.

"However, I gave them a complete description of him. They talked for a while in their own language and I guessed that it was quite possible that they knew him.

"After they had talked among themselves for some time I took the liberty of proposing that they furnish me with a detachment of armed men with whom to return to the canyon. I told them that the guide and three of my companions were beyond human help, but that in the in-

terest of humanity we owed it to Adams and the other man to attempt their rescue.

"But I quickly saw that they were all opposed to any kind of expedition that might lead them into conflict with the hated Apaches. They had already had some sad experiences in attempting to penetrate hostile territory and were not willing to go beyond their own border.

"They spoke vaguely of 'a post' somewhere out to the west where they said were stationed soldiers who would help me, but the little information I received from them concerning the location of the fort I considered too hazy to be considered seriously.

"I asked permission to remain among their people until I could travel again. They assured me that I was welcome to remain as long as I desired and invited me into their homes. I would be perfectly safe in their settlement they said and when I wished to move on they would direct me to other towns or to the Rio Grande not very far away.

"Should I desire to travel east, I would find pack trains coming and going almost every day between Santa Fe and Old Mexico along the Rio Grande, they said.

"That certainly was good news to me.

"Again they invited me to their homes in the village but the Indian who had rescued me was standing at my elbow. He took hold of my arm. 'Getting late. Time to go home,' he said. And bidding the townspeople good day we strolled back to his hut.

"With another good night's rest and two more square meals to my credit I felt fit once more to take the trail. I had a little money with me and offered it to the good people who had so kindly taken me in, but they would not even look at it.

"They expressed genuine regret at our parting and said they hoped they would have the pleasure of entertaining me again some time. They escorted me to the village again.

"I called on the 'Alcalde' and thanked him again for the interest he had shown in my misfortune. He called a man to escort me through the city and put me on the road to the Rio Grande.

"After more goodbys, I was soon on my way again. The guide accompanied me for many miles and before returning to his village gave me full instructions for reaching the river.

"I was really glad to be alone again and as I hurried along went over and over the adventure of the last few days in my mind. And the question which I have pondered over many times since came to my mind—to find out what happened to Adams and did I do right in escaping without waiting to find out what happened to Adams and the other man with him? Was my judgment faulty under the strain of the terrible disaster?

"I justified my actions by saying that if

I had remained in the canyon one day more in the hope of locating Adams I would never have reached the place where my Indian rescuers found me, for one more day and night without food or shelter would have found me dead, I felt sure. As it was I ran too close to the margin.

"About sunset I passed through some sand hills and over a divide and saw about a mile away a fringe of trees which I knew was the Rio Grande. As I drew near the river a native came riding up to me on horseback and saluted.

" 'You must be weary because of the heat and the day's journey,' he said. 'No doubt you are a stranger in this country. My home is nearby. Will you rest for the night? As he lead me to his rude home he revealed that he had seen me the day before in the Indian village.

"In the hut was plenty of food and I spent a restful night on another sheep-skin bed. Early the next morning after a good breakfast I asked permission to continue my journey. I offered my money to my host but he would not accept it even as a present.

"He told me to follow the river, and after seven hours' travel I arrived at a crossing. The stream looked swift and not a little dangerous so I removed my clothes and tied them in a bundle to hold above the water.

"However, I made the crossing with ease. About a mile farther on, to my great delight, I found a village where a few white people lived. The town supported three stores, a rooming house and a church. There I was able to buy shoes and other clothing which I needed badly.

"During the three days I spent in the town I related my story many times and was surprised to find how few people took it seriously. Some would say, 'Forget it.' Others, 'We've heard them gold yarns before.'

"However, I was not looking for consolation. All I wanted was to get out of the country and the farther away the better. There was no need to travel on foot any more with pack and wagon trains coming and going almost daily.

"After three days in the village I was able to make arrangements with the head packer of an outfit to include me in his train. He said he had a horse I could ride, but had no saddle for the animal. I made a hurried trip to the grocery store and soon returned to the train with half a dozen empty corn sacks which when lashed on the horse made a fairly comfortable seat.

"To me the journey with the pack train seemed interminable. There were days when we made only 12 miles. At times we stayed in one camp where the grass was good for three days to recruit the horses. I was tempted many times to continue by myself on foot but the country was a wilderness and not a little dangerous for a man alone.

"We were a month reaching Santa Fe, but how glad we were when we rode in sight of that wonderful old city! Cargoes were delivered, new cargoes signed for and the return trip soon arranged. But my route was still toward the east. A wagon train was loading and as teamsters were scarce I soon had a job.

"As I was nearer home and had a job, I was no longer worried about the future."

Such was Brewer's story as he told it to me.

Brewer, a number of men from the neighborhood and I made many trips looking for landmarks along the route over which he said the Mexican-Pima guide took the Adams party when they discovered the diggin's.

On one occasion we were in camp on the high sierras of the White mountains enjoying a good pine fire, which always feels good in that altitude. We had crossed the "continental divide" that day and had found the place where Brewer felt sure his party had crossed the White river "in '62" We had asked Brewer many questions and finally someone asked him to tell us about the guide of the Adams expedition.

"Curious thing," said Brewer, "he was with us a week and we never learned his name. But that kid certainly was a wonder. His conduct toward us on so short acquaintance was certainly commendable.

"He stood about five feet 10 inches high. His hair was as black as the plume of a raven. His eyes were large and round and he seemed to have the power to decide at a glance what to do. He would not look you straight in the face and at first you would be inclined to judge him as being treacherous, but we found him to be entirely trustworthy.

"He was excellent company and had a large fund of information about trails and travel. The map he drew for us at Tucson before we left was just one straight line a little north of east, but we deviated from it just a little.

"All had gone well up to the time we crossed the Little Colorado. It was there that we saw our first Indian sign. We were watering our horses when something seemed to come over him. He ordered us forward 'on the run.' I saw that he was puzzled.

"After two or three miles we rode into a broad canyon and there he halted us. He looked up the canyon and to all sides and finally, saying something about 'better to play safe than make a mistake,' led us to the south up this canyon for several miles before he turned out.

"Every move he made added testimony to his claim that he had been over the trail before.

"There was nothing in the world that guide cared more for than the horse he rode. He would pet his horse all day, never letting it out of his sight and at night he would sleep at the end of the animal's picket rope.

"I never once caught the kid asleep. He was the last to turn in at night and the first up in the morning. I spread my blanket alongside his a night or two and whenever a noise in or near the camp such as a disturbance among the horses, the snapping of a twig or the howl of a wolf caused me to sit up to listen I would always find him propped up on his elbow with his ear to the breeze.

"His ability to detect trouble was of the 'long range' variety. I feel sure his judgment would have saved our party from the massacre had we not all thrown caution to the winds when we found the gold.

"He was generous to a fault and we all became really attached to him. When we unpacked in that canyon that day the kid had too good a heart in him to kick. He merely suggested that since he was just about to finish his contract he would like to be released at once or have the party go on to its destination without delay."

The story of the lost Adams diggings was not new to me, however, when I heard it from Brewer, for in 1885 a man by the name of Shaw with two other men had visited us at the Walnut Grove farm. They claimed to have come from Silver City and were looking over some old trails which they said they had traveled years before.

The party stayed with us for several days and although Shaw was reluctant to talk about his previous expeditions one of his companions told me that Shaw claimed to have accompanied Adams, who, it seems, also escaped the massacre, on at least one of his searches for the New Mexico gold fields.

According to the story the companion told me, Adams escaped the Apaches who killed his companions and in the years following tried again and again to find the canyon where the Mexican-Pima guide took them.

After resting at our farm for several days Shaw asked that I ride out with him while he tried to locate the place where he said he had camped for the last time in the White mountains on a previous trip and where he crossed the Little Colorado.

Going west from the river for about 15 miles we arrived at the margin of the timber and in less than an hour more were riding along what is known as the "continental divide." We rode up and down the divide for most of the forenoon and Shaw finally decided we were about on the trail.

As it was getting late we went into camp for the night. But the following day Shaw failed to locate any familiar land or timber near. He wanted to locate a certain tree that had grown out of the ground to a height of about three feet and then had been bent over and grown horizontally for about 12 feet before turning up again.

After a rain one day he and his companions put their outfit on the tree to dry, Shaw said. The tree looked so much like a horse that it was the talk of the party

for several days, he said. Shaw was particularly anxious to find the tree because, he said, the party had made their last camp in the White mountains there.

But timber fires had swept over much of the mountains since Shaw said he had been there before and nothing seemed to look familiar to him, although once as we were looking to the east from the divide he said he believed he recognized the country ahead.

Next we tried to find where he had crossed the Little Colorado. We descended from the "divide" and reached the timber edge about 8 a. m. We immediately rode out on the plains toward the river. Our route took us through and over some rough malpais country, but by noon we were at the place where Shaw said they had last crossed the river. The place was about two miles below Round Valley, now Springerville, where the river enters the gorge.

Of this crossing Shaw felt sure. We then returned to the farm, some 10 miles down the river, to rest and prepare for an extended trip to the east. After two days of washing clothes and mending saddles and packs we set out again, going east from the river crossing.

For five days we wandered up and down through cedar thickets and rough country in which Shaw was completely lost. On the fifth day we returned to the farm. Shaw stayed there for another day and then went on with his companions to St. Johns, from which place they hoped to try again.

Later I learned that they did try again. At St. Johns they obtained a guide, a boy I knew well, and an outfit. They went out to the Salt lake country and were gone 10 days but failed to find any landmarks to indicate they were on the right trail.

The guide told me later that while he was with the party they were never more than three days from St. Johns. They went east to Los Pilas, then to Salt lake and Los Tules and over to Ojos Bonitos.

Returning they again came within sight of Salt lake and continued south to within sight of the Escudilla mountains, where I had been with them two weeks before.

There they turned east and north, going by what is now called Horseshoe springs and on to Rito Quemado, where the guide left the party and returned to St. Johns by way of the big wagon road. Shaw and his partners headed for the malpais fields, the guide having told them that by keeping to the east of the lava beds and going around the north end of them and heading a little west they would find Fort Wingate.

Shaw never would tell me much regarding his trips, but one of the boys with him, a jolly good fellow, fell into conversation with me one day out in the hay field at the farm. From him I learned that they were looking for a gold diggings which Shaw said was less than two days' ride from the Little Colorado.

This man pledged me to secrecy before he would tell me anything, but when he had finished asked me if I would guide him out again if he would return some time after parting with Shaw.

He said that from what he had learned from Shaw and the experience he had gained in the search so far he believed he and I would have a good chance of finding the diggings, but he never returned.

Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana

Colonel C. C. Smith, U. S. Army, Retired, 1841 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, California.



WHEN ITURBIDE, the first independent ruler of modern Mexico, as Emperor Augustin I, was executed on July 19, 1824, at Padilla, State of Tamaulipas, the sinister figure of Santa Ana came into view with his "pronunciamiento," at Vera Cruz, in favor of a republican form of Government. Not strange, since his self-seeking activities aided in ruining the erstwhile Emperor.

Santa Ana, a man of peculiar mind, and who has been said to have been neither soldier nor statesman, was born in Jalapa, February 21, 1795. He served in the colonial army of Spain from 1810 until 1821, when he took up the cause of Mexican independence, and later, as above stated, taking a hand in the downfall of Iturbide.

In 1829, the Spaniards made a foolish attempt to regain Mexico with a force of 4,000 men, under General Barradas, but were absolutely repulsed by Santa Ana and Mier. From that time on, he became more obsessed with the idea that he was a great man, and his life became a sort of juggling performance to keep himself in the lime light.

George Frederick Ruxton, the English traveler, in his book, "Adventures in Mexico From Vera Cruz to Chihuahua in the days of the Mexican War," has much to say of Santa Ana. In chapter four, page forty-five, he says:

"Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana is a hale-looking man between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance and a very well built wooden leg. The Senora, a pretty girl of seventeen, pouted at the cool reception, for not one viva was heard; and her mother, a fat, vulgar old dame, was rather unceremoniously congeed from the procession, which she took in high dudgeon. The General was dressed in full uniform, and looked anything but pleased at the absence of everything like applause, which he doubtless expected would have greeted him. His countenance completely betrays his character: indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice, and sensuality are depicted in every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face."

The lack of applause, referred to in the foregoing quotation, was on the occasion of Santa Ana's return to Vera Cruz, from

exile in Havana, at the beginning of the Mexican War; and on this occasion, Ruxton was present, just having arrived in Vera Cruz from England, as shown from the following, where we learn more of Santa Ana.

"The day after our departure from Havana, (sometime in August, 1846) we overtook a small steamer under the British flag, which was pronounced to be the Arab, having on board the ex-President of Mexico, General Santa Ana. As she was signalled to speak, we bore down upon her, and, running alongside, the captain hailed to know if we would take on board four passengers; which was declined, our skipper not wishing to compromise himself with the American blockading squadron at Vera Cruz, by carrying Mexican officers. We had a good view of Santa Ana, and his pretty young wife. It seemed that the Arab had disabled her machinery, and was making such slow progress that Santa Ana was desirous of continuing the trip on the Medway. He was provided with a passport from the Government of the United States to enable him to pass the blockade; which very questionable policy on the part of that Government it is difficult to understand; since they were well aware that Santa Ana was bitterly hostile to them, whatever assurances he may have made to the contrary; and at the same time was perhaps, the only man whom the Mexican army would suffer to lead them against the American troops.

"On the fifth morning after leaving Havana, at 6 a. m., we made the land, and were soon after boarded by one of the American blockading squadron—the corvette at St. Mary's. It was expected that Santa Ana was on board, and the officer said that instructions had been received to permit him to enter Vera Cruz."

The encyclopaedia Britannica, in its account of Mexico, confirms what Ruxton says of Santa Ana's having an American passport, in the following statement: "Santa Ana was hastily recalled from his exile in Havana to assume the presidency and conduct the war (August, 1846). He was allowed by the American Squadron blockading Vera Cruz to pass in without hindrance. Probably it was thought his presence would divide the Mexicans."

To go back chronologically in the life of Santa Ana: Another of his startling acts occurred in 1832, when he opposed and defeated President Bustamante, at Casas

Blancas. He would not take the presidency himself, which was now easily his, but preferred to rule through dummies.

His most atrocious act was on March 6, 1836, when he issued his no quarter order at the assault on the Alamo. But for this, he paid dearly, at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836, losing not only Texas, but his own honor by craven conduct after capture. The Texans had every right to shoot him, and he really expected that his career would thus end.

In 1839, Santa Ana figured in the "Guerra de los pasteles" or "Pie War" against the French. It appears that a French pastry cook made a claim for sixty thousand pesos as indemnity for the theft of some pies. Expensive pies, indeed, for under Prince de Joinville the French landed and surprised Vera Cruz, and in the attack Santa Ana lost a leg by a cannon shot.

The life of Santa Ana has a kind of an interest for me in that my grandfather, the late Wm. S. Oury, of Tucson, Arizona, had some experiences in which Santa Ana figured. The first was his escape from the massacre of the Alamo by being sent out by Travis as one of the six or seven messengers, at various times, for re-enforcements. The second was being on hand at the capture of Santa Ana at San Jacinto.

But the most thrilling adventure which befell Mr. Oury, in which Santa Ana figures, was the famous bean drawing episode at the Hacienda Salado, near Saltillo in northern Mexico. To properly record this event we must take up the Mier expedition, which is famous in Texas history.

On December 21, 1842, Captains Wm. S. Fisher and Ewing Cameron with some 260 men attacked the town of Mier, on the right bank of the Rio Grande opposite the Texas town of Roma. At first they were successful, but General Ampudia coming up with 2,000 men prevailed upon the Texans to surrender on honorable terms. Captain Fisher (himself wounded) having a considerable list of wounded, and believing that he could not get back into Texas without the loss of two thirds or more of his command, decided to surrender on the terms proposed.

On the last day of December, General Ampudia set out with his prisoners for Mexico. They passed through Monterey, and Saltillo. One hundred miles beyond Saltillo, they came to the Hacienda Salado, where they arrived February 10, 1843. During the march the prisoners had been hatching a plan to escape, it was decided to make the attempt just before sunrise on the 11th. Captain Cameron and Captain Sam Walker (afterwards Lieut. Colonel of Jack Hays' regiment of Texas Rangers—Col. Hays was in after years well known in San Francisco—and killed at the battle of Humantla) were prime movers in this adventure.

The plan succeeded—that is the escape—but the Texans apparently jumped from the frying pan into the fire. They were in

the heart of the enemy's country, and would soon be surrounded by hundreds of Mexicans eager to recapture them. Of the 193 who escaped on February 11th, 170 had been captured by February 27th, and twenty-three were still missing.

The recaptured men were taken back to the Hacienda Salado, and on March 24th, an order came from Santa Ana that every tenth man should be shot. On the morning of the 25th, they drew beans from an earthen jar or olla, in which were 153 white and 17 black beans, those drawing the black being the victims.

Mr. Oury drew one of the 153 white beans. The following named men drew black beans, and were shot: L. L. Cash, J. D. Cocke, Robert Dunham, Wm. M. Eastland, Ed. Este, Robt. Harris, Thos. L. Jones, Patrick Mahan, James Ogden, Chas. Roberts, Wm. Rowan, J. L. Sheppard, J. M. N. Thomson, James N. Torrey, James Turnbull, Henry Whaling and M. C. Wing.

Hanging in a glass enclosed frame on the north wall of the Alamo, which is now a museum devoted to the exhibition of things connected with the Texas war of independence, is a letter from Robt. Dunham, one of the victims at the Hacienda Salado, to his mother—it reads as follows:

"Mexico."

"Dear Mother:

I write you under the most awful feelings that a son ever addressed a mother, for in half an hour my doom will be finished on earth, for I am doomed to die by the hands of the Mexicans for our late attempt to escape the (blur) General Santa Ana that every tenth man should be shot; we drew lots. I was one of the unfortunates. I cannot say anything more. I die. I hope, with firmness. Farewell, may God help you, and may He in this my last hour forgive and pardon all my sins. D. Headenberg will get this to you—Farewell.

Your affectionate son,

R. H. Dunham."

In connection with the shooting of these men two quite remarkable coincidences have come my way. The first one happened in 1915, when I was Military Attache at the American Legation in Bogota, Colombia. Our Minister or Representative there at that time was Mr Thad A. Thomson, of Austin, Texas. One evening while he and I were talking over coffee and cigars, I was telling him of the affair at Hacienda Salado, in 1843. He looked up in a surprised sort of way and said, "Well, the world is indeed small, my uncle, J. M. N. Thomson, drew a black bean there, and was shot."

The other coincidence occurred on returning from Mexico, by ocean steamer up the West Coast, to San Francisco, in 1922. I was talking with the ship's doctor, Eastland by name, who was a Texan, when the conversation turned on certain episodes of the history of Texas, among them that of the bean drawing at the Hacienda Salado,

and it was then I learned from Doctor Eastland, that his uncle, Wm. M. Eastland, was one of the seventeen to draw a black bean and was shot.

I fear I have digressed somewhat from our subject Santa Ana, but, I hope, in a way not uninteresting—to go back to him.

In 1841 he became military dictator and governed by violence until 1845, when he was exiled, and went to Cuba to live. In 1846, he was recalled for the war against the United States. On February 23, 1847, he was defeated by General Taylor at Buena Vista; and in 1848 he was again exiled.

In 1853, by his own machinations, he

was recalled and named president for life, with the title of Serene Highness, but in 1855, he again became intolerable.

For the rest of his life, he hung around the outskirts of Mexico trying to find an opening. He sounded the Emperor Maximilian, the French, and the United States, to see if they would aid him, but he had outlived his time. In 1867, he attempted to head a rising, was captured and condemned to death, but spared on the ground that he was in his dotage. At last, worn out by age, he accepted an amnesty and returned to the City of Mexico, where he died in obscurity June 20, 1876, at the age of 81 years, past.

Horrible Murder Near Marble Falls

Marble Falls Messenger

The following account of this horrible murder was printed in the Austin Statesman September 5th, 1872. It is signed by "G," and it is our understanding that the writer was Mr. Giesecke, father of our fellow townsman, Walter Giesecke. The cave referred to in this article is what is known as "Dead Man's Hole" South of Marble Falls on the Johnson City road. The cave got its name from this horrible crime. Some of the negroes that were sent to the penitentiary worked at Granite Mountain when the convicts were quarrying stone for the state capitol. Many of the older citizens will remember the incidents cited, in fact some of the men who stood guard over the negroes after their arrest are still living. The Capt. Burnham mentioned was Robert and John Burnham's father, and Justice of the Peace Hays was the father of Arthur, John and Bob Hays. We get this story from a scrap book kept by Mrs. Geo. Harwood's mother, Grandma Crosby.

On Friday night the 16th inst., one of the foulest murders ever known in this country, was committed on the person of Benjamin McKeever, a young man temporarily residing in our midst. Those who were acquainted with the deceased say he was peaceable, honest and industrious. The particulars are about this:

It seems as if a few weeks since there was a slight altercation between a negro by the name of Ben Shelby and McKeever in relation to a dog of Ben's which had attacked McKeever on the public road, biting the heels of his horse. McKeever discharged his six shooter at him but without effect. From this several negroes concocted the plan of murder, the perpetrators being, from the evidence elicited, Bal Woods, Arthur Shelby, Billy Smith, Vance Hunter and Wm. Rust. The two last named were discharged from some cause not known to the writer but perhaps it will be known at the next meeting of the court.

On Thursday previous to the killing,

McKeever had made arrangements with Mr. Jno. Franklin to assist him in stacking fodder on the coming Saturday, he, McKeever, to come and remain Friday night with Franklin. A colored woman by the name of Kate Hunter knowing the arrangements made between the parties, it is presumed communicated to those who had planned the murder. In going to Mr. Franklin's from Capt. Burnham's, where McKeever resided, he had to pass immediately by Ben Shelby's house. He left Capt. Burnham's late Friday evening and was not seen again until he was taken a corpse from a natural well, well known in this country, being 130 feet deep and two miles from where the bloody deed was committed. The first information had of the missing man, was the finding of his horse on the following Sunday, with saddle and bridle on, and the saddle all smeared with blood. The next discovery was the shoe of the deceased lying on the brink of the well. It was now apparent that the murdered man was partly found. It being Sunday the citizens resolved to meet Monday and if possible get him out. In the meantime policeman Miller and Parker had been sent for and the suspicious ones arrested.

On Monday the policemen, with the assistance of the neighborhood, proceeded with the prisoners to the well. A gentleman by the name of Sharp volunteered to descend to ascertain if the body could be found. This hole, entirely the work of nature, is about five or six feet in diameter and 130 or 140 feet deep, with projecting rocks occasionally from the inner walls. After descending about 30 feet, two blankets, a shoe matching the one on the brink, and the deceased man's six-shooter was found lodged on one of the projecting rocks. Mr. Sharp considered it dangerous to proceed further until the foul air could be destroyed. Candles refused to burn after being let down fifty feet. Then was tried burning embers to destroy the gas, but it did

not avail much. The part of the day had now passed and but little progress been made in getting out the body. In the meantime one of the prisoners proffered to go to the bottom for ten dollars which was readily offered. He started down full of determination, but did not descend more than half way before he cried out to pull him back.

Everything now indicated a failure to recover the body, when the brave hearted Miller, with determination in his very looks, said he knew there was danger but his duty prompted him to act and he would venture even if it cost him his life. Firmly fixing himself to the end of the rope, he started down but was soon out of hearing when another man was let down 30 feet to communicate with him. Going to the bottom the body was felt by Mr. Miller, when he communicated the fact and told us to draw him up. This was hastily done, when he came up very nearly exhausted. He soon descended again and securely fastened the rope to the corpse and in a short time McKeever's dead body was in possession of those who had set out to find it, and such a scene, the grim visage "Moloch" himself would have shrunk back from. Seven gunshot wounds were found on his arms, shoulder and hand, and his throat severed from ear to ear, his head almost entirely cut off and terribly mangled.

Justice Hays, as the law directs, proceeded with the case, selecting six of the best citizens as jurors, and after four days of close investigation fastened, almost to a certainty, this awful murder upon Bal Woods, Arthur Shelby, Ben Shelby and Billy Smith. Throughout the whole trial there was nothing proven that there was the least cause for the murder of Benjamin McKeever.

The spot where the murder was committed has been discovered; blood was found upon the saddle of Bal and blood upon the gun of Billy Smith, and other strong circumstantial evidences which go to prove who the guilty ones are.

"An Army Boy of the Sixties."

Private A. B. Ostrander, of 227½ Belmont Avenue, Seattle, Washington, has written and published a book describing the Overland Trail, Bozeman Trail, and Forts Laramie, Reno and Phil Kearny as they were in the 60's. The title of the book is "An Army Boy of the Sixties—A Story of the Plains." It describes many points of historic interest, tells of a trip across the plains in 1866, up the Platte River to Fort Laramie, up the Bozeman Trail to Forts Reno and Phil Kearny, introducing Jim Bridger, Nick Janis and other frontier notables, and history making of the old 18th U. S. Infantry. See advertisement of this book on inside back page cover of this issue.

SLAYER OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN.

John Selman, the slayer of John Wesley Hardin, and Bass Outlaw in El Paso, was a noted frontier character. He was about fifty-eight years old when he was killed at



John Sellman

El Paso, Texas, April 5th, 1896, by George Scarborough. It is said that Selman, in his day, killed not less than twenty "bad" men. He was a Confederate soldier 1861-65, a brave man, and his path in life was a rough one. He ranged over various parts of Texas and New Mexico, was a deputy sheriff in Shackelford county in the hectic days of old Fort Griffin, and is said to have escaped mob violence there when former Sheriff Laren was shot to death by a Vigilance Committee. Selman killed John Wesley Hardin in a saloon in El Paso August 19, 1895, and was himself killed by George Scarborough less than a year later. The photo here shown was taken at Fort Stockton, Texas, in 1878, just after the Lincoln County (N. M.) War.

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

More About Bob Lee

T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

In Frontier Times about two years ago I published a long article on the Lee-Peacock Feud that raged in the counties of the Five Corners (southwest corner of Fannin, southwest corner of Gray, northwest corner of Hunt and the two northeast corners of Collin) in the years immediately following the War. Recently I found in the State Library a long letter from Bob Lee published in the Bonham News in June, 1868, which amplifies several of the incidents mentioned in my former article.

The reader will note that "Doc" Wilson and his crowd took only \$20 in gold from Bob Lee, whereas the report given to me by old settlers was that the amount was \$200 and a gold watch. Bob Lee's own letter shows that "Doc" Wilson and his gang took Lee's mule, saddle, bridle, a \$20 gold piece and made Bob execute a note for \$2000 in gold. The statement in my long article to the effect that the note was written by ink made from gun powder was true. Bob Lee stated that the ink was made from gun powder mixed in the hand of his brother John.

It is interesting to know that the widow of John Lee (in whose hand the ink was mixed) is now living in Upland, California. There is a sequel to the \$2000 note. Dan Lee, the father of Bob Lee, went to Bonham and employed Colonel Bob Taylor to defend the Lees in any suit that might be brought by "Doc" Wilson. Bob Taylor was one of the ablest lawyers that Texas has ever produced and he threw such a scare into the Wilson crowd that the note was never pressed for payment.

Another interesting fact will be found in the reference to that part of the letter which states that Jim Maddox had left for Southern Texas. Jim Maddox settled in Hornsby's Bend, a few miles below Austin, Texas, and there died about six years ago, or in 1922.

Bob Lee was waylaid and killed about June 1, 1869. Henry Boren, who fired the first shot into the breast of Bob Lee, was killed the next morning by his own nephew. Lewis Peacock was killed about July 1, 1871.

The following letter published in the Bonham News, will be read with interest:

Lee Station, Fannin Co.,
June 26th, 1868,

Editors Texas News:

If you will permit me the use of your valuable columns, I would like to give you a true statement of what is known as the Pilot Grove Difficulty, notwithstanding there has been no killing in Pilot Grove at all except Dr. Pierce. But to begin:

I was raised in this state, and enlisted in the Southern Army, and fought the best I could, until the surrender, when I laid down my arms and returned home to live,

as I thought in peace the balance of my life. But how badly I was disappointed you will soon see. A short time after my arrival home, one night when I was sick in my bed, I was arrested by a party of men; (Israel Boren, Lewis Peacock, James Maddox, Bill Smith, Sam Bier, and Hardy Dial) wearing the U. S. Uniform, and was told by them that I would be carried to Sherman to stand trial for offences committed during the War. Of course, I surrendered and was perfectly willing to yield myself. After we had proceeded a short distance from my home another party (in citizens dress) fell in with us. Among these citizens I recognized a party known as "Doc" Wilson, and several other thieves. Well, as we proceeded to Sherman "Doc" Wilson began to hint to me that I should buy out and not go to Sherman. Now, you can imagine my dismay, when our entire party, U. S. soldiers and all, halted in Chocktaw Bottom this side of Sherman, went off the road, and stationed a guard over me apparently with a view of staying some time, in the meantime "Doc" Wilson still persuading me to buy out and escape the punishment at Sherman which he represented as very severe, I repeatedly begged to be taken to Sherman sick, hardly able to sit up, surrounded man. Now then, I was in Chocktaw Bottom by a band of thieves. After keeping me thirty-six hours, my sickness growing worse all the time, and I begging them to take me to Sherman, I finally agreed to accept their offer and obtain my release. I agreed to give them my mule, saddle and bridle, a \$20 gold piece which I had in my pocket, and executed my note to "Doc" Wilson with my father's name for security for \$2000 in gold, payable on demand, and to leave the country forever. Having no pen and ink Wilson made a pen of a toothpick and ink of gun powder and water mixing it in my brother's hand. (He came with me when arrested). Now after being arrested I thought to try the civil law on these scoundrels, and to prevent me from doing so they have ever since tried to kill me. One day about twelve months after this occurred, I was in Pilot Grove and met Jim Maddox, and I told him that if he desired to fight me I would loan him a pistol, but the coward said he did not want to hurt me and proposed taking a drink, saying he was sorry he had done what he did. After drinking with him I told him I wanted to be let alone and he said all right. However he went out of the grocery store, borrowed a pistol from a friend, slipped up behind me while I was making a contract with a negro to do some work, and shot me in the face. He then left me on the ground for dead and bragged that he had shot Bob Lee's brains out. I was in a very precarious condition for some time and would

have perished but for the timely aid and skill of the late Dr. Pierce. I may add here that the excellent gentleman (soon after my recovery) was called to his gate and brutally murdered in the presence of his family by one of the clan, Hugh Hudson. The Doctor's death is attributed to his kindness in taking me in his house and nursing me. Still the civil authorities take no notice of these things. I have done everything I could to procure peace; I have even tried to buy it with money; and I have done every way in my power to do right and be peaceable; still I am hunted by a squad of U. S. soldiers assisted by a number of horse thieves who come to my house, throw fire in the beds, drag my children by their feet over the floor and insult my wife. Yet the U. S. troops stood by and said not a word.

These "good Union" men were principally deserters from the Southern Army and lay in the bush during the war, the lowest of God's creation; and these good Union men, "truly loll," are biasing the judgement of the men (U. S. troops) who should protect us impartially. I further wish to say that Elijah Clark, a young man, was taken from his horse, which he had bought from one of these thieves, by the gang and was tied and murdered on the prairie, the U. S. troops being present. Also William Dixon was followed some twenty miles from his home, at Hog Eye, and taking refuge in a

mill kept thirty men at bay. After firing many times at Dixon, the party told him if he would surrender they would not hurt him. When Dixon came to the door of the mill and threw down his pistol they riddled him with bullets the U. S. soldiers being present at the time. They robbed his pockets, turned them inside out, and even took the dead man's spurs.

In conclusion, I would like to say that Hugh Hudson received his reward of \$300 from the "clan" for killing Dr. Pierce, and has since died. Wilson and Maddox have left this country for a new field in Southern Texas. Nance, Baldock, Bud Favors and several others have been killed while pursuing me. Sanders and Peacock have been wounded, the latter twice. Now, I will not cease to punish these men so long as I can find them. Peacock still hires men to kill me, and they must take the consequences. I trust the U. S. troops will cease their interference and I will clear the country of this band of thieves. Finally, I am perfectly willing to surrender my self to any impartial civil authority at any time, but will not give myself up, unarmed to thieves and robbers. I am sorry to take so much of your valuable time and space, but a great many people, even the military, have no idea of the true origin of all this trouble, so I give you all the particulars. I remain yours,

ROBERT LEE.

Anderson, a Quantrill Guerilla

(Brownwood Bulletin)

How "Colonel" Bill Anderson, Brown county pioneer who died at his Salt Creek home Nov 1, 1927, while a member of Quantrill's guerilla band, led a detachment into Centralia, Missouri on Sept. 27, 1864, capturing the town and sending 32 citizens to "report to St. Peter in a body," first was revealed in the current issue of Collier's magazine.

In the "Bad Man from Missouri," an authentic account of the days and deeds of Jesse James, Open P. White and Warren Nolan tell of the raid in which Jesse James served under Anderson.

Although Quantrill's exact status still is undetermined by historians, his actions speak for themselves. In telling how James joined the band, White says:

"A lieutenant of Quantrill's, Fletcher Taylor, came into Clay County to enlist recruits. His slogan was 'Join Quantrill and rob the banks.'

Quantrill claimed to be a Confederate, but when he went into Louisiana, General Kirby Smith refused to have anything to do with him or his men.

Here is what White and Nolan have to say about Colonel Bill Anderson:

"Jesse did not again appear in connec-

tion with anything worthy of his former record until July, 1864.

In an apple orchard back in Missouri he discovered four Federal militiamen stealing apples. He remonstrated with them for their wickedness. In response to his monstrosities, they tumbled out of the branches like so many squirrels—quite dead.

"With that little bag Jesse got his hand in again. In August with his brother, Frank, and Captain Todd and (Bill) Anderson and the rest of the gang, he engaged in what he probably looked upon as a mere skirmish. For seven Federals however, for whom he and Frank took joint credit, it was a serious occasion.

"The next day Jesse in a fight at Flat Rock got his first wound. It was a bad one; a bullet through the lungs. He thought he was going to die. He was sure of it, in fact; so sure that he took off his gold ring, sent it to his sister, Susie, and then showed the stubbornness of his disposition by getting well and beating her out of it.

"It was a quick convalescence. He was wounded on August 16th. Exactly one month later he had recovered sufficiently to ride into Keokuk and bump off three

members of the opposition. Four days after Keytesville came the Battle of Fayette, Jesse was there, guns on and as peevish as ever. But somehow the mere fact of his presence wasn't enough to decide the issue. For the first time in his life our hero drew a blank. He didn't convert a soul that day. The guerillas were defeated; and the "military" career of the young hero approached its climax.

"The Fayette defeat made Jesse's immediate superior, Mr. Bill Anderson, sore. He decided to get even. For the purpose of vengeance he picked on the little town of Centralia, and on September 27, 1864, at the head of about 200 men, he invaded the village.

"This enterprise was, with frills on it, a repetition of the great Quantrill's Lawrence massacre. Anderson took the town, robbed the stores, burned the dwellings, and then, having been tipped off to an interesting news item about the arrival of a train, he marched his men to the depot to meet it.

"The train arrived, was welcomed with a cheer and as the passengers filed off Anderson and his men separated the sheep from the goats. The sheep went free, but the poor goats, including twenty-eight soldiers and four civilians, who happened to have on BLU clothes, didn't

"They were lined up in military formation in front of the station and—well, if the books above can ever be audited it will be found that on that particular day thirty-two men from Centralia, Mo., reported in a body to St. Peter.

"This was merely a beginning. Major Johnson, riding in from some where at the head of 100 Iowa cavalymen, appeared on the scene. Although outnumbered two to one, he attempted to put up a fight.

"It was a forlorn effort. The guerrillas formed and charged, the Iowans scattered, and our hero, lucky as usual, suddenly found himself shooting straight at Major Johnson.

"That ended everything for the major. Likewise it was almost the end of everything for the guerillas of Missouri.

"For the second time they had gone entirely too far. Their own friends even were beginning to turn against them. Once more the boys were compelled to leave the state."

All those who participated in the Centralia affair were indicted for murder and:

"No longer high-headed guerillas, but skulking fugitives from justice, they rode out of Lexington wondering what to do next."

The guerilla days of Jesse and his companions were about to end. They tried to surrender as Confederates, but their plea was refused. They were charged with murder and fled from the state.

Once supposed to be dead, William (Bill)

Anderson, daring member of the famous band passed his old age in the quietude of a large Texas farm in the beautiful Salt Creek valley of Brown county, where he had lived more than 60 years. Tragedy and war were his lot in younger days, but more than three score years after his body was thought to have been laid to rest in an unmarked grave in Missouri, he still was living peacefully, surrounded by his broad acres.

When the Civil War started Bill Anderson was a young man, residing with his mother and three sisters on a Missouri farm. His sympathies were with the Confederacy.

The home of the Andersons was near Gallatin, Mo. The two younger sisters of the Anderson family made frequent trips to Gallatin to sell vegetables and dairy products. The Federal officials came to notice that most of their plans leaked to the enemy, generally, following the visits of the girls to the town. Investigation convinced them that information was being conveyed to the Confederates by the women, and orders were issued to arrest them when discovered under suspicious circumstances.

A few days after issuance of this order, several Federal cavalymen suddenly confronted the two Anderson sisters as they were walking along the road near their home. The girls put up a fight, their screams attracting their brother, Bill, who dashed to their rescue, gun in hand. On reaching the scene, he discovered the Federal soldiers had placed the girls between a file of cavalymen and were marching them off to prison. He hesitated to shoot for fear of striking the girls, and being in imminent peril himself, retreated.

A few days later the jail building in which the sisters were held was blown down in a storm and the girls were killed. This so enraged young Anderson that he swore vengeance against the captors of his sisters.

He joined William Quantrill's band. But finally he fell out with Quantrill, and the band was divided the leader taking his followers in one direction, and Anderson, with 20 or 30 men, going in another. They moved from place to place, and finally Anderson pitched camp in a secluded spot in Ray county, Missouri.

Federal soldiers located Anderson's hiding place and Major Cox was dispatched to take the guerilla leader, dead or alive. Cox ordered half a dozen men forward with instructions to turn and ride for their lives back toward the main command as soon as Anderson's sentinels saw them. In the meantime, he posted his command in ambush along the road, concealing his men in underbrush along the rail fence.

The plan worked well, Major Cox's scouts were discovered and instantly pursued by Anderson's men. Anderson did not join the chase, as he was detained in camp. He

let one of his men ride his fine, black horse however, and this is what led to the assumption that he had been killed.

When the guerillas rode into the ambush, virtually every man was killed outright, among the number, the man who was riding Anderson's familiar black mount. The dead body of the supposed Bill Anderson was placed against a tree in a sitting posture and a picture taken of it. A thousand dollars in gold was found on the man's body, seeming to substantiate his identification as Anderson.

When the guerilla leader in his camp heard the shooting he guessed what had happened, and taking to the woods he hid until he could get a horse. Desiring to remain "dead" he steered his course toward Mexico, after obtaining a mount. He was within 100 miles of the border, when he reached a locality in Texas that pleased his fancy, and there he resolved to settle.

This place was wild but beautiful. It was 150 miles from a railroad and 25 miles from the nearest human habitation. Bill Anderson built his house there. As the years passed the waves of civilization beat around him. He married and reared an interesting family and was a respected citizen. Years ago his wife died.

Above the old fashioned fireplace before which he meditated of winter evenings, were two pictures—two girls in their teens. They were his sisters, in the tragedy of whose lives lay the tragedy of his own.

Mr. Anderson was born in Jefferson county, Missouri, Feb. 5, 1837.

Of Interest to You.

Did John Wilkes Booth die in that barn near Bowling Green, Va., in 1865, or did he commit suicide in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1903? Read "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," by Finis Bates, who as a young lawyer, met him in Granbury, Texas, in 1872. Cloth bound edition, published in 1907, \$3.50. Paper back edition, \$2.50. I also have the following out-of-print books for sale. Scarce and hard to get. Paper backs, "History of Billy the Kid," by Charles A. Siringo, 1920, \$2.50. "Under the Black Flag," by Capt. Kit Dalton, 1915, \$2.50. I have many other Texas books for sale, or will trade for other books. I need in my collection.—Frank Caldwell, 108 East 17th Street, Austin, Texas.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

W. W. BOGEL, JURIST AND CATTLEMAN (Continued From Page 239.)

them, and sent them away feeling that they were friends that could be depended on, and that ranch life on the Texas border was the best life on earth. wrttsipctesGa

About a mile blow this house are still to be seen the ruins of the "big house," former residence of John G. Davis, and at that time, considered the finest home in Presidio County. Pointing to the ruins of the Davis home, Mrs. Jessie Hubbard, daughter of Judge Bogel, said, "We children used to think the Davis's lived in a mansion, and it was a red letter day in our lives when we had an invitation to their home."

However, the price of wool was high, and soon prosperity smiled on the Bogels, enabling them to build a beautiful home a few miles above the first one. Later, when Judge Bogel embarked in the cattle business and the breeding of Percheron horses, and the family moved to San Esteban, many conveniences were theirs, but most luxuries were still denied them, for even ice could not be secured unless shipped from El Paso, more than 200 miles away.

Speaking of ice, calls to mind a wide, deep gully just below San Esteban, known as the ice house, which derived its name in this way: In June, about the year 1888, the section was visited by a terrific hail-storm which filled this gully level full of hail stones and packed them into a solid block of ice. The rain which followed down from the canyons a heavy drift which formed a complete, air-proof covering for the ice. Thereafter, for twenty-six days, the gully furnished the Bogels with ice for their every need.

Each morning Mrs. Bogel sent her children down to the ice house with gunny sacks which they filled with as much ice as they could carry, then replaced the drift, and climbed back up the hill to their home where they took turn about turning the ice cream freezer, for needless to say, they had all the ice cream they could eat as long as the ice lasted.

From the sheep herding days of William W. Bogel, and his small sheep camp on Alamito Creek, to his present miles of cattle ranges stretching away into the mauve veiled valleys and purple clad hills of the Big Bend, too much progress has been made to be revealed by any trick of the pen—all brought about by the persistent effort and indomitable courage of a bronzed cowman in jingling spurs and tall Steetson, whose vision foresaw the Big Bend's possibilities, helped in its taming, and joined with others of like vision and courage in setting up in its territory a standard of cattle breeding unsurpassed in any section.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Mr. John P. O'Brien, Brooks, Alberta, Canada, writes: "A Mr. Chas. Blazier, who recently visited your part of the country with a bunch of antelope, which he raises up here, brought back with him a copy of your Frontier Times. This little booklet of real stories was found so interesting that I hasten to subscribe for it."

Mr. L. A. Chanslor, of Killeen, Teexas, writes: "I am mailing you herewith my check for another year's subscription for the Frontier Times. I appreciate your magazine more than anything I have ever seen published, as it deals with facts that happened long ago. I am old enough to appreciate these facts as printed, being born in a North Texas town in 1878 and have lived in the State all of my life. I have seen many droves of long horn Texas steers being driven through to the northern market, and lived close enough to the old Chickasaw Nation for the people of our community to come into rather close range with more than one band of outlaws. When conditions in the Territory got too warm for these outlaws, they would take the air on the Texas side of Red River, and make for the timbered region in Hunt and Fannin counties, and make this locality their hiding place until driven out by the officers of the law."

Next month Frontier Times will contain 64 pages, just double the size of this month's number. We have several lengthy articles, full of interest, for that issue, as well as a number of illustrations. Among the most interesting articles will be one written by Mrs. Kate M. Clarkson, and published in the San Antonio Evening News in 1919, telling of dramatic incidents in San Antonio in bygone days. We are indebted to Hon. Frank H. Bushick, commissioner of taxation, City of San Antonio, for sending this splendid article to us.

We continue to receive requests for complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we are unable to supply them. If any of our subscribers, who have received the little magazine from the first issue, have kept a file of their copies in good condition, and wish to sell them, will so advise us as to price and condition, we will likely be able to sell them. Be sure to state price wanted.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

Likes Frontier Times.

Judge R. L. Bennett, of Houston, writes: "Since my wife and myself visited your office in November, I have derived a great deal of pleasure out of the acquaintance and from reading your magazine. I have called the attention of numerous of my friends to your magazine, and as one result I am enclosing herewith a cheque payable to your order in the sum of \$1.50, for which you will please enter the subscription of Mr. E. L. Conoly, 2011, Crocker St., Houston, Texas. I hope there may be others to come. I was particularly interested in your story in the last December number, of the fight of John W. Coffey with Indians. I happened to know something of it. Your author confined himself to the tragedy and made a good story of it. Quite a few years ago, I reported the testimony of the witnesses, Rich Coffey and his sons, John W. Coffey and W. A. Coffey in the Indian Depredation claim of Coffey & Beddoe vs. The Comanche and Kiowa Indians, in the Court of Claims, the claim growing out of that raid. Coffey & Beddoe had rounded up and were holding in herd, 1030 beeves and the Indian raid took place on the afternoon preceding the day they had set for starting the long drive up the trail, to market. All these beeves, together with 55 highbred horses were taken. Coffey and his friends later followed the Indian party and herd into New Mexico in an effort to recover all or a portion of the stock, but without success. I never learned whether their claim was allowed or not. For a long time I kept a copy of the testimony, and regret I do not have it now, as it would make a good story."

Noted Frontier Characters.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

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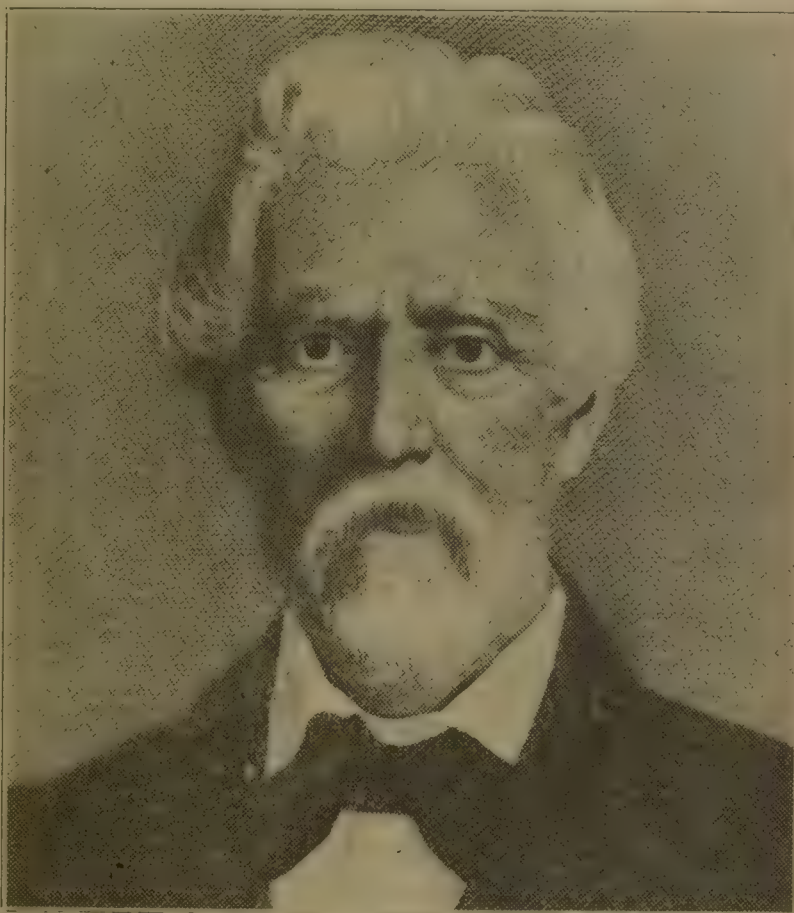
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Samuel Augustus Maverick, Texas Patriot



AMUEL AUGUSTUS MAVERICK was the first and only son of Samuel Maverick of South Carolina and his wife, Elizabeth, a daughter of General Robert Anderson, of Revolutionary fame. This couple were married October 5, 1802. They had three children, the elder being Samuel A., born in Pendleton, South Carolina, July 23, 1803, died in San Antonio, Texas, September 2, 1870. The two daughters were Mary Elizabeth and Lydia Ann.

From the Texas Volume of the Encyclopedia of the New West, published in 1881 and edited by that splendid historian, John Henry Brown, we take the following in regard to the career of the subject of this sketch, Samuel A. Maverick:

"Samuel A. Maverick graduated from Yale College in 1825, afterwards attended a law course under

Judge Randolph Tucker, at Winchester, Virginia. He came to Texas in 1835, and to the day of his death occupied an honorable prominence as a citizen, a public servant and landholder. His acquisition of lands by the purchase of scrip, headrights and bounty warrants and their location upon the public domain continued to his death, whereby he was reputed by some, but doubtless erroneously, to be the largest landholder in the world. His possessions, however, be-

came immense and were acquired in so honorable and legitimate a manner that no term of reproach ever stained his name.

"Mr. Maverick in February, 1836, was elected from San Antonio de Bexar to the convention that declared the Texas independence on the 2nd day of March. This document was first published March 2, 1836, which was the first day of the sitting of the convention. Consequently those members who came in a day or two late, have their names to the Declaration, but not to this first printed copy. (These were Samuel A. Maverick, of Bexar; A. Briscoe and John W. Moore, of Harrisburgh; S. Rhodes Fisher, of Matagorda; George Childress and Sterling C. Robertson of Milam; Samuel P. Carson, of Red River; John W. Bower of San Patricio, and J. B. Woods.) He was mayor of San Antonio in 1839, and

again in 1862; an alderman in 1841-2-3-4, and again in 1851; and was city treasurer in 1841-2. While a prisoner in the Mexican castle of Perote, (having been captured in San Antonio September 11, 1842 with the judge, lawyers and citizens) he was elected a member of the eighth Texas congress of 1843-4, and released by Santa Anna at the intercession of his old friend and kinsman, the Hon. Waddy Thompson of South Carolina, then minister to Mexico, and reached home in time to sit in that

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body. He was representative in the legislature in 1851-2, and in 1853-4; senator in 1855-6, and in 1857-8, and again a representative in 1859-60 and the two extra sessions of 1861. He was from December 5 to 9, 1835, in the successful storming of San Antonio under Milam and Johnson. He first arrived in San Antonio September 8, 1835. On the 16th of October, 1835, he was arrested and imprisoned by the Mexican commander, Colonel Domingo Ugartachea, but released by General Cos on the 3rd of December, and escaped to the Texas forces, then beseiging the place, in time to re-enter the city under Milam.

"By the secession convention of 1861, with the Hon. Thomas J. Devine and Dr. (afterwards Colonel) Phillip N. Luckett, he was appointed a commissioner to demand the surrender of the army and garrison at San Antonio and other places, which was accomplished.

"It should have been earlier stated that on the 27th of August, 1848, he was one of an expedition authorized by the state government, of fifty men and ten Delaware Indians, commanded by Colonel John C. Hays and Captain Sam Highsmith, that left San Antonio to explore the country and open a road to El Paso, an enterprise then touching the popular heart of Texas, and deemed of the utmost importance, not only in developing the west, but in asserting our title to the Rio Grande as the western boundary of Texas. Not as a mere adventurer nor as a soldier, but unknown to himself, Samuel A. Maverick was a volunteer in that expedition, actuated by the higher impulses of a statesman. No brighter spot occurs in his history. His action, a man of wealth and education, given to secret communion with his wiser self, has never been explained, and is doubtless an unknown factor in the make-up of his sterling character to his own children, then mere children or unborn. This writer knows whereof he speaks, and the wisdom of Mr. Maverick was most signally verified by what followed in the great agitations and compromises in the American congress of 1850. At the time it was regarded as a hazardous expedition into terra incognita. The party became lost and underwent the pangs of thirst and hunger. Snakes, lizards and terrapins were eaten to prevent starvation; but the expedition was successful, and returned to San Antonio on the 10th of December, after an absence of three and a half months. The same trip will be made, inside of one year, on the iron horse, in four days.

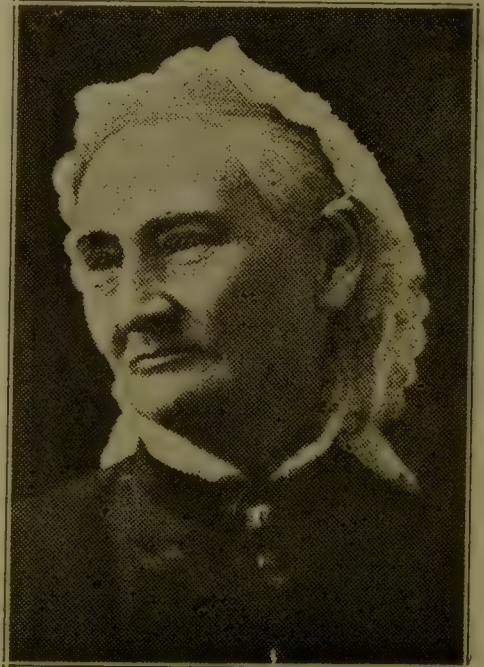
"During the war Mr. Maverick was chief justice of Bexar county from 1863 till removed by the military fiat of General Sheridan, of the United States army, after the close of the war.

"Mr. Maverick remained in private life till his death in 1870. It will be seen from 1835 to 1867, a period of thirty-two years

his services were in almost constant requisition by the people in some public capacity. He never sought office, never electioneered as a candidate, and was devoid of any official aspiration. He simply served the people honestly when drafted into their service. No decent man lives who will aver that he ever did a dishonorable act, or swerved from the highest sense of regard for integrity and the rights of the people in all his career.

"This sketch of his Texas career is a voluntary offering from one who has known him long and well and often served with him in the councils of the state, and who aided, if he did not lead, in bestowing his name upon a county in Texas as a fixed and ever-continuing memorial of his honor, his patriotism and his rare intelligence. However honorable the name in New England and South Carolina, it nowhere shines more brightly or is cherished more kindly than in that of Samuel A. Maverick, deceased, of Texas.

"Mrs. Maverick was eminently worthy of such a husband. One who has known her long and intimately, says: 'She is a noble woman, wife, mother and patriot—a woman of great thought and great heart—yet the most modest and unpretentious of women. She has fine administrative abilities, and in all respects is justly entitled to be classed as a model woman. Texas is proud of her, and jealously regardful of the character of her children.'



Mrs. Mary Adams Maverick.

"Mary Ann Adams was born on the 16th day of March, 1818, and married to Samuel A. Maverick on the 4th day of August, 1836, at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. She was the daughter of William Lewis Adams, of Lynchburg, Virginia, government Indian agent of Alabama, and Agatha Strother Adams (nee Lewis), granddaughter of General Andrew Lewis, whose statue stands in front of the state house at Richmond, Virginia.

"The children of Samuel A. and Mary A. Maverick were ten in number, four of whom died in infancy. Of the others, Samuel, born May 14, 1837, was educated at Edinburg, Scotland; is merchandising at San Antonio, Texas; married May 14, 1871, to Sallie, daughter of Thomas Frost, late of Tennessee. Their children are Samuel A., born September 2, 1872; John Frost, born March 23, 1874; Mary Agatha, born September 12, 1875; Sallie, born August 20, 1877; and Elizabeth Givens, born October 11, 1879. Lewis Antonio, (the first American boy born in San Antonio) born March 23, 1839; was educated at the Universities of Vermont and North Carolina; married Ada, daughter of the late John Bradley of San Antonio. Lewis died June 6, 1866, leaving no issue. His widow has since married Judge Jacob Waelder of San Antonio. George Madison, born September 7, 1845; was educated at the Universities of North Carolina and Virginia; is practicing law at St. Louis, Mo.; married June 26, 1872, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John Vance of Castroville, Texas. Their children are Mary Rowena, born February 10, 1874; Lola, born November 24, 1875, and George, born April 16, 1880. William H., born December 24, 1847; educated at the Universities of North Carolina and Virginia; is in the real estate business at San Antonio, Texas; married June 24, 1873, to Emille Virginia, daughter of the late General Robert H. Chilton, of Virginia. The children are William Chilton, born February 19, 1875; Lewis, born February 12, 1877, and Laura Wise, born November 22, 1878. Mary Brown, born June 17, 1851; educated at Staunton, Virginia, and Mrs. Ogden Hoffman's, New York City; married August 17, 1874, to Edwin H. Terrell, lawyer, of Indianapolis, Indiana, now residing at San Antonio, Texas. Their children are Maverick, born June 12, 1875; George Holland, born October 1, 1877, and Edwin H., born July 23, 1879. Albert, born May 7, 1854; educated at the University of Virginia, and is now ranching in Bandera county, Texas; he was married March 20, 1877, to Jeannie L., daughter of Jesse L. Maury, of Charlottesville, Virginia. They have two children, Jesse, born December 27, 1877, and Agatha, born December 9, 1879."

Here ends the very interesting sketch by John Henry Brown, which was published in 1881. Since the above was written nine more children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Maverick, as follows:

Jessie Maverick, born December 27, 1877;

married to James S. McNeel; Agatha Maverick, born December 9, 1879, married to Norval J. Welsh; Ellen Maverick, born December 2, 1881, married Louis A. Wright; Albert Maverick, born August 14, 1883, married Lillian Williams; Reuben Maverick, born September 7, 1885, (deceased); Phillip Maverick, born January 2, 1887, married Jean Evans; Virginia Maverick, born March 3, 1889, married Murray F. Crossette; James Slayden Maverick, born December 27, 1890, married Hazel Davis; Mary Maverick, born October 17, 1892, married Robert McGarraugh; George Madison Maverick, born December 11, 1893, married Ruth Newell; Maury Maverick, born October 23, 1895, married Terrell Dobbs.

Eulogy by Dr. Cupples.

The following eulogy on the life and character of Hon. Samuel A. Maverick was delivered in October, 1870, before the Alamo Literary Society of San Antonio, Texas, by George Cupples, M. D.:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society:

"In all ages and amongst all peoples, from the times of which history has no record, even unto our day, it has been held a sacred duty to celebrate the merits of the dead, the exploits of warriors, the services rendered by legislators and sages, the moral excellence of men noted for their virtues and their public services. In the dim pre-historic ages the burial places of their forefathers were held in sacred awe by all races of men that have left vestiges of their customs and of their existence on the surface of the globe; and, indeed, of many of these, their places of sepulture furnish the sole glimpse of their degree of culture and advancement. The deeds of fame of heroes, the services of sages, of benefactors of their race, are preserved in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, and of races still older—to whom the former owed their knowledge—the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Hindoos, and the tribes of far Cathay.

"The lays and legends of barbarous and semi-civilized, preceded the invention of the alphabet and the art of expressive sounds by symbols, and had for subject and inspiration the deeds of those who had distinguished themselves beyond their fellows. All their customs and usages, as far as known to us, mark their reverence for the memory of their dead, and the traditions of their good and noble actions. Shall a duty recognized by our uncultivated predecessors be neglected by us who claim to excel in the fulfillment of all civic obligations?

"In this, the seventh decade of this marvelous century, when the march of progress and of change hurries us on with breathless speed, when revolutions in politics, in social and physical science succeed each other with such rapidity as to leave us scanty opportunity to look back on the

past, absorbed as we are in the present, it is well, I say, that events happening in our midst should arrest our attention and claim our homage for those who, descending to the tomb in the fulness of age, leave the record of a life which connects our stormy and troubled present with the calmer past, and who are worthy to serve as an example and pattern to their successors in the arena of life.

"More especially does it behoove you, on whom devolves the duty of preserving the remembrance of the worthies of the West, to mark your appreciation of the public services and of the public and private virtues of one who, having espoused in his youth the cause of struggling liberty in Texas, defended her in war, served her in peace, guided her in her commencing career by his counsels, proclaimed to the world her Declaration of Independence, suffered for her in person and in property, bore the pains of prison and of fetters for her sake; gloried in her triumph, and to the close of a blameless life, 'mid trials such as fall to the lot of few men, bore himself as a true Texan and a faithful patriot. Need I say that such a man was Samuel A. Maverick?

"The name of Maverick is of old standing in the New England States, the founder of the family having emigrated from England at an early period of the settlement of this country. A young man of this name fell in one of the affrays which occurred in the streets of Boston, immediately before the memorable tea party. Another branch of the family settled in New York. I have in my possession a diploma or certificate issued to a master mason—in English, Spanish and French—handsomely engraved on parchment, by Peter Maverick, and published by Bro. Samuel Maverick, of New York. An ancestor of the subject of this notice settled in South Carolina, where the grandfather of the deceased, after serving in the war of the Revolution, died soon after its close, reduced to poverty by losses sustained in its course. His son, the father of our Mr. Maverick, consequently began life penniless, but by industry, united to capacity and integrity, he rose from being a clerk in a large establishment in Charleston, to be sole proprietor of three business houses, and had the credit of being a pioneer in numerous successful enterprises. He shipped the first bale of cotton from America, and thus materially aided in establishing a commerce which has spread over the world and has penetrated into regions the most remote of the globe, carrying civilization and enlightenment to the farthest corners of the earth. The enterprises of this remarkable man extended even to the Celestial Empire, at that day all but inaccessible to America. Having accumulated a large fortune he removed to Pendleton, South Carolina, where he built a residence and remained until his death, in 1852, largely interested in land speculations.

"Here, Samuel Augustus Maverick was born on the 28th of July, 1803, his mother being a daughter of General Robert Anderson of South Carolina, of Revolutionary renown. Of Mr. Maverick's boyhood and youth little is known. Having received his preliminary education in his own State, he entered Yale College, where he graduated. During his journeyings to and from Yale he made the acquaintance of one destined to be for long years his friend and neighbor, and to follow him to the tomb at an interval of but thirteen days. This was the late Wm. B. Jacques, who often spoke of the gravity and sedateness beyond his years of the young Maverick, whom he had first known in the morning of life.

"At this time Mr. Maverick's friends looked forward to the time when he should become a leading man, and he himself was ambitious to excel and to take a political stand. But his views were diametrically opposed to the nullification ideas of the Carolinians, and he could not compromise with his opinions. He was not a disciple of Calhoun, though personally an admirer of the transcendent talent of that great statesman. Finding himself in politics directly at variance with all his neighbors, he left the State. An incident growing out of this difference had, no doubt, an important part in determining him to such a step as emigration, then much less common than now. His father on one occasion, after having answered Mr. Calhoun in a speech of great power, was made the subject of some intemperate remarks, which his son resented by challenging the utterer of them. In the encounter he wounded his antagonist, and afterwards nursed him until his recovery. With our knowledge of the man, never shrinking from personal risk, we may well imagine that the painful necessity of chastising the aggressor on this occasion, had great influence in his decision to leave South Carolina. Previous to this he had studied law under Henry St. George Tucker at Winchester, Virginia, and had been admitted to practice at the bar of his own State.

"He first moved to Alabama, and thence, in 1834, to Texas, arriving at San Antonio in 1835. In the fall of that year Messrs. Maverick, Jno. W. Smith and P. B. Cocke were arrested by Col. Ugartachea, commanding the Mexican troops occupying the city. During their incarceration they contrived to keep up intelligence with Gen. Burleson, who commanded the Texan army then investing the town. On one occasion these three gentlemen were sentenced on suspicion to be shot, and were actually marched to the place of execution, when Mrs. Smith, now the wife of Mr. James B. Lee, living on the Medina, appeared on the ground, fell upon the earth, embracing the feet of the Mexican commander, begging piteously for a further investigation of their case. The investigation was finally granted, and resulted in the clearing of the pri-

soners, who were, however, kept under close guard. They made their escape, nevertheless, and joined the Texan army. Early on the morning of the 5th of December, 1835, Col. Ben Milam attacked the city; S. A. Maverick as guide, with Milam at the head of the right division, moving down Soledad street to the LaGarza House—Johnson, commanding the left, marching down Acequia street to the same point, with Jno. W. Smith for guide. The cannon posted at the corner of the Main Plaza swept these streets. To procure water our troops took the Veramendi House by digging a trench of five feet in depth across the street during the night of the 5th, and so going back and forth with heads bent to avoid the grape shot. Of the seven hundred volunteers under Burleson at the Old Mill above town, only two hundred and fifty were under Milam—others joined two days later, but the greater number had gone home or to Goliad, where a force was then gathering to move against Matamoras. On the 8th, Milam was killed in the yard of the Veramendi House, being shot through the head; and by his side stood Mr. Maverick. On the 10th the Mexicans ran up the white flag of surrender. The Texan troops had fought incessantly night and day, and had taken all the square block of buildings fronting the north side of the Main Plaza, by digging through the walls of the houses from one to the other. Where the Plaza House now stands there lived the priest, Padre Garza; from this house the Texans made a charge and took and spiked the guns, the fire of which had been concentrated on that building and was fast crumbling it down. In this charge Col. Ward lost a leg, and the young Carolinian, Bonham, an eye. The Mexican gunners fled or were cut to pieces. This was on the morning of the 10th, and was followed by the capitulation of Gen. Cos, who was permitted to retire with his troops across the Rio Grande.

"Mr. Maverick's absence on March 6th, 1836, the day of the massacre of the Alamo, was due to his being sent a delegate to the Convention of the people of Texas, in which capacity he, on the 2nd day of March, signed the Declaration of Independence; the Hon. Jose Antonio Navarro being the other delegate from the municipality of Bexar, also present and signing.

"After the battle of San Jacinto, the result of which secured the safety of Texas, for a time at least, Mr. Maverick returned to Alabama, where he married in August of the same year, and in 1838, returned to San Antonio with his family.

"In March, 1842, Gen. Vasquez invaded western Texas, entering San Antonio with nine hundred men. On this occasion, Mr. Twohig blew up his store to prevent the ammunition it contained from falling into the hands of the enemy. The few American families then living in San Antonio had made good their escape in time, retiring to

the Brazos river. The family of Mr. Maverick did not return to San Antonio until 1847.

"On the 12th day of September of the same year, the District Court being in session, a Mexican citizen, now dead, was visited by some of his countrymen, known to be in the Mexican service; from them he ascertained that Gen. Woll was close at hand with a force of fourteen hundred men. This intelligence he communicated to Don Antonio Manchaca, who lost no time in making it known to Judge Hutchison. The few troops stationed in San Antonio immediately withdrew, but the American citizens, with the members of the bar, the presiding judge at their head, decided on defending the place; Mr. Maverick, who was urgent in favor of this course, declaring that they ought to set the example of resistance, and that whatever might be their fate, they would at least check the advance of the enemy, and give time for succor to arrive from the few and scattered settlements which existed at that day in western Texas. They accordingly, in the night of Saturday, the 12th, took up their position on the flat roof of the building known as Maverick's, forming the corner of Commerce and Soledad streets, and commanding all the entrances to the Main Plaza. This little band numbered fifty-three Americans and one Mexican, Mr. Manchaca, who had served through the War of Independence, from Bexar to San Jacinto, and was especially marked for vengeance by Santa Anna. Soon after daylight, in a thick fog, the Mexican troops entered the Main Plaza, music in front, little expecting the reception which awaited them. A pealing volley from the Texan rifles checked their march, and before Woll could withdraw them, fourteen were slain outright and twenty-seven wounded. Having placed his men under cover, Gen. Woll brought up two six-pounder guns, and being well advised of the numerical weakness of the Texans, made his disposition for surrounding them and cutting off their escape. On the roof of the Dwyer House, on the southeast corner of the Plaza, he posted thirty-five Cushman Indians, who formed part of his force. Another detachment crossed the river and took post near the large pecan tree, in front of the barracks. The east bank was guarded by cavalry, also, and preparations of the Mexican commander being now complete, he sent an officer, with a flag, to summon the little band to surrender as honorable prisoners of war, adding; that if the conditions offered were not accepted within ten minutes he would advance on them with the bayonet. During the fire of musketry and artillery to which they were exposed while Woll was posting his troops, it is singular that not one of the little band of Texans was hit; they were partially covered by the low parapet of the flat-roofed house. The only one of them who received any injury was Mr.

Manchaca, who was struck in the knee by a fragment of stone detached by a round shot, from the effects of which he walks lame to this day. Resistance being evidently vain, the small band surrendered, and were, on the retreat of Woll, marched to the Castle of Perote and there imprisoned, under circumstances of the greatest harshness.

"Gen. Woll has been generally and loudly denounced for breach of faith toward his prisoners; but it is not generally known that in sparing their lives he disobeyed the express orders of President Santa Anna to put to death every man taken with arms in his hands as a rebel and a traitor. These orders were shown by Woll, in 1863, to an intimate friend of Mr. Maverick (now present)—on which occasion he made many friendly inquiries for Maverick, Colquhoun, Twohig, and others, by name. When asked why he had not defended his course by the publication of these orders, Woll replied that he himself owed, not only his life, under similar circumstances, to the intervention of Santa Anna, but also his position in the Mexican army, and that he could not, honorably, vindicate himself by the exposure of one to whom he owed so much.

"After the surrender of Maverick, Colquhoun, Twohig, Hutchinson, and their companions, Woll was utterly defeated, with great loss, five miles from San Antonio, on the Salado, by the Texans under Hays and Burleson, and without loss on their own side, if we except the LaGrange company under Captain Dawson, which was surrounded by the Mexican troops in the prairie, while on the march to the rendezvous, and cut to pieces, seven only of their number escaping.

"On the 23rd Woll marched on his return to Mexico, carrying his citizen-prisoners with him. On the way, one of the number, Mr. Cunningham, died and was buried on the Leona. On their arrival at Perote they were subjected to the most humiliating and cruel treatment, being confined to cells and frequently chained two together, Major Colquhoun being, if I mistake not, Mr. Maverick's companion in these bonds of adversity. Of these they were relieved from time to time to work on a stone quarry, or on the road which Santa Anna was constructing to his palace of Tacubaya. I have seen the quondam prisoners smile grimly when allusion was made to the little work the Mexicans got out of the Texan captives. While they were here many attempts were made to bribe them with promises of office and favor, and Mr. Maverick particularly approached, on account of his influence in Bexar; but he, like his companions in captivity, had naught but scorn for their offers, which utterly failed to seduce them from their faith and allegiance to Texas.

"By the intercession of Waddy Thompson, then American minister to Mexico, and

a relative of Mr. Maverick, the latter with Judge Wm. E. Jones and old Judge Hutchinson, were released in April, 1843; others were released at the instance of the British minister, while others, of whom the leader was Jno. Twohig, disdained to ask protection from either power, and manfully dug their way out of the fortress, making good their escape to Texas in the spring of 1844.

"The following extract from a report of a speech made by Gen. Waddy Thompson, at Greenville, South Carolina, in May, 1844, sets the conduct and character of Mr. Maverick during his captivity, in the most honorable light: 'Amongst the many interesting incidents which General Thompson mentioned there was one particularly so, as it related particularly to a gentleman born and educated in this neighborhood—Mr. Samuel A. Maverick—which, in the language of Gen. Thompson, was not only honorable to the man himself, but to human nature. Mr. Maverick was a young man of large fortune, with a young wife and three or four interesting children. When he arrived at his prison at Perote he wrote to Gen. Thompson, informing him that he was there, and in chains, but said that he neither asked nor expected any interposition from Gen. Thompson, as he considered that such interposition might not be proper, and only asking the General to convey some letters to his family.' Gen. Thompson, nevertheless, set about obtaining his release, and there was then a negotiation on foot for re-annexation of Texas to Mexico, Gen. Thompson wrote to Mr. Maverick, saying that if he was really in favor of such re-annexation, and would say so, he thought his release would certainly be granted, as he, Gen. Thompson, would say to Santa Anna that any promise which Maverick made would certainly be complied with. Mr. Maverick replied: 'I regret that I cannot bring myself to think that it would be to the interest of Texas to re-unite with Mexico. This being my settled opinion, I cannot sacrifice the interest of my country even to obtain my liberty, still less can I say so when such is not my opinion, for I regard a lie as a crime, and one which I cannot commit. I must, therefore, make up my mind to wear my chains, galling as they are.' General Thompson said that the virtue and constancy of Regulus, which had immortalized his name, did not excel this; and he felt a special pride in this heroic virtue because Mr. Maverick was a South Carolinian, his neighbor, and the kinsman of his kinsmen.'

"I have dwelt at length on the history of the taking of San Antonio, and the adventures of the prisoners taken there, as they constitute the last episode of the Texas-Mexican war, of which San Antonio was the theatre, and they may give some idea

of the dangers and hardships to which the old Texans were exposed.

"During his captivity Mr. Maverick was elected by his fellow citizens of Bexar to the Senate. On his return he found his family at LaGrange, all sick; after moving them to the coast, near Decrows Point, he returned to South Carolina to procure means to meet obligations which he had assumed in many instances for the relief of his more necessitous companions in captivity. He gradually sold his property elsewhere and invested in Texas lands. In 1847 he returned to San Antonio, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death, September 2nd of this year.

"In 1838 he took out his law license in San Antonio. From 1838 until 1842 he was one of Hays' minute men, and often followed the trail of the marauding Indians under that celebrated chieftain. He accompanied his old leader, in 1848, on his expedition to open route from San Antonio to El Paso del Norte. On this memorable trip they lost their way, and were at the point of starvation, one man actually perishing of hunger; when they were guided by Indians to San Elizario, on the Rio Grande, where they found food and rest. Their route back from El Paso established the present road by Devil's river, Fort Stockton and Fort Davis.

"And now I approach an era in Mr. Maverick's life without a notice of which I should signally fail of doing justice to his character. We have seen that in 1834 he was driven by his opposition to nullification in South Carolina, to seek a home elsewhere. In 1860 he appeared on the stage of public events an ardent, zealous, and fearless advocate of secession—and in this there was no inconsistency; a Union man as long as the Union guaranteed and protected the dignity and sovereignty of the States which composed it, and the rights of their citizens; he advocated and strove for secession when he saw that these rights could not be maintained in the Union, and that the Constitution had failed to be the Aegis its framers had fondly hoped it to be. A scholar, his mind was too well versed in historic lore, and his intellect too right in the wisdom which deduces lessons for our guidance in the present from the annals of the past, not to know that revolutions once arrived at a certain point, continue to progress at increasing speed. A true Republican, he foresaw innovations which would substitute the will of the majority for the rights of the minority, and which would change the whole fabric of the government and institutions for which his fathers and himself had periled their lives.

"In February, 1861, as one of the three Commissioners of the Committee of Public Safety, he was charged with the delicate duty of procuring the removal of the United States troops from the State of Texas—

and that all this was effected without bloodshed, and with so little of inconvenience or humiliation to the officers and men who had so long been friends among us, constitutes one of his highest titles to the respect and gratitude of his fellow-citizens. And a very little acquaintance with the situation of affairs at the time will satisfy any one, whatever views he may entertain on the question of secession, that but for this action of the Commissioners, civil war would have been inaugurated in the State; the Federal troops, numerous, well equipped and well commanded, forming a nucleus for an army composed of the forces which the Governor had already commanded to organize for the maintenance of Federal authority. No one who knows the feelings which prevailed throughout Texas can doubt that the Union army would soon have succumbed, but I repeat, that to the prudent yet energetic action of the Commissioners, and of their coadjutors, Texas owes it that no blood was then shed within her borders, and that she escaped the horrors of war which devastated her sister States.

"With this closed the public functions of Mr. Maverick, which he had exercised in various capacities from the memorable day when he affixed his signature to the Declaration of Independence, and always with credit to himself and advantage to his constituents; his public services in either House, in convention, or in any capacity whatever, being rendered with a disinterestedness and freedom from all personal and party considerations; which I trust will yet again be imitated in the legislative halls of our State.

"From this imperfect sketch of the life of our lamented associate it may be understood what manner of man he was. In all the qualities which constitute the true gentleman he was confessedly pre-eminent. Truthful to a punctilio, no man can say that he ever used equivocal language, and his sincerity was testified to by the confidence he commanded from all who knew him. And of those who enjoyed that privilege, who is there who does not remember to admire that courtesy of the old school which is fast passing away.

"Prudent and considerate, he never said of the absent one word, which uttered in their presence, could have wounded or pained them. Modest and retiring to a fault, he ever manifested that forgetfulness of his own comfort and convenience which is the true test of good breeding.

"His personal bravery was as patent as the sun at noonday. In moral courage he knew no superior. From that hour of jeopardy, when he signed the Declaration of Independence, to the last public act of his life, there was no hesitation, no wavering, no consideration of risk to person or property.

"It has been said, and not without truth—alas for the perversity of human nature!—that no man of worth can live without making enemies; this may be so, but if it be, Mr. Maverick's case furnishes the exception, which, according to the old scholastic dictum, proves the rule; for manifold as were the occasions which his vast landed possessions and his public functions at various times furnished for collision with the interests and passions of others, I verily believe he passed from earth without leaving on its surface a single personal enemy. Not that he courted popularity, for no man ever lived more independent of the prejudices and fashions of the world, and many personal peculiarities stamped him with an individuality all his own. And if, on rare occasions, amid the turmoil of civil commotion and revolutionary license, some pigmy of a hostile press sought to cast a stain on the record of this good man, 'twas but the homage he paid to virtues which he could never aspire to emulate.

"It may be thought by some that he was close and penurious, that he loved money more than the world deems right; but in this opinion the world, as is often the case, was very much mistaken. Those who knew him best, his oldest and most intimate friends, knew him to be most liberal and most generous when a worthy object of expenditure offered. True, he was careful and prudent in the management of his affairs; he was frugal and unostentatious in his habits, and he carried into practice his philosophic scorn of the gewgaws of fashion and of display. Years ago, when sickness and distress pressed hard on the poorer classes in San Antonio, secretly, and as a thief in the night, Mr. Maverick came unto the then mayor of the city, bearing something under his cloak—that cloak which, among the older inhabitants may be remembered as an historical relic—drawing forth the hidden object, Mr. Maverick in his peculiar hurried manner begged his honor to undertake the distribution among the necessitous of a thousand dollars, his contribution in this time of suffering, and above all, to say nothing of it.

"Such was the penuriousness of this good man, 'who did by stealth, and would have blushed to find it fame.' Would to God there were more misers of this stamp among us!

"I would sum up his character in the words of one who witnessed his first appearance at the bar of this District Court, and who formed one of the long procession which bore him to the tomb: 'Mr. Maverick's distinguishing characteristics were still the same through life; quiet sedate, courteous, gentle and dignified; none knew him but to respect and admire him. More eminently just and dispassionate than brilliant and captivating, mature age found him a venerated exemplar of all the highest virtues.'

"Thus I have feebly, but truthfully, sought to sketch for you the life and character of our late associate. His honored head has been laid in the grave; the place which knew him shall know him no more for ever; but his services to Texas and his sufferings in her behalf are a part of her history. His virtues shine forth as a light unto the feet of those who seek to tread the path of life with honor to themselves and with benefit to their fellows.

"To this Society he leaves the signal honor of having inscribed his name on the roll of its founders, and the task of rearing on the site, which you owe to his munificence, an edifice which may do honor to the donor and credit to your young Association, the Alamo Literary Society; a task in which I trust you will be aided by the wealthier members of the community.

"To the inheritors of his name he has bequeathed a heritage richer than broad lands more precious than fine gold—the name of a just, an upright and a conscientious man, of one who never compromised with his convictions, who never bowed the knee to expediency; and let them ever remember that the name they bear has long been a synonyme for honor, integrity and truth."

Mrs. Mary Adams Maerick, widow of Samuel A. Maverick, was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, March 16, 1818, and died at San Antonio, Texas, February 24, 1898, having attained the age of fourscore years, lacking a few days.

• Unbranded Cattle.

Inasmuch as there has been a great deal of controversy in regard to the name "maverick" as applied to unbranded cattle on the ranges of Texas in the early days, we give the following story, which was written by George M. Maverick, and published in the St. Louis Republic, November 16, 1889:

To the Editor of the Republic.

St. Louis, Nov. 16—In response to your request I herewith submit an account of the origin of the term "Maverick" as applied to unbranded young cattle. I will endeavor to give the authentic account, and at the same time make it as brief as possible.

To begin with definitions, the term applied where cattle of various owners promiscuously mingle on the common range, that is to say, where fencing is not the rule. The cows bear the brand of their owner, and the calves are known by the brands of the cows. Calves are branded as soon as found, but invariably some are not found and branded in time. The calf becoming independent soon leaves the cow and sets up for itself. If unbranded who is the owner? Who can tell? It becomes impossible to decide the question of ownership, but right here one thing does happen—the unbranded beast adopts a name and is known as a "maverick"—meaning "no-

body's calf." Now, how did, how could this term originate? Why, simple enough, through the inattention of a cattle owner by the name of Maverick, who was known in a wide region of Southwest Texas for not branding more than one-third of his calves and leaving the other two-thirds to become the common property of the range.

Now for the story of the facts as they actually occurred. Hon. Samuel A. Maverick, a citizen of San Antonio, Texas, was, during 1845, temporarily residing at De-crow's Point, on Matagorda Bay. He was a lawyer with a strong propensity for speculation in real estate. In fact, all the enterprising men in Texas of that day went more or less wild over real estate at 5 and 10 cents per acre. An interesting volume could be written on the land craze of that period. During that year (1845) a neighbor being indebted to Mr. Maverick in the sum of \$1200 paid the debt in cattle, transferring 400 animals at \$3.00 per head. Cattle were cheap in those days, the hides only being cashable in the foreign markets. Mr. Maverick did not want the cattle, but as it was a case of cattle or nothing, he passively received them and left them in charge of a colored family, nominally slave, but essentially free, while he and his own family returned to San Antonio. In the year 1853 the cattle were removed from the Gulf coast to Conquista, on the east bank of the San Antonio river, 50 miles below San Antonio. Here, as before, under the distinguished management of the colored family, who really were not to blame, as they had no interest in the outcome, the cattle were left to graze, to fatten, to multiply, and to wander away. Mr. Maverick was absorbed in real estate and no doubt enjoyed the reflection that he was not encumbered by either the cattle or their managers. Right here a cattleman would say, "You needn't spin the balance of that yarn, I see the upshot," but I shall continue to the end if it takes a dozen broncos!

About one-third of the calves were branded, and the branding iron was kept so cold and rusty that in 1856 the entire plant or "brand" was estimated at only 400 head, the original number. To the ingenious minded the explanation will occur when it is stated that the branding of "mavericks" was perfectly square in those days, although the occupation had not been distinctly named. To restate it, the cows wore brand ornaments, the calves were unadorned—becoming independent and straying off, the calves soon acquired the requisite ornamentation.

Now the neighbors shrewdly surmised these calves to be Maverick's, and they called them "mavericks"—but did they continue to recognize them as such? Ah, no; they hastened to burn into their tender hides their own brands, and the beasts were Maverick's ("mavericks") no longer. The reader should bear in mind that no

owner could know his own cattle on the range except by the brand and so the first brand settled the question of ownership. Thus the unbranded stray calves in those days were dubbed "mavericks," for they were most likely Maverick's at least in that neck of the woods. The humorous neighbors who profitted by Mr. Maverick's indirect liberality, thus jokingly gave him the credit of it, and while they secured the profits he was permitted to acquire the experience. Indeed they hesitated not to bestow his name upon the unbranded yearlings, for, although a neighbor might have admitted "a stray by any other name would be my meat," still by applying the right name at the right moment he thereby erected a wide-spreading monument of gratitude to his benefactor.

The name took and spread and filled an "aching void," for today the cowboy would be lonesome if he couldn't call a "maverick" a "maverick."

About the year 1856, after 11 years of experience in the cattle business, Mr. Maverick sold the cattle brand, 400 head, "as they ran," to Mr. A. Toutant Beauregard, a brother of the distinguished general. Mr. Beauregard, however, paid him \$6 per head, and Mr. Maverick retired from the venture, thoroughly experienced against similar investments, but with an apparent profit of 100 per cent and the unique distinction of having his name bestowed upon a very dear friend of the human race. Mr. Maverick, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding, was never a cattle king, for with the exception of the herd mentioned and a few necessary cow ponies, he never owned any cattle or horses.

To complete the account and satisfy the reader, I add a short sketch of Mr. Maverick. He was born in Charlestown, S. C., in the year 1803, was given a collegiate education at Yale, and secured his law diploma at Winchester, Va. In 1835 he visited Texas, then a province of Mexico, and was in San Antonio when the Texas revolution burst forth. He joined General Houston's army, and in December, 1835, under Ben. Milam, he took part in the storming and capture of San Antonio by the Texas army. He adopted San Antonio as his home and, together with Don Jose Antonio Navarro, was elected a member from that town of the first Congress of the Republic, the Congress which declared the independence of Texas from Mexico. In 1842 he and many other prominent citizens during a session of the District Court at San Antonio, were captured by the Mexican General, Woll, and marched under many hardships to the Castle of Perote, a fortified town on the road from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. There the prisoners were kept under ball and chain, save when they worked in the quarries. He was a member of the last Congress of the Republic, which effected the admission of Texas

into the Union. He served many terms thereafter in each house of the Legislature, never seeking any of the positions mentioned, but patiently and often under protest accepting the duties thrust upon him by his fellow-citizens. This is mentioned as a matter of fact merely—his old friends will bear me out when I say of him, he was not noted for egotism. He lived a life full of trusts, of business and adventures, and died in 1870 in the midst of his family.

Mr. Editor, I have been careful in this account to state only what I believe to be strictly true and capable of proof. I am one of the sons of Mr. Maverick, and it is natural that I should wish the true story to prevail. To the stockmen of the West I submit this account and would remind them that of the thousand and one versions of the story only one can be correct. Be assured this is the true account.

GEORGE M. MAVERICK.

Tragic Incident in Life of Sam Houston

Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, December 15, 1922.

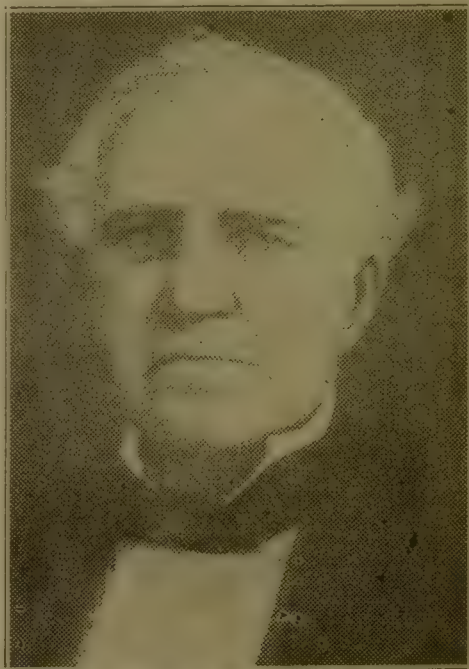
DURING his seventy-three years of residence in Texas, John H. Bonner of Tyler has watched with growing wonder and appreciation the giant-like strides in the development of what was little more than a wilderness with a scattered population when 8 years old, he migrated to Texas in 1849 from Mississippi with his father.

Mr. Bonner has watched the growth and development of the State not only as an interested spectator, but as a participant as well in its history. He has known personally many of the men whose names are linked indissolubly with the early history of the State, as well as many who have played stellar roles since the days of the Civil War. Among those great outstanding figures of Texas' early history who figure in his first recollections of the State when as a boy not yet in his teens he lived in Cherokee County, was Sam Houston, leader of that intrepid little band of Texans at San Jacinto, first President of the Republic of Texas and later one of its Governors when the bright star of Texas as a State gleamed in that galaxy set on a field of blue in the flag of the Union.

His face alight with the memory of those days nearly three generations back, Mr. Bonner loves to recall the occasions that mark his knowledge of Sam Houston. The great soldier and statesman, Mr. Bonner recalls, was a devotee of the gentle art of whittling. Houston found a keen pleasure in wielding his pocket knife, fashioning various articles with its sharp edge from soft wood. Mr. Bonner's memory of this trait of Houston harks back to a happy little event for him when, on one occasion, traveling from Lockhart to Rusk, he stopped overnight at Huntsville. He was just a boy at the time, with a boy's eagerness in stories of war. His stop at Huntsville was over a Sunday, and he recalls that while walking along in front of the hotel Sunday morning, a large man sitting on the hotel porch stopped him and gave him a little sword which had been fashioned with a pocket knife. The large man, he learned, was Sam Houston, stopping at the time at the hotel in Huntsville.

"Some way or other I lost that little wooden sword," said Mr. Bonner. "I have always regretted that very much. I wouldn't take anything for it now if I had it."

One of Mr. Bonner's most poignant re-



General Sam Houston.

collections of Houston dates back to the days of '61, when the men of Texas were rallying to the drum beats that heralded the Civil War. Although he was still almost a boy, the lad who had come from Mississippi with his father to cast his lot in Texas found the call to the colors too strong to be quieted, and, with the hosts of others, set out to do his bit in the conflict.

As he recalls it, about the 30th of April, 1861, he was riding along horseback in company with a number of others en route

to San Antonio to be mustered into service. The horsemen had reached Independence, in Washington County, where Houston lived. As the cavalcade passed along the road in front of the little house where Houston lived, the man who had led the Texan hosts to victory in their fight for freedom from Mexico, who had presided over the new Republic of Texas, the fruit of that victory, and who, when the question of secession came up, sat in the Governor's chair of the State—this man whose life and efforts had become indelibly stamped in the annals of the State he loved so well—walked slowly out upon the porch of his humble dwelling, and, standing there with his arms folded across his breast, watched in silence the passage of the horsemen on their way to enlist in the ranks of the Confederacy.

Houston had opposed precipitate action on the part of Texas in withdrawing from the Union. He had urged in opposition to the steps of others that the matter of secession be submitted to the people of the State as a whole and had urged further that Texas become a republic again rather than a member of the Confederacy if she did secede. When secession from the Union was announced by a convention; Houston's allegiance to his State was uttered in unmistakable words in a speech at Brenham. But his stand had made him unpopular politically and rather than indulge in contention at that trying time, he gave up his office as Governor. And there from the porch of his one-story frame dwelling on that April day in 1861 he watched the host of horsemen ride by in a cloud of dust, on their way to join in a cause his stand on which lowered from his shoulders the dignity and prestige of high office, had caused him to become in the eyes of some an unpopular, a scorned man in the State he had helped to build.

As the horsemen passed his house, they saw him standing on the porch, and across the road they sent a volley of hisses as greeting to the silent, arm-folded man, Mr. Bonner recalled: "I am always glad to remember I didn't join in that derisive chorus," he said.

Mr. Bonner spent four years in the Confederate Army, being first a member of Company A, Second Texas Mounted Volunteers. He was later transferred to Company C, Eighteenth Texas Infantry, Wall's Brigade, Walker's Division. He was mustered into service May 3, 1861, at San Antonio. He laughingly recalls that the men of his company "never surrendered."

"No," said the Mississippian by birth and Texas by adoption, who wears on his coat lapel the bronze Confederate Cross of Honor, "our company never surrendered. When the end of the war came we simply dispersed and with our knapsacks on our backs started back to our homes." This was May 23, 1865, four years and twenty days after the enlistment at San Antonio.

Mr. Bonner was born in Yazoo County, Mississippi. He was only 8 years old when he left the place of his birth for Texas with his father, W. N. Bonner, coming to Rusk, in Cherokee County, a town of considerable importance in those days. Sessions of the Supreme Court of Texas were held there then. Cherokee County was the home of the Bonners until the Civil War broke out, when the young man left home to enlist.

Mr. Bonner came to Tyler Jan. 4, 1874, when he was 33 years old. He has lived here since. He has taken a prominent part in the life of this East Texas city, having been Mayor of Tyler for eight years, beginning with 1906.

Riata and Spurs.

Charlie Siringo's new and revised edition of Riata and Spurs is just off the Houghton-Mifflin Company's press of Boston, Mass.

In it is given my cowboy experience in Texas from 1867 and the drives up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas. Also much new material in the lives of Wess Harden, Bill Longley, Ben Thompson, King Fisher and Sam Bass, whose photograph is shown when sixteen years of age.

Anyone interested can get an autographed copy of the book by sending \$3.20 to the author. Or, he will send it C. O. D. by parcel post. Introduction by Gifford Pinchot and big send-off by Will Rogers.

Address: Chas. A. Siringo, 2417 Grand Canal, Venice, California.

Hy J. Bowles Dead.

Hy J. Bowles, old time trail driver and kindly gentleman has passed from mortal ken, leaving many a friend to sincerely regret his passing. He died February 18, at Uvalde, Texas. Uvalde was the boyhood home of Mr. Bowles, but leaving there at about twenty years, he spent seven years in the Alpine-Big Bend country. He then returned to Uvalde and spent the larger part of the remainder of his life there. He was county clerk from 1896 to 1906. During the past few years he resided in San Antonio. On December 6, 1890, in Uvalde, Hy Bowles won the world's championship at tying down wild steers, which honor he held six years. He made a time of 29 seconds. In his youth he was one of the very best men that ever went into a round-up, according to Captain James B. Gillett of Marfa. Mr. Bowles was born near Bryan, Texas, in 1864, and moved with his parents to Uvalde county in 1872. A generous friend, and a man who was too kindly to be a foe in the ordinary sense, tall and erect, with winning speech on his lips, Hy J. Bowles went through the world with many friends and few, if any, enemies. And, his sufferings over, he rests in the land where his best years were spent.

Ranch Life in Bandera County in 1878

Written for Frontier Times by Mrs Albert Maverick, Sr.



ABOUT 1878, Mr. Maverick had little or nothing to do, so he spent most of his time riding around the country looking for a ranch. I had been raised on a farm in Virginia, and of course, thought all respectable people lived in the country. He had a beautiful "paint pony" which was supposed to have been a descendant of some Arabian stock brought out to Texas to be used by the U. S Government; whether she was or not, she was a "dear girl" and was named "Lady." As a boy, Mr. Maverick had spent a good deal of time on Jose Policarpo Rodriguez ranch in Bandera County. He had hunted with Mr. Polly and had an affectionate and romantic idea of the country. In those days there were no fences and the Indians and sheep men had been in the habit of burning the grass every spring, so there was no

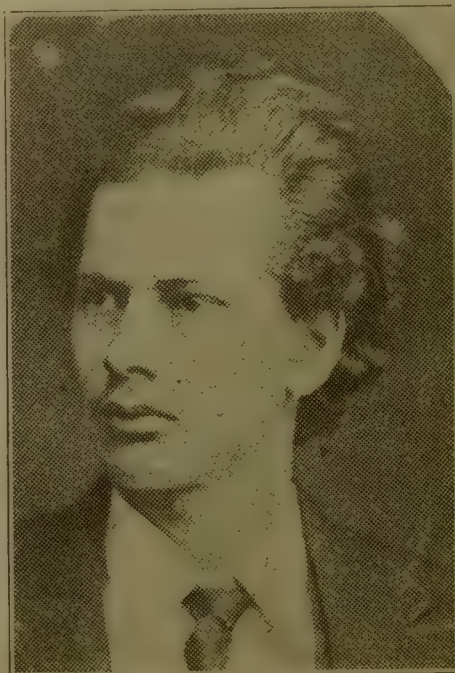
conveyance, people camped anywhere there was water or good grass for the horses. I saw a bear on Red Bluff Creek one day going up, another time I was wonder struck at the beauty of my first view of Polly's Peak and another mountain near, where hundreds of white goats were being herded near the top. It only needed the bright red serapes like the shepherds wear in Mexico to complete the beauty of the scene.

After much riding, Mr. Maverick decided on a ranch situated on the Medina River and Winans Creek, lying between Bandera town and Medina City. Mr. Mott, of Galveston owned the place and he and John Gahagan batched there together. It was a most beautiful place when we moved there. It looked like a well kept park. Occasional big post oak and live oak trees shaded green grass which went to the very edges of the river and creek. Mr. Mott moved back to Galveston, but John stayed, fortunately for us. He was considered a cranky old Irishman and when he had head aches, he would tie a red bandana on his head, get a quirt and whip every dog in sight. In reality he was one of the kindest men and was a God send to two green-horns like we were. Coming from Virginia, where darkies were plentiful, I was one of



Mrs. Albert Maverick, Sr.
(Photo made in 1878)

underbrush and even the large trees were often burnt at the bottom and the trunks of the trees would be hollow to the branches. In the springtime all the way from San Antonio to Bandera it would seem as if you traveled through a beautiful park. The stage stopped at Mrs. Miller's on the Helotes; the Gallagher ranch on the San Geronimo, or if you traveled in your own



Albert Maverick, Sr.
(Photo made in 1878)

the poorest housekeepers to be found. I did not know how to boil water, but Mrs. Annie E. Brown, who recently died at Tarpley, came over and saved our lives. Mrs. Brown was a well educated lady and had been raised by her uncle who was a banker of New Orleans but she, like many others at that time, had been stranded in Texas during the gold rush to California. She always carried her own feather bed wherever she went and mentioned to me one day, "I have had to work so many years, I like to have some proof of better days, so I carry my bed and sewed up on the inside are some little trophies of my youth." She also mentioned that Big Foot Wallace wished to send her son to North Caroline to school, but for some reason she refused. We were devoted friends and when I came back to San Antonio, she came and went to Europe with Mr. Maverick's sister whose husband was minister to Belgium.

I was the first woman to set foot on the Mott Ranch and when the chickens, dogs and stock of all kinds, caught sight of me the shock was too great, and they took to the brush. The house was just what one might expect it to be—kept by two middle-aged bachelors. Mr. Mott was small, fat and red and was very nervous, so much so that when a hen would do her duty by laying an egg, her cackling would annoy him to such an extent he would rush out and throw stones until she quieted down. Consequently, every fall a wagon load of stones would have to be cleaned out of the corn house before the new crop could be stored.

John was an entirely different type—tall, thin, and gotten up in a most attractive style. He rode a good horse and always wore a pistol and cartridge belt, high boots, high hat and red handkerchief around his neck. I think he must have belonged to the better class in Ireland. He was well educated and spoke of taking fencing lessons which is only taught to the people of means. He had beautiful hunting dogs and was very fond of animals, and on one occasion when he lit the fire to make coffee he was deeply grieved because he shut the stove door and burnt up his cat.

For the few years we lived in Bandera there was a great influx of people from everywhere and there was a good deal of money spent. The people did not know how they were going to do it, but they all expected to get rich some way. Above us on the river a little below Medina City a young blood from Boston, Job Parker, bought a ranch, put up a nice house and bought most anything in sight that anyone brought around. Somebody sold him a drove of geese and told him they always roosted in trees, that he must put planks up to the trees and drive them up until they were accustomed to the place. The cow boys made it convenient to be on time

for the drive and had great fun watching the procedure. Mr. Parker brought with him from Boston, a young friend, a sailor named Ladd, to run the ranch. You can imagine how successful they were. This young scrapegace, we understood was a wayward son of a fine old Boston family and he had the earmarks not entirely rubbed off. He had been to Harvard and once he had eight Harvard friends to come and visit him. Some of them were most attractive men. My cousin, Miss Price, was spending the winter with us and Miss Jeannie Carpenter about the same age, whose parents had recently moved above us on the river, made a very gay company at my house at the ranch. We had lots of ponies to ride and there was always some excuse for the girls to go on some jaunt. I had a grand outfit for horse back that would be very amusing now, but was considered the latest thing at that time. A very expensive English side saddle, a dark blue habit, fitting as tight as the skin, and a beaver hat—in this grand costume I accompanied the girls and young men. John Gahagan lead the trail to a camp meeting given under a brush arbor. One night on the way, we encountered a pole-cat. My pony was the first to strike it, consequently my habit had to be buried for some time. The young people were hilarious over the experience and I had some trouble quieting them down before we arrived at the meeting, when some one remarked in an undertone "Hick's dog has killed another polecat." Mr. Ventrus Pue was often with us and it was at my house about that time that he met Miss Jeannie Carpenter, whom he afterwards married. She was a dear, sweet girl and we were very fond of her.

Mr. Parker did not prove a credit to his family by any means and didn't tarry long in the country. On his last visit he borrowed a very beautiful Indian shield, from a gentleman in Bandera County, who, of course, prized it very highly. Mr. Parker told him that "Mrs. Maverick wished to exhibit it in San Antonio." He left it at my house for awhile and then took it off north with him, explaining to me that he had bought it. We were much distressed that our name had been used in the affair.

Another quite interesting man who visited us whom some Bandera people may remember, was the French Count Dodur de Karoman. He was a most imposing figure, six feet four in his stocking feet. He had been a soldier in Algiers and was of a very military bearing and handsome, dignified and claimed to be a very great rider. He would give the Texas boys suggestions which they did not appreciate, so they invited him over to our ranch one day when a lot of young horses were to be broken. The Frenchman announced that he could ride anything they chose to bring out. Nothing suited the cow-boys better

than such confidence. They brought out a young Nornan horse about four years old, full of life and as wild as they are made. The count had on a most beautiful costume. Pure white silk helmet and a white silk military coat to his knees. The boys remarked, "We don't want to kill him," so they took the horse to a plowed field, blindfolded him and held him for the count to get well into the saddle. Then the blinds were pulled off. The Count's ride was of short duration. The blinds once removed, the horse showed the whites of his eyes, shivered and started to buck. It was only a few moments later when the Count's six feet four was flat in the dust. There was unheard of merriment when the boys went to catch the horse. The Frenchman explained with much dignity that he really didn't care to ride again. He went from our house to a place near Boerne where a lot of young Englishmen were dipping sheep. He offered some small advice, which they didn't appreciate and they suggested that he ride on, or they would catch and dip him—white silk suit and all—in the sheep vat. He evidently felt that he was unappreciated in the country and went back to San Antonio, where he married the daughter of a barkeeper and left for Panama.

One of the next celebrated people we had to visit us was King Fisher, at the height of his career. He arrived late one evening with a lot of cowboys and a good sized bunch of cattle. Someone explained that he wished to sleep in the house for fear of being killed in the night by some one of his various enemies. That night he was careful when he sat at the supper table not to be a target for a gun, but as Rose Kalka, a little Polish girl, happened to touch him while handing around the batter cakes, he jumped like his time had come. He slept in a small room on the gallery. The cattle bellowed all night long. Someone had told me of his many wild experiences, how he said that he had killed twenty-seven men, one for each year of his life. After all was quiet, I spent a very restless time—and one time when he got up to get a drink of water from the bucket, I held my baby very tight thinking we would die together. I didn't realize that he was a man killer and not a baby killer. To my inexperienced eye, he was a very innocent looking cow boy, tall and thin and dark. He and I had a very pleasant conversation about his wife and babies before I knew who he was. Not very long after this visit, he was shot in San Antonio at the White Elephant saloon, with Ben Thompson, and I hope passed on to the happy hunting ground.

One Christmas we had a grand gentleman's dinner at the ranch at one o'clock in the day. I knew how to make egg-nog like my mother used to make in Virginia, but strange to say, some of my guests preferred the whiskey "straight" and a "few

fingers" in a glass. The egg-nog did not have enough "bite." There was a joke which had quite a vogue those days. Someone gave a cowboy some whiskey with a few wasps inside. To the astonishment of his friends, he drank it down with evident pleasure, but thought "it didn't have enough bite to it." I can't remember all the gentlemen's names at the party, but there was Mr. Hicks, Buck Hamilton, Mr. Ventris Pue, Mr. Montague, Hugh Duffy, H. H. Carmichael, and others, about ten in all, whose names I can't remember.

My second daughter was born in Bandera and named Agatha. Mr. Maverick's mother was to have been with me, but we missed count so she didn't arrive. I was very ignorant on such subjects, so Miss Agatha arrived almost unattended. The old Polish midwife arrived, riding straddle—unheard of for women in those days. She relieved the extreme anxiety of Mrs. Brown and a neighbor. I was entirely exhausted and went to sleep. When I awoke, my eyes opened on quite a medieval scene. The room was darkened, a big wood fire was roaring in the rough stone fire place. The clock ticked on the mantle shelf and the only person I could see was the old Polish midwife kneeling at the side of the bed praying audibly. She had a little gray shawl around her shoulders, a big white apron on and her hair was very smooth. She held a rosary in her hand and with her eyes raised to heaven, she looked like an old painting. Seeing I was awake, she brought the baby triumphantly to me and a worse looking specimen I never saw. A poor wretched looking little thing—long black hair and a sight to behold. The old Polish lady believed in the ways of the old country and did not believe in the modern invention of pins, so she had torn a piece of cloth up into wide strings and bound the baby in swaddling clothes, which I had heard of but had never seen before. All the babies in the country that year had a hard time. There had been a dreadful drought through the country and no one had anything fresh to eat, which Dr. Hudspeth, a good old doctor from Houston, explained was the reason babies had something which was not recognized then, but is now, as a form of scurvy. It gave the babies a sore mouth and a nasty little eruption and my baby was not cured until I went home to Virginia to my old home where we had different food. We had many jokes in the country about the food that year. Some body said that they had biscuits, molasses and coffee for supper; condensed milk, no butter and when I mentioned keeping a cow for milk I was laughed at although there were hundreds of cows. Our fruits consisted of prunes and dried apples. A man volunteered to bring me some fresh goat meat. When it arrived, the man laid it down in the kitchen window and as the sun shone on it it was a shiney blue. I took one look and

decided it meant starvation. There were no eggs, and John Gahagan remarked that a hen would have to have an iron beak and feet to scratch anything out of the hard, dry ground. We decided in a year or two that we were not a grand success at ranching and moved back to San Antonio with a very affectionate remembrance of the friends we had made while living there. Henry McKeen ran this ranch for some years for Mr. Maverick. While living there, he was married to Miss Obieske from up the river. The wedding was a grand affair, lots of people were there, but one thing to be remembered was the bride. She was dressed as the usual bride, white dress, tulle veil and orange blossoms. Her hair was almost a gold color and hung in curls to her knees. She had blue eyes, a fresh complexion, was about eighteen and I remember her as a beautiful sight.

I have forgotten to mention old Mr. Steward. He was quite an old man when I knew him. He belonged to an aristocratic family of Richmond, Va., and had been for many years in the U S Navy. He could hold a glass of wine and repeat poetry by the hour. He had seen a great deal of the world and was a very agreeable man. The hardships of a pioneer life were very hard on him and about the only fun he got out of it was to swear like a sailor at the whole "dam business." I went to see him once when he insisted on living alone in a little cabin by the river. I called and he at last told me to come in. In the most polished language he explained his great suffering, while he lay on a raw hide with very few garments on and scratched the mosquito bites with a carving knife. I was ashamed when I went back to San Antonio that I did not do more for his comfort. His death happened shortly after I left Bandera, but my excuse for not doing many things that would have been a pleasure, was because my whole time was taken up raising our eleven children, and I feel certain it could not have been better or more happily spent.

Carries a Bullet in His Shoulder.

Pioneer C. C. Patton, Route 5, Box 37, Austin, Texas, writes: "My father, J. M. Patton, came to Texas from Mississippi, arriving here April 18th, just three days after the Battle of San Jacinto. He served as a ranger under Captain Jim Highsmith, Captain Jack Hays, and others. He was with Ed McKellar in the Mexican War, and was with George Sweet's regiment from San Antonio in the Civil War. In 1842 Jim Highsmith's company of rangers was camped on the hill where the State Capitol now stands. The Colorado river was on a big rise, when the rangers learned that a party of Indians was camped across the river from them. A party of seventeen rangers swam the river and went on foot

about two and a half miles to the place now owned by J. C. Rabb, on the Fredericksburg road. They crawled up close to the Indian encampment in the darkness of night, and waited for daylight. One of the rangers named Jones was to give the signal to charge. A man named Billings was near him. Just at the break of day the Indians discovered the rangers, and the chief jumped up and gave a warwhoop, when Billings shot him with a Mississippi yauger gun, and the rangers charged. Forty-two of the Indians were killed in the fight. While running after the fleeing Indians a man named Jim Larimore ran ahead of the party and an Indian running up the hill on Barton Creek threw his gun over his shoulder and shot back without looking. The ball from the Indian's rifle struck Larimore in the mouth, killing him instantly. This was the only ranger killed in the fight. My father died in 1890, almost 90 years old. I was in the Spring Valley fight November 7, 1870, with Comanche Indians, and still carry a bullet in my shoulder which I stopped in that fight. That was in Blanco county. J. D. Hardiman was killed and Dave Harrington was wounded in the leg. Our party was composed of twelve boys, and there were fifteen Indians. After the fight we found three dead ones and picked up fifteen blankets, three six-shooters, eleven horses, one bow and a quiver full of arrows."

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

Belle of the Sixties Recalls Dramatic Incidents

Mrs. Kate Merritt Clarkson, San Antonio Evening News, April 24, 1919.



MY FATHER, James Campbell, came from Missouri to Texas in 1829. San Antonio was then a small Mexican village, consisting principally of the church and missions established by the Catholic Church more than a century before. The inhabitants consisted principally of the descendants of the Spanish colony which had been brought by the Franciscan Fathers from the Canary Islands and settled here.

My father was a wide traveler, full of the spirit of adventure. He was attracted to Texas as a land of future great possibilities. Texas was then under the dominion of Mex-

ico, recently freed from Spain. What is now Bexar County was then a part of the old Spanish Province of Bexar, which included all of what is now known as Southwestern Texas and extending into old Mexico.

My mother, Mrs. James Campbell, nee Teresa B. O'Neill, came to San Antonio a young bride in the spring of 1840. She had just returned from the Sacred Heart Academy in Montreal, Canada, and was visiting friends in New Orleans when she met my father, who was then called the merchant prince of Texas. They were married in the cathedral in New Orleans. Col. Bell gave

my mother away and invested her dower of \$20,000 in Texas lands.

My mother prevailed upon her sister, Eleanor, to accompany herself and husband to Texas. Their journey was one of much hardship.

Among the residents of San Antonio then was Mr. Callaghan, a merchant, and his sister, a young widow named Mrs. Cummings. Afterward she officiated at my christening as my god-mother. She married later and became the mother of Mr. Albert Urbahn, who is now a prominent citizen of Laredo. Mrs. Canterbury, mother of the present day Mrs. Sarah Eager, was also here. Mrs. Eager was among the first American children born here.

Other families in San Antonio at that time were the Mavericks, the Elliots, the Jacques, the Callaghans, the McMullens, the Sawyers, the Dwyers, Robinsons and



Mrs. Clarkson, a Belle of the Sixties.

the Smiths. A young lady of the latter family became the mother of the present family of Tobins. There were many of these pioneers educated and elegant people. I regret that I cannot recall the names of all of them or do them justice in so short and imperfect a narrative as this must be.

Among the gentlemen who were here at that time were Mr. H. Blew of Virginia, Mr. Morris of Kentucky, Judge Luckie (my grandfather), Mr. Nat Lewis, Mr. John Twohig and Mr. R. Davis, who was afterward murdered a few miles from town. Frank Paschal, a dashing Texas Ranger, married a Miss Roach, a South Carolina belle, in the forties; and came to San Antonio to live. He was the father of Dr. Frank Paschal.

Mr. McMullen, a pioneer of 1840, who lived on a little farm located about where the Carnegie Library now stands, spent his time and fortune trying to invent a flying machine. He was mysteriously murdered in his home one night. Stories became current among the credulous that his shade had been seen a number of times. His home was known as the haunted house, and there was quite an activity for a while among those who believed in spiritualism. It was supposed he had buried money and that he had been murdered for it. The mystery of the murder and the treasure remained unsolved.

Nat Lewis was in partnership with Mr. Groesbeck in a store, in a building in Main Plaza in front of where the present Court-house now stands. Henry Lewis, a brother to Nat, was a lawyer.

There were also a number of prominent and well-to-do Spanish families that I recall, having heard them spoken of in my childhood. Among them are such names as Seguin, Navarro, Yturri, Garza, Veramendi, Garcia, Lockmar, Flores, Manchaca, Rodriguez, Cassiano, Arocha, Chavez, Montes, Rivas, Leal, Martinez, Cortinez, Cervantes, Losoya, Glantin and—let me not forget—the famous Mme. Candelaria, the supposed flame of the famous Col. Jim Bowie, soldier of fortune who perished in the Alamo when its defenders were overwhelmed by Santa Anna's army in 1836.

The madame lived for half a century afterward and was always of public interest because of her personal acquaintance with the heroes of the Alamo and the further fact that she was supposed to have been an eye-witness of that tragic and historic event.

My father bought his home from Colonel Dangerfield, who left San Antonio to represent the Republic of Texas as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James. This property occupied the site of the present Chandler Building, corner of Crockett and Losoya Streets. There I was born in 1843 and it remained my home throughout by childhood. A spring of pure water gushing from beneath a large rock furnished the water for domestic use.

The river was a bold stream those days and furnished the water supply for the town, being hauled about in carts of a crude character. Many families had floating bath houses along the river from which they enjoyed the luxury of bathing in the pellucid waters of the beautiful stream.

The Mexican government had never been content with the acknowledgment of the independence of Texas which Gen. Sam Houston wrested from the Mexican dictator, Santa Anna, at the Battle of San Jacinto. Accordingly, General Vasquez, at the head of a Mexican army, was again sent against the Texans to win back the lost province.

The invaders entered San Antonio in March, 1842, with 900 men. The Texas Rangers, under Col. Jack Hayes, succeeded in putting an end to the invasion by defeating the Mexicans in a battle on the Salado in the following September. The Mexicans were commanded in this fight by General Woll.

But there was great trepidation among the few American families at the approach of the invaders. The massacre of the Alamo was still a fresh memory and its battered walls and ruins were grim reminders of what to expect. If the inhabitants of the town fell into the hands of the merciless foe. The few American families fled and were taken to places of safety.

My father took his family to Refugio County and built a temporary home for them on the San Antonio River. In fleeing from one danger they encountered another. They were in constant dread of the Indians, and marauders from the Carlos ranch spread terror by frequent raids. My mother's party was often alone, attended by only negro men and women, my father being called away by the exigencies of the times. At nights the howling of coyotes was most dismal.

Occasionally travelers passing through the country, or making their way to the settlements to attend courts, would stop over and visit my mother's house for a few days. Such visitors were always doubly welcome. One party included Mr. Richardson, editor of the Galveston News, and a Mr. R. F. Neal, a young lawyer.

Mr. Neal fell in love with my aunt, Eleanor, and courted her. He added weight to his suit by reminding the family of the dangerous conditions of the country and the necessity of having additional menfolk protectors. My aunt at last consented and was married to Mr. Neal in the little mission chapel at Refugio, a few friends being present, among them a young lady who was afterward Mrs. Fanny Norton.

San Antonio was an unprotected outpost of civilization. After the Mexican army retired and the American refugees returned, they were still in great danger from the Indians. The Lipans, a very warlike tribe, infested the country. They gave much trouble until President Houston succeeded

in having a peace treaty negotiated with them.

Afterwards the Indians would come into the town. They would bring in wild fowl, deer and game of all kinds. I would give the little Indian girls glass beads. On one of their visits I forgot the beads. An Indian girl seized me by the neck and took off mine. My mother says I almost tore the girl to pieces. My brother said, I certainly would get along in life and hold my own. He certainly was not a wise prophet.

In 1845 Prince Solms came to Texas to locate a German colony, which finally settled at New Braunfels. He visited San Antonio and was entertained by my father and the citizens of the town gave him a grand ball. He danced with my mother and paid her the polite attentions of a cultured gentleman of rank. Dr. Ferdinand Herff, a young physician, was in the prince's suite. He returned to Germany with the prince, married there and brought his wife back to reside. The Herffs have been a prominent family ever since.

In 1846 the United States troops came on their way to Mexico. Texas had entered the American Union and carried with her the old dispute with Mexico as to whether the Rio Grande or the Nueces River was the boundary between Texas and Mexico. The Mexicans claimed to the Nueces and sent forces across the Rio Grande. Thus began the Mexican war of '46-47.

Gen. Fauntleroy was at the head of the United States troops that reached San Antonio. Many young officers who became famous in the Civil War were along. They camped in an old field or commons where the Alamo National Bank now stands and back to the river toward the Carnegie library. The young officers added much to the gaiety of the small and rather dull town.

Among the officers stationed here after annexation were Gen. Worth, Gen. Harney, Gen. Garland and Gen. Twiggs. It was Gen. Twiggs who later, in 1861, formally surrendered the Federal forces and supplies to the Confederate Commissioners in San Antonio. Others were Col. Robert E. Lee, Maj. Ralston, Maj. Day, Longstreet, Joe Johnston, Grant and Sheridan. There were the two Gordons, both lieutenants, and others whose names do not come to mind.

The officers were frequently entertained at our house. We had a lovely garden and plenty of vegetables and berries, and milk and cream and chickens and mutton brought in from the ranch. Foodstuffs were plentiful and inexpensive and help was inexpensive.

I may mention that in some way a mint patch sprang up around the spring on the river bank of our lot. Our guests one day suggested to my mother the feasibility of assembling the mint with some other ingredients necessary in a julep. "No, gentle-

men," she said, "but you are quite welcome. You will find everything necessary on the sideboard, but you must prepare them yourselves," and they did.

After annexation, and in the 50's a great many families from "the States" came in and bought plantations of the Cibolo. Among the newcomers of that period were the Weirs, Lees, Cunninghams, Brahans, Fraziers, Sutherlands, Mullens, Childers and Campbell, the latter a former minister to Spain.

The elder John Stevens came in '47 or '48, as did the McDermotts, the Dolans and Shannons, the Johnsons and Dan Murphy. The Siberts also came about that time, and the three Devines, who were lawyers and merchants, Judge Thomas J. Devine being a Confederate Commissioner who received Gen. Twiggs' surrender in 1861. He was afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court of Texas. William Bennett came in the '50's as did Peter Gallagher and John Carolan, Mrs. Vanderlip; mother of Mrs. Cresson and Mrs. Chabot of late days, came out in 1845.

Among others that came in the early '50's were Mrs. Bradley, the Dashiells, the Bayers, the Samuels, the Nortons, the Wuests, the Napiers, the Paschals and others. Miss Richardson, a sister of Mrs. Paschal, the Misses Weir and Miss Kate Whiteley were the belles of that day.

The Becks settled in San Antonio and the Perrymans on the Cibolo.

Ike P. Simpson came out from Kentucky in the '50's. He was a young lawyer and stood godfather for my brother Louis. He was Captain Merritt's lawyer. He married Miss Frances Weir and his descendants are prominent people. Another arrival of that period was James Marcellus French, a handsome and distinguished gentleman, who afterwards served many terms as Mayor. There was also N. O. Green, the lawyer, and Enoch Jones, the Newtons, the Jamesees, Ulrichs, the Hickmans, the Lacostes, the Grenets and the Guilbeaus, the three latter from France. The Vance brothers came, I think, in '49; also the Kalteyers and the Guenthers. Many of the Germans were refugees from the democratic revolution in Germany in 1847.

The 1850 arrival also included the Gentilz family, the Fretteliers, the elder Frettelier having been a soldier under Napoleon; the Storeys, Erastus Reed, the Clavins and Mrs. Adams and her daughters, Mrs. Clemens and Sallie and Esther Adams. Jesse M. and Powt Bell came here from Tennessee in 1851. They were in business on Main Street. Jesse reared a family whose members include Mayor Sam C. Bell and Mrs. Joseph Emerson Smith.

Columbus Upson, a talented lawyer, who served our district in Congress in the '80's, came in '59. Edward Miles and Shadrach Cayce, veterans of the Battle of San Jacinto, were residents of that day. George

W. Brackenridge, the banker, came in that decade, as did Col. John Withers, the Radazs, the later the Florians, the Sampsons, the Steves, the Ritchies and the Risches, the Prescotts, the Lockwoods, the Frosts, the Houstons, the Newtons, the Thorntons, the Wurzbachs and other equally good and prominent people.

Alas for the treachery of memory that one cannot recall the names of all of one's friends at one time, but so many of them have long since gone to their eternal reward.

In 1847 General Cazzano and Mayor Colquhoun induced my father to invest in Eagle Pass property and open a store there, my father being a successful merchant. He did so and sent for my mother to come and live. It was a small adobe town in an uninhabited waste except for the Indians who gave much trouble. My mother thought it was the jumping off place and an unfit place to raise up a family. So, after almost completing a very commodious and beautiful home for that day, my mother induced my father to return to San Antonio.

When the Ursulines opened their school in 1851, on the site where their present large convent is situated, I was one of their first day scholars. It was quite a long distance to walk, as there was only one bridge across the river, on Main Street, as Commerce Street was then called. Later a Mr. Post, a merchant who lived in a cottage where the Brady Building now stands, sent his two daughters to the convent. He bought a small boat to ferry across the river and thus we had a short cut to school with his daughters. My mother thought it best to put me in the convent as a boarder, but my father wanted me to go to Georgetown, D. C. Bishop Odin, a dear friend of my mother's, reinforced her preference with his opinion, so I became a boarder at the convent.

The Ursuline ladies had one of the finest schools in Texas, and many of the first families of Texas were represented. From Austin there were the Bremonds, Fabinsons and Kinneys, and the Brahans, Frazlers, Burlesons and Col. Rip Ford's daughters. General Twigg's niece, Bonnie Adams, and Dr. McCormick's step daughter, Nannie Wells, were chums of mine.

On one particular occasion I spent an evening with Nannie, as she said they were to entertain some guests she wanted me to meet. The guests included Colonel Robert E. Lee, afterward the famous Confederate chieftain. Some of the girls were asked to play the piano, but in their timidity made many excuses. Colonel Lee then asked me to play, and though I was the youngest girl there, my mother had always taught me never to refuse to do my best, so I made my little bow and played for the company. Col. Lee, who had led me to the piano and stood by my side, thanked me in most gracious

terms, and when supper was announced he took me in to supper. It was called supper in those days, dinner being the midday meal.

I shall never forget Colonel Lee as one of the most charming and gracious gentlemen I ever met. There must have been something impressive about the Colonel portentous of his future greatness, for I was somewhat bashful and could not say very much to him.

St. Mary's College opened in 1852 and my two brothers were among the first pupils.

In 1854 my father started for California with a surveying party. He took along some stock, horses, sheep and cattle, but when the party neared Fort Bliss, the Indians attacked them and drove off all the stock. The party finally reached California, whence my father sailed for China and Japan. He was successful in his business transactions and made quite a fortune and returned to California. In 1858 he took a trading caravan into Mexico and made so much on his goods that he returned to California and bought property and stocked a farm with fine cattle. He wrote to my mother to come on, as he had made a home for her. He further advised her to sell all her property in San Antonio, as he expected to remain in California, about which he was enthusiastic.

But my mother knew my father had the wanderlust and would not be content to remain in his new home. She had already broken up her home several times, so she decided not to sell her property, but she proceeded to join my father.

It was a very long and tiresome and perilous journey from Texas to California in those days, overland by stage, across a wild continent infested by savages. She departed in April, 1859, and was 22 days in the stage coach. Her sister was to accompany her, but backed out at the last moment. When she reached El Paso her friends there, Colonel Stoneman and Captain Edgar and his wife and daughter begged her to change her ticket and go with them as far as Santa Fe, but she continued on her way. For 12 more days she bumped about in the old Concord coach which rolled on its moorings like a ship at sea, so that she could hardly keep her seat. Part of the time there was only the driver and conductor along.

When they reached Fort Yuma, one of the stations where the stage horses were changed, the Indians had stolen all the horses and the conductor and driver were fearful that the coach would be attacked. The Indians were indeed sighted, but providentially my mother was near-sighted. When she saw the figures moving the stage men told her they were wild horses.

She arrived in San Francisco Easter morn. The bells were ringing so joyously she thought them a good omen. My father and some of his friends gave her so royal

a welcome that she felt repaid for the hardships she had endured. However, she had lost her voice and could hardly speak for some time.

Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune had just arrived in San Francisco via the northern route. He called on my mother and said he had to shake hands with a woman who was so brave and noble as to venture such a fearful trip. She and my father met several old army friends. Major Ralston had retired and was living with his family in Sacramento. After a pleasant stay, my mother returned to San Antonio with the expectation of taking her family back to California, but her return journey was made on a sea trip via New York.

My father, in the meantime, made another trading expedition into Mexico and was financially successful. He forgot the entreaties of my mother not to venture again into so dangerous a country. He had had so many wonderful escapes from death in his perilous travels that he fancied he bore a charmed life. He had been saved from death by an Indian boy on a former trip. So he bought a hacienda with 40,000 acres of land near Ures. His men and drivers saw him pay out so much gold in his transactions that they murdered him and took all his possessions.

My mother here in San Antonio had all our trunks packed ready to set out again for California when the news of my father's tragic death was conveyed to her by my brother John in California, who had received the news from the Mexican alcalde, that my father's murder took place at Aguas Caliente, near Buena Vista. That his servants had been seen leaving the vicinity, garbed in American style, and riding my father's horses. The date of his death, as nearly as it could be fixed, was March 25, 1860. We did not get the news until three weeks after.

We sent parties to Mexico to find the murderers, and obtain further details, but the country was overrun with bandits and murderers, and they had a narrow escape with their own lives. We never obtained any satisfaction. California was also in a tumult, with war brewing, and Major Ralston, who represented our family's interests out there, was also murdered and everything went by the board. California did not prove an El Dorado for us, so we had to be reconciled and we remained in San Antonio.

San Antonio was quite a place in 1860. Political feeling ran high and already the air was charged with the excitement of the approaching war of secession. There were many balls and entertainments that winter, but I was in mourning and did not accept any invitations.

In 1861 we sang Peter's mass in the old Conception Mission Chapel. It was the first mass said in the mission since those early sanctuaries had been plundered by

the Indians and the missionaries murdered more than half a century before. We marched in procession from St. Mary's Church. Our choir included Mrs. Gentile, Mrs. McAllister, Mrs. Twohig, myself, Mr. Schuwirth, Mr. Berger and two gentlemen whose names I do not recall.

On New Years, 1861, I attended a reception at Mrs. Frank Paschal's. The table was laden with a magnificent spread, an abundance of splendidly prepared edibles. Mrs. Paschal, who was a very dear friend of my mother, had a splendid cook and her entertainments and hospitality were famous.

We were kept busy with a round of entertainments and activities incidental to the outbreak of the war. Our young men were preparing and leaving for the scenes of conflict in Virginia or other parts of the country. We met every morning at an empty store on Losoya Street, where we knitted socks and made underwear and quilts.

There was some division of sentiment in San Antonio, as many of our German citizens adhered to the Union. Governor Sam Houston made a speech here opposing secession and was removed from office by the Confederate convention, which took over the State government at Austin. Judge Devine, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Childress were among the most active Confederates. James P. Newcomb conducted a newspaper opposed to secession. One night his printing office went up in flames. He attributed his loss to the secessionists, but did not remain long to pursue the investigation. He returned after the war and was postmaster under the Arthur administration.

General Sibley left the old army and was commissioned to raise a Confederate regiment here. Recruits from all parts of Southwest Texas joined him here. They camped on the Salado. On the General's staff was a lively, red-headed young man named Tom Ochiltree. He made himself agreeable to everyone and even then was quite a character. Others I recall were Dr. Covey, Colonel Sharp and Dr. Hadion and Joseph Dwyer. The latter had only lately returned from France and was quite a beau.

Sibley's army was given orders to capture the Federal forts along the Rio Grande and recapture New Mexico from the Federals. We gave the army a farewell as it left, and it was gone nearly two years, in which time it fought the principal battles of Glorieta and Valverde in New Mexico and defeated General Canby. Adj. Joseph D. Sayers distinguished himself at Valverde by capturing a Federal battery with a handful of men and was given command of the battery and promoted.

A roster of Colonel Pyron's brigade in the Sibley expedition would show many names of men whose descendants still live in San Antonio, Capt. W. G. Tobin, Capt. Morrill Poor, Capt. Frank H. Bushick, Joseph E.

Dwyer, Alejo Perez, Capt. C. H. Merritt, Frank Cotton, Juan T. Cardenas and many others.

This army, commanded successively by General Sibley, Gen. Tom Green and Gen. Gotch Hardeman, returned to San Antonio in 1862, ragged and reduced in numbers by losses in battle and great hardships endured on the long marches over the plains between here and El Paso. It afterward proceeded to take part in the Louisiana campaign against the Yankees.

Capt. Merritt was stationed in San Antonio for a while. He had been in the Mexican war and was personally acquainted with many of the older officers who were now at the head of affairs in the Federal and Confederate Governments. He received direct from President Jefferson Davis at Richmond a commission as quartermaster. He became very attentive to me and we were married in St. Mary's Church on February 14, 1863.

Capt. Merritt started to Virginia to join Stonewall Jackson's army, in which his brother, Chris (the Merritts were all Virginians), was major and quartermaster. We got as far as Austin and learned that Vicksburg had fallen and that it was impractical to proceed.

The Legislature was in session at Austin. Mr. Samuel A. Maverick represented Bexar County. He had been an old friend of my father in the early days. He and other friends called on us and congratulated us.

We had to return to San Antonio. Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, commander of the Department of Texas (Confederate), was staying here with his staff. The General was much feted and we certainly had a gay time. He had commanded the Confederate forces in the recapture of Galveston from the Federals, a short time before, and a grand ball and many entertainments were given in his honor as "the hero of Galveston."

Capt. Merritt then joined the regiment so commanded by Gen. John R. Baylor and Col. Rip Ford and was assigned quartermaster duty. This regiment was sent to Brownsville, which was an important point, being for several years the only port of entry through which the Confederacy could obtain supplies, on account of the Yankee blockade. The Confederates got their goods through Matamoras, on the Mexican side, through which means also much cotton was gotten out of the country and sold. Brownsville was a very busy place in war times.

Before my marriage I had presented a flag to Capt. Carolan's company, which was now stationed at Brownsville.

Gen. Hamilton P. Bee, father of our recent Congressman Carlos Bee, was in command at Brownsville when the war ended.

After the fall of the Confederacy Capt. Merritt returned to San Antonio and went into business, our home on Dwyer Avenue

being built by the elder Kampmann, who was a large contractor. Here we resided for many years and reared our family, until after Capt. Merritt's death.

My mother lived for many years after the Civil War, but spent her later years with my sister at Mason, where she died April 28, 1888, just seven months after Capt. Merritt's death. He was very good to her, and despite her advanced age, she made a hard trip from Mason to be at his bedside during his last illness. Capt. Merritt passed away September 1, 1887.

My aunt died September 26, 1889. She and my mother were the last of the O'Neils in America, except my sister, Ellen Clark and myself. My father's only sister died years ago in California.

Of my large family of twelve children born to Capt. Merritt and myself, but four survive. These are Mrs. Frank H. Bushick, Mrs. Eleanor Allsbury and Miss Alice Merritt of San Antonio and Mrs. Roderick McDonald of Enid, Okla.

Throughout a long life extending over the proverbial three score and ten years, God has been good to me and blessed me with many kind friends and loving kindred to assuage the griefs and misfortunes that come to us all. As the evening shadows lengthen I await the end with full reliance in the promises of Christ and His goodness and power to save us erring mortals in the next world.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

Bigfoot Wallace's Indian

By a Texas Ranger.



ABOUT A YEAR before the close of the Civil War I became acquainted with the frontiersman and scout called "Big-Foot" Wallace. He had come to Laredo to do some trading. A gentleman named Morgan had given me a short description of Wallace's capture of a "live" Indian. "It was this way," said he, "The Indian was armed with a knife and bow and arrows, and Big-Foot jest jumped on him and tied him and tuk him home." I asked, "What did he do with him?" He said, "He put him in his wagon and tuk him up to San Antonio and turned him over to the Sheriff, who put him in jail."

A neighbor of Mr. Wallace who was well acquainted with all the particulars of the capture told me as follows: "Wallace was living below San Antonio on the Atascosa, and had hopped out his horse down the creek valley early in the evening. Next morning very early he went after his nag and saw it was across the creek, below the crossing. This crossing led through the high bank of the creek out into a small bar of gravel. The cut down the bank was just wide enough for one horse to pass. Some fifteen paces below this crossing, and down under the bank, there was a small bunch of bushes. When about 100 yards from the crossing Wallace saw an Indian's head peeping over the bank, but for an instant only. Big-Foot's long experience in scouting let nothing escape his watchful eye. He had no arms, but carried a small rope to lead his horse back with. He sauntered along, singing, but made up his mind how to proceed.

"He took off his shoes and crawled to the bank very softly, until even with the bunch of bushes, and peeping over saw Mr. 'Lo' directly beneath him. He was on one knee with his bow drawn back and was looking toward the crossing, expecting to see Big-Foot emerge from the cut in the bank. Big-Foot jumped straight down on him and, mashing him forward on his face, drew his hands behind him and tied them with a small rope. Then taking the other end of the rope and picking up his bow, Wallace larruped the Indian and drove him home. When the Indian would attempt to turn out of the trail Big-Foot would jerk the rope and larrup him into the trail again, exactly as he would do a yearling. He had a young man living with him at the time, so he sent the young man after his horse while he, Wallace, guarded the Indian. The young man found that the horse was tied across the creek opposite the crossing. The Indian had taken the horse over there and tied him to lead Wallace down through the crossing. When the young man returned with the horse Wallace had his horses har-

nessed to the wagon, and then, tying the Indian's feet together, shouldered the Indian and put him in his wagon, drove to San Antonio and put him in jail, as before stated.

"About a month afterward Wallace went up to town, and the jailer told Wallace he wanted him to take his Indian and do something with him. Wallace remarked, 'What do I want with the Indian?' The next time I take the trouble to catch you an Indian, maybe you will keep him. You can turn him loose or kill him, for all I care. I won't take him back—that is all.'

"The Jailer kept him about a month longer when he told Mr. Chevalier and John Glanton one day that he wished they would do something with that Indian, and said, 'Can't a lot of you fellows get together and go out to the Medina and have a good time fishing and take this Indian out there and let him get away? You know how to do it. Hang him or shoot him, for I am about tired of feeding the varmint.' Accordingly Chevalier, Glanton and several others (I had this statement from one of the party) took a hack and laid in a supply of provisions, fishing tackle, arms, and started. I give the rest of the narrative in the words of my informant: 'Mike Chevalier had a Mexican hired as a general servant, who drove the hack, and when we were about ready to start Mike noticed that the Mexican had put a wrong collar on one of the horses. He made the Mexican unharness and change the collars, saying to the Mexican, 'I told you yesterday never to change them collars!' and he struck the Mexican a blow in the face with his open hand.

"Then Chevalier said, 'Boys, a couple of you drive down to the jail and get our Indian.' John Glanton and I did so, and we all started toward the Medina. The Mexican had his pony tied behind the hack, taking him along, as he said, to give him some grass. We got to the Medina where there was a long, deep hole, our usual fishing place. We took the Indian out of the hack and laid him in the shade under a tree. He was ironed, both hands and feet. Then we set the Mexican to cooking, and we all went to fishing. We were going to hang our Indian after our meal was over, but we had extraordinary luck in fishing. They bit fast and we caught lots of them, and some of the boys went to cleaning them so as to have some cooked as soon as possible. The Mexican had the meal all cooked but we concluded not to eat any until the fish were fried. One of the boys went to the bucket to get a drink, but the water was out, so he gave the bucket to the Mexican to bring some water, and said he would attend to the fish.

"As soon as the Mexican disappeared below the creek bank, the Indian tried to tell us something, and appeared terribly excited. He tried to 'crawl' to the fire, but could not on account of the irons, so one of the boys unlocked the irons from off his ankles and he came to the fire, and going to the large coffee boiler made motions as if putting something in it, and said 'malo' (which in Spanish means bad), and pointed to the trail where the Mexican had gone. We still could not understand, and he then pointed a certain direction from camp and started that way, two of our party went each side of him with their pistols in hand ready to shoot if he made a dash to escape. About forty steps from camp he picked up a small druggist's envelope labeled 'strychnia.' Then the truth flashed into their minds at once. They got back to the fire and told Chevalier that the Mexican had poisoned the coffee. Chevalier recognized the paper, as he had bought it some two weeks before to poison rats with.

"Just then the Mexican came up the bank with his bucket of water and saw the men looking at the paper and the Indian standing by unhoppled. He took in the situation at once. He dropped his bucket of water and broke to run where his horse was lariat, but the pistols popped mighty fast, and John Glanton shot him in the ankle; that stopped his running. They dragged him back to the fire and one of our party, I don't remember who, said, 'Boys, the Indian has saved all of our lives beyond a doubt. We won't hang him. What do you say?' 'Nary time,' said Chevalier, and we all agreed that we would turn him loose so we took the handcuffs off him and made signs for him to eat with us. (I had made a fresh pot of coffee.) Now the way that Indian laid the grub in to himself was a caution.

"After eating we made the Indian strip every bit of the clothing off of the Mexican and then put a lariat around his neck. The Indian appeared to be pleased with the job. We then dragged him to the tree the Indian had been lying under, and hung him.

"Now," said Chevalier, "let us outfit that Indian." So the Mexican's horse was brought up and saddled, and Glanton gave him a blanket, and someone else gave him one also, and we gave him a gun and ammunition and all the Mexican's clothes, then Chevalier gave him some provisions and a big dram, and told him in Spanish, 'Va usted con dios muchasho.' (Go and God be with you, boy.) I don't think he understood but two or three words of Spanish. He appeared to be almost 20 years old, and a very well formed Indian. He was highly pleased to judge from the big smile he wore. When he had ridden some fifty yards toward the west, he stopped and turned, facing toward us, and said

something in Indian, and placing his hand on his breast, bowed down to his horse's neck, then turned and rode off. That was the last of Big-Foot Wallace's Indian."

Bandit Treasure.

In the summer of 1864 the "Captain" Jim Reynolds band of freebooters, having by mistaken idea raided from Confederate Texas into Colorado, held up the stage-coach bound from the Buckskin Jo placers in the Fairplay mining region of South Park, central Colorado, to Denver. This occurred at the old McLaughlin Ranch station, ten miles out of Fairplay. They secured \$10,000 in gold dust, amalgam and currency; disabled the coach, and at their leisure defiantly beat back along the stage road, over Kenosha Hill Pass, in the direction of Denver.

In Geneva Gulch of the beautiful Geneva Creek of the North Fork of the South Platte river, about seventy miles from Denver, they were surprised in camp by a posse, while dividing part of the loot. Owen Singletary was shot dead, but the rest of the band escaped. Just prior to this Captain Reynolds and his brother John had buried \$40,000 in currency wrapped in oiled silk, and three cans of gold dust comprising \$23,000—proceeds of several hold-ups.

Death by violence dogged the band until in the fall of 1871 only John Reynolds was left. Fatally shot while stealing horses in New Mexico, he turned over the secret of the treasure cache to his partner, Albert Brown; an old prospect hole near timber-line above the head of Deer Creek, the mouth filled with rocks; the blade of a butcher knife stuck into a tree, four feet above the ground and pointing to the hole. With wet gunpowder he drew a map upon the back of a letter.

Brown lit out for Denver; there selected a veteran prospector, J. N. Cochran, who knew the treasure region perfectly and who pronounced the map accurate. They searched, from the head of Geneva Gulch up the divide to the heads of Deer Creek—all north of the present railway station of Grant on that North Fork of the South Platte, which is a summer resort section.

Fire had destroyed the old timber; snows and rain had done their work—the country is wild and rough. Brown never found the cache. No one has yet found it.

The map was long in evidence; copies of it are still extant and many a man, like the writer, has hunted in vain for that \$63,000 prospect hole. A small picket fence surrounded the Singletary grave at the site of the surprised camp in the gulch; and as other mute testimony to the ways of the evil-doer the head of Owen Singletary was for many years exhibited, in alcohol, in the historic little town of Fairplay.—Eugene L. Sabin, in Frontier Stories.

The Comanche and His Tribe

Lee E. Mahoney, Austin, Texas.

THE PLAINS AREA of Central North America includes the greater portion of Central Canada, the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Western Texas. This great area was entirely devoid of trees, except for a few cottonwoods along the streams, and was covered by grass in the eastern section and by semidesert vegetation in the west. The life of the plains was adapted to the open country, for speed and endurance were developed to a surprising degree. The fauna was made up of such species as jack rabbit, coyote, antelope, deer in the hilly regions; birds, such as prairie chicken, quail, eagle, and Mexican pheasant, besides the chaparral hen, but the principal form of plains life was the bison. From the northernmost part of Canada to the Rio Grande, these animals moved in large heads, sometimes numbering up in the thousands. The life of the carnivorous animals, such as the lobo wolves and coyotes was conditioned upon the hunting of these herds. Much more was the life of the Plains Indians conditioned and dictated by the movements, habits, and abundance of the bison.

When one speaks of a people's life being conditioned by environment, the problem of cultural areas at once arises. According to archeological data, the continent is divided up according to the life habits of the inhabitants. There is the Atlantic Coast, or fishing area; the Gulf Coast or timber, basket-making or reed area; the Mississippi Valley area, the Plains area, the Rocky Mountain and Plateau area, the Pacific Coast area, the Northwest area, the Aztec culture area, etc. These areas are not sharply defined, but the Indians, according to Wissler, in each area have a center in the area where characteristics peculiar to the region develop and spread to the edges where they blend with those fusing from other centers of development. For example, the Pueblos wove cotton, made pottery, cultivated the soil, and maintained a highly ritualistic religion; the Apaches made some pottery of a poor sort, had a rather ritualistic religion, but they did not weave. In common with all other plains tribes, they wore skins and were hunters and nomads. Here, the essentially pueblo culture blended with the truly plains culture to form a sort of hybrid neither one nor the other, but partaking of both. It is necessary, therefore, to keep this fusing process in mind if we are to explain the varying customs of the Comanches.

One element which aided the development of the peculiarly plains life was the early mode of transportation. The rivers were, in most places, too shallow to be navigable for any distance. The Indians

had no beasts of burden until the advent of the Spanish pony; hence they kept close to the flanks of the bison herds, living on them constantly. The Indian had domesticated the dog and used the travois, but the travois was, apparently, introduced from the Mississippi Dakotas. The dog was harnessed to two poles and the ends dragging behind him like a V with a cross bar in the middle for the burden. Such a method of carrying burdens necessitated slow movements, and, thus, the plains Indians were not much modified by outside cultures until comparatively recent time. At least, the modification was so slow that it is difficult to trace.

Besides the dependence on the bison and use of the travois, the plains area is significant for its stone and bone works. The Indians did not polish stone in many cases, merely chipping it by concussion and retouching by pressure. In the eastern portion, however, some polishing was done. The bow and arrow, of course, formed the basis of their hunting life; the lance and tomahawk were also extensively used. Ornaments and chipping tools as well as needles, so says one of Coronado's men, were used all over the plains.

The architecture of the plains area, in one form or another, was generally based upon the tipi, a tent made of sticks drawn over poles stuck in a circle and the tops fastened together. Some of the Dakotas used a kind of sod house, but the tipi was practically general.

Plains art took two principal forms, namely, the dressing of skins, and the decorating of them with beadwork. In most of the plains tribes, the beadwork was symbolic of religious ideas or of totemic significance. The skins were sometimes painted for this purpose with totemic symbols. The plains designs were geometric from the Canadian Indians to the Comanches and Navajos who were not plains Indians at all. This transfer of the geometric design is, probably, another example of the transfer of customs by transfusion.

The religious concepts of the plains present a mixture of animism, fetishism and worship of the Great Spirit. They believed in spirits in nearly everything animate and inanimate; they believed in carrying charmed objects about with them to protect them, and lastly they worshipped the Great Spirit, ruler of the world.

The Comanches were one of these great plains tribes, but they had many distinct characteristics which distinguish them from all the others.

The earliest authentic reports of the Comanche region are found in the reports of Don Coronado to the viceroy of Mexico City. The documents describe the terri-

tory occupied by the Comanches as the land lying between the height of land which divides the rivers which run down to the south sea from the rivers which run down into the north sea, meaning the Colorado of the West, etc., and Rio Grande Pecos, Colorado, Trinity and Red. The expedition first passed through the land of the Pueblos, for the documents tell of Indians who wove cotton, made pottery, and tilled the soil. When the Spaniards came out upon the plain, in eastern New Mexico and western Texas, the character of the Indians changed. Here the Indians lived with the cows as the Spaniards called the bison. They described the Indians as speaking a deep, rough language, having no beauty but very sonorous. The Indians, who might or might not have been Comanches, stalked the buffalo on foot. The warriors would cover themselves with the skins of the buffalo, two men to a skin, and secrete themselves among the herd. Then, they would proceed to kill all the buffalo they wished; often, without the other members of the herd knowing what was taking place. The houses of the Indians of this section were of the time-honored tepee. The structures were very crude, but they were portable and in harmony with the life of the people.

The agriculture of the early Indians of the section was, apparently, in a very backward state. Most of the tribes did not cultivate the soil, for the climate was too arid, and the abundance of the bison herds made farming by irrigation unnecessary. Upon the lower and southern levels, the Indians grew small patches of corn. The corn growing may have been borrowed from the Indians of East Texas. Likewise, I find one mention of the cultivation of the tobacco plant by the central and southern tribes. This culture was not certain, for there is no general mention of it. The Indians had tobacco, that is certain, but they might easily have obtained it from the East Texas tribes or the Pueblos.

The organization of the early tribes is as vague. The documents describe them as having a tribal organization based upon a war lord who was elected by the soldiers, so run the documents, and his power was almost absolute, especially in time of war. There seems to have been the conventional Indian council with powers varying with the character of the military chief. Their weapons consisted of the bow and arrow, the lance, and knife. I found no mention of the knife. The stone artifacts found in this region are tantamount to an assertion that they certainly used them. At any rate, they had them, very well perfected, some time later.

The wives of the braves were, of course, private property of their husbands, but there does not seem to have been any polygamy. As the families were usually small, the fact of the absence of polygamy is striking. There is no record, however, one instance of a chieftain who had three

wives. I presume it depended upon the wealth of the man as to how many wives he could have.

The extent of the Comanche range, authoritatively known since 1700 was from the headwaters of the Guadalupe, Colorado, Trinity, Red, and Arkansas westward thence to the Rocky Mountains, and southward to the Bolson de Mapimi across the Mexican border. They were still hunters in Coronado's time, but their entire culture had undergone a radical change with the introduction of the horse.

With the exception of one or two tribes, the Comanches were very tall men. This belief is contrary to general opinion, but the Patagonians were the tallest men in the world; the Comanche and Iroquois came next. They were well built and inclined to be corpulent at times. The tribes living nearer the Rocky Mountains, however, were rather short of stature, with very broad chests. This condition was due, probably, to the excessive rarity of the atmosphere. Their heads were long and narrow, their faces well-formed, having rather high foreheads. Finally, they were a very splendid race physically.

To such a people, the introduction of the horse opened up entirely new prospects. Coronado and later Spaniards sold horses to the natives. Likewise, the Spanish ponies were admirably adapted to life on the great level plains and propagated with marvelous rapidity. The horses of North and South America had died out in Pleistocene times, and no horses had been known until they were reintroduced by the Spaniards under Cortez in 1520. The ponies soon spread through the northern and central portions of Mexico and entered Texas. When the Comanches and other prairie tribes began to use them is not exactly known, but by 1700 they had become herders so far as horses were concerned. There was an immediate and sweeping change in the life of the people. The use of the horse made possible the enormous range described above. Instead of stalking on foot, the Comanches and other tribes could now, if necessary, run down and kill the bison on the open plains. The introduction of the horse produced a duel complex, a bison-horse complex. The entire life and thought of the people was organized about these two animals. The horse was a necessity after his introduction; a wife was rather a luxury. The horse carried the Comanche in battle, carried his food, house, and personal belongings. The horse was even utilized for clothing, for horse hair garments were made, not by weaving but by felting, but by plaiting the horse hair into ropes, bridles, robes, and skirts. The horse, possibly, became as fundamental in the life of the Comanche as was the buffalo. He lived in the saddle and soon became the best horeman of the plains.

The method of securing these horses was rather unique. A body of horsemen would secrete themselves in a clump of chapar-

ella or shinnery; another group would scatter out over the plain for miles. Gradually, they would close in fanwise, driving the horses before them. When the horses drew near to the thicket, the men concealed there would burst suddenly out into the midst of the horses, lassoing and throwing instantly. If any escaped, these were pursued by riders who were mounted on the swiftest steeds. James relates a story that a band of Comanches tamed a stallion caught in this manner in two hours. It took two hours to capture him and two hours to bring him into submission. The Comanches were, undoubtedly the best wranglers in the world, but I doubt this story. At least, other stories, not quite so fanciful, prove that the Comanches understood and managed their horses in a way in which a white man never comprehended.

The Comanche was, probably, one of the greatest horsemen in the world. Many authentic statements of their endurance and skill are on record. It is said that a Comanche could ride 120 miles per day and keep it up for several days. This story is, also, an exaggeration, but there are reports from army officers that a Comanche could easily make 75 miles a day. An American cavalryman could get twenty-five or thirty miles a day; a Texas cowboy could get fifty miles a day; but a Comanche could take the same horse and ride him twice as far without killing him. The horse, therefore, was the basis of Comanche culture.

There was an accompanying improvement in the use of weapons and their construction. The typical Comanche weapons were the bow and arrow, the lance or spear, the knife, and axe. The bow and arrow were made of some hard wood; the arrows were smoked over a slow fire and straightened under pressure. The bows were boiled or steamed until they became pliant. The arrowheads, spearpoints, knives, and axes were, generally, chipped out. The beds in which good native flint was found exist near Austin, Round Rock and Gatesville. The arrows, many of them, had swallowtailed tangs on the heads. This custom was not entirely confined to the Comanche, for some East Texas tribes grooved their tange also. Some men mention polished knives of some hard, black stone. This stone might have been iron pyrites or some other hard stone. Pyrites is found in the gypsum beds in the Panhandle but the Comanches were not in the habit of polishing stone.

The flint of the Comanche region was so fine in its conoidal fracture that polishing and grinding were not necessary. The axes, in common, with most Indian axes, were hafted on a groove on the outside of the blade instead the handle being put inside the axe head as was done in Europe.

The tools of the Comanches were skin dressers like an adz, buffalo horns for drinking, sharp, hard, straight, sticks for

planting corn, bones for chipping, and needles. These tools are, most of them, women's tools. (He, probably, invented most of them.) Then, too, in place of making pottery for containing liquids, the Comanches made skin bags for carrying water over long journeys. This bag may represent the first canteen.

The Comanches were, relatively, highly developed and it would be natural to suppose a rather highly developed government existed among them. The gentile system seems to have been entirely unknown among them. The sign of the entire tribe, however, was the snake, made with the hand turned toward the body instead of away. The Comanches had twelve fairly well defined tribes in the nation. These tribes were Kwahasi, Penateka, Detsana, Yuka, Detsakana, Widyu, Yapa, Kewat Kewatsana, Kotsai, Kotsoteka, Motsai, Pagatsu and Pohol. There are three others which are rather doubtful; they are Lanima Tenawa, and Waaih. Of these groups, the Kwahasi and Penateka were the most important. The Comanche was an offshoot of the Shoshonean stock and retained a close linguistic similarity with the Shoshones. The Comanches were the only shoshonean group living entirely on the plains. Their language was the trade language of the district, and it was characterized by its sonorous quality and an excessive rolling of the R's.

The internal government of the tribes was elective instead of hereditary. There were two chiefs, a civil chief and a war lord. The civil chief has great power during peace, but in war the war chief has almost absolute power. Connected with the chiefs was a council consisting of the warriors and the old men. The council with the civil chief, who presided, settled all disputes, disposals of personal property, heard petition of young men for wives, and deliberated upon the movements of the tribe as to hunts, winter quarters, and war. Outside these matters, the chiefs and council had no power over the individual.

In the Comanche town, there were certain definite social groups. The civil chief had four wives, the war chief had three, the subalterns had two, and the common Indian had only one. Then, too, the houses were arranged according to rank. The town was ranged in a square with a plaza in the center. The chiefs, civil and military, the chief officers, and powerful warriors had houses facing on the square, the subordinates came next, and so the gradual rank went down until the common men lived on the outskirts of the village. There seems to have been another type of Camp arrangement, the camp circle. The tepees were placed in a circle opening to the east, for they worshipped the sun. The chief's lodge was at the extreme west end, and the fire was always burning in the center of the circle. This arrangement was not so common; these camps were smaller and

not so comprehensive as were the towns laid out in squares. There was some evidence of the dog soldier system among the Comanches. The war lord controlled the young men, and although they performed the work of the dog soldiers, they did not have their separate organization.

The land system of the Comanches was very general in its provisions, but they had certain fairly defined divisions. Each tribe had a certain portion of the range for its hunting ground. Of course, there were certain hunts, like the fall buffalo hunt, the spring hunting and the like, in which the entire tribe partook, but the small daily excursions were executed in specific areas. There was no idea of personal ownership of land; the range belonged to the tribe as a whole. Then, too, the various tribes of the nation had permanent headquarters where their few crops were grown. These permanent residences were, also, the property of the entire tribe and no individual owned any of the land himself. Each squaw had a little patch in the general field of her family. These simple arrangements sufficed to regulate their occupation of the territory. The divisions were settled in a grand council of chieftains of all the twelve or fifteen tribes. The civil chief, usually, comprised this council although the war chiefs and medicine men also had a seat in the council. In the absence of the civil chief, the war chief was in charge. If he also went, the best warrior or the best councilor took the civil chief's place. The grand council of the Comanche Nation decided all tribal disputes over land, tribal movements, and declarations of war and treaties of peace. The small divisions had the right to make war on their own part, but the great wars of the Nation were decided by the grand council.

The marriage regulations of the Comanches were unique and simple. The young man went to the council of his tribe or village and made application for the wife he had chosen. If her father or older brothers made no objection, the brave took his wife to his tepee. The couple were allowed to live together for one moon; if no friction developed between them, they were permitted to live together another moon. After another moon, if no trouble had arisen, the two were irrevocably wedded and the bride-price paid. The price was sometimes paid when the girl first left home and returned if she proved unsatisfactory. However, the price was, usually, paid when the final marriage took place. The wife, then, became the exclusive property of her husband; he could do with her as he liked. The trial marriage, so much discussed by advanced intellectuals, was quite an old device after all.

The Comanches had an odd form of the ordeal connected with the sex relations. If two braves could not compromise their differences and the mediation of the council proved useless, the decision was left to the

Great Spirit. The two youths were escorted into a ring of the assembled tribesmen by their younger brothers. The medicine man made a long speech describing the history of the case and the inability of the council to mollify the antagonism of the two warriors. They were then lashed firmly together left arm to left arm. Each was given a knife of flint, later steel, about nine inches long with a horn handle specially prepared for the occasion. At a signal from the medicine man, the two youths cut each other to pieces. If one of the combatants survived the other, he was instantly dispatched by his brother who stood ready with drawn knife for the purpose. This represents the extreme form of belief in spirit-world. These men were supposed to go to the Great Spirit to settle their differences justly. The girl, probably, married another brave and forgot them promptly. This ceremony was a very unique form of the ordeal, for neither of the participants were allowed to survive.

As I have said, the women were the absolute property of their husbands. The women tilled the fields, dressed the skins, dyed the feathers for the men's head dresses, and did all the beadwork to trim the moccasins, shirts, and blouses. When the man killed a deer, he brought it in across his horse; but, when he killed a buffalo or antelope the squaw went out and carried it back piece by piece. The woman had practically no rights as against her husband. Apparently, they had the old Comanche law attitude that the two were one. Of course, the man was the one. He could beat her if she displeased him; he could sell her into slavery if he chose. The women did all the work; hence the Comanche arts save that of war and hunting, belonged to the women.

Comanche agriculture was very primitive. Mooney says that there was no agriculture, but he, probably, meant this was true of the tribes living nearer the Rocky Mountains. The planting implement consisted of a straight stick. They grew crops of tobacco and corn. There is one instance of a traveler saying that they grew beans, but, if this were true, they borrowed this vegetable from East Texas tribes. The plowing was done with a stick and the seed was planted by hand. The squaw tended the crop from planting to harvest.

The next important Comanche art was that of skin-dressing. The skin was drawn over drying poles shaped something like an H. When the skin was dried it was stretched on a flattened log and fleshed. The scraper was of flint and shaped like an adz. If the skin was that of a buffalo, the portion around the neck was scraped down to a level with the rest of the skin. Then the skin was treated with a mixture of boxwood, mesquite, and deer's brains. This composition was knocked or rubbed into the hide until it became soft and pliant. The hair, being left on the outside, these

soft robes were splendid substitutes for blankets. They were used in the Comanche commerce with the Spanish and American traders. The clothes and most other articles of use were made of skin.

The beadwork of the Comanches, in common with the other plains tribes, was based upon the triangle. The figures were very intricate and minutely worked out. The beads were sewn on the skin with fine strands of deer tendrons. The painting on skins was crude and more or less meaningless. The designs on the skins were totemic, symbolic or merely ornamental. The totemic devices were generally confined to the snake, as that was the sign of the tribe. This beadwork was done on skin from which the hair had been removed by hot water and careful scraping.

Of this dressed skin the clothing was made. The men wore moccasins, leggings, and a hunting shirt which came to the knees, all of buffalo hide. The women wore leggings, moccasins, a skirt of soft hide or plaited hair, and a blouse of ornamented skin. The lassos, saddles, waterbags, and bowstrings were all made of this dressed skin. Part of the dress of the men consisted of a head dress of feathers. This garment was only ceremonial, however, and was not worn on the hunt. Only a few feathers were worn in daily life. These articles made up the list of the Comanche art except for their musical instruments. These consisted of a drum, a buffalo hide drawn over a wooden hoop, and castinets made of buffalo bones. The Comanche have few songs of their own; they borrowed their wit largely from other tribes as of the Kiowa.

Another of the duties of the women was in reference to the houses. The tepees were made of undressed buffalo hide with the hair turned out to shed the water. The poles were about fifteen feet long; they were thrust into the ground and their tops tied together. This arrangement gave approximately twenty-five feet of floor space. A fire burned in the middle of the tepee, and a hole was in the middle of the roof to allow the smoke to escape. These tepees were cared for by the women; they put them up when a halt was made and dug a ditch around them to shed off the water; thus the floor was kept dry. They pulled them down and packed them on the mules when the tribe was ready again to take the march. The hunting tent was a few buffalo skins sewed together. The skins were drawn over a forked stick supporting a long stick thrust in the ground. These two structures made up the entire architecture of the Comanches.

The Comanche family, like the general Indian family, was rather small. The family rarely exceeded five when a man had only one wife. The chiefs, of course, who had more than one wife had more children. The wives of the chief did not sleep in his tent; they each had a small tent opening

on the main tent, and he also had a separate chamber made by a screen of hides. There was a long buckskin string attached to the buffalo hide mattress of each squaw; these strings passed under the fold of the tent into the chief's sleeping quarters. In this way he could summon any one of them without any particular exertion. The common Indian had no such elaborate arrangement, for he either shared his hair mattress with his squaw or she slept on a buffalo hide close by.

The father of the family had almost absolute power over the children. He ruled them in everything and profited by their labor. The girls were a kind of asset, for he could determine whom they should marry and what price should be paid. The girls were completely under the rule of their father until they were married; they then passed under the control of their husbands. The boys were not so absolutely dominated by the will of the father, but they, too, were forced to give obedience to his commands. The boys passed out of the control of their parent so soon as they married or went on the warpath for the first time. After the initiation into the warrior group and his first foray, the boy was considered to be a man and no one had any right to rule his actions. If, by any chance, the young man married before he went on a war party he was likewise considered to be a man, for the bride's family would not allow her to marry a coward or a weakling.

The care of women in child birth was relatively undeveloped among the Comanches. It is said that, when on the march, a woman often laid down by the roadside and bore her child attended only, perhaps, by an old woman (and the medicine man.) The child having been born, the umbilical cord was cut, the child hastily washed, and the mother would remount her mule or pony and proceed with the journey. At any rate, they had few superstitions connected with birth. Twins, if they were boys, were highly welcomed. It was thought to be an evidence of a woman's virtue and disirability. This attitude probably grew out of the paucity of numbers among the Comanches and their constant warfare with all comers. Warriors were needed, hence the honor bestowed on a woman who bore twin sons. Such a cordial welcome, however, was not accorded girls; immediate infanticide was some times practiced, but I could not determine that this elimination was habitual.

Infanticide was practiced regularly by the Comanches in the case of deformed, diseased, or sickly babies. The old women and the medicine man generally decided. If the child was not fit to live it was left out on the plains. If the tribe was ready to move, it was left near the campsite; perhaps this place was chosen in order that the coyotes or other carnivorous animals, lurking near the camp to eat the scraps, would soon end the baby's suffering. If the tribe meant to halt for some time, the me-

dicine man carried the child far into the plain and left it to die. Why exposure should have been chosen as a means of eliminating the unfit is not easily explained. Probably, the Comanches did not fancy killing their own children outright. In this way, the race was kept up to par, physically, and no misfits developed among them.

Turning to the purely domestic side of the Comanche family, the women, as has already been noted, did all the drudgery. This state of affairs was not so unjust or so unnatural that we should feel surprised. It was only a division of labor. The man had his work and did it; the woman had hers and did it; that was all. The Comanches ate bison, deer, antelope, small game and horses. The dog was eaten, but his flesh was only for ceremonial use. The principal delicacy was horse flesh; they prized it above all other meat. The preparation of the Comanche meal was simple. The corn was ground in a mortar or mill, and hot water poured over it. Sometimes the corn was parched before being ground up. These mortars, by the way, are the only evidence of any grinding of stone done by the Comanches. The meat was then hung on a forked stick and held over the fire. After the meat was partially cooked, it was carried into the lodge; everybody cut off a piece, the size of which was regulated by his appetite, and scooped up handfuls of the meal. With minor variations, this diet sufficed them the year round. The meat that could not be eaten was jerked. Meat-jerking consisted of thin slices of meat fastened down on pegs just off the ground. It was left to dry in the sunshine. The high altitude made this process easy. With the introduction of salt, jerking became much more common. Smoking of meat was also practiced but not so much as jerking.

Owing to the relatively small families, adoption was freely practiced. In raids, the most promising children were always spared and adopted into the tribe. In the case of children no particular ceremony was involved; they were merely taken into some family or supported by the tribe at large and taught and reared as true Comanches. There was another form of adoption in the case of adults. The person who was adopted, usually some one greatly loved or desired by the person performing the adoption, was taken into the family in place of some departed member. Ashes from a pipe were poured out on the ground after the two had smoked together. A small cake was then made of earth and spittle and patted down over the ashes with three pats. This operation was repeated three times. In this way, the dead member was, symbolically buried. After the bereaved had wept or howled sufficiently, he would embrace the newly acquired brother or what not and all was well again. If the two were to become brothers, blood was often mixed or exchanged on such occasions. By these devices the

fighting force of the tribe was kept up or materially enhanced. The adoption ceremony was often used with prominent governmental officials.

Another phase of the family life of the Comanches has to do with slavery. However, the institution of slavery has to do more with their sense of property than it does with family life. Nevertheless, the slave did have a place in the Comanche lodge. There were two classes of slaves recognized by the Comanche, namely; the slaves who were driven across the country from Mexico to Louisiana, or vice versa, and the few personal slaves held by blood covenant by individual warriors. The personal slave was the individual property of his master as much as his weapons, his horses, or his wife. The master presented the slave with a small stick, about six inches long by two in thickness. On this stick was crudely carved various devices, such as skulls, hatchets, and arrows. The slave opened a vein on the back of his hand and dyed the stick with the blood. If the slave was sold the same ceremony had to be performed again with the new master, the same stick serving. The slave had the right of life, food, usually, and protection from his master, for no man dared molest the property of another. The master could sell the slave to whom and whenever he chose, and the tribe had no voice in the transaction whatsoever. The personal slave represented the Comanches' closest approach to a definite sense of property other than as regarded the utensils of his daily life.

The other type of slave was captured from the Mexicans or Texans and sold in gangs to the various plantation owners. These slaves were community property, and each man shared in the profit. The slave trade and slavery in general was probably introduced to the Comanches by the Spaniards or the French and American planters in Louisiana. At any rate, slaves and buffalo hides made up the bulk of the Comanche trade. They also traded in horses, but they were only incident to the main business of skins and slaves. The enslavement of inferiors is not uncommon with a warrior people, but the deliberate capture and sale of slaves is an art rarely practiced by primitive men. I am sure that the Comanches learned it from the Mexican coffee planters and the Louisiana rice and sugar cane planters.

In common with all men, the religion of the Comanches was expressive of their general economic status. The religion was a kind of animism plus a crude sort of pantheism. They believed that every living object had two beings, one inside the other. Hence, they were keen about placating the soul of the buffalo before they killed it, and duly honored the same spirit after the beast was dead. The Comanches also believed in fetishes, for they carried all sorts of charms about on their persons to aid

them in battle or protect them against harm. Any one becomes attached to any object, such as a knife, which he carries constantly. This attachment becomes very intense if the object has some mystic power to aid and protect. The crucifixes and medals, although merely symbolical of my own church attain the status of true fetishes if carried on the person. Hence, the fetishes of the Comanches were not so much a part of the general scheme of religion as they were merely personal relations, each man to his particular fetish. The whole thing was an evidence of magical power gained by propinquity or analogy, that is either by being close to the organ that was supposed to possess the power, or by the wearing of something that looked like the real object power.

The fundamental belief of the Comanches, however, had to do with the worship of the Great Spirit. This deity was sometimes merely a clever trickster. More often he was vague, omniscient, and all-powerful. The Indian could not come to him usually directly; he must have a mediator. The various spirits of animals, the spirits adhering in the powers of nature, and, perhaps, the spirits of departed ancestors might gain the ear of the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit ruled and was in all. In this particular, the omnipresence of deity, the Comanche seems to have differed slightly from the other Indians. He might have borrowed this notion of the all-pervading character of the deity from the Spaniards. It is for this reason that I call their religion a kind of crude pantheism.

Like all heavens, the Happy Hunting Ground of the Comanche was modeled after the rather imperfect reality of his everyday life with all the disagreeable things omitted. The heaven was also based on the buffalo just as was the life of the Comanches. It was in a valley immeasurably large and covered with groves, streams, meadows and abundance of game. It was never too cold or too hot, and there would be no more suffering or sorrow. There would always be plenty without the necessity of expending much energy or effort to obtain it. It seems odd that a plains people would have considered their heaven to be in a valley. However, the Comanches, being a Shoshonean group, had come originally from the Rocky Mountains and hills of Eastern Colorado. This fact may explain their preference for a valley as heaven rather than a plain.

A great portion of the religion of the Comanche, like other primitive peoples, was bound up with the dance. He had dances for nearly everything. The calendar was marked off by various ceremonial dances. The year was divided into four seasons, and these were divided into moons; the moons were subdivided into sleeps. The seasons were celebrated with regular festivals. The green corn dance was a thanksgiving fiesta and ended with the roasting of green corn.

The corn was laid in piles in a circle, each family making a pile. The whole tribe assembled and the medicine man made an exhortation to the people and a prayer of thanksgiving. Then he took one ear from each pile and laid them on the fire to roast. When the ceremony had been performed, everybody roasted as much corn as he could eat. The dance was purely social after the medicine man had finished. All restrictions were broken down, and the youths and maidens could associate as freely as they chose. Another of the dances was performed for the other seasons, each in keeping with the particular season. The great hunting dance in the fall and such other characteristic ceremonies are examples of these season dances. Then, there were weekly dances so to speak. At every change of the moon, a solemn dance was held. At the new moon, the medicine man made a long harangue thanking the Great Spirit for granting a new luminary even though the old one had gone. The dance, especially the green corn dance, was enacted by both men and women. At each of the other quarters a similar dance was held. At the last change, they held the feast of the roasted dog. The dogs were fattened and carried a short distance from the village, killed, and roasted by the women. After much dancing, the tribe sat down and ate dog with much jolity. The hunting dances were mere pantomimes of what was to be done during the hunt. This operation was thought to produce success in the actual business of taking game. After the warriors had gone the women performed a similar dance to insure success for the men. Apparently they had the idea that they were adding their strength to that of the men. The pipe dance was a dance of welcome and friendship; it was performed only by men. The chief of the tribe would stand with a lighted pipe in his hand and the men of his tribe plus those of the visiting party would dance in a circle with its outer edge close to the chief. After he had taken several whiffs, he would hand the pipe to the visiting chief or leader of the party as he passed. The recipient would smoke the pipe around the circle and hand it back to the host. This ceremony was repeated until everybody had had a chance to smoke. The pipes were made of red sandstone, and Lee says that the Comanches made them themselves. I do not think so, for there was practically no sandstone in the Comanche territory. The other pipe ceremony was performed without motion. The pipe was lighted by the chief of the village. He gave one puff to the earth and one to the sky and two to the wind and water. The puffs given to the wind and water was given to the left and right respectively. After giving a few more puffs to the good of the smokers, he handed the pipe to the most important visitor, who went through the same procedure, handing it back to the second in importance in

the host's retinue. Thus, the pipe went down the whole scale to the last man.

All such dances were accompanied by the tomtom beaten with a small paddle and the bone castanets. There was a complimentary visitor's dance which was more social than religious, but it had some religious aspects. The chief and his most important warriors would dance, fully arrayed in all their finery, to the single accompaniment of bone discs, later Spanish coins, fastened to a wand carried by the chief. At the end of the dance, which lasted as long as the dancers saw fit, the chief drove them before him out of the circle formed by the hosts or from the square of the village. This dance was purely complimentary and social. It may be compared to the "bagging" dance of the north plains Indians.

Perhaps, the religion of men may be best shown by their treatment of the dead. The Comanches laid the body in full dress, hair bracelets and all, flat on the ground with the head to the west. Posts were driven securely down around the body until a closed stockade was formed. Then, all the personal property of the dead was piled in the grave with him. The body was covered with branches and dirt and stones were heaped upon the grave and tamped down firmly over the whole. The ponies, mules, and dogs of the dead man were then taken to the grave and killed. If a squaw died, her tools were put into the grave with her, and her mule, if she had one, was killed at her grave so that she could follow her husband quickly in the next world. All these practices are indicative of a profound belief in spirits and the after life. As for the custom of burying the bodies with their heads to the west, they did it in order that when the Great Spirit willed, the Comanche might arise and march eastward to conquer the lands which he had lost to the white man. The relentless warfare of the Comanches is explained by this belief in an ultimate defeat of the whites. Perhaps the idea of a resurrection and a reconquest was borrowed from the Spanish missionaries, but most down-trodden peoples have some legend of a savior, a resurrection or Enim who will some day come to redeem his people and right their wrongs. It was only natural, therefore, that the Comanches should have developed some such notion with reference to their white enemies. Here, again, they seem to differ essentially from the other plains tribes in that they believed in a day of resurrection. Whether they borrowed the idea or not, it profoundly effected their attitude toward the white man and was the principal cause for their unyielding hostility towards him for more than three hundred years.

There are two other semi-religious dances of which I am not so sure. The Comanche war dance or torture dance is described by Lee as being exceedingly horrible. For this reason, they are not to be taken too seriously. The war dance was merely a

pantomime of a surprise and massacre; the child of the war dance, the scalp dance, was a similar enactment of taking a scalp. The peculiar attitude toward the scalp was that held by most Indians. The scalp was a token of great bravery and military prowess. Then, too, a man who had been scalped was not likely to be allowed to enter the Happy Hunting Ground; hence many an Indian cut off a friend's head to prevent an enemy from scalping him. The body was left on the field, but the head was taken to the brave's native village and buried with due ceremony.

In the torture dance, the victims were stripped and strung up with their arms and legs stretched out and tied to upright poles. The warriors moved slowly about them. At definite intervals they stopped and gave a terrific warwhoop. The captives were ritualistically killed by slow degrees. They were first scalped, usually by the youngest members of the warrior group. Then the warriors cut them to pieces with flint knives shaped much like spearheads. I am not sure just how true is this account, but the Comanches did have a dance in which the captives were killed. These dances and festivals made up the greater part of their religious observances.

In common with nearly all the plains Indians and others in the west and northwest, the Comanches venerated the Thunder Bird. The lightning was its eyes, the black cloud its wings, and the thunder was the snapping of its beak. On the upper stretches of the Red River there was a level place destitute of all vegetation. In this spot, the Thunder Bird was supposed to have lighted. Though, the Thunder Bird was worshiped by most all of the Indians, the Comanches localized it by giving it a local character and a specific spot in which to alight.

Thus, nearly all of his acts were regulated with reference to the spirit world. Even the naming of the children was, in a measure, determined by omens. In ordinary times, the medicine man attended on the woman. The first significant object which he saw after the child was born became the child's sponsor so to speak, for the child was named for it. Often, however, the child was named for its likeness to some natural object. The name was supposed to enhance this quality. Hence, all life was subjective and ruled by spirits.

The Comanches, from the foregoing, were much like the other plains tribes, but in other respects they differed markedly from their nearest neighbors. This situation may be explained from their Shoshonean origin and immigration from Wyoming. The pressure of the Sioux and other prairie tribes probably drove the Comanches southward while the Shoshones were pressed farther north and west. Until recently the Comanche and Shoshone kept up communica-

tion, and their tongues were much alike. The Comanches had no Indian allies except the Kiowa with whom they were confederated since 1795. They were at war with all the tribes to the north, west, east and south. Their special enemies were the Apaches and their hostility towards these tribes never abated.

For more than two hundred years, they fought the Spaniards, and then maintained a life and death struggle with the Texans for over forty years. Their first treaty with the Texas government was made in 1835. They made the Treaty of Medicine Lodge, but it was soon broken. Later, in

1867, they made a second treaty, agreeing to accept a reservation between the Washita and Red Rivers in southwestern Oklahoma, but it was not until after the outbreak of 1875-78 that they and their allies, the Kiowa, finally settled upon it.

When first authentically encountered by the whites, the Comanches numbered about 40,000, but they have been terribly wasted by disease and their relentless war with the whites. In 1899, they had dwindled to the small number of 1553 on their reservation in Oklahoma. Thus the most dashing, picturesque, and unafraid of the western tribes has almost passed out of existence.

Some Bandera County History

By J. Marvin Hunter.



WHILE Frontier Times is not a disseminator of current news of the locality in which it is published, it is only proper that some of the history of Bandera county be given in this magazine occasionally.

Bandera, the home of Frontier Times, is still a small town of about 750 population, although for fully seventy-five years white people have occupied the beautiful Hill Country northwest of San Antonio. In the early spring of 1853 A. M. Milstead, Thomas Odem and P. D. Saner, with their families, came to Bandera county and camped on the Medina River, where they engaged in making cypress shingle. They lived in tents for awhile, or until rude cabins could be provided. P. D. Saner and family came

from Tennessee. Along about this time Mrs. Rees, a widow, and her sons, Sidney, Adolphus and Alonzo, and a daughter who afterwards married Judge Starkey, arrived in this county and located homes. The Witt family came here about the same time. Messrs. Milstead, Odem and Saner purchased the Hendrick Arnold Survey, consisting of a half a league of land running from Bandera Creek to the Medina River. Mr. Saner built a house on the river, just above the site of Bandera's present High School building, and lived there with his family. Other people began to come in, and a settlement was soon formed. In the fall of that same year, Charles de Montel established a horse-power sawmill here, which afforded employment for a number

of men. A commissary store was put in, two or three cabins were erected, and the settlement became a village which was from the start called Bandera. Associated with Mr. Montel was John James, a surveyor, and the firm, which became known as James, Montel & Co., platted the town of Bandera. Previous to the location of the town, and when the three original families were still living in tents on the banks of the Medina, came Amasa Clark who died here Janu-



Old Gersdorf Blacksmith Shop, Bandera.

ary 27, 1927, at the ripe old age of 101 years, having resided here continuously from the time he first came to this section. He was a New Yorker, and raised a large family here, and was among the last survivors of the Mexican War. To him we are indebted to much of the history given in this article.



A Bandera County Ranch.

On March 1, 1854, Elder Lyman Wight's company of Mormons, numbering about 250 persons, reached Bandera and tarried here for a time, later removing to a point several miles below the village where they established a location on the Medina river, known for many years afterward as the "Mormon Camp." The site of this camp is now covered by the waters of Medina Lake. The Mormons remained there several years, but when their leader, Elder Wight, was claimed by death the colony disbanded and scattered, some going to Utah, some to other parts of Texas, and a few coming to Bandera where they remained.

In 1855, through the agency of James, Montel N Co., a number of Polish colonists were induced to locate here. There were sixteen families in the colony, and of the original families to come here only a few are still living. Shortly after the arrival of the Polish colonists, August Klappenbach, a German, built the first store building and postoffice in Bandera. This building still stands and is a part of the residence of Mrs. George Hay. It was constructed of lumber sawed from the cypress timber. A. Savery erected the present

Riverside Hotel building, later acquired by the late lamented H. C. Duffy, who for many years conducted the hotel. It was also built of native cypress lumber and is yet in an excellent state of preservation.

With the gradual growth of the village the need of a school was felt and accordingly a school house was built on the site now occupied by Clements Kalka's home, and P. P. Pool, afterwards the first county clerk, was their first teacher. About twenty pupils were enrolled and the tuition was \$2.00 per month.

At that period of time Bandera county was attached to Bexar county for judicial purposes, but in 1857 the organization of this county was effected and the following officers were chosen: O. B. Miles, chief justice; William Curtis, sheriff; Irvin F. Carter tax assessor and collector; P. P. Pool, county clerk. At the time Bandera county was in the 17th Judicial District, and Judge Thomas Buckner was district judge, and George H. Noonan was district attorney.

Thus Bandera had a beginning and new settlers kept coming in and locating in different parts of the county. Among the early settlers was Captain Charles Jack, who

purchased a large body of land in Bandera and Medina counties. He established the Jack Ranch, still known by that name, a few miles north of Bandera.

Later came Charles Montague Sr., and established a ranch on a portion of the Hendrick Arnold Survey which he purchased from Milstead & Saner. This ranch is today occupied by his grandson, F. M. Montague.



The Great Medina Dam

In 1844 Castroville was established on the Medina river, about thirty-five miles below the present site of Bandera, and that town became quite an important trading point. But this was the remote frontier for a long time, and the settlers were wholly at the mercy of the Indians, except for such protection as they themselves provided. The establishment of Camp Verde, twelve miles north of Bandera, in 1856, afforded some relief, and created a feeling of greater security.

On March 29, 1860, Robert Ballentyne raised a company of minute men from among the citizens here, and greatly aided in protecting the settlers. This minute company was made up of the following: Robert Ballentyne, lieutenant commanding; Francis Towle, first sergeant; August Pingnot, second sergeant; George Hay, first corporal; Joseph E. Curtis, second corporal. Privates were Richard Bird, G. W. Lewis, James Sier, Charles W. Wheeler, John Thomas McMurray, Thomas L. Buckner, Laomi L. Wight, Heber L. Chipman, Thomas L. Miller, and Leonard Estes. This company of rangers was commissioned by Governor Sam Houston. When the Civil War came on this company disbanded, and some entered the Confederate service. Later a Frontier Battalion was organized with O. B. Miles as enrolling officer. Those who enlisted were Charles Montague, Jr., Andrew Mansfield, Anton Anderwald, Richard Bird, William Ballentyne, W. A. Walker, John Walker, James Walker, Thomas Bandy, James Bandy, Oscar Johnson and others.

After the Civil War, and during reconstruction days, Bandera continued to grow despite many difficulties and discouragements.

The hardships and privations of the early settlers, the tragedies that have taken place, and all of those things connected with the early settlement of this section, form a most interesting chapter of the history of West Texas. Among the settlers of the early days who came here and helped to civilize this section we can mention only a few in this article, but later we may take up their heroic records individually: Bladen Mitchel, Dr. Edwin M. Downs, Buck Hamilton, Jack Phillips, Heber Chipman, E. C. Lane, John Thomas McMurray (killed by Indians on the Seco), Joseph B. Hudspeth, J. A. V. Pue, Judge Hugh C. Duffy, Daniel Rugh, Andrew Mansfield, H. H. Carmichael, Judge Edward M. Ross, Charles Montague, Sr., F. L. Hicks, Ike Stevens, Sr., Henry Stevens, Sr., Jose Polycarpo Rodriguez, M. H. Langford, William Hudspeth, Berry Buckelew, Captain Street Hudspeth, Christopher Faga, Leibreicht Thalmann, Sam Jones, Amasa Clark, A. L. Scott, Marion Hodges, Franklin Hodges, J. P. Weldon, Major Valerius P. Sanders, and many others who bore the brunt of the hardships in that early day. Heroes all, and every one deserving of a monument for the part he played in wresting this fair land from savagery and handing it down to the present generation.

Many of these old Bandera pioneers lived to see this old section develop into one of the most prosperous regions of Texas, a delightful place in which to live.

Some years ago the Pearson interests constructed a great dam across the Medina river, twenty miles below Bandera; a great lake was formed some twelve miles long and in places two miles wide. The waters

of this lake now cover the site of the old Mormon Camp, and the standing chimney of the old houses can still be seen by passengers on boats gliding over the surface of the lake. At this particular point the water's depth is nearly 200 feet, but the water is so clear objects can easily be discerned at the bottom of the lake, and the old chimneys are often pointed out to sight-seers on Medina Lake as mute reminders of pioneer settlement of the beautiful Medina valley seventy-five years ago.



Old Duffy Hotel at Bandera.

Tales of Texas Trails

Harry H. Williams, San Antonio, Texas.

In 1875 a hack hauled a load of gold from San Antonio to a point on the Llano river in Mason county, a distance of about 100 miles, and there and then dumped it out in a cow camp where it lay around for a few weeks like so many sacks of oats. There were about half a dozen sacks, \$20,000 to the sack, and a sack made a very fair seat for a vacquero while drinking his coffee and guzzling his beans.

That gold was to pay for 10,000 head of cattle, contracted for by P. D. Armour & Co., Chicago, and Crawford Burnett of Gonzales county was delivering the cattle. Men who remember Burnett say he declared that he never lost a dollar by theft in those days, when he handled great sums of money in that primitive fashion.

A young man told his sweetheart goodbye on April 10, 1871, in Gonzales county, and had a "date" with her for the 17th of August, following. He was destined to travel the long road to Kansas with a herd of cattle before he could keep that date, but youth is sanguine and love lifts the dust from many a weary trail.

He and a few companions left Wrightsboro, Gonzales county, in a wagon drawn by two dun oxen, and leaving thus for the long journey, his heart never faltered. He would go, and he would return, he said to himself.

After that he was in two cattle stampedes, and swam the Brazos river when it was running high. He faced the loneliness of the night watch and bowed his head to the storm when lightning played across the skies and rain drenched him through. But his heart went singing all the way—for was he not happy in the thought of that date he was to keep back in Gonzales county?

A cow kept bawling around the herd at night on the Llano river, and one of the boys on herd watch finally lost his patience. Thinking he had driven her away from the herd a safe distance, he fired his pistol, hoping to scare the bovine "clean away." That pistol shot sent the whole herd flying through the dark. In his "memoirs" the cowboy said some of the men climbed trees for safety that wild night.

In Kansas, at Wichita, the Armour folks had erected a great corral, the fence being of heavy boards. The Texans put their herd in and the boss told the boys there would be no more night watching. Besides, the herd would soon be delivered and cut of their care, anyway. But alas, the Texas herd stampeded and tore down that fence in half an hour.

In another week the "lad with a date back home" was out and on his way. Train to St. Louis, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and across the gulf to Galveston. Thence by train and stage to home. Then,

on August 17, 1871, that date was kept. The two were married.

Fifty years later they kept their golden wedding anniversary at their home in Eddy county, New Mexico, with eight children present, a grandson and hosts of friends and relatives. On the grassy lawn there was spread a great barbecue, prepared by the children of the couple. That is the story of R. T. Mellard, and how the trials of the trail finally led him back home to happiness.

In his youth the late Col. D. K. Snyder walked all the way from Austin to San Antonio, a distance, in round numbers, of 90 miles. That was in the years immediately preceding the Civil war. And Colonel Snyder became one of the greatest cattlemen of the state, wealthy and philanthropic. His death occurred in 1922 at Georgetown.

There were stage coaches in those days, and the young man had a little money. Evidently he walked for some purpose of his own. Maybe he wanted to do a lot of thinking and wanted to be alone for that purpose. Perhaps it was a proposed deal he wanted to revolve in his mind.

Anyway, when he reached San Antonio he purchased a string of light Spanish ponies which he took to Missouri, where he exchanged them for heavier draft type horses. These latter he brought back to Texas and found a good sale for them. Later on he used to come back from Missouri with wagon loads of apples, which he sold at good profit.

Colonel Snyder was noted for combining thinking with action. For instance, in the late 60s, when he decided to take a herd of cattle to New Mexico, he hired a well-known and capable Indian scout and fighter to handle his drive. Contending with Indians was a big part of the game, he figured, and by reason of his foresight no trouble was had with the red men. They always saw that this particular outfit was prepared to deal with them.

W. F. Loftus, No. 1, N. Brooklyn St., Carbondale, Pa., writes: "Enclosed find article in regard to your publishing a newspaper (The Frontier Times) recalling early days in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, etc. It is many years ago since I was in Texas and New Mexico, 1889 to be correct, and I am much interested, as I know your articles will be first-handed by the characters who did things in the old days. So today I am writing you to ask that you send me Frontier Times for one year, also bill, and in return I will mail you check for same."

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

Bob Turner Tells of Early Days on the Ranges

Cora Melton Cross in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, February 10, 1928

THINK of what Texas was seventy-eight years ago. A scenic panorama of green prairies, cut through with woodland; an occasional log cabin, with brush or picket corral, and sparse settlements. At intervals there were forts, garrisoned with soldiers for protection, each boasting an adjacent town, consisting of one or more saloons and general merchandise stores; buffalo supply camps here and there, scattered cow camps, open range, long-horn cattle, and—quoting a frontiersman—"Doan's store on the edge of the world, away to thunder and gone." It was a far cry in the days of ox wagons and cow pony transportation, but the pioneer folks were the dare and do sort.

Men plowed, rode herd, hewed logs and branded cattle with an old cap and ball rifle within easy reach. Resourceful women barred doors, stood shotguns near and set wheels to spinning with smiles on their faces and fear in their hearts. "And that," you say, "is a commonplace resume of all frontier history." True, it is; but I have recently had a new slant on it that set thinking wheels to buzzing, and I got it at a meeting of the Old Trail Drivers of Texas, a place where superficiality has no part, for among these dependable men there is neither sham nor side-stepping. If a thing is black, it is; if it is white it is just that. As for intermediate colors, so far as they pertain to the matter in hand, they are all one, in his opinion, and that is—yellow.

In their presence the worshiper of a modern-day idol, who wears his "tux" jauntily and rises, unembarrassed, to any occasion, "folds his tent, like the Arab," and slinks out of sight.

A flicker of amusement and wonder plays across the face of the pioneer cowman at the suggestion that the athletic sports of today develop physical strength, brawn and muscle to equal his, inherited from the great outdoors; and, without demonstration or a spoken word, one senses a superiority, resulting from contact with life-and-death situations, obstacles almost insurmountable, and crises demanding to the utmost that with which God endowed His greatest creation—man. No marvel at all that such a one should wonder at the comparison.

The early Texas cowboy and cattleman made the best of today, whatever it portended, hoped for better on the morrow and took what came philosophically. It is to him, promoter of the cattle industry, that the State, today so abundant in golden opportunities, owes its greatest tribute. Among these is Bob Turner of Jourdan, who trailed cattle in 1866 in a blizzard that froze him to his saddle, where he had to

stay on guard for duty's sake, nor thought such conduct strange, since, as boss, he was responsible for safe delivery of the herd. As a fact, he would have branded the opposite procedure with contempt and ear-marked it with disloyalty and cowardice, things not listed in the cowpuncher's curriculum. In speaking of these experiences he said:

"No, I am not different from any other old-time cowboy. I am just a tolerably fair sample of the old-timers who went up the trail. We always tried to do for the other fellow what we expected him to do for us; and neither of us was disappointed; in short, it was just putting into practice 'Do as you would be done by.'"

"I guess I had as well begin with when and where I was born. It was in the year 1850 in Guadalupe County. In 1861 Indians were sure enough bad, and all the men of the settlement were scouting for 'em, excepting the old men and boys, who were left to protect the women and children, who had gathered together in one house. The redskins were on the warpath and the country was alive with 'em. I remember they came right up into our little town and shot three men; one they killed outright. Three men had been set to guard the house quartering the womenfolks, and the devils attacked it first place.

"In the midst of it old man O'Bryan rode up, hunching over his saddle horn, trying to guide his pony to the gate, but he smelled the Indians and wouldn't come close up. I, being 11 years old then and feeling almost a man, seeing arrows sticking from the body of the old man, ran out and reined his horse up to the door and helped him off into the house. There were three arrows in his back. Two women and one man pulled on one of 'em, which finally came out with the spike on. The other two left the spikes in, one of which, when cut out, proved to be of iron and was all bent and twisted out of shape. Dr. Craig, the first doctor in Atascosa County, did the cutting and removed the points. About the time we got Mr. O'Bryan comfortable in came another man by the name of Anderson, and it was all to do over again for him.

"Late that afternoon word came that my uncle, William Herndon, had been killed by the same Indian band a few miles above Jourdan. I went with the old men to bring him in, and in dressing him for burial we discovered what a fight he had made for his life by the finding of thirty-four wounds on his body. In the morning of the day my uncle was killed the band had captured two negroes belonging to a fellow by the name of French, put 'em on horses and took 'em along with them. When they

attacked my uncle the negroes saw the whole show, and said afterward they put him in the center of a ring and made him run round and round close to 'em, so each one could take a jab or shoot an arrow into his body. I still have the rifle belonging to my father, from which O'Bryan broke the stock in the fight that put the three arrows in his back.

"We were never safe from Indians in those days. A short time after that attack my twin brother and I went to San Antonio, and when we got back we found the Indians had killed father's horse herder, old Juan, and stolen forty head of horses. The old bell mare that led the bunch was found with fourteen arrows sticking in her body. The Indians always made sure that a belled horse or cow was killed first on account of the jangling bell on the frightened animal attracting attention. About a fortnight later they surrounded our house, built of pickets and trees with the limbs trimmed off and set on end in a deep ditch, with the dirt banked up at the bottom and the top thonged together with strips of buffalo rawhide. Father pulled a small picket loose, so it would not pester him in handling his rifle, and mother stuck the barrel of a shotgun through a crack in the opposite wall. I was told to go to another wall, run a broomstick through a crack and hold it steady, which I did. We had some fierce dogs, and they barked and charged around furiously, and it was either the dogs or the sight of the supposedly, three gun barrels, with the marksmen well protected, or both together, that threw such a scare into the redskins that, after considerable circling and powwowing, they left without attacking. You better believe we were thankful the bluff had worked, for the Indians outnumbered us ten to one.

"In 1866, with the Indians still hot on the warpath, Billy Coffin of Indianola took me in hand and said he would make a first-class trail driver of me, if I wasn't but 16-years old. I was not afraid of anything and was rearin' to go; so, with my parents' consent, I took Coffin's offer and trailed cattle for and with him four years. He was as fine a man as you'd want to know, and I guess I would have stayed with him until the trails closed, but at the end of my fourth year in his employ he was drowned in an overflow from the bay. I sure did hate to see that happen, and after I had sort of got over it I lined up for cow work with Joel Collins and drove with him until the year 1870 from that section, after which we changed our quarters. It was one year later that we made our first drive to Abilene, Kan., from Uvalde. My last Kansas drive was in 1873. That was, without exception, from every viewpoint, the hardest drive I ever made, and it fully decided me to give up trailing to Northern markets.

"We left Jourdanston Feb. 1 with a herd of 2300 head and I will swear that I never

knew so many danged kinds of bad luck existed as happened to us from the beginning to the end. To start with, we got to the Colorado River just in time to see a big rise come down. I was herd boss, and, thinking we could cross before the water got too deep and swift. I hollered to the boys to shove 'em across. And then the fun began. About the time they got to swimming depth a whole raft of big logs, trees and one sort of drift and another came down, and just scared 'em plumb crazy. They went against that bank in a stampede, and fifteen big steers were mashed to death and the devil to pay generally. That was the first time they ran; but, Lord help us! after that they stampeded so much that I got to where I could drive 'em the blackest night that come, whether I could see 'em or not, just by the sound of their hoofs and horns. I have to laugh now every time I think of how old Jim Snodgrass, one of the cowboys, sat down under a big tree one day after a long, hard run, and beginning to cry like a whipped child, said, 'Bob do you reckon we will ever get to Ellsworth?' I said, 'Yes, Jim; just you keep a stiff upper lip and we'll sight her one of these days.'

"While we were on that drive, one morning along about 2 o'clock, the negro cook woke me with 'Git up, boss; dey sho' is sump't a-comin'! I jumped up, and it didn't take me half a minute to see that he was right. The whole northwestern sky was blue-black, and about ten minutes later she struck full force. A fine, heavy sleet it was, as cold as blitzen and getting worse fast. I jumped on my horse and lit out for the herd, which I saw had left the beddin' ground and had begun driftin' before the wind. I rode right in front of it and held it for about a mile. When the cattle stopped for breath I did, too, and I stayed right on the job that way until it was good daylight. Then I got the herd turned toward camp and drove it in close. To do this I had to ride on the north side of it, and I don't think I ever experienced such bitter, biting cold. I had ridden in front of the cattle all night, and the animal heat had cut the keen edge from the norther and helped melt the sleet as it fell; but I got it broadside when I changed directions, and I all but froze to death.

"The cook was waiting for me with plenty of hot coffee, and when I hit camp he dragged me from my horse and poured it into me. I was so cold I couldn't move any part of my body. After a few minutes he unsaddled my pony, and he was dead in less than three minutes. When I saw him fall I looked around the other side of the wagon from the fire, and there lay five others frozen stiff. This occurred in the Indian Territory, near the Kansas line. Six days later we came across a bunch of horses on top of a hill, which had evidently frozen to death that same night mine did. The boss of a trail herd was supposed

ed to get his cattle to market what it took to do so; so it was up to me to see it through and figure how it could be done, with the few mounts the freeze left me.

"Finally I called the boys. There were just twelve of them—Sam and Oliver Hess, Eph Dunham and Jim Snodgrass—funny I can't think of the names of the other eight now—but, anyhow, I told 'em what we were up against, and that by walking and driving in the daytime and savin' what horses we had for night guard, I thought we could get 'em through, and I couldn't see any other way out of it. They didn't argue a bit, just agreed, and from there on we took it afoot to the point of delivery, which was sixty-five miles above Ellsworth, Kan. I sure did think the world of those boys, and do you know I've never seen a one of 'em from the day they left Ellsworth to the present time. It sure would do me good to come across one of 'em or hear from any of them.

"As I said, that drive settled my Kansas trailin, but I did make several trips to New Mexco after that. The Indians were something awful for beggin' on those trails. They used to ask for beef, and if they were refused, as by my foreman one time when an old chief wanted a fine steer, he shot an arrow into the biggest one he could see. They always done some devilment if they didn't get what they asked for; so we found it was best to give it to them.

"After so long I quit trailing work and started a ranch of my own on the Nueces River. My herd increased, I kept working cattle all the time so I could add to it, and bye and bye I established another ranch on the Frio. I never let anything slip, watched all the corners, got to all the roundups, and along about the time barbed wire came in style and cattle rustlers got in their fastest work I had an even 100 Spanish ponies in my remuda and no telling how many thousand cattle running wild on free range. When the stealing was at its height all laid to the Indians, but mostly done by renegade whites and Mexicans, I sold both big ranches, because I saw what barbed wire fences would do for the little cowman. The country was fast getting into such a shape that he could not make good, and I got out while the goin' was good; but it sure did come near takin' the hide off to give 'em up.

"I have always been a cowman, always will be, but not like in open-range days. Why, when I first saw San Antonio it was just no town at all, you might say, and that level-banked, slow-movin' Atascosa Creek of today was, as I first remember it, so deep and swift it would wash your horse 'way down, and the banks were so steep it was hard to find a crossin' place. I could ride in those days from Jourdanton to the Rio Grande, a distance of 150 miles, and not see a house nor a bit of improvement. Now it's all thickly settled in between, with

railroads everywhere across it. In my boyhood days we knew nothing of checks nor banks. We were paid in gold, and I have had it buried in tin cups all around my camp fire.

"But in some respects and some ways times now are better than then. I sure do wish the old days were back again. It used to be so that we feared nothing but Indians and the weather; nowadays it's burglars, hijackers, petty thieves and murderers; seems like a man isn't safe anywhere any more. A man's word don't carry much weight now, but time was when it was as good as his check. Of course, I liked those days best. I have never been out of the saddle, you might say, since I was 8 years old, and I still ride like a wild Indian. I can rope and tie a steer as good as ever, too, and hope to as long as I am on this earth. There is another hope alongside of that one, and that is that we will round up and rope and brand and relive our cowboy days in the land that none of us knows anything about until we get there. Yes, I am hopin' it will be just that sort of free range that the Big Boss has doped out for us when we get to the end of life's trail."

Mr. H. D. Jewett of Corinth, N. Y., writes: "A news item in the New York Herald-Tribune of February 7th announces that you have started publication of a monthly magazine entitled Frontier Times, devoted to stories of the Southwest. I am interested in the matter to the extent of wishing your publication success, and I am sure it will be. I would like to obtain a copy and would greatly appreciate the favor if you will inform me where or how I can get one and at what cost."

Earl Hamilton Smith, late Major in the A. E. F., writes us from New York City, as follows: "Please enter my annual subscription to Frontier Times and send bill to address below. Note the enclosed clipping from the New York Herald Tribune in regard to your splendid idea. More than forty years ago my father, the late Eber C. Smith, wandered as a young lawyer and newspaper editor over most of the territory you are covering. When a town got above 1,000 in population he thought it was too crowded and moved on. In some places he lawyered and in others he newspapered. The towns where he could do both suited him best, as that offered two chances for a row instead of only one. One man's aim was poor, so that the bullet made a dent in the bed of the old Washington hand press; my father complained that this did more harm than straight shooting would. Have done, as editors were plentiful but presses were not. He died in the Philippines in 1908. I was born in Prescott, Arizona, but my parents took me to San Francisco soon thereafter, thence to Washington."

Old Slave Mammy Becomes Wealthy

After fifty years and the work of rearing thirteen children, wealth has come to Lizzie Smith. Lizzie is a widow, a member of a substantial negro farming community, and on her land the Humble Oil and Refining Company recently brought in the first oil well in Anderson county, Texas. Although to date the well has not proved a sensation in point of production, as oil wells go, it already has proved a comparative bonanza to Lizzie.

The well is situated on the west side of the Neches River, two miles southwest of the abandoned discovery well at Carey Lake, on the Cherokee county side of this stream. It is the thirteenth well drilled by the Humble Company on the structure known as the Boggy Creek dome, and is the second of these to produce oil. When it became definitely known that it was a producer, trading in royalties became feverish and it was then that Lizzie began to realize on her new asset.

From the character of an obscure negro farm owner, Lizzie Smith was elevated to a person of State-wide fame. People from far and wide sought her out to buy portions of her oil royalty. Sales on bases of \$100 and \$150 an acre looked like big money to Lizzie, and at these figures she has added several thousand dollars to her formerly modest bank account. Now she is besieged by droves of enterprising salesmen, who, at a stipulated figure, would provide her with all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of a varied market. But Lizzie continues to live in her accustomed simplicity.

For her this new fortune has been alloyed with tragedy. Shortly before the well on her land was brought in her aged father's clothing caught fire while he was burning brush and before aid could reach him he had received fatal burns. And almost as the bit reached the oil sand Lizzie was sitting beside the deathbed of a daughter, holding an infant grandchild in her arms.

Her farm is one of many owned by members of her race in a little community along the west side of the Neches. Over an area several miles in extent 95 per cent of the land is owned by an unusually capable class of negro farmers. They have their school, their church, and their negro Masonic lodge. All have fair educations, own their little farms, and are substantial citizens.

Three dry holes were drilled by the Humble Company in this community previously to the producer on the Lizzie Smith tract. But, unlike many farmers of lighter hue in other prospective oil fields, the negro farmers along the Neches did not allow the anticipation of sudden and immense wealth to hinder their farming operations. They pocketed the modest lease money and later some proceeds of royalty sales, crack-

ed old Beck with the end of the line and laid off another row.

These negroes have no better friend than M. A. Davey of Palestine, the man who blocked off 40,000 acres on the Boggy Creek dome for the Humble Company. By him they were warned to take no checks for royalty from strangers. With this in mind, Ann Holloway, 80 years old, mother of Lizzie Smith, recently refused to sign an instrument transferring royalty to a prominent East Texas banker until he brought the \$3,000 in \$5 bills.

W. D. Taylor, of Denton, Maryland, writes: "I have a clipping from the Baltimore Sun before me stating that you are publishing a monthly named *Frontier Times*. I roamed over Kansas forty-nine years ago and recall a series of murders commo-road house. One of the parties killed was a doctor from Kansas City. The family that did the killing was named Bender or Benders. The doctor's wife, not hearing from him, followed, was or had stopped at the same place, but became suspicious and caught a chance to saddle her horse and rode away. The Benders left next day, leaving stock behind. Search of the premises revealed a trap door fixed with a bolt so that when the bolt was drawn the victim was thrown into a cellar and then killed. They have never been caught. The most of their victims were buried in the garden."

Eli Norton Richardson, of Tonopah, Nevada, writes: "Would be delighted to see a copy of your *Frontier Times*, mentioned in an Associated Press dispatch. While I have no doubt it is a labor of love—I know how I am myself about the early history of Nevada—I am of the firm belief that *Frontier Times* will prove a profitable venture. For a long time now I have been convinced that there is a wide field for a paper or magazine devoted to the true stories of the West, past and present; not such rot as the so-called western pulps print, but stories of the old and new West, as we know it; not stories written by some fellow on the 26th floor of some New York skyscraper whose only knowledge of the West is what he has gathered from the observation end of a Pullman or by listening to some old time liars in the smoking compartment. More power to you."

Mr. A. H. Deute, Denville, New Jersey, writes: "I have just learned of the *Frontier Times* you are publishing. Will you please mail me a copy and put me on the list for future issues. Send me the bill. Best wishes for the success of your publication. I will look forward to reading the stories about the older Texas."

Career of C. C. Doty

Wilma Milligan, Eldorado, Texas,
Under the supervision of Ray Davis Holt.

Christopher Columbus Doty was born April 16, 1857. His parents, A. O. Doty and Mrs. A. M. Doty lived in Barry County, Missouri. He was the third boy and fifth child born to this union.

When he was four years old the Civil War began. As the Dotys still lived in Missouri, it was not uncommon for Yankees to be near the Doty homie. They often came to the home and in this way Christopher was thrown in their company. A. C. Doty fought for all four years with the South.

After the war ended C. C. Doty attended a small country school about three months. He had no opportunity to go to school from then on, but he often sat up at nights and worked arithmetic, by the light of a rag twisted and placed in a cup of grease. In this way he completed his education.

Until he was sixteen he remained at home doing his share of the family chores and in turn sharing the pleasures of home life. When he was sixteen, he decided to leave home and make his own way in the world. He worked at various things and regardless of several cases of illness, he made his own living and gave his savings to his parents. When he attained the age of twenty-one he decided to leave his home state and seek a home in a more adventurous state. He had often heard of the advantages of West Texas, so in 1879 he came to Texas, and stopped in Ellis County for a short while, but soon he drifted on to Uvalde County, where he worked one year and went to San Antonio. He spent only four months in San Antonio, for he had decided to come farther west.

In 1880 he came to what is now Schleicher County. He came up to Schleicher and returned by way of San Angelo after some sheep. At San Angelo he met Mr. Wash DeLong. When Mr. DeLong found out that he intended to bring sheep to Schleicher County, he looked puzzled and warned him of a certain dangerous cattleman, who strictly opposed sheep.

Mr. Doty got the sheep and brought them to the Concho Rivers. Here he made his camp and was doing nicely until a cattleman rode up and ordered him to leave within three days, or suffer the consequences. He intimated that the consequences would be death at the end of a cattleman's rope. This man was the cattleman Mr. DeLong had spoken of. He claimed to control all the surrounding land.

At the end of the third day Mr. Doty was still at his camp. The cattleman rode up, accompanied by two of his cowboys. He asked why Mr. Doty was still there on his land and Mr. Doty replied that he had decided to stay there if it made no difference

with him. At this unexpected answer the old man turned and rode away.

A short time after the trouble with the cattleman C. C. Doty drew a map of the disputed territory and sent it in to the Land Commission at Austin. The Commission looked over the map and wrote Mr. Doty that only four hundred acres of the land belonged to the man.

Soon another sheepman came in with a bunch of half-starved sheep. The herder was an old man. He had not been in the country but a few days when the cattleman rode over, found him gone and shot his water barrels full of holes. He left word for the man to move on within three days. The herder was undecided what to do. He went to C. C. Doty for advice. Mr. Doty advised him to move his camp a little nearer his own and remain there.

On the third night the old cattleman came over to find the sheep herder still camped. Upon learning that Mr. Doty had advised him to stay, he became very angry and rode to the camp of C. C. Doty. Mr. Doty explained that he knew exactly how much of the land lawfully belonged to the man. At once the cattleman changed his attitude. He became very friendly when informed that if he caused another disturbance, there would be fifty thousand sheep brought in within three months. He became a staunch friend to C. C. Doty and even wanted to have his cowboys brand maverick cattle for Doty. Mr. Doty refused the offer and soon afterwards the cattleman left. A few years later, while camped near San Antonio, he encountered the man again. It was getting dark, when a gang of Mexicans rode up with many muddy horses, and wanted to spend the night.

The leader soon rode up and recognized his old neighbor, C. C. Doty. He explained that he was a horse thief and was taking stolen horses to the East where they brought good money. He wanted Doty to join him, but Mr. Doty refused, and told him that some day the law would get him.

The following morning the horse thieves left but Mr. Doty heard later that on that trip a Ranger caught them.

In 1881 C. C. Doty met Miss Alice Pancoast who was living near the South Concho River.

In 1880 there were no Indians in Schleicher County. He saw only one bunch of buffalo, but turkey, antelope, deer, and other game was plentiful. He killed only what game he used for meat. At this time he could have killed more game in a day than he has in a whole lifetime. He always had a kind feeling for birds and animals, therefore he did not enjoy slaughtering them.

When C. C. Doty came to this section parts of the county were destroyed by fire each year. The land timbered with cedar was often cleared by flames. The grass burned rapidly and each fall men had to fight large prairie, as well as cedar fires.

In 1882 he decided to drill a well below San Angelo on what is now the Runge Ranch. The driller in San Angelo laughed at the idea of drilling a well below Christoval, but finally consented to come down for an indefinite period of time, provided C. C. Doty would pay him an enormous price. Of course the rates were so unreasonable, Mr. Doty could not afford to have him come, so he ordered a small well drill from Fort Worth. The drill came, and he succeeded in putting down a well.

This was the first well to be drilled below the South Concho and the first windmill erected between San Angelo and Del Rio.

While living here he had one neighbor ten miles away. His nearest neighbor on the East was thirty-two miles away, at Fort McKavett. On the South his neighbor was ninety miles away, on the Devil's River.

The years of 1883-84 brought forth big crashes in prices. At this time he lost 1000 head of sheep. He soon decided to sell out and go to Fannin County, Texas, where his father had died a few years before. When he reached Fannin County, he moved his mother and two brothers to Big Valley, Texas. There he bought them a home and stock. This act of generosity left Mr. Doty penniless. He mounted a Texas pony and rode back to begin anew.

In 1886 he took charge of 7000 sheep. While he had charge of these sheep Mr. Doty lived a real sheepman's life; sleeping in the open, working hard and making little. It was not uncommon for him to work all day and come in at night to roll up in wet blankets to sleep a few hours and arise before daybreak.

When he sold these sheep he went to San Saba County, but he did not remain there long. When he returned he became foreman of W. B. Black's sheep ranch. Black paid him a considerable sum for his work as ranch foreman and altogether Mr. Doty had saved \$25.00 (?) since 1883. He took this money and put up a store at what is now Christoval. Soon his store was progressing. The ranchmen and cowboys were giving him their trade. Life as a storekeeper was very interesting. The cowboys who came in for tobacco or other supplies were always willing to stay awhile and tell the news from their particular part of the country.

In connection with the store he established a post office. This also added to his trade for the people who came there for mail bought supplies from him instead of going twenty-five miles to San Angelo.

As C. C. Doty had founded the town he was called upon to name it and the fact that he wanted it called "Alice" showed that Miss Pancost must have been playing

a pretty important part in his life. He finally sent in the name Christobal, the Spanish word for Christopher. Authorities misread the word and named the town Christoval.

While running the store he lived in a side room adjoining it. One night he awoke to find the whole store in flames. He aroused a friend, who was spending the night there, and as they ran outside the store crashed in. Nothing was saved. The contents, account books, his clothes, home, and all other property perished within thirty minutes.

Again C. C. Doty was left without property, but he immediately adapted himself to the situation and began anew. He decided that life might be pleasanter with a companion; so on the third day of June, 1889, he married Miss Alice Pancost. They were married at Christoval. Miss Pancost had been a resident of Concho County for several years; but before coming there she had lived in San Antonio.

The young couple moved to a place on Dove Creek where he was in charge of fifteen hundred acres of irrigated land. Mr. Doty did not work on Dove Creek but two years. When he quit work he engaged in the cattle business, and worked with cattle until 1896. He was a progressive cattleman but the work was hard and cattle raising was quite different then to when it is now. In 1886 Mr. and Mrs. Doty decided to lease a ranch, and settle down. The ranch they leased was about three miles above the Concho Springs. The land was not fenced so he and a partner set to work and fenced it. He and Mr. Shepherd, his partner, had nine sections. They stocked the land with cattle and both men helped with the work. They kept up this work with cattle on the same ranch for six years.

In 1901 Schleicher County was organized. C. C. Doty was elected tax assessor of the county on August 19, 1901. He was allowed \$63.00 for work on the unrendered tax rolls. The county was divided into precincts. The Doty ranch was in Precinct No. 2 and the men there were to help work the roads of that precinct.

By 1906 the tax assessor's report was \$478.04. It was approved by the commissioner's court. The report of 1907 was \$657.92 showing an increase of \$158.78.

While in the position of tax assessor, C. C. Doty made out an abstract book for the county. The land had no abstracts, so he had to use the state books as source material. The work was tedious and difficult for some of the land was recorded in other counties abstract books. For this work the county paid Mr. Doty a small sum of money. His salary as assessor was \$800 the first year, but by 1906 it had grown to \$1500. The last year he had \$100 added as extra fees for special independent school assessments and rolls.

In 1901 the county put its state land on the market. They used a plan which re-

sulted in land rushes. The man who got his application and money in first got the land. The first land rush occurred in August 1901. The officials began preparations for the rush. The hour the gates opened was to be twelve o'clock p. m. Before twelve, men began to come around the gates. It was evident that a great scramble would occur, when the gates were thrown open. The crowd outside had divided into two sides. One side was made up of men who already lived here and the other was men who came here from other places to get homes.

Mr. Doty was to be timekeeper. He was to have the exact moment recorded when a roll of money and an application was thrown through a slot in the wall. He was also to help guard the money which was to be thrown into baskets.

At twelve the gates were opened and the rush began. All the men were on one side or the other, as one man would not have had a chance to get an application in. Men rolled, ran, crawled or made headway any possible way. When one was jerked down, he passed or threw the roll to a man on his side. Some men were hurt, but not seriously. By the time the men reached the building, money and applications were piling in. A man sat up on a basket and guarded others with shot guns. As the applications came in the time-keeper had to be very careful of the time for one second later one for the same land might come in. The men shoved against the wall with such force that the building was in danger of caving in. Mr. Doty put his gun out through the slot and threatened to shoot if the men didn't move back. They moved back.

The participants in the rush were not supposed to be armed but one time a six-shooter was heard to click. Immediately as many as fifty others clicked. Some level headed man prevented a massacre.

The rush continued for several hours and finally the crowd left, with no trouble except some skinned faces and injured pride. The officials counted the money, returned part of it to those who failed to get land and sent the rest to the department at Austin. After eight years as tax assessor Mr. Doty took new interest in ranching and stock business. Since that time he has owned and sold several small ranches near Eldorado. He and Mrs. Doty and their daughter, Marie, did not live on these places very much.

In 1909 Mr. Doty went to work in the First National Bank of Eldorado, as book keeper. The bank had not been organized very long at this time. In 1910 the bank deposits were \$78000. The surplus was \$8000. He worked in the bank for two years. The year 1910 was better than the following year for the deposits then were only \$52,000.

When he entered the bank he sold a small leather business and intended to work

in the bank longer than two years, but he found indoor work unpleasant, so in 1910 he left the bank.

From 1910 to 1924 he worked on his various ranches. He also devoted part of his time to filling the office of Justice of Peace for Schleicher County. For the past fifteen years, he has been Justice of Peace. As Justice of Peace he has united many people in marriage. He does not perform marriage ceremonies with the indifference of many officials. He is very sincere in wishing all those whom he marries a happy wedded life. In this office, he fines law breakers and always tries to be as lenient as possible on young people who are paying their first fine.

In 1924 he sold all of his ranch land and stock and bought a small leather repair shop in Eldorado. He repaired shoes, saddles, etc., for a year. In 1925 he sold the shop and bought a small grocery store from Mrs. Bud Douglas. The store was in the northern district of Eldorado. He moved it across the street and is still a grocery man.

In 1882 Mr. Doty became a church worker. He organized the first Sunday School between San Angelo and Del Rio. This first Sunday School was organized at Christoval. The people met on what is now the Baptist encampment grounds. In those days people had to go several miles to church and Sunday school. C. C. Doty rode fifteen miles to superintend this Sunday School. He has kept account of the children who came there on Sundays and all except two have grown up to be Christians and church workers. For twenty years Mr. Doty was superintendent of a Sunday School but he belonged to no church until 1907, when he joined the Methodist church of Eldorado, he still has membership with this church.

C. C. Doty has the distinction of being the first settler in Schleicher County. He came here eleven years before the country was organized. He built the first house, drilled the first well and erected the first windmill in the county.

He has seen the county develop into a progressive farm and ranch district. When he first saw Schleicher County, it was a broad open space, unfenced, and uninhabited. Cattlemen had charge of the country then, but by 1901 the sheepmen had gained an equal footing with them. Soon small bits of land began to be cultivated and now as Mr. C. C. Doty approaches his seventy-third milestone of life he sees many progressive farmers in the southern and western parts of the county. When he came here good land sold for fifty six cents per acre. Now good ranch land sells for twenty-five dollars or more per acre.

At present C. C. Doty is seventy two years old. He is active and still does his work. He has many friends both young and old, and has gained these friends through being a friend, for he has befriended many.

A Letter from Mrs. Ledbetter

San Saba, Texas, Feb. 11, 1928
Editor Frontier Times:

I take your magazine and find it very interesting. My father James R. Bomar, with his four brothers and an uncle, Tommy Terry, came to Texas in the fall of 1853. The family's health was so bad in Cooke and Grayson counties a friend, Dr. J. W. Hudson, advised my father to move to San Saba county, so he came here in August, 1857, and with the exception of about three years, lived here until his death May 10, 1917. From 1859 to 1861 he lived in McCulloch county. He and a man by the name of Warren Woods built the first house in McCulloch. Of this I will write later.

My husband, W. H. Ledbetter, served as first lieutenant in Company N, Texas Rangers, and also as first lieutenant in Company D, under Captain Ruff Perry, later Captain Dan Roberts. He died June 29th, 1918. I had a brother, James L. Bomar, who served with him in Company D; also a brother-in-law, Harry Rishworth. I saw a letter in Frontier Times some time ago from Mrs. Winn. She was my childhood playmate and chum, and is a most lovable character. I also saw a letter from Jim Hawkins, whom I thought, long since dead. Mr. Hawkins, I remember you quite well. Your brother lived with us two years before you came to Texas. You came down with Mr. Ledbetter when he came to buy supplies. I had a number of the boys' leggings and water-proofed them. While you was there I made a pair for you, and while you were watching me water-proof them I remarked, "Mr. Hawkins, when you get these down over your boots you need not fear getting wet." You remarked that you never wore boots, for if you did in three days the heels would be looking you in the face.

I am trying to locate witnesses for parties who served on the frontier of Texas. I read in Frontier Times that Mr. Ben Drago served as a ranger. Mr. Drago, do you remember a man by the name of Young H. Starkham, who served under Capt. McFadden and Sansom in 1858, 1859, to 1861? He was in the fight at a place called the Boneyard, and several other fights. He sent quite a lengthy report of his services, with incidents and locations fully stated. The pension board turned him down, saying no such men served on the frontier, as there was no record either at Washington or Austin. Some other parties who served under James Ingram, first lieutenant Company A, Blanco county, also. I wrote the archivist at Austin, who said no such man served on the frontier. I then wrote to Washington and the department wrote me the same. I had positive evidence that there was such a person. He had written my husband a letter stating that Adj. Gen. Davidson had written him

to notify the companies located in Mason, Menard, McCulloch, Llano, Burnet, Gillespie and San Saba counties to meet him at Walnut Creek school house, near Joel Smith's to discuss a better plan for the protection of the frontier. I sent that letter to Washington, D. C., requesting its return. When it was returned I sent it to Austin to the Adjutant General, but he never returned it. The archivist wrote me she found where James Ingram was mustered into service and discharged, but no muster roll of men who served. His service was established, both in Washington and Austin, but I had no recourse to establish Mr. Starham's service or his commanders. There are quite a number wanting me to help them get a pension. They are writing me from New Mexico, California, Arizona, Tennessee, and various parts of Texas. Do any of the old timers remember G. W. Shaw, who served under Colonel Dalrymple, or Ashley Frasel? Their widows are trying to get a pension. Mrs Shaw is almost blind, and her hands are badly drawn with rheumatism. Does anyone remember L. O. Stafford, Tobe Warren, J. M. Pierce, J. B. Moore, J. B. (Dun) Carroll, James A. Taylor, or W. H. French?

I am just in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Sanford Huffstutler. Her husband was in many fights in the Cow House section. On one occasion the Indians shot him in the back with arrows. This circumstance would help locate witnesses to his service. When writing to me please give names of as many of your comrades as you can think of, time of service, and locality. I will send application blanks to all who wish, and they can fill them out and send to the pension bureau at Washington, or to their representative. The pension bureau will then send them file number and witness blank.

Who remembers James Edwards, who served under Capt. Ruff Perry? Mr. Edwards says he rode a blue horse called "Blue Devil," while his comrades knew him as "Jimmie the Kid." He says he was a cousin to Ruff Perry. My husband, W. H. Ledbetter was appointed as a special ranger attached to Company D., Frontier Battalion.

Hoping these few lines will help some needy, deserving party, I am

Respectfully,

MRS. JENNETTE F. LEDBETTER.

San Saba, Texas.

Publishers Are Warned.

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Biography of Andrew Nelson Erskine

Written by Blucher Haynes Erskine, Sr., Crystal City, Texas.



HENRY ERSKINE, was born in 1721 in Sterling, Scotland, and married Jean Thompson. They moved to America and settled in Cecil county, Maryland, in 1740. Michael, a son, was born in 1752, (1812) his father died and is buried in Cecil county. Michael Erskine married Margaret Paulee, widow of Captain John Paulee, who was killed by the Shawnee Indians in Virginia, in September, 1779, his wife captured and held by the Indians nearly four years before they would accept a ransom. (See Hist. Virginia). On her return to Monroe county, Virginia she married Michael Erskine. Five children, a daughter and four sons, all lived many years, the sons founding the Erskine families of Virginia, Alabama and Texas. The daughter, Jane, married Hugh Caperton, at Union, Monroe county, Virginia, in 1706, and from them sprang the numerous families of Capertons of Virginia and elsewhere.

Michael Erskine, the fifth child, was born January 9th, 1794, and died May, 1862. He married Agnes D. Haynes in 1817 in Monroe County, Virginia. She was born April 2, 1797, and died at Capote, Texas, September 5th, 1846. Five sons and five daughters blessed this union.

Andrew Nelson Erskine, fifth child, was born March 12th, 1826, at Sweet Springs, Monroe county, Virginia. In 1830 the family moved to Huntsville, Alabama, later to Bolivar and Clinton, Mississippi, where they lived four years.

Some time in 1839, Michael Erskine, with all of his family, except three daughters who were left at Huntsville, Alabama, with his brother, Dr. Alexander Erskine, to go to school, entered the Republic of Texas, through Port Lavaca, and moved out ten miles to the Aransas and settled permanently. On August 6th, 1840, an alarm was given that Indians were raiding and Michael Erskine, his family, negroes and some neighbors who had gathered at his place for protection, were surrounded by a scouting party of twenty-seven Comanche Indians from the main body of Comanches, estimated at from 600 to 1,000, who raided through that section from the far northwest to the southeast Gulf port, Linnville, which, on August 9th, they sacked and burned. Michael Erskine, his three boys, John, William and Andrew, five negro men and the neighbors successfully fought off the Comanches. While they were doing so the young and accomplished Dr. Bell, from the States, came into view riding a fine horse. In his desire to help the besieged family he undertook to run the gauntlet through the savages, and was surrounded, killed and scalped in view of the house, but no one could venture forth to help him. The

writer's Aunt Malinda, at the time ten years old, said she saw him killed and scalped. With the murder of Dr. Bell the Indians seemed satisfied, and realizing they could not overcome the defenders of the Erskine home, they left to join the main body on their way to Linnville. This occurrence was Andrew Erskine's first introduction to the Comanches, and what he saw no doubt fired his young blood and caused him to desire to become a Texas Ranger. He was fourteen years old at the time this happened. A few years later he was destined to fight them most bravely under the noted Ranger captain, Jack Hays.

In the fall of 1840 the Erskine family moved from Jackson county to a permanent home in what was then Gonzales county, but afterwards Guadalupe county. They located on what afterwards became the noted Capote Ranch of Michael Erskine, fourteen miles east of Seguin, Texas, and on the south side of the lovely Guadalupe river. For many years it was the home of all of the Erskines, and the home of some as late as 1872.

For a time Andrew Erskine remained on the lovely Capote Ranch, with many things to keep him there, but no doubt he had inherited the wanderlust from his father, which urged him to seek adventures and new fields of action, so in his seventeenth year he became a Texas Ranger.

The Indians became so bad west and northwest of San Antonio that the Texas government commissioned the gallant and intrepid fighter, Captain Jack (J. C.) Hays to raise a company of Rangers to be stationed at San Antonio, and to scout the territory to the Nueces on the west, and to the Guadalupe and other rivers to the northwest, through a rough, mountainous and unsettled region. Captain Hays organized his company in 1842. Andrew Erskine became a member of this company, and later his brother, John Erskine, also joined. The historian, A. J. Sowell, mentions that Hays with his company, usually forty men, had six fights with the Indians in 1842, the most important of which was the Battle of Bandera Pass. In telling of this battle Sowell says in part:

"Captain Hays, with forty Rangers, started from his last camp west of San Antonio one morning about 10 o'clock, and entered Bandera Pass, (situated in Bandera county). On getting about half way through the Pass, a large band of Comanches, concealed in gulches on each side of the Pass, rushed upon them with hideous yells only as savages know how to utter, which for a moment put the Rangers and their horses in confusion. But the intrepid Hays saved the day when his cool command rang out, 'Dismount, boys. Tie your horses; we can

whip them, no doubt about that.' Quick action and rapid shooting began, and fierce hand-to-hand fights took place. The battle raged for hours, until near evening when Kit Ackland killed the chief in a hand-to-hand knife fight and the Comanches drew off to the north end of the Pass. The Rangers moved to the south end of the Pass, camping at a water hole, where they carried their dead and wounded. The five men killed were buried as well as possible, the graves being dug with knives and hatchets. Six wounded were given first aid. Reconnoitering next morning the Rangers found the Indians gone, and the grave of the chief covered with stones. Other dead Indians had been secreted in some way, for a number of Indians had been killed, judging by the number of horses left dead, as it was the custom of the Indians to kill horses of dead warriors. Captain Hays, as well as possible, carried his wounded men to San Antonio for medical attention. Among the wounded was Andrew Erskine."

The next notable fight in which he was engaged was the Battle of Salado, fought September 18th, 1842. It was fought on the Salado creek, six miles east of San Antonio. The battle ground was selected by Captain Hays, who knew the country so well he could easily pick a place of vantage. It was on the creek, in a heavy bottom of timber and brush, where he and Colonel Matthew Caldwell with a few more than 200 men awaited the coming of General Woll with his Mexican army of from 1,000 to 1,500 troops. Woll had invaded Texas in September, crossing the Rio Grande at what is known as Paquacha Pass, about thirty miles below the present town of Eagle Pass. He traveled a road made by his army, passing the present site of Carrizo Springs, and on by Espentosa Lake, then following a northeasterly course, and crossing the Medina river about where Castroville was later located. When he reached San Antonio with his troops he took possession of the town, remained there several days, then on September 18th marched his army out and attacked Colonel Caldwell and Hays. He deployed, cavalry and infantry, posted his artillery on the east side of the creek and opened up on the Texans' position, but owing to the heavy brush and timber did but little harm. The Mexican infantry and cavalry made many charges, and after heavy loss they withdrew near evening, and soon came in contact with Col. Dawson with fifty-two men who were marching to reinforce the Texans. Woll's forces overwhelmed the Dawson party and committed what has since been known to Texas history as the Dawson Massacre.

In the battle of Salado Andrew Erskine received a ball in the right forearm. It was never extracted and I have heard him complain of it giving him pain.

John P. Erskine joined Jack Hays' company of Rangers in 1843. The conditions of the times were such, no doubt, that Cap-

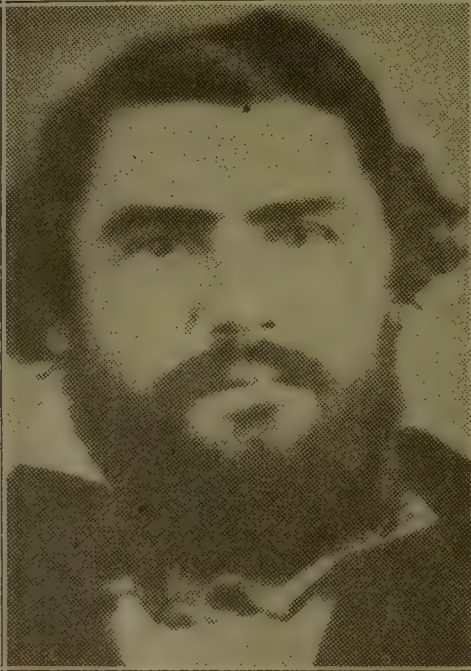
tain Hays and his company was busy scouting and fighting Indians in 1843 and 1844. Captain Hays gave up his command in the latter part of 1844 and resumed his profession of land surveying. Andrew Erskine went with him in his expeditions, learning much practical surveying. He acquired such a thirst to become a good surveyor that he returned to his father's home, on the Capote Ranch, the early part of 1845, and started to school at Seguin. His education was very limited, having been obtained when he was quite young in Alabama, and later in Mississippi. After reaching Texas in 1839 he had no chance for schooling. A thorough knowledge of higher mathematics was absolutely necessary for him to become a good surveyor, and to that end he bent all the energy he possessed, and with an indomitable will to succeed he obtained the end he had in view.

I have in my possession many letters written at various times in those early days and all very interesting, one of which we give below, from his cousin, Albert. They were boys of five years, and at Huntsville, Alabama, schoolmates and companions for four years. They corresponded for many years, up to 1860.

"Huntsville, Alabama, Mar. 6, 1845.

Dear Cousin Andrew:—I do not remember when I received a letter, I care not from whom, that has produced a greater sensation in my bosom than the one now spread out before me. Nothing more agreeably surprised me than your letter which came so unexpectedly, for after hearing of the unfortunate incident which befell you, a wound which without proper treatment might result in the loss of a limb, I had not the most distant idea that within so short a time, not having the ball extracted, that you could have been able to write so respectable a letter. You mention in the first place that Christmas passed away uncelebrated, unnoticed by all, with the exception of the negro man, Old Pete, who remained up during the night firing his gun and pouring down the liquor in his accustomed way. The instant my eye glanced at the name of Pete, and circumstances you mention connected with the ever jolly old soul (for indeed he is jolly and a most excellent servant), my mind immediately recurred to various transactions which have occurred between you, Pete and myself; but to one more particularly which no doubt you will remember, and Pete also. Christmas Eve, or rather the day before, whilst I was at Bolivar, Miss., we were busily employed in preparing 'cob-guns,' which at the dawn of day we placed in the hands of Pete, who without the least hesitation touched fire to them, is the particular time to which I allude. You say that I have no doubt, but that I think your time would be more profitably employed if you would remain at home and spend your time in gaining information. But I tell you where your ser-

vices are needed for the protection of your country, where your liberty is at stake and the preservation of many lives depends upon your valor, you should use every means



Andrew Nelson Erskine

in your power by sacrificing every comfort to attain the desired ends; and then if liberty or annexation are the fruits of your exertions, you may be permitted to enjoy peace and find time sufficient to bestow upon your studies. Be not discouraged for if you have not the advantages to receive a liberal education in that wild and romantic land which are found in a more civilized and enlightened one, then make use of those means which are afforded you. Use every exertion on your part to attain what information you can and then your attempt will be amply rewarded. Farewell.

Your dear cousin,

ALBERT."

The advice given by his cousin Albert was good, and also that offered by his sister, Catherine, which is given in the following letter:

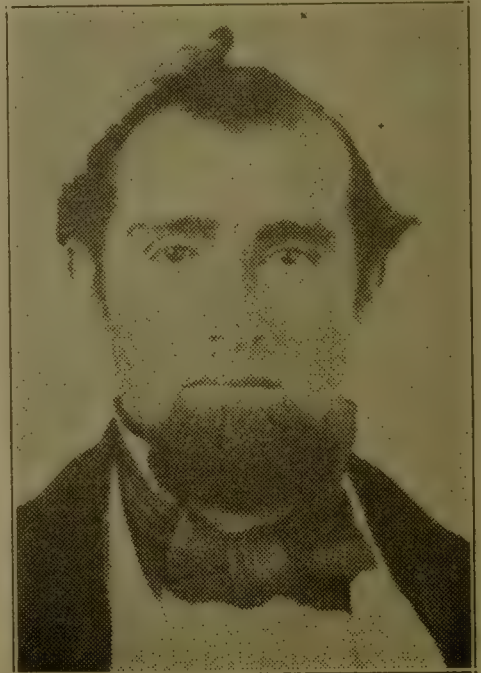
"Elizabeth City, Carolina, Feb. 1845.

My dear brother:—I was aware you were going to school. Father wrote to me, and this knowledge gave me great pleasure, knowing, as you expressed yourself in your letter, that your education was very imperfect. I may, dear brother, with you regret that fortune did not smile on you sufficient

to enable you to receive a good education, for with that you would not so much feel the want of property, having within yourself the means of making a support, and taking an important stand in society. Education to a person without property is a great deal. Although your schooling has been limited, you have had more than some of the first men of our country had in their boyhood. Henry Clay was a poor mill boy who lived with a widowed mother. See what ambition and his energy has done for him. I therefore hope you, my dear brother, sincerely hope, that you will (as you said in your letter you intended doing) exert every nerve in you to improve yourself. Only have ambition and resolve that all the time you can spare from whatever occupation you may be engaged in shall be employed in improving yourself. The great fault with young men who have not the means of procuring for themselves an education is want of ambition and energy. Accept, the best love and wishes of your truly attached sister,

CATHERINE H. ERINGHAUS."

Encouraged by such good advice Andrew Erskine burned the midnight oil, or more properly speaking the tallow candle in pursuing his studies. There were no oil burning lamps in those day of early Texas. The tallow dip was the only available means for lights. He had ambition and he made good.



John P. Erskine

While he was attending school in Seguin in 1845, the Indians made a raid on the Guadalupe, north of the town, killed a Mexican and committed other depredations. A party of settlers soon gathered and took the trail of the marauders, Andrew going with them. The trail led up the Cibolo river, the boundary line of Guadalupe and Bexar counties. Late in the evening a heavy rain and norther came on them and they were forced to go into camp. One of the men, who was dressed in buckskin which had become pretty well soaked by the rain, was hovering over the fire, and soon began to feel uncomfortable from the tightness of his clothing. An attempt was made to remove his clothes, but as this could not be done the garments had to be ripped off of him. In the parlance of law, he was non-suited in a cold norther. It is a well known fact that wet buckskin rapidly shrinks from fire heat. Next morning the Indians' trail could not be followed on account of the rain, and the pursuers had to return to Seguin.

Another letter to Andrew in regard to his ambition is here given:

"Austin, Texas, April 20th, 1845.

Andrew Erskine:—Your acceptable and interesting letter of the 14th inst. was presented by Mr. Calvert in due time. Many thanks for your attention. I am truly pleased to learn that you are clambering up the hill of science. I say 'clambering,' for I have ever considered the path rugged and difficult of ascent. Be this as it may, I do assure you that by a proper exertion of industry, perseverance and application to study, numerous as the impediments and obstacles may be and that the summit may appear far aloft, you will at all times find the road open, though much beaten, and may yet perchance be able to ascend as high as others, though you may not attain the apex or pinnacle upon which Sir Isaac Newton did not plant his foot. With regard to studying surveying I am inclined to think that you can hardly devote to it too much of your attention. Should time and opportunity offer, no one would take more pleasure in aiding you in the prosecution of this or any other study in which I might be conversant than I, either by giving you theoretical or practical information, etc. Best regards to your father and all of the family. Yours truly,

JAS. P. HECTOR."

Mr. Hector in after years proved himself a true friend and did, during 1846, give practical instruction and demonstration in actual surveying of much value to Andrew Erskine. We have oral evidence of the surveying expedition out some distance in the territory west and northwest of San Antonio. The surveying party was out for a considerable time. Andrew was able to put to use all the theoretical knowledge gained

at school, but what was of most-value to him was the learning of actual surveying in the field under such an able and interested teacher as his friend, Mr. Hector, who was an able surveyor, engineer and highly educated gentleman. He was a warm and valuable friend to the young man who gained from his more knowledge of surveying than he could have gained in any other way. Mr. Hector was a particular friend to the writer, who knew him many years before his death, which occurred at Eagle Pass. I am now living on a survey made by him in 1880 in Zavala county, Texas.

After the surveying expedition above referred to, Mr. Hector had a position in the General Land Office at Austin, and desiring to have certain land located, in 1847, he engaged Andrew Erskine to do the work, as the following letter will show:

"Austin, March 22, 1847.

Dear Andrew:—Yours of 17th inst. reached me by Astyas (Mexican). Mr. DeCordova reached Austin day before Astyas arrived. Astyas leaves tomorrow for Seguin bearing dispatches to you for Mr. DeCordova. I consulted Mr. DeCordova (a noted land locator of Austin who located land over a large part of Texas) on the matter of engaging your services to locate and survey for him. He sends you certificates to engage your attention for the present and I am authorized to say if you make prompt and proper return of his field notes, full and descriptive, neat and legible, he will give you as much work to do as will keep you busily engaged for the next two years and pay you your handsome or liberal wages.

Yours, as ever,

J. P. HECTOR."

This shows how rapidly the young man has risen since taking up the study of surveying at school in Seguin in 1845. Inside of a few months he had risen to where Mr. Hector had entrusted him with the locating of a lot of land. At the time of the receipt of this letter Andrew had barely passed his twenty-first birthday. He applied himself diligently to his chosen profession, and his reputation was such that Mr. Otto Woepelman, a German merchant of Seguin, recommended him to the German Immigration Company of Hamburg, Germany, and he was awarded the contract for surveying a large amount of land previously granted by the Republic of Texas to H. Castro, who founded Castroville in 1844. He was awarded the contract to do this surveying at \$20 per section. His brother, John P. Erskine, was associated with him, and they went out into the country with a crew of ten men and commenced surveying on May 25th, ending the work July 25th. In sixty days they surveyed 190 sections, some of which was divided into 320-acre tracts, a total of 121,600 acres. It would have been a profitable job if they had received all of

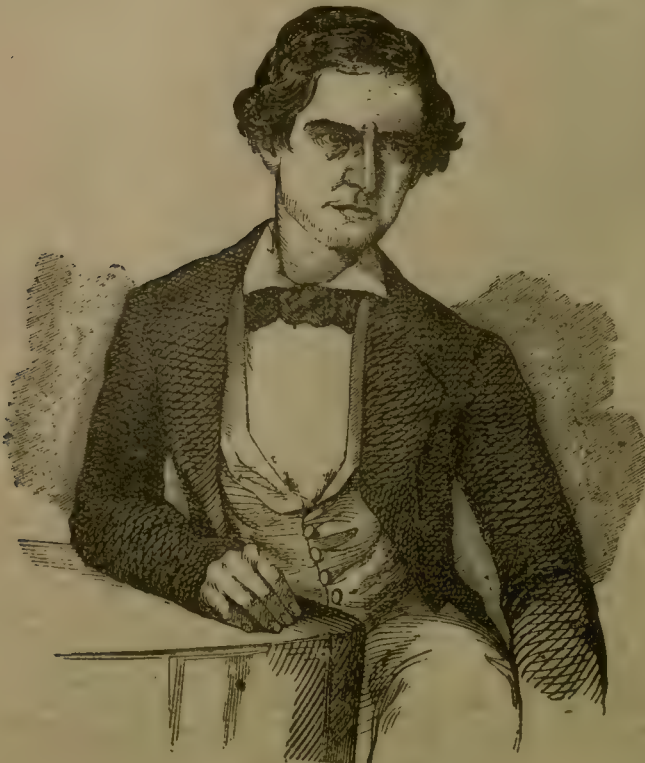
their pay, but only a portion was paid on completion of the surveying, some later, and before final settlement the Immigration Company defaulted. Years later Andrew sued the company and recovered judgment in the district court at San Antonio. He was years collecting and never received all due.

During 1847 he did much other surveying, some of which was for his father, who located a lot of land. Late in 1847 his attention became engaged in a more interesting matter, which is indicated by the following letter:

"At Home (Hoges Mill) Dec. 18th, 1847.

Dear Andrew:—I received by the hand of Mr. Gordon your invitation to perform the ceremony of marriage between yourself and Miss Ann. I deeply regret that it will not be in my power to be present on that interesting and, to you happy occasion. I would have been delighted had circumstances permitted to have complied with your request, for I know no two young persons for whom I have a higher regard than for your intended bride and yourself, and no families to whom I am more attached than those to which you respectively belong. Please present my compliments to Miss Ann, and accept for yourself the assurance of my sincere wishes for your happiness. Your friend truly,

WILLIAM E. JONES."



Colonel Jack Hays.

Judge Jones was an old and intimate friend of both families. He was the first district judge to hold court in Guadalupe county after its organization in 1846.

On December 27, 1847, Andrew Erskine married Miss Ann Theresa Johnson, daughter of an early Texas pioneer, who came from near Lexington, Kentucky, in 1836, with his family and negroes and settled a plantation on the Brazos river near Richmond, Texas. Joseph F. Johnson was in General Houston's army at the battle of San Jacinto. His family, hearing that Santa Anna was coming with his army, hastily left their dinner table, the house and everything just as it was at the moment, and fled to the Brazos bottoms. A friendly Indian and his squaw, to whom the family had been kind, took care of everything, carrying all articles they thought most needed to the hiding place in the bottom, where the family remained three days, or until they heard of Santa Anna's defeat. Mr. Johnson made several moves, finally locating in Seguin in 1840.

After the marriage the young couple lived for a short time with the wife's parents, but from the following letter I assume it was his intention of living with his cousin, John Caperton, who had a house in Seguin.

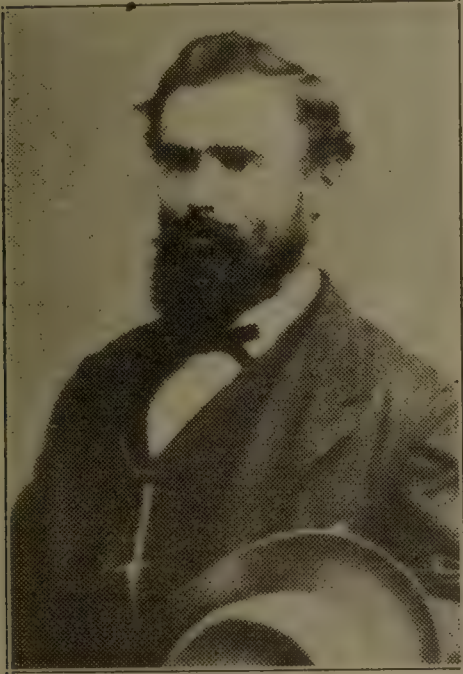
"New Orleans, Feb. 24, 1848.

Dear Little Andy:—I have received two letters from you lately. I will be delighted to have you in my house all the time, but I protest your bringing your surveying instruments here. If you used it for an office even for a week, it will be an excuse for any fellow for a year after to come there to see you, and I wish to be inflicted as little as possible. I will not be able to leave here with Uncle Mike (Michael Erskine) although I would give a great deal to do so, but some time in the next month I certainly will be with you. My love to Mrs. Handy Andy and remember me kindly to all. I will be one of your little family, but if I do I will expect elegant management, and that I feel certain Mrs. Andy can perform.

Yours truly,
JOHN CAPERTON."

Andrew did not accept the offer of his Cousin John, to make his home with him in Seguin, but instead accepted an offer made by his father, who on learning of his approaching marriage, wrote him not to go to house-keeping for the first year, but to

live with him. His father was in Elizabeth City, N. C., at that time. In March of 1848 Andrew and his bride went to his father's Capote Ranch, where his brother, John, had a large farm of 600 acres and



Michael N. Erskine

negroes, and he engaged with him in farming. That year, 1848, it is recorded that they made a corn crop of 12,000 bushels, no doubt the largest crop up to that time ever made in Southwest Texas, and a record crop for many years afterward. During the following years he did more or less surveying. With the assistance of his brother, John, and the negroes he built for himself on a nice location within half a mile of his father's house, a two-story log house and other necessary buildings, and he and his wife had a comfortable home. She often visited her father, Joseph F. Johnson, and family at their hotel home in West Seguin, and there on August 10, 1849, their first child, a son, came to bless them, Blucher Haynes Erskine.

After returning to their Capote home life became more interesting, as a sister, Mary Malinda Erskine, had recently arrived from Lewisburg, Virginia, (now West Virginia) where she had been attending school for five years. She lived much with them, as she was very much attached to her sister-in-law, Ann, and devoted to the baby. Some years later she married Henry Maney, who became district judge at Seguin, and they reared a numerous family of boys and

girls, a number of whom are living at this writing.

Life went on pleasantly at Capote, for a large comfortable home, built on a high bluff on the south side of the Guadalupe river, was occupied by his father, three sisters and two brothers. The Capote Ranch was an ideal location, consisted of 26,000 acres, fourteen miles east of Seguin, all on the south side of the Guadalupe river, which furnished fine fishing and bathing, and immense groves of pecan and other nut bearing trees, with various fruits and berries, in season gave an interesting variety. But the time came for a change. Margaret Jane Eiskine, left by the family in 1834 to go to school at Huntsville, Alabama, where she lived with her uncle, Dr. Alexander Erskine, had married James M. Miller, a young merchant of Huntsville, about 1841. In the fall of 1850 Miller reached Capote with his wife and three sons, Michael Erskine, James Mason and Alexander Erskine, also his negroes. He owned a good tract of land adjoining Capote on the west, and conditions were such he was offered a good inducement to take over and occupy Andrew Erskine's home, and jointly with his father-in-law operate the large Capote farm. The entire family lived there many years, some until 1867, when the family moved to Seguin. Oh, the happy days we have spent with them, in the first home we ever knew.

Andrew Erskine, wife and baby moved back to Seguin, induced to do so by her father, Jos. F. Johnson giving his son-in-law and daughter a beautiful homesite and profitable property four miles west of Seguin, on the east side of the Guadalupe river. A large mill and ferry were in operation. Below mill and ferry were the Eight-Foot Falls, the largest on the river. This place was known as Mill Point. Erskine's Ferry was on the stage road to San Antonio, thirty-one miles distant. In 1852 he completed a concrete house, two stories, which provided a comfortable home for himself and family for years. Andrew Erskine was actively engaged for a long time, operating the mill, the ferry, the farm, and surveying. In April, 1854, his father started from the Capote Ranch with 1,000 beeves for California, accompanied by his sons, John and Michael H. Erskine, leaving Andrew to manage the farm and ranch, and to look after the large herds of cattle and horses, which, with his own interests, kept him very busy.

In the fall of 1856 he was elected county clerk of Guadalupe county, and held the office for six years. In 1857 he came near losing the mill by fire, which fortunately was extinguished by the heroic work of Robert I. Johnson. This was the first mill built on the Guadalupe.

I recall very vividly my father having in his home a heavy bull hide Indian shield, ornamented with paintings, and some arrows and a bow, and he often told us how

they came to be in his possession. A former employee at the mill and ferry moved to Bandera county, and one day while this man and a party of friends were riding over the range they discovered two Indians. The Indians ran and took refuge in a slight depression of the ground. They were surprised to see one of the Indians take hold of the other and give a stab with a knife, and then they knew the Indian had killed his squaw. When the body dropped the Indian crouched low and prepared to sell his life as dear as possible. As they approached nearer the redskin made the arrows fly. They tried to get him to surrender, but he would not, so they killed him and Mr. Byrd sent the trophies to my father.

About November 1, 1859, a Mexican bandit, Juan Cortina, invaded the lower Rio Grande Valley, crossing the Rio Grande between Edinburg and Brownsville. He was accompanied by some 500 Mexicans bent on robbing, murdering and terrorizing the sparse population of that section, mostly Mexicans. There were not enough Americans, even with the few United States troops in that entire region to drive him out. The Governor of Texas called for volunteers, and commissioned Colonel Ford to enlist men, organize a company to drive out the invaders. Colonel Ford issued a call for men to meet him near Corpus Christi. Captain Tobin raised a company at San Antonio and started to the Valley. Seguin sent a small company, and Andrew Erskine was among them. I have many letters written by him while he was in this service, and here give some of them, which I am sure will be interesting to the reader. They were written to his wife, whom he addressed as Ann, and are of historical value now:

"San Patricio, Nov. 24, 1859.

Dear Ann:—I have just reached here and it is reported by a man sent out from Corpus Christi by the Committee of Safety, and who went out as far as the chapparal thirty miles this side of Brownsville, that Cortina is still in the country with about 500 men, and that Captain Tobin is waiting for re-inforcements before he fights him. We are going to Banquette today, about 8 miles from Brownsville. I cannot tell you whether we will go on or not; will not go on without we have more men. We have 17 in number, all pleasant companions and the trip so far has been very pleasant. The weather is fine and my throat has gotten entirely well and I feel much better than I did when I started. Tell the boys I want to see them very much. Don't be uneasy about me. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

A. N. ERSKINE."

"Banquiti, Nov. 25th, 1859.

Dear Ann:—I wrote you yesterday from San Patricio. We are starting this morn-

ing with about 35 men. Yesterday an express was received here from Col. Ford addressed to the volunteers out west, saying he had authority to muster men into the service of the State and would be here this evening. We are going on for 10 miles and wait for Ford. We have not received any reliable information from Brownsville yet. All land communication between this place and Brownsville is cut off and the people here know nothing of the state of affairs on the Rio Grande. Our party are all anxious to go on and we will not return to Seguin until we can make a correct report. This will be the last place you will hear from me until we get to Brownsville, which is five days' ride from here. God bless you and the boys.

Yours affectionately,

A. N. ERSKINE."

Rio Grande City, Dec. 2nd, 1859.

Dear Ann:—We reached here this morning about 10 o'clock, almost worn out, having traveled forty miles since 3 o'clock yesterday without any water, except what we could carry along in our canteens, which was so salty we could hardly drink it. The last seventy-five miles has been over a complete desert with but little grass or water. We encountered none of Cortina's party on our way, but since arriving here we learned that Tobin's men from San Antonio, about thirty, had a fight with some of Cortina's party and were whipped and lost four men. The next day after the fight all the available force in Brownsville, some 350 in number, went out to fight Cortina, but before they reached his camp they disagreed as to who should command them and returned without attacking him. It is not known here how many men Cortina has, but there are various estimates at from five to seven hundred. Near Banquiti we had an organization and many of the men wanted me to run for captain, but I knew Parson (Andrew) Herron expected that office and I refused to oppose him, and proposed myself that he be chosen captain by unanimous consent, which was done, and then they chose me lieutenant and orderly sergeant. As yet I do not know what movement we will make, but I think we will go down the river about 65 miles to Edinburg and there wait for Col. Ford, who will bring the volunteers ordered out by the Governor. I am getting very homesick and want to see you and the boys very much, but I must deny myself the pleasure of meeting you and them for awhile yet. As soon as I can get home I intend to do so. You do not know how much I would give to see you and my boys. God bless you and them.

Yours affectionately,

ANDREW."

Rio Grande City, Dec. 2nd, 1859.

Dear Ann:—I wrote to you yesterday via

Corpus Christi, but learning "today" that there was a mail to San Antonio via Laredo which goes out in the morning, I determined to ride from our quarters, a half mile, through a severe norther, to write again. The norther came up about five o'clock, but fortunately for us we were in comfortable quarters in the officers' houses in Ringgold barracks. Each mess, from five to eight men, has two large and very comfortable rooms with fireplace and kitchen, and very convenient drawers, cupboards, wardrobes, etc. We want nothing but chairs, beds, tables and household furniture to be in excellent condition to keep house. We also have good stables and plenty of hay and small rations of corn for our horses. So you see we are not faring so badly as you may think, when you were greeted by the same norther, probably at midnight, and thinking, "Now poor Andrew is lying in some bleak prairie." Today I am very homesick and would give a great deal to be with you and the boys. I can't return now, but my heart and thoughts are with you and our boys. I have never been from you so short a time before when I missed you so much, and I think when I get home again I will not leave its comforts and my affectionate wife and interesting boys for any honors and emoluments. I told you in my letter yesterday I could not say where we would go from here, or how long I would be from you. We have determined to stay here until we recruit our animals, which need it very much after the hard ride across the desert. In two or three days we will go down the river to Edinburg, 65 miles from here, and there try and meet Col. Ford. We will not think of meeting Cortina with our present force, and there is no danger unless we go down to where he is camped. It seems he is fortified about ten miles from Brownsville and does not send out any scouting parties, but waits to be attacked. The volunteers and citizens of Brownsville have surely acted badly or Cortina would have been routed long since. Give my love to all. God bless you, dear Ann, and my boys.

Yours,

ANDREW."

Rio Grande City, Dec. 7th, 1859.

Dear Ann:—Since I wrote you last we have been staying at this place waiting the return of an express sent Col. Ford, but some of the men are so anxious to go on that we are getting ready this morning to leave and go down the river to Edinburg, where we expect to meet Col. Ford. Yesterday another norther and this morning very cold. It is fortunate for us that we have been in good comfortable quarters during these cold spells. We are yet uninformed as to the true state of affairs at Brownsville. We know, however, that Cortina is still fortified at the same place and has several hundred men in his camp. If we form a junction with Col. Ford at Edin-

burg, as we hope to do, we will march directly down and attack Cortina. We cannot think of doing so with our little handful of men. The men are all anxious to be doing something and are getting very restless. I for one want to go on and do what we came for and return home to you and the children. I assure you I am getting very homesick, and nothing but a sense of duty will prevent me from staying any longer than I can possibly help. It will be three weeks, day after tomorrow, since I left home and it seems like three months. I have no doubt it appears much longer to you. Keep in good spirits, I hope to be home before Christmas, and take Christmas dinner with you and the boys. I intended to go over to Camargo (a town just across the Rio Grande in Mexico) about five miles from here, but it was so cold I did not go. Day before yesterday I dined with Mr. Howard, deputy collector at this place, who was at the Capote in 1847. He has been recently married to a German lady of Brownsville, who is very pleasant and intelligent, speaking English and Spanish fluently. There I had the only good dinner since I left home. I hope to get a letter from you at Brownsville if I go there, which will let me hear how you are doing at home. The men are ready and I must close this letter. God bless you and my boys. Again kiss my boys all around.

Your affectionate husband,

ANDREW."

Edinburg, Texas, Dec. 9, 1859.

Dear Ann:—We got here last night. Cortina is still at his camp. We received an express this morning from Brownsville stating that Capt. Tobin had 50 rangers and Major Halsteman had 150 regulars and they expected to attack Cortina in a few days. We have not yet heard from Col. Ford and will wait here for him. When Ford comes up we will proceed at once to attack Cortina. I cannot say how long we will remain here. Our movements are governed entirely by Col. Ford. We are getting very impatient and anxious to go on but do not consider it prudent to attack Cortina with our little force of 30 men. Be of good cheer. I will be home soon. God knows I wish I was there now. The express is waiting for this. God bless you.

A. N. ERSKINE."

P. S. —Cortina seems determined to stand his ground and give them the best fight he can. The intelligent portion of the Mexican population Reynosa say that Cortina has 400 or 500 men and we cannot go to Brownsville without going directly by his camp. The express is on his horse. Farewell.

Yours lovingly,

ANDREW."

Edinburg, Dec. 11, 1859.

Dear Ann:—I write this now for the purpose of sending by the first opportunity, as

there is no mail from this place to any point. I merely write to say at this moment our express sent to Col. Ford ten days ago has just reached us, informing us that he changed his course and instead of coming here as he promised, he has gone the lower road to Brownsville. We intend leaving here this evening and going in the direction of Brownsville about 30 miles, where we have learned about 30 of Cortina's men are. When we get there, if we do not find them, we will turn to the right and fall in with Col. Ford about 50 miles from Brownsville. Cortina is still in his old position and no doubt well prepared to make a strong defense. We therefore are not foolish enough to suppose we can attack him and are only going to reconnoitre in the vicinity of his camp. I have gone out two days scouting below this place, but as yet we have seen none of his men. I am growing more and more impatient to get home every day. If I could get a letter from you I would be better satisfied. I will leave this open until I find some opportunity of sending it.

Your affectionate husband,

ANDREW.

Point Isabell, Dec. 18th.

You will see by the date of this that I have found no opportunity to send you this since I left Edinburg last Sunday. After going down the river 6 miles we heard of a party of Cortina's men out some 45 miles from the river and we went out there, but did not find them. We then struck down the country until we reached the lower Brownsville road, followed that road to Brownsville and got in yesterday morning. (17th), after traveling all night nearly. We went immediately to Capt. Tobin's camp, where I found Charley Cameron (a relative) and many acquaintances. They were all glad to see us, as there was a report the day before that we had been killed by Cortina's party. When we got to Brownsville we were informed that on Tuesday (14th) the Rangers and Regulars had attacked Cortina's Camp and routed him, but he retreated with both pieces of his cannon and lost but very few of his men. Soon after we got to town a report came in that this place (27 miles from Brownsville on the Gulf) had been taken by Cortina. The order was for 100 men to start down. Tired and worn as I was, I bought a good pony and started with them. Mr. Cannon and two others of our company came also, and Charley and I were honored with the position of advance spy, who were sent ahead with the guide. We got here about 2 o'clock last night and found the report false, but the people on guard anticipating danger. This place is nothing more than a government depot and customs house. (U. S.) with only four or five Americans, eighty or 100 Germans and Mexicans. I am writing this in the customs house. I am nearly worn out from loss of sleep and

fatigue. Will leave this open until I find some opportunity to send it.

Your affectionate husband,

ANDREW.

We will stay here today and tomorrow will scout out and return to Brownsville. It is impossible for me to say what time I will be at home. Cortina is still unwhipped and in our country committing his depredations, and must be defeated. How long before it can be done God only knows. I am getting mighty tired of the expedition, and homesick, but I cannot go home by land with safety and I have no money to go by steamer and could not take my horses easily. This letter will not leave here until Friday and will go by the steamer. Arizona, to Powder Horn, and from there to Seguin. There is no mail by land to any point. I may be able to write again in Brownsville, and if we have a fight I will inform you of it. There was only one of Tobin's men killed, a German. Capt. Tobin has sent out for a boat load of oysters. We will have a fine time of it. We have lived very hard a good part of the time on our way here, having nothing but beef and coffee without sugar. How often have I thought of our comfortable home, of you and the boys, on this trip, particularly of a night when I was laying on the hard ground in the cold and rain. Try and keep things straight until I get home, which I hope will not be long. I know none of your letters can reach me. Kiss all the boys and do not grieve about my long stay.

Your affectionate husband,

ANDREW."

Brownsville, Dec. 20th, 1859.

Dear Ann:—I have just returned from Point Isabell, where I wrote you a long letter on Sunday. But Mr. Bane has just informed me he would leave here in the morning and avail myself of the opportunity to write by him, as he will go more direct. As I have stated to you in all my letters, I am getting homesick and would leave with Mr. Bane if I could do so without disgrace, and I know you would not want me to do that. I am heartily sick of my trip and regret that I ever left home, on yours and my boys' account. I gave you all the late news in my letter from Point Isabell, but I will state again briefly the state of affairs here. On Monday, the 14th, Captain Tobin with the rangers and Major Halsteman with his regulars attacked Cortina's fortification and after cannonading the place for some time Cortina abandoned it and retreated up the road. The rangers dismounted and took the brush and fought them for several miles, but Cortina retained his cannon. It commenced raining and as night came on the fight stopped. Next morning was so disagreeable and the rangers having two men wounded (one having died since) the whole force returned to Brownsville and Cortina is supposed to have

gone on up the river. Col Ford was ordered out the same evening we left Point Isabel, and on our return we found him here. The report is he had found out Cortina's position on the Rio Grande river, twenty miles above here, and we will leave here in the morning to go and attack him. We now have about 225 rangers and 150 U. S. regulars, making in all 375 men, who ought to easily whip Cortina with 1,000 men, so don't feel any great uneasiness about me as I do not anticipate much danger. If I could get a long letter from you I would be more reconciled to the long, long separation. I have not had a chance to go over and see Matamoras. I intended going this evening, but fortunately met with Mr. Bane and of course I would prefer spending the evening writing to you more than doing anything else. If I could, would cheerfully write more, but must start for camp. Give my love to all relatives. Kiss my boys and be in good cheer, as I will be at home soon. My good wife may God protect you.

Your affectionate husband.

ANDREW.

P. S. —If we do not meet with Cortina on this trip, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Saffold and myself, and probably several of our company, will start home immediately after. Don't look for me too soon, as to be disappointed. When I get home I will stay there to make amends."

Thus the reader will get from the above letters, an idea of the pursuit of Cortina and his band. The rangers under Colonel Ford, Captain Tobin and Captain Andrew Herron, and the regulars under Major Halsteman, who being senior officer probably had general command, did go after Cortina, probably on December 22, 1859, and attacked him in his fortified camp above Brownsville, and completely routed him, inflicting heavy loss, and driving him and his band across the Rio Grande into Mexico. The chastisement was so severe Cortina was not heard of again, nor was the Texas border troubled by organized bandits from Mexico until some years later. Andrew Erskine reached his home at Mill Point, on the Guadalupe river, January 7, 1860, after an absence of two months, and found much to engage his attention; accumulated correspondence, of which he had much, his duties as clerk of Guadalupe county, his mill, ferry and farm, we can readily see he was a very busy man. He also had many land matters calling for attention, for he was agent for parties in Alabama and other states who employed him to make investments for them in Texas lands and to look after such investments. He also had his own land interests to look after, considerable correspondence with agents to sell for him and collect on sales of his last Castro Colony land certificate, locations made in 1847, which he gained possession of by the suit in 1852. His father

Michael Erskine returned in 1859 after an absence of over five years in California, but continued to leave the management of his business to Andrew, as he had managed it during his father's absence, while the father gave his attention to driving cattle to New Orleans. He drove two herds in 1860 and 1861.

The children born to Andrew and Ann Teresa Erskine were seven boys, as follows: Blucher Haynes Erskine, born August 10, 1849.

William Edwin Erskine, born September 6, 1851.

John Henry Erskine born July 6, 1854.

Joseph F. Erskine, born July 6, 1856.

Robert Ignacious Erskine, born February 26, 1858.

Powell Erskine born, May 4, 1860. Drowned in Guadalupe river in 1862.

Thomas Erskine, born January 12, 1862.

The Civil War clouds were gathering fast, and Andrew Erskine had his patriotic blood stirred and his warlike spirit aroused. At a state convention held at Austin January 28, 1861, it was voted to withdraw from the Union; the vote of the convention was 166 ayes to 7 nays. For a time his better judgment, his love for wife, children and home, and his business affairs prevailed and he remained at home. When Governor Clark's proclamation was issued calling for troops Company D of



Thomas Ignacious Johnson.

2nd Lieutenant Co. D. Fourth Texas.
Killed at Second Battle of Manassas, Va.,
August 30, 1862.

Seguin and Guadalupe county men was organized and became a part of the Fourth Texas Regiment, destined to become one of the most noted in the Confederate service. The preliminary training camp was Camp Mabry on the San Marcos river, twenty miles north of Seguin. After a time for training, the Fourth Texas left for Virginia in August, 1861, reaching Richmond about September 15th, and became a very important unit of the Army of Virginia.

Thomas Ignacious Johnson, a brother to Andrew's wife, was a member of Company D when it first went out. He returned to Seguin in March, 1862, for recruits. The company and regiment had received its baptism of fire in battles and had lost many men. They obtained quite a number of recruits, and on April 30, 1862, started on their return to Virginia. Among the number was Andrew Erskine and his brother, Alexander M. Erskine, and their nephews, M. Erskine Miller and William Eringhaus.

On the bloody battlefield of Sharpsburg or Antietam, Maryland, Andrew Nelson Erskine, in his thirty-seventh year, made the supreme sacrifice of his life for liberty and his beloved Southland, on the 17th day of September, 1862. Col. E. H. Cunningham, of San Antonio and Sugarland, Texas, during his life time, told the writer that in a desperate charge they for a moment stopped by a fence; Andrew Erskine was by his side, and was instantly killed by a minie ball which passed through his temples. The following letter brought to the family the sad intelligence that the devoted husband and father had died for the great cause.

"Sheppardstown, Va., Sept. 18, 1862

My Dear Afflicted Sister:—It gives me intensest pain to tell you of the death of my dear brother, your husband, Andrew. Oh! how desolate is my sad heart at the loss of that brother twice endeared by the hardships and perils we have passed through together. But if my heart is so sad, what must yours be, my sister, deprived of a husband and friend? I cannot comfort you, but can only commend you to the tender mercies of our Heavenly Father, who hath said He doth not willingly afflict. He hath said He will be a father to the fatherless, a husband to the widow. Pray Him to have mercy on you and your little children. Our dear one suffered no pain in death for he was shot through the temples. He was killed on yesterday morning in the fight at Sharpsburg in making a terrible charge on the enemy. In consequence of the conflict being undecided, his body has not yet been recovered, but Maj. George has promised to attend to his interment. I am too badly wounded to return to look after him, having been shot through the left arm and twice in the side. I cannot write more now, but will do so in a few days. My heart is too sad.

To God I commend you, my dear sister.
Your sorrowing brother,
A. M. ERSKINE."

He was laid to rest in a soldier's grave in the soil of the state to which his great grandfather, Henry Erskine, came to from Sterling, Scotland in 1740, in Cecil county, Maryland.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking
Morn of trial or night of waking."

Uncle John Lane Passes Away.

Uncle John Lane, pioneer fiddler of this region, died at the home of his son John Lane, near Goldthwaite last Saturday, February 18th.

For the greater part of his life Uncle John Lane had been a resident of this section of Texas and had reared his family here. His greatest joy and chief occupation was his fiddle which he played from his early youth until his death for old-time dances which many of our parents and grand-parents attended. He was a master of the old tunes so dear to the heart of old settlers and pioneers. His versatile touch always struck a responsive chord in the hearts of his listeners and the feeling and sympathy of his melodies was loved by a wide and appreciative group of admirers.

At the time of his death Uncle John Lane was eighty-seven years old and throughout his long life he never failed to make a friend. His kindly nature and fine, deep feeling held many devoted friends over this entire region.

Listeners to WBAP the great radio station of the Star-Telegram at Fort Worth, have frequently been delighted with old-time melodies which Uncle John Lane called forth from the mellow resonance of his ancient fiddle. As always he was the feature attraction on such programs. In his youth he played just such melodies for the gay dancers of by-gone days. Age had no tendency to weaken the ardor of his fiddling and only a few months ago he captured a handsome first prize in a contest held at San Angelo during a Convention of Confederate Veterans there.

Although not a native Texan Uncle John Lane made his home here from early youth. Surviving him are five children, one daughter, Mrs. Myrtle Humphreys, of Ft. Worth; and four sons, John, Jesse, Lennon and Joe Lane who reside near Goldthwaite. His second wife preceeded him in death several months ago.

Following his death on Saturday interment was made beside his wife at Voca. The funeral services and burial were attended by a multitude of friends, relatives and admirers who knew the kindly old gentleman in life.—Harper, (Texas) Herald.

Congressman Hudspeth After Ranger Pensions

Congressman C. B. Hudspeth appeared recently before the Pension Committee of the House of Representatives and advocated an amendment to what is known as the "Leatherwood Bill," the Act of March 3, 1927, governing Indian War pensions, in order that Rangers who actually served in some recognized Company under a recognized Captain, but who were not sworn in by either State or Federal authority, can secure pensions. Many of the old Rangers are still living who can establish their service by the affidavits of comrades and neighbors, but such evidence has not been accepted by the Pension Bureau and for this reason these veterans and their widows are being denied pensions which the Con-

gressmen declared are due to them and if the present law does not permit the granting of pensions to them, then the law should be amended. This he strongly urged upon Committee. The names of the captains who led the Rangers in the Indian Wars of the Southwest are household words there. Though these companies, in many instances, were not mustered into the service of the State of Texas or the United States, yet they were furnished guns and ammunition by the Adjutant General at Austin. If Congressman Hudspeth's amendment is adopted, then all these old Rangers and their widows will receive pensions under under the law, and some can be granted at the Pension Bureau.

Recording History With the Camera

One of the best ways to preserve records of history is through the art of photography. There is today a young man in San Antonio who is engaged in a work that he himself does not realize the importance of. He is W. D. Smithers, who has, during the past few years made many notable photographs, pictures of men and events that will, in years to come, reflect the history of the present time. He has photos of Mexican revolutionists in action, pictures of Uncle Sam's troops on the march, and in camp, photos of circus actors, wild animals, snakes, mountain scenery, river views, and many other scenes. The picture shown herewith was taken last summer while Mr. Smithers was making photos of snakes. The big rattler was ready to strike when the snapshot was made. He has made some wonderful views from an airplane; in fact, he is making aerial photography a specialty at this time. A visit to his studio in San Antonio, on fourth floor, Hicks Building, is worth while for there the visitor sees many interesting and strange

sights. Mr. Smithers is gaining a national reputation for his wonderful skill in photography, but to us his pictures have a greater appeal from the fact that they are recording historical events of the present.



Jim Down's Tramp Across the Plains

Written By Don H. Biggers.



DO NOT KNOW whether Jim Downs is or isn't living now. If he is alive I suppose he is a resident of Stonewall or Fisher County, but wherever he is he is an interesting, philosophical character, and who, in his early days, had an experience that he has survived but never forgot. I had heard a great deal from old-timers about Downs' perilous tramp in the summer of 1876 from near Fort Stockton to the mouth of Silver Creek, a distance of about two hundred miles, and considered myself very fortunate when, some years ago, circumstances enabled me to meet and become personally acquainted with the old gentleman. I was traveling across the country in a buggy and having made a several days' hard drive, my team was about fagged out, and though it was late in the fall and very chilly, and I was entirely out of provisions, I decided to cross the Clear Fork and camp at the first hole of fresh water I found, as I would have to drive about fifteen miles before finding a lodging place and I would not cross the Clear Fork before sundown. The water in the Clear Fork where I crossed it was "gyp" and wholly unfit to drink, so I jogged along, keeping a close watch for a hole of rain water where I could quench my thirst and strike camp for the night. But fate was against me, and finally it became so dark that I couldn't distinguish a water hole from a wire fence nor the wrong road from the right direction. I saw a camp fire only a few yards from the roadside. Under circumstances of this kind a camp fire is the most cheerful sight imaginable. It calms violent passions, restores sanity, makes an optimist of the pessimist, and fills a cold world and a dark, chilly night with visions of comfort and plenty to eat. I turned the team out of the road and was driving in the direction of the camp fire when I drove astraddle of a mesquite tree, a tug came loose and other complications arose, and had the team been fresh and spirited there would doubtless have been a runaway and general smashup, but their broken down physical condition qualified them perfectly for a scrape of this kind. The collision with the tree and a few extemporaneous remarks which I deemed appropriate for the occasion served to notify the man near the camp fire that there was a traveler in distress not far away, so he came out to assist me, and in a cool, dispassionate manner advised me to unhitch and leave the buggy where it was until morning. His intentions were good, but part of his advice was wholly superfluous. For instance, the team was already exceedingly unhitched, and the buggy was so badly tangled up

with the tree that about the only way to get it loose was to have a runaway or chop the tree down, and darkness not being an auspicious time for wielding an ax, I accepted his suggestion as to leaving the buggy where it was until daylight. Of course I got supper, and the old gentleman divided his bed with me, and after we had been together an hour or so and struck up a very intimate fireside acquaintance we introduced ourselves, and my host was Jim Downs. I immediately brought up the subject of his early day adventures, of which I had heard so many old-timers speak, and here give in substance the story as Downs himself related it to me, as follows:

"In the summer of 1876 I was working on a ranch in Runnels County. I wasn't doing much and wasn't getting much for it, and of course I was ambitious to do better and as me and the boss didn't get along very well he seemed more than anxious to encourage my aspirations. Therefore when some strangers, having a considerable herd of cattle and claiming to be from San Antonio, came along one day and offered me a job of cooking at a good salary, I accepted and the boss consented, and though I had overdrawn my salary thirty-five cents he called the account square.

"The fellers with the cattle said they were going to Southern Arizona, and nothing of an interesting character occurred nor had the conduct of the parties been such as to arouse a suspicion in my mind until we got in the vicinity of Fort Stockton, when I chanced to overhear a conversation which revealed to me a grave state of affairs. Them fellers were simply a lot of cattle thieves with a herd of stolen stock, and they had got wind of the fact that the Fort Stockton authorities were watching for them. I think one of the outfit had quietly slipped into Fort Stockton and gathered the news. I didn't feel like that good dog Tray you have heard about, not much. I felt more like an orphan hound pup in the middle of a deep hole of water with a rock around his neck. I knew it would never do to be caught with that outfit, yet how was I going to get away? From what I overheard I knew we were forty or fifty miles from Fort Stockton, but I knew absolutely nothing about the country, nor did I know what direction we were from town. I didn't sleep much that night, but put in most of the time devising a scheme. I would never intimate that I suspected anything wrong, but would get enough information to enable me to reach Fort Stockton. The feller who was bossing the outfit had been absent two days, claiming that

he had gone back the trail, or rather the route, we had come, to hunt for some cattle that had got away, but I was satisfied that he had in reality been to Fort Stockton on a spying expedition, and that he knew the direction and would of course be the one to approach. He stood the last guard that night and came to his breakfast the next morning after the others had started on with the herd, and this gave me the desired opportunity. He was glum and sullen, seemed greatly troubled and proceeded to bawl me out about my cooking, the first time he had ever complained. I suppose this unnerved me, and I got somewhat tangled in proceedings, but nevertheless I brought the subject up by asking him if we were not close to Fort Stockton.

" 'Maybe we are and maybe we ain't,' he growled.

" 'I suppose we will get there in a day or two,' I continued, but I reckon I was getting nervous and he was getting suspicious. At any rate he blurted out:

" 'What's it to you whether we do or don't? What the h—l's Fort Stockton got to do with this drive?'

" 'Nothing that I know of, except that I am almost barefooted and nearly naked, and need some clothes and shoes, besides we are nearly out of baking powders and salt, and a few other culinary necessities, and I thought I would get a horse and go over and get what we need when we get tolerably close to the place, if you are not going by.' I said 'over,' but I didn't know whether it was up, down or across to Fort Stockton.

" 'Well,' he remarked, 'you can pull out whenever you get ready.'

" 'But what's the use for a fellow to start for a place when he doesn't even know the direction.'

" 'Get a map and maybe you can locate it that way,' he suggested.

"I might have taken a map if we had had one, and located Fort Stockton, but nothing short of a divine revelation would have located me just at that time. If I had known the relative positions of Fort Stockton and the north star I might have figured it out, but being shy on astronomical knowledge and without any map, I was as completely lost as a benighted heathen from a Christmas standpoint. More than that, my attempt to get information had merely complicated my position. I felt that I was suspicious, would be closely watched and probably fatally dealt with the first time I made a wrong step or false move. I must play the game scientifically, and yet about all I could do would be to trust to fate and favorable circumstances.

"All that day I studied and worried, and that night I slept but little, but could devise no plan of temporal salvation. My only hope was that the thieves would

elude the officers and thus save one good man, that good man being myself.

"The next day after my interview with the boss, and while the herd was moving along probably a mile in advance of the wagon, the State cattle inspector, with a squad of rangers, paid the outfit a visit, but the outfit, anticipating trouble, had kept a sharp lookout, and when the officers reached the herd they found it without herders, and while the officers were inspecting the cattle one of the gang rushed up to the wagon, hurriedly got a few articles, and said to me: 'Take care of yourself, young man. The jig's up and the other boys have escaped.' My first thought was to get away with the wagon and team, which I did not think had been seen by the officers, and acting upon this rash impulse, I turned and started at full speed in an opposite direction from the herd, but had not gone far until I discovered that the officers had seen the wagon and were giving chase and rapidly gaining ground. I was driving a pair of mules neither of which had ever been ridden and to have cut one of them loose and tried to escape on his bare back would have resulted in nothing more than a hard fall, a riderless mule and my certain capture, and flight being an evidence of guilt, my fate after reaching Fort Stockton would have been a Coroner's inquest and a lonely grave with a 'cow thief's epitaph on a limerock tombstone. I was on the outskirts of a rough country and perhaps 500 yards in advance of the officers, and as I turned the point of a rough, bush and boulder-covered hill I was completely out of sight of them. Before me was a perfectly open, level valley probably five miles wide. Here was my opportunity and I took advantage of it. Grabbing a Winchester rifle which was in the front of the wagon and without slackening the breakneck speed of the mules I jumped to the ground and quickly hid among the boulders and brush on the hillside, barely having time to do so when the officers dashed by in pursuit of the now runaway mules. The officers did not discover that the driver had escaped, the wagon having the sheet on it. Owing to the start the mules had and the gait they traveled the officers did not very readily overtake them, and not caring to venture too near the wagon loaded with desperate characters as they might conjecture, they fired probably fifty shots into the sheet, and were nearing the far side of the valley the last time I saw them. Had the officers killed one of the mules soon after I left the wagon of course they would have returned and in all probability have found me, but I suppose they calculated that they could soon capture the whole business, at least being able to do so before the team had crossed the open country.

"In jumping from the wagon I had severely sprained an ankle, but as soon as

the officers had passed I proceeded to crawl and hobble away from that locality, and went about two miles where I found a good hiding place, and here I began to meditate. An invoice of my personal effects and earthly prospects revealed a very gloomy state of affairs. My ankle was swelling and paining me awfully, there were just three cartridges in the magazine of the gun, I was guilty of no crime, yet a fugitive from the law was probably walking into the jaws of a fate more horrible than the gallows, for in addition to the fact there were Indians in the country, I had not had a bite to eat, was almost barefooted and so far as I knew there was not a ranch or settlement nearer than 200 miles; but I had one thing that I would not have traded for a gold mine under the circumstances, and that was a tin box full of sulphur matches. I lay in my hiding place until dark, by which time I was suffering with pain, had considerable fever and a raging thirst, but I hobbled to a hole of water some few hundred yards away, got a drink, and with the north star as my only guide started on my journey to an unknown destination, with the odds 3000 to nothing that I didn't get there.

"I had decided that by traveling in a northeasterly direction I would be able to strike the settlements somewhere in the vicinity of Runnels County, and possibly would find a buffalo hunter's camp between the Pecos and Colorado Rivers, but of course knew absolutely nothing as to the character of country I would have to cross, but I deemed this plan much better than trying to follow the route we had come with the herd, for I knew there was not a camp or place of any kind along that route where I could get anything to eat, besides it was a very rough country, hard for a crippled, barefooted man to travel over, and by the new route I had calculated to reach the plains or open country much sooner than I did.

"Owing to my lameness and the rough, mountainous character of the country I traveled only about ten miles the first night, and at daylight the next morning came near running plump into an Indian camp. Old frontiersmen used to say that whenever you see an Indian, rest assured that that Indian has seen you twice, but my case was undoubtedly an exception to the rule. I was so hungry that I would have gladly entertained a proposition to trade those Indians my scalp for a chunk of raw dog, but as the Indians were total strangers to me I didn't feel like making them a social call or opening business negotiations with them. I was confident they would take all the scalps they could get hold of, but had serious doubts about them having any dogs to spare, so I gave the Indians a squatter's right to about ten miles of surroundance and traveled very slowly and cautiously that day, covering

only a few miles. I was ravenously hungry, and while game, especially rabbits, was plentiful I could not shoot at anything. If there should be Indians in the vicinity, and it was impossible to tell how near I was to a bunch or camp of them, at any time, the report of the gun would betray my whereabouts, and as the Indians were liable to find me at any time, despite all my precaution, I would need every cartridge I had to run even a decent game of bluff. After several attempts I succeeded late that evening in killing a rabbit with a rock. I broiled and ate the rabbit, and then, selecting a good hiding place, went to sleep, and contrary to my intentions did not wake up until nearly midnight, when I resumed my journey, and late in the afternoon of the second day I reached the Pecos River, which stream I had to swim, with my gun and clothing strapped across my back. After crossing the Pecos I was three nights trudging through the mountains and sandhills and then struck the lower plains. I was weak, hungry and thirsty, and my poorly protected feet were blistered and sore, and my wounded leg swollen from my body to the end of my toes. I had not tasted water for nearly twenty-four hours, and had not attempted to kill a rabbit, but fortunately there had been recent rains and I soon found a lake of water on the plains where I quenched my thirst, but at the lake I discovered Indians' signs and was afraid to go to sleep or rest long in one place as I might fall into a fatal stupor. Before striking the plains I had provided myself with half a dozen rocks, but they were getting mighty heavy and it was a debatable question with me whether I should throw away the gun or the rocks. Just before sundown I threw five of the rock at one rabbit before killing it, and as I was getting too weak to throw any desirable results, I never bothered about gathering up the rocks that I had thrown at the rabbit, and threw away the other rock as I had no further use for it, and while it was no larger than your fist it would have weighed several pounds, comparatively speaking. I was nearly four days and nights limping across the plains and through country west of the Colorado River. There were no buffaloes in the country, and of course there were no hunters or camps, but at last I reached the breaks of the Colorado River, having no idea as what part of the country I was in nor how far I was from civilization. Desperate with pain and delirious with fever I sat down under a little tree to rest and decide whether I should end my misery or prolong the struggle. I had used two of my cartridges in killing rabbits after throwing away my rock, and had just enough ammunition left to kill one more rabbit or a miserable human, and the weight of the argument was in the rabbit's favor.

"My feet were worn to the quick and

bleeding, and to wrap them up and partially protect them. I had torn most of the clothing from my body, which was fearfully sunburned and blistered. I was rewrapping the worn-out rags around my feet and trying to determine whether it should be me or the rabbit, when I heard an animal walking up the ravine, and looking in the direction of the sounds saw a Mexican riding a burro and passing a few yards from me, and I immediately continued the case of myself vs. the rabbit, and took up that of the Mexican. The Mexican had a small bundle, evidently his provisions and camping outfit, so I decided to interview the gentleman, and if there wasn't a ranch or camp mighty close I would borrow that burro and whatever the bundle contained, regardless of the owner's consent or protests. You see bad associations and desperate circumstances demoralize a man. First, I got into bad company and then into trouble, and I felt sure that if captured no explanations I could make would save my neck, and whether I was right or wrong in this conjecture I am glad now that I took the course I did. Next you find me with signs on a span of good mules and a whole wagonload of provisions, and next resolved to deprive a poor lone Mexican of his dirty bundle and sorry burro, probably the sum total of his earthly possessions.

"When the Mexican got within about fifty yards of me I called to him, and as he was traveling north, while I was headed east, I cocked my gun and started to intercept him. Now, with the exception of the two reports from my gun, the howling of wolves at night and the calling of water fowls around the lakes, my own voice was the first sound I had heard for nearly ten days and nights, and it really startled me, and the report of a cannon would not have been a greater surprise to the Mexican, who stopped and looked uneasily at the human apparition then limping toward him. It was less than ten minutes from the time I saw the old man until I was thanking him, with tears running down my cheeks, for the noble manner in which he treated me and the favors he bestowed upon me. He was then on his way to a buffalo camp, about thirty miles to the northwest, but told me that it was only about sixteen miles to the mouth of Big Silver, where some buffalo hunters were camped. He divided provisions with me, insisted that I should take his burro, and when I declined this offer he more stoutly insisted that I should take his shoes, but my feet were so swollen that I could not have put them inside of a tanyard, so I declined this kindness. He then took the blanket from under his saddle and gave it to me to wrap my feet. I slept until about midnight that night, woke up feeling considerably refreshed, though my feet were torturing me, and I could scarcely stand, but after limbering up a little they got better and about noon

the next day I hobbled into the camp, where I was properly cared for.

"Of course no tongue" can ever describe or mind conceive how I suffered on that trip, not even do I realize it now. The event and the incidents live in my memory, but the wounds have healed and the tortures have vanished. This picture isn't altogether dark, for there is a bright side to it. I learned a lesson of great value to me, but aside from this selfish feature of the case I have since befriended that old Mexican, and the night will never get too dark, the distance too great, the wind will never get too cold, the sun shine too hot, nor the rain pour too hard for me to go to him if he needs a friend and I know it.

"But, say, if I ever do lay eyes on one of those cow thieves I'll have my two months wages with compound interest for twenty years, or make him wish he hadn't been born till I died."

A Complete File.

One of our subscribers has a complete file of four volumes Frontier Times, from first issue to October, 1927, which is now offered for sale. This file is in good condition. Address M C, care Frontier Times.

P. C. Baird Is Dead.

It grieves us to learn that P. C. Baird, of Mason, died in San Antonio March 9, after a brief illness. Frontier Times contained a story about this fearless frontier officer in its last issue, and used his portrait on our cover page. He served as a Texas Ranger in the early days, and for sixteen years was sheriff of Mason county, retiring from that office in 1898. A few days before his death he wrote the editor of this magazine that his friends at Mason had prevailed upon him to enter the race for sheriff again, and that he had done so. He was a splendid gentleman, a loyal friend, a worthy citizen, and his passing will be mourned by hundreds of friends throughout Texas and elsewhere.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

Publishers Are Warned.

Certain newspapers in Texas have been reprinting articles from Frontier Times without permission, and without giving due credit. These articles are protected by copyright, and warning is hereby given to newspapers to not republish same without special permission.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.

Early Days in Hutchinson County

By Mrs. Olive K. Dixon, Miami, Texas.

I came from my home in Virginia to the Texas Panhandle in the spring of 1893. I had two brothers, Archie and Albert King out here who had come west several years before. At that time my brother Archie, with whom I made my home, lived on Johns creek and was working for a big cow outfit known as the Bar CC with headquarters on Wolf creek in Ochiltree county.

The following fall I was engaged to teach a small school on the south side of the Canadian river between Tallahone and Reynolds creeks. This school house was built of round cottonwood logs covered with dirt, and was about twelve feet square.

There were no desks or modern fixtures. A barrel of drinking water was hauled once a week. There were large cracks between the logs and when the weather got cold, with the aid of my pupils, I chinked and daubed the walls to keep out the cold. These were little things, however, I was in love with the West and thought very little about it at the time.

There were only five children in the neighborhood old enough to go to school. My oldest pupil was George Whittenberg. J. A. Whittenberg then lived on Reynolds creek and carried the mail twice a week between Canadian and Adobe Walls, horseback, a distance of fifty miles. I boarded with a Portuguese family named Lewis. The Lewises were running about 200 head of cattle and had a comfortable home. Mrs. Lewis spoke English brokenly and it was with the understanding that I help her with the English language that I was taken into their home.

I was married to William Dixon October 18, 1894 on Reynolds creek at the home of the family with whom I had boarded during the winter. A Methodist minister, the Rev. C. V. Bailey, drove 75 miles from Mobbettie to perform the ceremony. The evening I was married I went to live at Adobe Walls where my husband had lived as a bachelor since 1883. He had a well improved place at this time. Our home was on the site of the original Adobe Walls ruins near an old stockade that was supposed to have been built in the first 40's or earlier.

When I went to live at Adobe Walls with the exception of my husband, there was no other settler in Hutchinson county. The entire county was controlled by the Hansford Land and Cattle Company (Turkey Track ranch) for range purposes and at one time ran 50,000 head of cattle. C. B. Willingham was manager of the ranch when I first knew it. There were generally thirty or forty cowboys kept on the ranch. One man was kept to see after a pack of

greyhounds which were used to hunt coyotes and wolves.

The Adobe Walls postoffice was established in 1883, first being located at the Turkey Track ranch headquarters and later at the Dixon home. My husband was the first postmaster and served as such for twenty years. Adobe Walls was the only postoffice in Hutchinson for nearly twenty years. By the time I went to live there the mail route had been changed, coming out from Miami three times a week. There was no one to get the mail except ourselves and the cowboys.

For a number of years after I was married I was the only woman living in Hutchinson county. During the summer some time there would be a party of women at the ranch, but only for a short stay; when fall came they returned to their homes in town. There were months at the time that I did not see any living being except my husband and the cowboys who rode the range.

Once a year we made a trip down the river into Roberts county to visit the Lards, Ledricks and my brother's family twenty-five miles away. Some time during the year these same families would come to Adobe Walls to visit "with us. Often we took a camping outfit and went up on Moore's creek over night to kill wild turkeys which were then plentiful and roosted in the tall cottonwood trees along that stream. There were deer and antelope in the county and all kinds of small game was plentiful.

There were a number of line camps scattered over the county where there were two or more men camped to feed and care for the ranch stock. Sometimes my husband and I would go on Sundays to spend the day in one of these camps. These were red letter days for me. The men cooked on the open fire, baking their bread in Dutch ovens. I often think how good everything tasted. Sometimes there was a baked wild turkey; other times a big pot full of wild duck.

Settlers began coming into Hutchinson county in 1900 and in a short time there were several families living on every creek. The land along the streams was settled first, then the plains land was taken.

At that time Hutchinson county was attached to Roberts county for judicial purposes. The people petitioned the Legislature that Hutchinson county be detached from Roberts county, and given a separate organization. Their petition was granted. An election was called for the election of officers. Much ill feeling had grown up between the settlers and the ranch people, who had opposed the making of a new county. The election was bitterly contest-

ed. There were three sites run for county seat; Plemons winning the location. The following officers were elected: County judge, W. H. Ingerton; county and district clerk, S. B. Tarkington; sheriff and tax collector, William Dixon; treasurer, B. C. Miller; tax assessor, T. L. Coffee; county surveyor, James Archer. The first commissioners were T. N. Russell, F. J. Brown, J. H. Caulfield and A. Megan.

There was so much trouble over the election and circumstances relative to the affair that some of the officers resigned their office rather than be forced into strife that was not to their liking. Right at this time there was more or less trouble over cattle being stolen, and to add fuel to the flame a number of hay stacks belonging to the Turkey Track ranch were burned. This caused the Texas Rangers to be ordered into Hutchinson county.

When Patton, Price and Hygh, Kansas cattlemen, bought the Turkey Track range and stock in 1903, my husband sold our place at Adobe Walls to them. Our older children by this time were in need of schooling. The settlers in that part of the county were so few that there was no neighborhood school.

Some of the happiest days of my life were spent at Adobe Walls. My older children were born there. Today where I went as a bride thirty-three years ago this fall, W. T. Coble, a wealthy stock and oil man and present owner of the Turkey Track ranch, has a corral built for the purpose of feeding stock. Hundreds of white faced cattle graze on the rich mesquite grass which grows in the valley. This is one of the historic spots in the Panhandle.

Kept a "Diary on the Old Cow Trail

Bess Carroll, in San Antonio Light.

"The days of a man" may be many score or only one, yet almost invariably they are lost in the transition of yesterday into today. That there is a way to save them, however—to salvage each dying hour from the oblivion usually fated—one San Antonio man has learned.

Samuel Dunn Houston, 1122 North Pine street, lived 'way back there in the days of the cattle drives. He is said to have made more trips up the Trail than any other

Houston found time to keep a diary. And many a dusty day lives in those pencil-written documents, telling an almost forgotten tale of things as they used to be.

"It was purely accidental that I did it," Mr. Houston, still hale and hearty and scarcely less "pert" than he once was, reflected. "Someone had somehow stuck a memorandum book into my vest pocket before we left old San Antonio going North. There it was—spanking brand new, and not a thing in it. It seemed like I just had to write something on those nice clean pages. I did; and pretty soon I found out that it was mighty interesting to look back and see what had been going on. So—I just kept it up."

And now that cities and towns have wiped out the old Chisholm Trail, and even its landmarks have gone the way of all the earth, Samuel Houston is "mighty glad" that he took the pains to scribble down this first-hand, epochal story of the mightiest of all events in western history the drives that finally led longhorned steers to extinction and Texas to its power in the financial world as a cattle country.

Strange stories are told in these faded volumes—volumes consisting of ruled tablets principally—and not the least of these is one rather famous tale, telling how in the spring of 1888, with 2500 big steers headed for Colorado under Sam Houston's guidance, a girl dressed as a man hired herself to him and proved to be the best "cow-boy" he'd ever had.

"There was one trip in '89 when J. W. King, a companion on the trail, insisted on keeping my diary for me," Mr. Houston said. "That part is the most interesting of all to me now, since I see myself and all



S. D. Houston

living man; and to that reputation he has added something new. For it appears that on each of the twenty-eight trips he made this nephew of the great Gen. Sam

the others through the words of someone else."

There were a few stopping-places on the Trail, but according to tradition there were not many cowboys who stopped for the wherewithal to record each day's incidents. When night came the cowboy was tired; he laughed and joked, resting between the glow of a campfire and the glint of the stars. But write? To his sweetheart, may-

be. Just to be writing—it wasn't done.

Yet Sam Houston did it, and the hasty words he wrote as the great lost herds of the trails were bedded down will remain to tell the story of things as they really were: of dust and stars, of cold and scorching sun; of stampedes and new spring flowers. When the drives were finished, his diary was done. It tells only one tale—but what a tale!

More About the Lost Adams Gold Diggings

By Colonel C. C. Smith, U. S. Army, Retired

The story of the Lost Adams Gold Diggings, by A. M. Tennt, Jr, in the March, 1928, Frontier Times, has struck a responsive chord in me, and is responsible for the little sketch following:

Thirty-eight years ago; thirty-five years ago, and twenty-six years ago—three times—I served in the country of the Adams Diggings, and once was actually under orders to command an escort to accompany a party to search for these diggings. More of this later.

Following closely the route of the Adams party from Tucson to the unknown, but approximate spot, where they were killed, it is not a difficult matter. Mr. Tenny's story puts the onus of the massacre on the Apaches, and, no doubt, he is right, though some laid it to the Navajos, as I will show later.

The military post—which Brewer, who told the story to Tennt, mentioned—from which it was proposed to the Indian "alcalde," whose people saved Brewer, that they should get soldiers and go to the rescue of Adams and the man who went with him to look for the horses the day the rest of the party was killed—certainly was old Fort Wingate, abandoned in 1868, near Grant's Station on the A. T. & S. F. R. R. And since, as the "alcalde" told Brewer, the post was "to the west," he (Brewer) must have been rescued by people from Cubero, Laguna or Acoma, though this implies wonderful traveling powers of Brewer, but a man fleeing for his life is capable of wonderful endurance. It would also appear that he might have been rescued by people from Zuni, though he might have missed this pueblo by passing to its north or south, thence on to one of the villages above mentioned more to the east.

Brewer then speaks of reaching the Rio Grande, and I take it, since I have marched all over that country, that he struck the river at Los Lunas or Belen. It also develops in the story as given Tennt by Brewer that Adams, and the man who went for the horses with him, Shaw by name, both escaped and that both, as well as Brewer, subsequently went back to try to find the diggings. It does seem strange

that none of these men could re-locate the canyon in which the gold was found. This was found. This might be accounted for by the fact that the men were not good frontiersmen or woodsmen; all of them having come from California where perhaps they worked under conditions where it was not necessary to note or become familiar with landmarks. Again, the harrowing condition under which they had to hurry out of the country could easily account for their not being able to later find their diggings.

About April, 1893, I was stationed with my troop (H, 2nd Cavalry) at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, some fifty miles west of old Fort Wingate, which was abandoned for the new site—at Bear Spring, where I was stationed in 1893—in 1868. I was sitting one evening in my quarters reading when rap came at my door, and upon shouting, "Come in!" the Commanding Officer's orderly appeared before me, saluted, and said that the Commanding Officer (Colonel George G. Hunt) wished to see me at once.

Upon arrival of Colonel Hunt's quarters I was introduced to two prosperous looking civilians, brothers, whose name I do not now recollect, but think it was Norton; and if my memory serves me right, they were from Wheeling, West Virginia. One thing I do remember is that they were provided with a letter of instructions to Colonel Hunt stating that they were to be furnished with an escort in their search for the lost Adams diggings. This letter was from the Secretary of War.

After being introduced, the Colonel spoke about as follows: "Mr. Smith, I am going to send you on a very interesting trip. You are to have command of the escort that is to accompany these two gentlemen in their search for the lost Adams digging. You will have a detachment of twenty men, a pack train, and be rationed for a month. You are to leave in the morning, and I would suggest you confer with these gentlemen at the hotel this evening."

I don't know that the Norton brothers took the latter part of his instructions to me as a hint for them to return to the

hotel, but we all left the Colonel's quarters together, and I went directly to the barracks to give the sergeant who was to go on the expedition with me his instructions, telling the gold seekers I would come right over to the hotel. I was not long with the sergeant and soon joined the Norton brothers at the hotel. They got out an old crudely made map and laid it out before me on a center table, and as we perused it they told me the story of having received it from one of the Lost Adams Gold Diggings party, but which one I cannot now remember, but am inclined to think it was Adams, though it may have been Brewer or Shaw. This map placed the diggings in the Navajo country in the Lu-ka-chu-kai Mountains in Arizona and New Mexico, about 100 miles to the northeast of Holbrook, and thus considerably at variance with the location as given in Mr. Tenny's article.

I was very happy at the prospect of the outing before me, when Captain F. W. Sibley arrived at the hotel, introduced himself to the Nortons, and said, "Smith, I am sorry to have ranked you out of this trip, but I have prevailed on the Colonel to let me go with my whole troop as an escort, and you are therefore relieved."

Captain Sibley (who afterwards became a Brigadier General, and at whose funeral at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., I was a pall bearer in the winter of 1917) had only a few days before come off the sick report and feeling that a field trip would do him good, managed to worm into my place. I never held this against Sibley, because he was such a fine man, and because he was much older than I and far my superior in rank, and did need the trip to mend up in health; and I knew that I, the junior officer in the post, was due for many interesting trips. But what I was getting at is this: Sibley had a fine trip for a month, but he brought the Norton's back to Wingate without having found the diggings—they are still on the buried treasure list for some perserving prospector.

Of Interest to You.

Did John Wilkes Booth die in that barn near Bowling Green, Va., in 1865, or did he commit suicide in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1903? Read "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," by Finis Bates, who as a young lawyer, met him in Granbury, Texas, in 1872. Cloth bound edition, published in 1907, \$3.50. Paper back edition, \$2.50. I also have the following out-of-print books for sale. Scarce and hard to get. Paper backs. "History of Billy the Kid," by Charles A. Siringo, 1920, \$2.50. "Under the Black Flag," by Capt. Kit Dalton, 1915, \$2.50. I have many other Texas books for sale, or will trade for other books. I need in my collection.—Frank Caldwell, 108 East 17th Street, Austin, Texas.

A Splendid Book.

We acknowledge, with thanks, an autographed copy of Chas. A. Siringo's revised edition of that excellent book, "Riata and Spurs." Mr. Siringo is an old time Texas cowboy now residing at 2417 Grand Canal, Venice, California, from whom the book may be purchased. The revised edition, just off the Houghton Mifflin Company press, Boston, Mass., gives his cowboy experience from 1867, when he was running cattle for wages in Texas. He was then 12 years old. It also gives his ups and downs in driving longhorns up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas.

Nine chapters, 133 pages, of the book is used in giving the lives and doings of some "Bad-man cowboys of the early west." These include John Wesley Harden, who killed 34 men; Bill Longley, the killer of 35 men, and Billy the Kid who killed 21 men up to the age of 22, when he was shot in the heart by Sheriff Pat Garrett, after he had killed his guards and escaped. In a chapter, Dr. Henry F. Hoyt of Long Beach, Cal., gives some new facts in the life of this daring young outlaw.

A full account of how Pat Garrett was assassinated for \$10,000.00 by Jim Miller, is given. Also the lives of the dare-devil Marlow brothers who, in Graham, Young county, Texas, fought a vicious mob while shackled and hand-cuffed. When the fight was over several of the mob lay dead, and two of the Marlow brothers, George and Charlie, who are still alive, had to amputate the ankles of two of their dead brothers in order to free themselves of the steel shackles.

The life of Sam Bass is given, and a photograph taken when he was sixteen years of age is shown.

The lives of King Fisher, Ben Thompson, Clay Allison, "Dutch Henry," "Black Jack" Tom Ketchum, and his brother Sam are given in the book. Also an account of the Talbot raid, when the streets of Caldwell, Kansas, ran red with human blood. And the doings of "Hurricane Bill," "Curley Bill," "Bill Gatlin," Jim McIntire, Tom Horn (who was hanged in Cheyenne, Wyoming) and "Wild Bill" Hickok are given.

Riata and Spurs will be autographed, and mailed, postpaid, by the author for \$3.20, to anyone wishing a copy, on receipt of the price. Or, the book will be sent C O D by parcel post.

In the volume there are dozens of natural photographic cuts shown. Among them is Jim Miller, the assassin of Pat Garrett, sitting at a card table, and another showing him hanging by the neck, along with three other men, for the killing of the marshal of Ada, Oklahoma.

Address the author, Chas. A. Siringo, 2417 Grand Canal, Venice, California.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Early in February that great news-gathering organization, the Associated Press, sent out to some 1200 newspapers throughout the United States a news dispatch telling about Frontier Times. The news item carried a Bandera date line, and was sent to the organization's headquarters by a regular correspondent. It carried to millions of people the story of the establishment of this homely little magazine, and as a result we have been deluged with inquiries and subscription orders from almost every state in the Union. We certainly appreciate the publicity thus given our little magazine, and we are grateful to the Associated Press for heralding to the world that Frontier Times is in existence. The dispatch was sent out purely as a news story, not as an advertisement for our business, as the Associated Press does not act as an advertising concern. The tremendous response to the publication of the news item bears out our contention that the reading public wants history of the truthful kind, such as Frontier Times contains, and we rejoice that our efforts to produce a magazine devoted to real history are being noticed. Nearly five years ago, when we established Frontier Times we felt there was a crying need for such a magazine, but our means have been so limited that we have not been financially able to exploit the field as we would like to do; we have been letting the little magazine build its own circulation, and carry forth to students of history as best it could the fact of its existence. It is steadily growing, and some of these days it will take its place among the leading magazines of the land, even though it is today published in a little country town in the hills of Southwest Texas. In this issue we are publishing just a few of the many letters we have received in consequence of the publicity so generously given.

Phillip C. Tucker, Davenport, Florida, writes: "Will you kindly send me a copy of your Frontier Times. I have just run across mention of it in the magazine section of the Tampa Sunday Tribune. Have often wondered why some one has not before this taken up the task of the deceased Walter Rose of Texas in preserving the recollections of pioneer days of Texas. My maternal grandfather settled in Texas in 1833, was in the Turtle Bayou scrape, and fought at San Jacinto in 1836, and died as the result of exposure in acting as one of the

guard of honor who spent the night with the body of General Albert Sidney Johnston, on its return to Texas in 1867, when the Federal General Griffin forbade any demonstration of respect to the deceased as a war measure."

Mrs. F. W. Eubank, Vanderbilt, Texas, writes: "Having seen in the Houston Post-Dispatch of February 7th a news item concerning you and your publications I am sending stamps for a copy of your Frontier Times: I am a native Texan and if there is a subject I enjoy more than the history of our wonderful state I have never found it. My forefathers helped to make it and naturally I am interested. I will certainly subscribe for your Frontier Times. Wishing you every success in the new venture and thanking you in advance for a copy."

An Exaggerated Report.

Mr. George F. Grant, of Portland, Maine, writes Frontier Times as follows: "Sometime ago my old time partner, Mr. O. W. Williams, now, and for many years past, living in Fort Stockton, Texas, sent me a copy of Frontier Times containing an article in which I was very much interested, particularly as I was supposed, at the time, to have been the target for an Apache bullet. This article appeared in your issue of September, 1927, Vol. 4, No. 12, page 12, and referred to the killing of a man by the name of Grant in Bass Canyon on the 13th of May, 1880, by the Indians. In the course of time news of this killing reached the east, and as I was on my way to New Mexico and due in that section of Texas about that time, the natural presumption was that I was the victim, upon which presumption a paper in my home town of Meriden, Conn., published my obituary, which, some time later, I had the privilege, and pleasure, of reading. It was pleasurable reading because it was the first (and I may add, it has been the last) time I have ever been told of how much value I was to the world. In a letter received from Mr. Williams at the time of sending me the above mentioned copy of Frontier Times, he said it was not too late for me to deny that it was I who was killed, but as this killing is a matter of record, and as the Meriden paper published such a splendid obituary, I feel that a denial would not show much appreciation of the very generous laudatory expressions in said obituary, nor would I say as Mark Twain did, that "notice of my death was somewhat exaggerated." All I can say is, if I was killed in Bass Canyon by the Apache Indians on the 13th day of May, 1880, I have been a mighty active dead man for more than forty-seven years."

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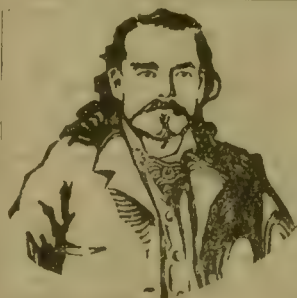
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George Saunders' First Trip

By J. Marvin Hunter

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING characters among the pioneer cattlemen of Texas today, and for the past fifty years, is Colonel George W. Saunders, of San Antonio, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and at the head of the George W. Saunders Live Stock Commission Co., with offices in San Antonio, Fort Worth and Kansas City. Colonel Saunders is one of the most widely known cattlemen in the United States, from the fact that a few years ago, he started a "round-up" of the old time cowboys, organized an association, which each year brings together the remnant of that hardy bunch of fellows whose kind the world has never seen equalled. We refer to the old time Texas cowboys. The ranks of the old cowmen are being thinned rapidly as the years go by. At each reunion of the association organized by Mr. Saunders, held annually in San Antonio, many old familiar faces are missed because the grim reaper, Death, lays claim to some of the members. But we started out to tell about George W. Saunders in this article. He was born at Rancho Gonzales county, February 12th, 1854, and is therefore seventy-four years old. His parents settled in Gonzales county in 1850, having come from Mississippi. Later they moved to Goliad county. He

grew to manhood in that section of the state, becoming a cowboy at an early age, or as soon as he was large enough to sit on a horse, going up the trail to Kansas, working cattle on the range, breaking horses, branding mavericks, and leading a care-free existence that fell to the lot of the young man of that day. In 1874 he was married to Miss Rachel Reeves of Refugio county. Mrs. Saunders died in 1883, leaving him with two small daughters. In 1889 he married Miss Ida Friedrich of San Antonio, and to them one daughter was born. These daughters are now Mrs. W. E. Jary of Fort Worth, Mrs. T. M. Webb of Palestine, and Mrs. C. D. Cannon of San Antonio.

It was due to Mr. Saunders' persistent efforts that the old cowboys were organized into an association, and a book of their experiences, "The Trail Drivers of Texas," was published. It was the writer's happy privilege to compile and edit this book for Mr. Saunders, and in doing so we were brought into close and intimate relationship with this splendid old cowman as well as his associates of the early days. In this book, under the heading of "Reflections of the Trail," Mr. Saunders says: "When my parents moved to Goliad county they settled twelve miles west of Goliad, on Lost Creek, where father

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had previously selected a place to start a cattle ranch. At that time I was only five years old, but I can remember riding a side saddle belonging to one of my sisters and helping keep up the tail end of the herd part of the time on this trip. At Helena I saw my first white house, and when we crossed the San Antonio river at Wofford I remember how excited we all were when the herd was in swift water. Part of them floated down below the ford, and it required a great deal of time to get them out at different points for half a mile down the river. Never having seen anything like this before my mother thought all the cattle were lost when she saw them going down the stream. In a few days we reached our new home and camped on the site which Father had selected, and Father and my two eldest brothers, Mat and Bill, assisted by some hired help, began cutting and hauling timber to build houses and stock pens, while myself and brother, Jack, a third brother older than I, range herded the cattle to locate them.

"Fish and game were plentiful, deer were constantly in sight of our camp; in fact that country was in a perfectly wild state. Only a few cattle were on the range, which was as fine as could be found anywhere. In a few months we were comfortably quartered and happy in our new location. Father had taken a herd of cattle on shares from William Rupe, and we all kept busy looking after the stock. We soon became acquainted with the settlers, with whom we worked the ranges, and neighbored with them in every sense of the term. The following families were among those who lived from five to thirty-five miles from us: Pettus, Hodges, Word, Peck, Reynolds, Meyers, Lott, Burris, Rutledge, Best, Fant, Rupe, Choate, Borroum, Butler, McKinney, New Rawlings, Henderson, Paschal, and others. This being before the days of the chuck wagon, the men would set a date and place to meet for what we called a 'cow hunt.' Each man would bring bedding, coffee pot, a wallet of biscuit, salt, sometimes sugar, four or five horses each, and we would work the surrounding range until all cattle belonging to the outfit were gathered and held under herd, then we would select a pack horse for our equipment and move to some other part of the range, gathering cattle as we went. When grub got scarce we would send after more supplies to some nearby ranch. Usually it required from ten to fifteen days to make these trips, then each man would take his cattle home, put all the calves in a pen in order to locate the mother cows, and range herd the dry cattle for a few days and locate them. We were prosperous and happy until the Civil War started, and father and my oldest brother entered the service the first year, and another brother enlisted the second year, which left brother Jack and myself to take care of our stock with the as-

sistance of a few old men and some negroes.

"We worked the range constantly during the war. The range was full of wild mustang horses, and they caused us a lot of trouble, for we had to keep our horse stock from getting with them, for once they got mixed with the mustangs they soon became as wild or wilder than these wild horses. In order to capture or kill these mustangs the stockmen built pens around water holes and prepared traps to ensnare them. To these pens wings would be constructed in the shape of a V, forming a chute through which the mustangs would be compelled to go to water. Once a bunch of mustangs passed through the chute to the waterhole the gate would be shut by a watchman, who had lain in concealment for the horses, and the animals were securely snared. They would then be forced into a small well built inclosure constructed of rails to a height of eight or ten feet, where they were roped and made gentle. The settlers used various unique methods of capturing them, one way being to walk them down. Some men would take three or four days' supply of provisions, start a bunch of mustangs, follow them as closely as possible, and when they got out of sight of the pursuer would pick up their trail, keep right after them, never giving them time to eat or rest day or night. Usually on the second day of the chase he could get closer to them; the third or fourth day he could drive them in home with a bunch of gentle horses and easily pen them. They were caught in many different ways and oftentimes shot in order to rid the range of their presence. Before long they disappeared entirely.

"Our cattle increased to such proportions with new herds coming into our country from East Texas and Louisiana, that by the time the war ended our range was overstocked. We sold a few cattle to the government and a few to Mexican freighters for work oxen.

"My father drove a herd from Goliad to New Orleans in 1867, swam all the streams and bayous, and through exposure he contracted rheumatism from which he suffered until his death, which occurred at Saunders' Station, near San Antonio, in 1904. Mother died at the same place in 1893. Father was born at Fayetteville, North Carolina, and mother was born in Birmingham, Alabama.

"In 1868 or 1869 a few stockmen who drove small herds to Baxter Springs, Kansas, or other northern points, met with such success that everybody caught the trail fever. My two brothers, Mat and Jack, took a herd to Baxter Springs in 1870, and their reports of thrilling encounters with the Indians, stampedes, buffalo chases, and the like, filled me with a wild desire to go on the trail, too. I was barely seventeen years old, and felt that I was able to take care of myself on a long trip as well as any

man. My parents finally consented for me to go, and I hired to Monroe Choate, of the firm of Choate & Bennett, to go with a herd. The firm was receiving herds in different parts of the country to send up the trail. They sent fourteen herds that year. Mr Choate told me the name of the boss of each herd and asked me which boss I would rather go with. I told him I wanted to go with the first herd and he informed me that Jim Byler would boss the first herd and would start at once. That suited me fine, so I said, 'put me with Byler.' Mr. Byler was asked what he thought about taking a seventeen year old kid on the trip and remarked, 'His age is all right, if he has staying qualities, but most kids are short on sleep, and generally sleep on watch.' I told him I would not sleep during stampedes or Indian fights and he promised to give me a trial, and that made me exceedingly happy.

We left Helena with a full chuck wagon, the necessary number of horses and men, and went to the Mays pasture on the Cibola near Stockdale, Wilson county, and received a thousand steers. Dunk Choate counted the cattle and Mr. Byler pointed the herd north, and Dunk said, 'Adios, boys. I will see you in Abilene, Kansas; I must go now and start other herds.'

We went by Gonzales, Lockhart, Austin, and Georgetown, without any unusual happenings, but on the Gabriel we had a stampede during a thunderstorm, and the herd was split up into several branches. They were all found the next day. Some of the bunches had men with them and some did not. They were all trailed and found, except me and seventy-five steers. By ten o'clock the boss finally located the trail of my bunch and found it ten miles down the Gabriel. When he rode up he asked, 'Are you awake? Why didn't you bring these cattle back to the herd?' I said I could not find the trail the steers made, and I did not know what direction to go to find the herd. We got back to the main herd about four o'clock in the evening, and I was so tired and sleepy I told the boss I was just bound to eat and sleep a little. He said, 'Go eat and sleep all night; I will herd your relief. You deserve a rest.' That sounded good to me, for up to this time I thought the boss was mad.

"After a good night's rest I was on the job early the next morning, ready to do my share in keeping the herd on the move. The cattle were easily scared and for several days were very nervous and made runs, but the boys kept strict watch on them and they finally became reconciled. We went by Waco, Cleburne and Fort Worth. Between the last named places the country was somewhat level and untimbered, and was full of prairie chickens and deer. When we reached Fort Worth we crossed the Trinity under the bluff, where the present street car line to the stock yards crosses the river. Fort

Worth was then but a very small place, consisting of only a few stores, and there was only one house in that part of the town, where the stock yards are now located. We held our herd here two days, finally proceeding on our journey and crossed Red River at Red River Station, and took the Chisholm Trail through the Indian Territory. Here we saw lots of Indians, who came to our herd with the usual greeting, 'How, John,' to beg tobacco and provisions. Byler got by these Indians without any trouble, but we found all the streams in that region up and had to swim or lose time, for Byler wanted to keep the lead, and we therefore crossed many rivers at a time when other men would have hesitated.

"At Pond Creek we encountered our first buffalo. The plains were literally covered with these animals, and when we came in sight of them all of the boys quit the herd and gave chase. It was a wonderful sight to see these cowboys dashing after those big husky monsters, shooting at them from all angles. We soon learned that it did no good to shoot them in the forehead, as we were accustomed to shooting beeves with our pistols, for the bullets would not penetrate their skull. We would dash by them and shoot them between the eyes without apparent effect, so we began shooting them behind the shoulder and that brought them down. I killed two or three of the grown buffaloes, and roped a yearling which I was glad to turn loose and let him get away with a good rope. I soon became satisfied with the excitement incident to killing buffalo, swimming streams, being in stampedes, and passing through thunderstorms, but I still longed to be mixed up in an Indian fight, for I had not yet had that sort of experience.

"We crossed Bluff Creek into Kansas and passed Newton during the latter part of May. A blacksmith shop, a store, and about a dozen dwellings made up this town at the time, but when we came back through the place on our return home thirty days later, it had grown to be quite a large town, due to the building of a railroad. It did not seem possible that a town could make such quick growth in short time, but Newton, Kansas, sprang up almost overnight.

"We stopped our herd on Holland Creek, twenty miles from Abilene, Kansas, where we were met by Pink Bennett and a buyer. Pink sold 300 fat beeves out of our herd to this man, and I went to Abilene with them to help load them on the cars. They were the first cattle I had ever seen loaded on a train, and I was anxious to see how it was done.

"We held our herd there until several more herds belonging to Choate & Bennett arrived. They sold some out of each herd, and we soon had a surplus of men and horses. W. G. Butler had done likewise

and he also had too many men and horses to continue on with the cattle, so it was arranged that some of us could start home, and accordingly about fifty men, with five chuck wagons, five cooks, and about 150 horses, hit the back trail for Texas. We had a lively time en route home, for we had nothing to do but drive the horses, make camp, and sometimes sleep. When we reached the Washita River we found it out of its banks. We cut timber and made a raft by tying the logs with ropes, but could not ferry the rude craft until a rope had been stretched across the river, which was some 300 yards wide and very swift and deep. Several of the boys attempted to make it across with the end of a rope, but each one failed. Some of them got half way across, turned the rope loose and swam back. One of them got near the opposite bank, but lost the end of the rope and landed without it. I was the fifth one to try this difficult feat, and determined to succeed, so taking one end of the rope in my mouth, passing it over my shoulder, I entered the water, the boys on the bank releasing the rope gradually as I swam out and I made it across. When I neared the opposite side I was almost exhausted, but grasped an overhanging willow limb and pulled myself ashore with the rope still in my mouth. The man who had preceded me across came to my assistance and helped me up the slippery bank, then there was a cowboy yell of approval from the other side as the boys realized that I had succeeded in accomplishing a dangerous feat. I felt very proud of myself, and think I added several inches to my stature right there, for I was only seventeen years old, and had succeeded in an undertaking in which four stalwart men had failed, but I am willing to confess

I could not have gone ten feet further, in my exhausted condition.

"We soon put our outfits across with the raft, but lost the hind wheels of one of Butler's wagons. We carried the wagon beds over on the raft, and then pulled the wagons across with ropes, for we had to draw the wagons and effects up a steep, slippery embankment, and this required a great deal of time, patience and profanity. When we got everything across we rigged up our outfit and resumed our journey."

"We crossed Red River opposite Denison, rode into town and visited all of the stores and saloons. The people there were glad to see us come and glad to see us leave. Our next town was Denton, where the officers demanded our pistols. The law prohibiting the carrying of pistols had been enacted only a short time before and was then in effect, but we could not think of parting with our lifelong friends, so when a demand was made for us to surrender them we pulled our pistols and rode out of town shooting into the air. The officers did not follow us."

"We stopped at Fort Worth and all the other towns on our route, as we leisurely traveled homeward, finally reaching our destination safely. I was mighty proud of this, my first trip, and reached home with a pair of shop-made boots and two good suits of clothes, one of which was a black changeable velvet affair that I had paid fifty dollars for in Kansas. I carried these clothes in a pair of saddle bags all the way home, and found after I reached there that I could have purchased them cheaper from a local merchant. But little did I care, for I was determined to 'cut a shine' with the girls when I got back off that notable trip."

When the Mormons Came to Texas

Ted Thompson, in San Antonio Express, March 18, 1928.



EARLY UNKNOWN to the people of Central and Western Texas today, the history of a group of eastern Mormons who settled near Austin in 1846 reveals the story of a people with peculiar religious zeal, and a pioneer industriousness that became recognized as a leading factor in early Texas development.

Their story is a rugged romance, closely associated especially with the early history of Austin and Fredericksburg. Their story is recalled today only by a few acquainted with legends hovering around the suggestive ruins of their colony across from Mount Bonnell, four miles north of Austin, and the remains of their dwellings and mill sites near Fredericksburg and in Burnet County. In this Gillespie County settlement, four miles below Fredericksburg, and known

to the Mormons as the City of Zion, is the old Mormon cemetery. There is to be found the last resting place of Lyman Wight, veteran rebel against the leadership of Brigham Young, a pioneer in the strict observance of the term and leader of the Texas colony which came in time to bear his name.

The migration of the Lyman Wight colony into Texas is closely linked with the history of Mormon activity in the East. Founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith, who saw the coming of his new religion in a "heavenly visitation" while attending a religious revival of Baptists and Methodists, the cult established headquarters first at Kirkland, Ohio, in the Western Reserve. Lyman Wight joined the church there, was made an elder, and was one of the principal church leaders when the saints mov-

ed their headquarters to Jackson County, Missouri. When the cult was expelled from this locality in 1833, Wight accompanied them to Clay County, Missouri, was given a commission as colonel in the Missouri militia during the brief "Mormon War" which resulted from strife between the Mormons and "Gentiles," and left with his people when the Mormons were ordered from the State in 1839.

Returning east, the Mormons settled at Commerce, Ill., which they rebuilt and named Nauvoo. In the construction of the Nauvoo Temple and other of the city's buildings, the Texas colony found its real beginning, according to a brief history of the colony recently prepared by H. H. Smith, Iowa Mormon, and great-grandson of Lyman Wight. Lyman Wight and Bishop George Miller, it is related, were put in charge of the Black River Lumber Company, located in the pineries of Wisconsin, from which lumber for the buildings was to be obtained.

The company operated rather unsuccessfully until 1844, when the second factor involved in the Texas migration came with the plan to run Joseph Smith for the presidency of the United States. Failure of the Mormons to get national interference during the Missouri persecutions was advanced as the motive for the race, and, according to Smith's account, "there is evidence that they really thought there was a chance for election."

However, in case of defeat, another plan had been thought of. The Black River Lumber Company, it was provided, was to take possession of a new territory in Texas, which was to be the future home of the Mormons. A delegation was sent to present a treaty before the Texas congress for purchase of the country "north of a west line from the falls of the Colorado River to the Nueces; thence down same to the Gulf of Mexico and along same to the Rio Grande and up same to the United States Territory." Here the Mormons expected to be recognized as a separate nation, and to help Texas defend herself against Mexico. The proposition is said to have been favorably received by the Texas lawmakers.

The plan, however, was abruptly ended by the killing of Joseph and Hyrum Smith by a mob in Carthage, Ill., on June 27, 1844. Brigham Young soon after came to be recognized as the leader, and was followed by all dignitaries of the church save Wight and two other leaders. Wight took charge of the Black River Lumber Company, leaving his associate, Miller, who for a time followed Young, and began his migration to Texas, according to the scheme previously conceived in the event of Smith's defeat as president.

The Wisconsin mills were sold, and Wight, with a company of about 150 men, women and children, started down the Mississippi in four home-made boats on March 28, 1845. They forded the Red River at Pres-

ton, Tex., early in November, passed "Fort Wichita" on November 18, and on November 19 moved to an evacuated fort at Georgetown, Grayson County, where they spent the winter. Breaking camp on April 24, 1846, the wanderers crossed the Trinity River three miles above Dallas, then a small village, on April 30, and crossed the Brazos May 14 near the site of Marlin, Falls County, "swimming their teams and cattle, and ferrying the wagons across by means of small canoes," according to a diary of the journey kept by Lyman Wight. The colony reached its location on the Colorado on June 6, the diary relates.

The Mormons gained almost immediate renown here when they built the first power-driven grist and lumber mill ever seen in the country. The mill was built just at the foot of Mount Bonnell, and for years afterward the springs located there were known as the "Mormon Springs." "Up to that time," commented Noah Smithwick, pioneer Austinite, in his book of recollections, "We were under the necessity of grinding our corn on steel mills run by hand—a tedious and wearying process—so that in the building of the mill the Mormons became public benefactors, and it was a great catastrophe to the country when a rise in the river swept their mill away." The Mormons also took the contract for the building of the first jail in Austin, Smithwick relates, and several houses were constructed for early Austin residents.

Remaining at this site until March of the next year, the Mormons in that short period completed several homes on the Perdinales River. A wide, durable highway running up into the hilly region, it is still in existence, and known here as the Old Mormon Road.

Following the flood which destroyed their mill on the Colorado, an "exploring committee" reported location of a spot on the Perdinales "with plenty of good water and timber abounding with game and honey." The colony took up location here, four miles below Fredericksburg, in August. "Six weeks after selecting a mill site," Smith relates, "the colony had a grist mill in operation, houses were built, shops erected, and crops planted." When the town was completed it was named by Wight "The City of Zodiac." This settlement seems to have attained wide popularity among the German settlers of the new town of Fredericksburg. Many of the new arrivals, destitute and in a strange land, were taken in by the Mormons and given employment in their mills. Others obtained lumber from the mills for the erection of some of the most durable houses in Fredericksburg, some of which are still standing.

The industrious inhabitants were also noted by subsequent historians of the era. Lee C. Harby, commenting in the November, 1888, issue of the Magazine of American History, notes that "when Fredericks-

burg was first settled there dwelt on the Perdinales River a colony of Mormons. Surrounded by Indians, they lived in peace with the several tribes. They had a strong stone fort, and their settlement presented a beautiful picture of thrift, neatness and fertility. Every section had a frontage on the river, and a fine, broad road, well shaded, stretched along the river bank. The farms were irrigated and divided from one another by stone fences; so perfect were they with their neat stables, barns and dwellings, that they seemed like a piece of rural Europe dropped down into those wild surroundings."

The influence of Lyman Wight's colony apparently became felt among the Eastern Mormons, who several years previous had followed Brigham Young to Salt Lake City, for in December, 1848, it is recorded that two of Young's disciples came to Texas, seeking to bring Wight and his followers back into the fold. They are said to have threatened Wight with disfellowship should he refuse. Wight is said to have replied that "nobody under the light of the sun except Joseph Smith or John Smith could call him from Texas to go to Salt Lake City," and that "he had as much authority to call them from Utah as they had to call him from Texas."

The ideal conditions at Zodiac, however, were blasted by a second misfortune in July, 1850, when a rise in the Perdinales swept their mill away, left the burrs, or mill-stones, covered in sand, and inundated their village. A peculiar incident that stirred the natives to wonder for several years is related by Smithwick, who tells of Wight's recovery of the lost millstones:

"After wrestling alone with the spirits for some little time he arose one morning with joy in his heart, and summoning his people announced to them that he had had a revelation, and bidding them take spades and crowbars and follow him, set out to locate the millstones. Straight ahead he bore as one in a dream, his divining rod in his hand; his awe-struck disciples followed him silently. Pausing at last in the middle of the sandbar he stuck his rod down. "Dig right here," he commanded. His followers, never doubting, set to work, and upon removing a few feet of sand, lo and behold, there was revealed the buried millstones. Wight said he saw them in a vision, and his followers believed it."

If the Mormons enjoyed peace with the Indians at their Fredericksburg settlement, they found a decided change in conditions when they were forced by the second flood early in 1851 to their third location on Hamilton Creek, about 30 miles up the Perdinales in Burnet County. Here they encountered open warfare of the "Indians of the western wilds of Texas," says Levi Lamoni Wight, one of Wight's sons, in his journal. "They finally took and retook our horses until we saw them no more," he continues. "Of our neighbors the men are

often killed, and children carried off to suffer torture worse than death. I could recite many instances of horror about the bloody deeds of those savages." In opposing Indian attacks in this and in their future settlements, the Mormons became known as fearless frontiersmen.

Their new mills erected, industry began once more, and soon the surrounding country was being supplied with chairs, tables, bedsteads and other articles of furniture. The women, it is related, joined in the work by making willow baskets for sale. Crops were planted, and several farms were soon under cultivation.

But the peculiar restlessness of the saints, driven onward by their desire to gain converts to their religion, ever building for others and neglecting their own domestic peace, finally overcame old Lyman Wight, and in 1853 the entire Mormon settlement was sold to Noah Smithwick. Here begins the gradual break-up of the colony, a few families remaining with Smithwick, who sought to enlarge and improve the mills. Wight and his followers went to Llano County for a brief sojourn, leaving there in December for Honey Creek, Mason County. The wanderings of the ensuing months took them through Llano, Mason, Gillespie, Kerr and Bandera Counties to a point across from Bandera on the Medina River, where they spent the summer of 1854. That winter they went 12 miles down the river and founded a community which they named Mountain Valley, into the fountain of which they spent their usual energies, making extensive improvements. Here they remained four years, until 1858. It was a lonely country, wild and rugged, covered by Indians. It was a pioneer outpost of civilization, and the last established and held by the Texas Mormons.

Indian hostility being almost unbearable, Lyman Wight in letters to Major Neighbors of the State militia, and to the Governor of the State, protests early in 1855 that the State government should assist the pioneers in their struggle to live. He apparently met with little success. Major Neighbors himself concurring in Wight's assertion that "troops are raised and sent five or six hundred miles from where an Indian ever roamed and leave our frontiers without protection."

"While Congress is spending six or eight months to find out whether it is best to reinforce the army or not," old Lyman continues in his sincere, straightforward and ungrammatical letter, "the Indians are killing men, women and children and driving off large quantities of stock and nothing to hender (correct). We make this one more appeal to Government (correct) and if this fails we have but one alternative (correct) and that is to abandon the frontiers altogether (correct)."

In a letter to his nephew in New York, dated April 3, 1856, Wight again reveals the determination in his heart that proved so

magnetic to his followers. He was fighting to keep Texas from becoming "a place for the satir to dence," but, even in the

last years of his life, the letter reveals, he planned an evangelistic campaign through Mexico and Central America.

Utah Carrol; a Cowboy Song

Kind friends, you may ask what makes me
sad and still?

What makes my eyebrows darken like a
cloud upon a hill?

Rein in your pony closer while I tell a sad,
sad tale

Of Utah Carrol, my partner, and his last
ride on the trail.

'Mid the cactus and the thistle of Mexico's
fair land,

Where the cattle range by thousands of
many a mark and brand,

In a grave without a headstone, without a
date or name,

Quietly sleeps any partner in the land to
which he came.

Long, long we rode together, had ridden
side by side;

I loved him as a brother and wept when
Utah died;

Long, long we rode the ranges, threw ropes
and burnt the brands

In dark and stormy weather—we gained
night herders' stands.

While rounding up one morning—our work
was almost done—

The cattle quickly started on a wild and
maddening run;

The boss' little daughter, while riding at
one side,

Rushed in to stop the stampede—'twas there
poor Utah died.

Lenore, upon her pony, tried to turn the
cattle right,

Her blanket slipped beneath her, but she
caught and held on tight;

And when we saw that blanket each cow-
boy held his breath.

For should her pony fail her none could
save the girl from death.

When the cattle saw that blanket almost
dragging on the ground

They were maddened in a moment and
charged with deafening sound;

Lenore soon saw her danger, she turned her
pony's face,

And, bending in her saddle, tried the blan-
ket to replace.

Just then she lost her balance in front of
that wild tide;

"Lie still, Lenore; lie still, I say!" 'Twas
Utah Carrol who cried.

And then close up beside her came Utah,
riding fast,

But little did the poor boy think that ride
would be his last.

Full often from his saddle had he caught
the trailing rope—

To pick her up at full speed was now his
only hope;

The horse approached the maiden—sure-
footed every bound—

Carrol swung low from his saddle to raise
her from the ground.

Low he swung from his saddle to raise her
to his arms;

He thought he had succeeded—that the girl
was safe from harm;

But such strain upon his saddle had ne'er
been put before—

The cinches broke beneath him and he fell
beside Lenore.

When the girl fell from her pony she had
dragged the blanket down;

It lay there close beside where she fell upon
the ground;

Utah then picked it up again and to Lenore
he said:

"Lie still!" And, wildly running, waved the
red thing o'er his head!

Soon he turned the maddened cattle from
Lenore, his little friend,

And they wildly rushed upon him as he
paused to meet his end;

He died with nerve and courage, nor show-
ed a sign of fear

As the mighty herd rushed o'er and finish-
ed Carrol's career!

But ere his life had ended his pistol quick
he drew

To fight to his last moment, as all brave
cowboys do

The weapon flashed like lightning, it sound-
ed loud and clear

And as the herd rushed on him he dropped
the foremost steer.

When I broke in the circle to where poor
Utah lay

From a dozen wounds and bruises his life
blood ebbed away;

And as I knelt beside him I knew that all
was o'er.

As I heard him faintly whisper, "Good-bye,
my sweet Lenore."

It was on Sunday morning I heard the
preacher say:

"Don't think our young friend Utah is lost
on that great day;

He was a much-loved cowboy and not afraid
to die.

I hope you all will meet him in the home
beyond the sky

Collin County's Creation

Walter B. Wilson in McKinney Democrat-Gazette.

(Address delivered before the McKinney Rotary Club Jan. 20, 1928, on a "County Government" program. Published in accordance with a unanimous resolution by the club introduced by Rotarian George Reinhardt stating: "Inasmuch as no Collin County history has ever been written or published, this Rotary club recommends that the newspapers publish Mr. Wilson's address so that its concise statement of hardest county historical data and facts may obtain the greatest possible circulation for authentic reference purposes and become available for schools, libraries, offices and homes of all who may feel interested enough to preserve it in printed form.")



SO FAR as the speaker is informed or knows, not a single one of the few dozen scattered pioneers in the county at its formation, eighty-two years ago, survive among its upward of 50,000 inhabitants of today. All have gone the way of the earth and none are left to relate by word of mouth the vicissitudes and sacrifices endured by them in laying deep and firm the foundation upon which our modern day civilization so securely rests. Common, ordinary gratitude suggests that we, who inherit the fruits of their vision and sacrificial labors, should at least assemble the fragments of initial county history, and together with the revered names of its long line of county officials record them in orderly arrangement while it can be done for the sake of available information for both the present and succeeding generations.

In our brief Rotary program today your attention is invited to some facts, names and events which make the beginnings of things in the annals of Collin county history worthy of your remembrance.

During the last 152 years this great American nation has advanced from its crude colonial period to a position of transcendent leadership among the mighty powers of the world and accomplished this wonderful achievement under its triune form of republican government—county, state and federal. Each one of these phases of our great government functions without friction or confusion with the two others in its administration.

The county government is the most thoroughly understood to us because it lies closest to the masses and the masses come more intimately in contact with it and therefore become more familiar with it in their daily lives than they do with either of the other two phases of our government, namely the state or the federal.

Texas, the fifteenth state to be admitted, making the twenty-eighth state of the Union which Union has since increased to

forty-eight commonwealths, is conceded to be the imperial state of them all.

Its immense domain of about a half million square miles of territory is subdivided at the present time into 254 county units, one of which is our own county, whose history and government are being considered by us today.

Texas was admitted to the Union December 29, 1845.

On the forty-ninth day after her admission, the first legislature convened at the state capital at Austin on February 16, 1846, remaining in session for three months, lacking only three days.

On April 3, 1846 a new county unit was carved out of the large and unwieldy territory of Fannin and created by special enactment and designated as "Collin" in honor of Collin McKinney, the most distinguished citizen then residing within its newly formed boundary limits. Collin McKinney, as you well know, was one of the fifty-six signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence, published to the world on March 2, 1836. He was one of the daring patriots whose sacrifices aided in throwing off the despot and despised Mexican yoke from the neck of Texas. He also served as a member of congress of the Republic of Texas which government continued for ten years until its admission into the sisterhood of American states, as stated above on December 29, 1845. His surname "McKinney" was also destined to be given enduring fame in the naming of the permanent seat of justice when it was subsequently located at McKinney two years later by special enactment of the second legislature of the new-born Lone Star State.

The act passed by the first legislature of the state on April 3, 1846 creating the county to be called "Collin" also named a special commission of five citizens composed of Capt. John (Jack) McGarrah, J. C. M. Hodge, Thomas Rattan, Ashley McKinney and Pleasant Wilson, empowering them to locate a county seat of justice to be known as "Buckner." This special commission of five citizens placed the location of Buckner at a point about three miles slightly north of due west from the present McKinney court house and situated partly on the farms now owned by Dr. D. F. Houston and Glen Stiff.

Capt. Jack McGarrah was the first merchant of Buckner, the first county seat. His four fair young daughters became the wives of George Herndon, James Herndon, Dr. G. A. Foote and Capt. Ed R. Stiff, all conspicuous and respected pioneer settlers of our county and who became the heads of large families. Many of their descendants still reside among us while others are scattered about over the state and in adjacent states.

Another member of the legislative commission of five to select the location for Buckner the first county seat was Thomas Rattan, the great-grand father of our present McKinney Postmaster, Wallace C. Wilson, who, is a Rotarian and present with us in the club here today.

In about two and a half months after the creation of the new county by special legislative act of April 3, 1846, Collin county came into regularly organized existence on July 13, 1846 on which date the first county wide election was held resulting in the election of the first set of county officials who had the honor of setting up the new county government.

As a result of that initial election, the following first set of county officials were duly chosen:

Z. Roberts, chief justice (or county judge).

King Custer, sheriff.

Moses G. Wilson, district clerk.

Tola Dunn, county clerk.

John Fitzhugh, Godfrey Baccus, Peter F. Lucas and John Wilson, the four county commissioners.

While the county now includes eight justice of the peace precincts, when it was first organized it only had four which were ample then for the needs of the sparsely settled county that it was in that early day beginning.

The four first justices of the peace to be elected were: Jacob Baccus, William Butler, Joel F. Stewart, and Peter F. Lucas. The last named gentleman, as before stated, was chosen one of the four county commissioners in the same election. As he could not lawfully hold two elective offices at the same time, he chose to fill the office of justice of the peace and declined to qualify as county commissioner.

A closer scrutiny of the personnel of this first set of county officials reveals, after the lapse of eighty-two years, family names that are still more or less familiar to the county's present day citizenship although four generations removed down the corridors of time from them.

The first county clerk, Tola Dunn, head-righted land just north of McKinney where his son, Daingerfield Dunn died at a ripe old age only about two years ago. Tola Dunn Sr. first county clerk, has two grandsons, James and Collin Dunn, now engaged in McKinney.

John Fitzhugh, one of the four first county commissioners elected eighty-two years ago, was the progenitor of a numerous and honorable posterity. One of them, a great-grandson, R. Fitzhugh Newsome, is now a member of this Rotary club and also present with us today.

Godfrey Baccus, one of the first four county commissioners, and his brother, Jacob Baccus, one of the first four justices of the peace, have a nephew, G. S. Baccus now living in McKinney and also other de-

scendants living elsewhere in the county at the present time.

Peter F. Lucas, who received the double honor in the first county election of being chosen both as county commissioner and justice of the peace, was the grandfather of Si and Pete Lucas, both present day McKinney business men. While he failed to qualify as county commissioner after being elected in the first county election of July 13, 1846, he was nevertheless again elected to that same important official position in the third county election held October 9, 1848, and duly qualified and served out his term after that second election to the position.

Joel F. Stewart, one of the first four justices of the peace chosen in the county, was elected as the second county clerk in the second county election held August 7, 1848. He was later re-elected county clerk for a second term on August 5, 1850.

King Custer was re-elected sheriff for a second term on August 7, 1848.

In this consideration of the creation and organization of Collin county eighty-two years ago and in bringing to your attention the names of its first officials, it is logical to conclude that allowing two years to each county administration, we therefore have had a total of forty-one county administrations and sets of county officials to serve the county during its organized existence.

We have several officials of the present or forty-first bi-ennial administration as honor guests of this Rotary club here today who will now briefly address you in the persons of County Judge A. M. Wolford, County Clerk Miss Minnie Burrage and County Commissioners J. L. Gibson, W. M. Baker and John R. Day.

One of these honored county officials, Miss Minnie Burrage, is serving her third term in succession as county clerk. She has the distinction of being the only person of her sex to be so honored in the more than three quarters of a century history of our great county. It is not amiss as I deem it, to also venture the opinion that the county never had a more efficient incumbent in that important office than is this signally honored, modest, cultured, faithful woman public servant. We all honor her as we likewise honor and esteem these other faithful public servants who are honor guests with us today.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr. Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Read Frontier Times.

The Revenge of San Antone

By J. Marvin Nichols, Dallas, Texas.

IN THE CLOSING DAYS of the '30s and the opening years of the '40s Texas wrote her history in blood. The pioneers who sought to redeem this vast wilderness were closed in on every side. In all that mighty territory south of San Antonio and on into the land of the Montezumas, the treacherous soldiery of Santa Anna bore down upon them. From the Estacadoes and all the regions of the north the Comanches and the allied savages built highways out of human bones and smoldering ruins. Between these two fires the Texans struggled heroically for their very existence.

It was the spring of 1836. The Texas colonists—heroic, dauntless spirits that they were—had beaten their retreat from Santa Anna's advancing Spaniards. From then until 1839 the wild tribes of the north stole their horses, killed their people and carried away captive their women and children into the far-away Comanche land. Many council fires were kindled—many peace pipes were smoked. Notwithstanding gifts were made to them by their white foes, the chieftains invariably turned their ponies' heads toward their wigwams only to plot a more dastardly raid when the moon shone out again.

The seat of Government, in the fall of 1839, was moved from Houston to Austin, then an outside settlement on the Colorado. So remote was it that not a cabin stood west, north or east of the Falls of the Brazos. The Texas Republic was outraged over the perfidy and faithlessness of the savage tribes. Hundreds mourned their wives and children held captive by the Indians. In the opening days of 1840, when Albert Sidney Johnston was Secretary of War, the pioneers determined on a final truce that should never be broken. This, or war to the hilt of the sword and the arrow's feather. The cries of the captives inspired them. The edict of the settlers meant the final recovery of every captive—a final treaty that should stand unbroken. That—or death!

While the whites were thus in council, it appears that the Indians, eighteen days before, had anticipated the action of the palefaces. About the time the Secretary of War received the letter from the Government of Texas, he got one from Colonel Karnes of San Antonio. There had visited him three Comanche chiefs who told him of their desire for peace. The Colonel, familiar with their broken treaties, told the chieftains that no peace was possible unless it came with the return of every captive and every piece of stolen property. This, Muk-war-rah declared, was the desire of the tribes. They left under a promise to return within thirty days.

Among all the Indians of the Plains, the last three years prior to the council of 1840 were filled with stirring events. In the winter of 1835 the Kiowas lost their famous chief, Big Face, who was killed in a raid he led into Mexico. The summer of 1835 witnessed the big sun dance on Wolfe River. After the dance the Kiowas moved north of the Arkansas, and the Kiapies made a visit to the Crows to buy the teeth of the elk and ermine for their squaws. While they were gone the Cheyennes laid their camp in ruins. When the snows of 1836 began to fall one Kiowa band was raiding in upper Missouri, another in Mexico. Here they lost their big chief, Man, who was killed by a Timber Mexican beyond the Rio Grande. In the summer of 1837, because of continued reverses, the Kiowas, Apaches and Comanches held their wailing sun dance on the North Fork of Red River. Moving southward, they encountered the bloody Cheyennes, whose medicine stick they captured and whose big sachem they slaughtered.

When the leaves began to fall in 1837 the Comanches fought their enemies on the Brazos. The year closed with the memorable event of dragging through their camps, at the end of their riates, the dis severed heads of the Arapahoes. It was a bloody and a ghastly time. The outraged Arapahoes, aided by the Cheyennes, fought the combined tribes of the Apaches, Kiowas and Comanches. It was another year of disaster for the Comanches. The ravages of war heaped upon them the death of Heart-Eater in the winter of 1838. The peninsular sun dance was held on the Washita in the summer of 1839. To this dance some friendly Osages came as visitors—but they brought the smallpox. It killed more braves than were lost in the war. Thoroughly disheartened, the tribes began to drift. The Kiowas and Apaches fled in consternation to the Staked Plains. The Comanches fled toward the south into Texas.

Bearing the final message of the Texans, the three Indian chieftains turned their faces from San Antonio toward the wigwams of their depleted and discouraged people. The chiefs and old men of the tribes assembled in the lodge of their Comanche sachem. None but the braves from the great war fraternities met in that council. Desperation brooded over all. Each had taken a pledge to lead every battle charge to victory or to death. None but the stalwart braves from the Kait'senke stood in that lodge. None but those whose daring deeds had made them worthy of the Tonkawa and the Amerind were there. This embassy might take with them their squaws who dressed their bearskins for their robes

and planted their maize corn for their feasts. They might carry the boys who sought the deadly serpents with which to poison their arrow tips. These alone would form that company which should go with Muk-war-rah to bear the sachem's message to the Texans in far-off San Antonio.

In peace, they rode over the moonlit plains and along the silent trails. Just as the dawn was falling from the cottonwoods, two Comanche warriors entered San Antonio. They announced the arrival of sixty-five Indians, who had with them a little white girl—Matilda Lockhart. Twelve mighty chiefs walked into the council chamber of the whites. There they stood, the embodiment of war and fearlessness.

From his pouch old Muk-war-rah drew his peace pipe. It was very old and strangely fashioned. The pipe head was made of red stone brought from the land of the Dakotahs. It had a stem whose reed was covered with feathers taken in the eagle's flight. He filled the pipe with bark of willows and put a burning coal upon it. Around their council fires, in the wigwams of their mighty chiefs, the peace of boundless territories hinged upon the white and the red man smoking this pipe of peace. Would the Texans smoke it. So wondering, the chief handed it to his host, the Texans, and began thus to speak:

"We have brought the only one we had; the rest were stolen by other tribes."

But, in an hour of the merest chance, little Matilda Lockhart had whispered her story to the Texans. She told them that many other prisoners were in the camps far away, and that they had brought her for a high ransom from her people. And so they would bring them, one by one.

No sooner had the chief spoken than an unbearable minute of deathlike stillness hung over the council chamber. Blood was boiling at fever heat. The memory of midnight massacres bore in upon them. The cries of helpless children tied to Indian ponies and carried far away were ringing in the Texans' ears. The oft-repeated perfidy of the Comanches was crowding into that moment of suspense. Who could speak? The chieftain caught the meaning of that instant. He cried: "How do you like the answer?"

A military company had been stationed at the rear of the council room; and another brought inside now.

The hour was becoming tragic. All knew it. The very air seemed like that which goes before the whirlwind storm. The Texan ultimatum rang out—"Your mighty chiefs are prisoners of war until every white woman and child held captive among your tribes is delivered into our hands!"

Terrific! Sudden! The chiefs sprang forward, a strange glitter in their eyes. The twang of the bowstring drove arrows to the feather. Knives glistened for a moment, then dripped in blood. When the few moments' desperate struggle was over,

twelve chiefs and their captains lay dead on the council floor, and about them were heaped the dead and wounded Texans. One solitary man took refuge in the old stone house. A burning ball of rags was dropped through the smoke escape upon him. He leaped through the door into a hail of lead. One soul—a renegade Mexican—escaped the awful fury of that hour to carry the story back to the tribes.

The Mexican carried the news of the terrible defeat back to the Comanche land. It was at the time when Sun Boy, the last of the Kiowa buffalo and warpath chieftains, had joined the Comanches in a great sun dance. He had brought with him his fetish—the Taimé—descended from his forbears. It was his own dark-green stone image that he hung on the western side of the Comanche medicine lodge. He dressed it in a robe of white feathers gathered in eagle eyries. Upon its head he placed the ermine pendants; about its neck he hung strands of beads and rattlers. With gypsum and ochre he painted signs of the sun and the moon upon its neck and bosom. Was it not the god of the sun dance? Was it not the fetish that had ruled his fathers in all their wars? For all of this the Comanches had prepared—the coming of Sun-Boy and his mighty Kiowas.

The buffalo hunt had gone before it—wild and exciting. All the braves had pitched their tepees round about the medicine lodge. The squaws, in solemn procession, had cut the cottonwood pole on which to hang the Taimé. And Sun-Boy came. From his rawhide box he drew the tribal fetish—he hung it in the lodge. Then began the great sun dance—more dangerous to the whites than all the scalp and ghost dances. For four days and nights—none eating or drinking or sleeping—the Comanches and the Kiowas danced together in the most savage frenzy. The event itself was to hold in memory the hope that the Taimé would yet raise up some messiah who would deliver them from the encroachments of the paleface. "For," said they in gruesome song, "are we not like the chaff driven before the wind?"

The moon was rising, silvery and soft over all the plains. Old Suyete, father of all the Comanches and sachem of all the tribes, sat in his wigwam, solitary and alone. He dreamed of the past; he mourned the future. Suddenly, as if by magic, the Mexican whispered in the old chief's ear the tragic story of San Antonio. The fourth night, under the wild hilarity of Sun-Boy, had pitched the war spirit in the highest key. How propitious the moment!

Suyete, now once more alone, bent a long stick like a loop around the firehole in his wigwam. Beating time upon it with another stick, the old sachem began, in the weirdest fashion, singing his travel song.

(Continued on Page 343.)

A Filibustering Expedition

Written by Peter R. Brown, Inmate Confederate Home, Austin, Texas, April 7, 1907.



IN THE YEAR 1850 Gen. Antonio de Lopez, a native Spaniard of Cuba, visited the United States for the purpose of getting aid to help the natives of Cuba to throw off the Spanish yoke of tyranny and oppression. Gen. Lopez was greatly encouraged by his native people of Cuba, and promising him to battle with him for the freedom of Cuba, they sent Gen. Lopez to the United States to solicit aid. So he came and secured the sympathies and co-operation of the noble and brave General, Crittenden. Soon Gen. Crittenden had enlisted 5,000 brave young Southern American men. It was a jolly little army of boys, all expecting to win great distinction and honors as American heroes. I numbered one among the jolly boys of the little army of Gen. Crittenden's filibusters. I had built many glittering castles in the air, had unbounded expectations. At that time I was a cadet at the Kentucky Military Institute, was at home in Mississippi on a furlough when I heard of Crittenden's recruiting. I ran away from my guardian and joined the filibusters. I had determined to make a field marshal equal to Ney or Murat. So we were soon organized and embarked for Cuba. After three or four days and nights' tossing over the great deep seas and riding the great billows, rolling like mountains, causing our ship to do the bucking like a wild Mexican mustang, the snug double-masted schooner was going first on one end and then on other, and occasionally she would add a rolling from side to side. Never were so many young soldiers so seasick in one ship. They all were so dreadfully seasick that they never once thought of the danger we were in, as our ship was very likely to "founder", meaning going to pieces. But we were safely landed on the "beautiful island."

We rested a few days, awaiting orders from Gen. Lopez. Finally the orders came. We were ordered to prepare for marching. Onward we marched, capturing a small fort after a desperate fight of three or four hours. In capturing the fort we secured a large supply of ammunition and supplies; also about 500 regular Spanish soldiers. We marched on, meeting the Spanish soldiers every few days for about ten days. Our boys showed the Spanish regulars that we were most excellent soldiers and good marksmen with the rifle. The Spanish had a strong fort in our line of march and our two Generals formed plans to attack it. So we did, capturing the fort with about 1,500 regulars of the Spanish soldiers. They had but few supplies. We fought several battles with the Spanish regulars, they often outnumbering us four or five to

one. Yet we would always be masters of the battlefields. We had about come to the conclusion that we would soon have the beautiful island in our possession when we should capture the great city of Havana. Our two Generals had formed a plan for capturing the beautiful city. Gen. Lopez made an urgent appeal to his people to come to his aid, as they had so promised to do. He marched down near the city and advised Gen. Crittenden to locate opposite him, two miles to the east. The natives, through fear and cowardice, did not respond to Lopez's call. Our supplies were running very short. Our General was advised where we could find some beef cattle, nineteen miles out to a sugar estate. So a squad of sixteen men were detailed to go after those cattle. I was put in charge of this squad, yet I was only a beardless wild lad, 18 years of age. We marched out after the cattle, well armed and on the alert. Instead of the natives turning out to help Gen. Lopez they treachously betrayed him, and the Spanish soldiers surrounded him one night. Next morning Lopez seeing his critical condition and seeing most of his followers had deserted him, and no chance of escape, he accepted the overtures of peace the Spanish General had made him. If he (Lopez) would stack his arms and surrender he would be pardoned. His pardon papers were made out and duly signed up by the commanding Governor General of Cuba. The communications between our two Generals was cut off. So Lopez surrendered one morning at 9 o'clock and at 4 the same day Lopez and his few faithful followers that remained true and loyal to him, said to be 325 men, were marched upon the grand plaza. The Spanish Army marched up in front of Lopez and his men who stood in single line. At the command from the Spanish General to fire, Lopez and his men all fell dead at the feet of the Spanish soldiers. Thus the end of Lopez's career.

As soon as Lopez's surrender was known over the city some of the Spanish ladies with great haste made their way to Gen. Crittenden's camp, giving him the sad news of Lopez's downfall. The ladies implored Gen. Crittenden to save himself and his band of brave boys. Crittenden heeded the advice of the noble Spanish ladies. He quickly seized a double-masted schooner. Soon he and his noble little band were flying through the briny waters for the United States shores. The owner of the schooner was an American, also his sailors, well known in Cuba. He and his sailors, schooner, all were pressed into service by Crittenden in order that he (Crittenden) and his men could reach the United States.

After all were on board the sails hoisted, the schooner then went flying through the deep blue sea like a gigantic bird, the boys pacing and dancing, singing love songs on the hurricane deck, all full of joy and gladness. "But alas! their joys were of short duration, soon ended. The man on the lookout up in the masthead, in top rigging with his spy glass, discovered a steamer. The steamer was a Spanish gunboat. The watchman aloft cried out, "Spanish man-of-war in hot pursuit." Then came orders to crowd on more sails. Oh! Then the poor boys began to exhibit much uneasiness. Both of the boats were doing their best to make headway to the American waterline. On came the grim old monster gunboat, plowing through the mighty billows. Soon she was within three miles of the flying schooner to her larboard. The old gunboat then with her 16-inch bow gun sent a ball through the schooner's rigging, carrying away her main stay sails. Instantly an 8-inch solid shot came crashing through the rigging, cutting down her mast beams. Then the ill-fated schooner rocked and reeled. Then came a shell tearing a great hole through her bows. Then the white flag went up and all was lost. Poor boys' last hopes gone. The old gunboat was soon by the side of the ill-fated schooner, whose name was Fannie Foster. She was a beautiful double-masted schooner. All the prisoners were marched on board of the old man-of-war. The schooner sank to the bottom of the sea. The old gunboat righted about and in a few hours landed her prisoners, turning them over to the Spanish General. He ordered them to be marched on the grand plaza to the exact spot where the noble Lopez and his men had been cowardly murdered. The number of men with Crittenden was 464; 20 were killed and 16 sent out on detail. The Americans were ordered to stand in a single line. At the signal "Fire" all fell dead at the feet of the Spanish soldiers. The commander and owner of the schooner was Capt. John G. McAdams. He proved himself and sailors having been forced to carry off the prisoners, came clear and he applied to the Spanish Government for pay for his schooner. The killing and barbarity of the Spanish troops was witnessed by Capt. McAdams and many other Americans then living in Havana. The poor boys and officers all died like heroes. They were nearly all Southern boys, from Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and a good many Texas cowboys. They are renowned the world over to be gallant, dashing soldiers; Crittenden, a young ambitious Kentucky gentleman. Thus the end of Crittenden and his 464 brave little band of American heroes, as brave as the bravest that ever trod the soil of Cuba.

Our detailed squad of sixteen men was nineteen miles out on a large sugar estate owned by a very rich Spanish widow, also.

an own sister of Gen. Lopez. She had two sons who had fallen by the side of their brave uncle, Lopez. As soon as Crittenden's command was captured this noble good lady sent for us to come to her house immediately. "Soon we all stood before her and her three grown beautiful daughters. She asked who commanded the squad. She was told it was I. She then related to us the sad news of her ill-fated brother, Gen. Lopez, and her two brave sons. She and her lovable daughters, weeping over the loss of brothers and sons. Then she hastily related the capture of Crittenden and his men and all cruelly murdered on the same bloody ground where her brother and two sons and their comrades were brutally murdered. After having related all these sad events to us she, addressing me, said: "The troops will soon be here after you and your squad. I see only one chance remains for you to save your lives," pointing to a little house standing in the water, seashore. "There I have a splendid little sloop; here is the key. Take the boat and put to sea."

Bidding her and her lovely girls a hearty good-bye we left all of our arms, etc., with her. We ran for the boat, and unlocking the door, we entered. Pushing the boat out and getting in the boat we let her drift out. The ebbing of the tide soon carried us out of sight of land toward midocean. We were riding over the waves that looked like mountains. The noble little sloop would go up and down like a sea-going ship. The good Spanish lady advised us if the gunboats should pick us up for us to claim to have been wrecked on the coast of South America and not to have known Lopez and Crittenden at all.

In our hasty flight we had neglected to get any sails or water and provisions. It is a deplorable condition, indeed, to be drifting on the mid-ocean in a small boat without water or food. The sadness of such a condition few people could imagine. Hence our thirst soon became very great. Our only chance for water was to strip off our clothing, spread them upon the deck of the boat so as to catch the fallen dews, then one-half of us would lie on our backs whilst the others would ring the precious dewdrops into our mouths, which were stretched to their utmost capacity. By this method we watered all around. Finally our boys began to die of starvation. At first we were able to throw the dead bodies overboard, until we became so weak we could not do this. One morning one of our boys cut the throat of another boy who was his bosom friend. Now only eight of us remained alive and eight were dead. Still onward we drifted over the boundless deep. We were all prostrated in the little cabin of the sloop.

Our hopes had all vanished as the morning vapor before the rising sun. We lay in the cabin of our little boat like skeletons, not able to lift up our heads, and each one

sending imaginary messages to his sweet and lovely sisters and his dearest beloved mother, and asking her to forgive his disobedience in leaving loved ones and a good comfortable home to perish in mid-ocean. At this time we heard yells of strange voices. We thought it a dream. Soon a French merchant marine ship from France, bound for Philadelphia, spied us in her wake and letting down her lifeboats the captain sent some of his sailors to us and they towed our boat to the French ship. We were hoisted on board. Our faithful little sloop was turned adrift on the high

seas. We were near the coast of South America. On the French ship we were well cared for. The next day one more of our boys died. The French captain buried him in the sea, leaving only seven of us out of sixteen to reach the United States, and 493 never returned.

The noble French captain safely landed us in Philadelphia.

In that good Quaker city the generous-hearted people bestowed upon us much kindness; indeed, gave to each one of us a good suit of clothes and sent all of us to our homes.

The Hudspeth Pension Bill

Congressman C. B. Hudspeth, of the 16th District of Texas, sends *Frontier Times* a copy of the pension bill which he has introduced, designed to give relief to old time Texas Rangers and Indian fighters. As this bill is of interest to hundreds of our readers we publish it below.

A BILL

To amend the Act of March 3, 1927, granting pensions to certain soldiers who served in the Indian wars from 1817 to 1898, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who served thirty days or more in any military organization, whether such person was regularly mustered into the service of the United States or not, but whose service was under the authority or by the approval of the United States or any State or Territory in any Indian war or campaign, or who were not mustered into service by or under the authority of the United States or any State or Territory, but who were mustered into service in defending the United States or any State or Territory by an officer of their own choosing and who can show that said company or companies did have a muster roll of their own, or that said person who so enlisted for the purpose of protecting the frontiers of any State or Territory within the United States, received arms and ammunition through The Adjutant General or an officer of the State or Federal Government who was authorized to dispense said arms and ammunition, to said persons or company or companies, and it can be affirmatively shown that said person did enlist in some organized company for the purpose of protecting the citizens and frontiers of any State or Territory from hostile Indians and in case the names of said person as herein referred to does not appear in any Federal or State muster roll, then the affidavit of two credible persons, stating from personal knowledge that said claimant for pension did serve as herein referred to, shall be sufficient if upon investigation the Pension Commissioner finds

said affiants to be credible persons: Provided, That this Act shall include all persons who fought to protect the frontiers of any State or Territory from hostile Indians during the years beginning with January 1, 1861, and ending with December 31, 1865, and who were mustered into service as frontier rangers for the purposes herein referred to, or in connection with, or in the zone of any active Indian hostilities in any of the States or Territories of the United States from January 1, 1817, to December 31, 1898, inclusive, and who is now or who may hereafter be suffering from any mental or physical disability or disabilities of a permanent character, not the result of his own vicious habits, which so incapacitate him for the performance of manual labor as to render him unable to earn a support, shall, upon making due proof of the fact, according to such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the pension roll of the United States and be entitled to receive pension not exceeding \$50 per month and not less than \$20 per month, proportionate to the degree of inability to earn a support; and in determining such inability each and every infirmity shall be duly considered and the aggregate of the disabilities shown shall be rated, and such pension shall commence from the date of filing of the application in the Bureau of Pensions, after the passage of this Act, upon proof that the disability or disabilities then existed, and shall continue during the existence thereof: Provided, That any such person who has reached the age of sixty-two years shall, upon making proof of such fact, be placed upon the pension roll and entitled to receive a pension of \$20 per month; in case such person has reached the age of sixty-eight years, \$30 per month; in case such person has reached the age of seventy-two years, \$40 per month; and in case such person has reached the age of seventy-five years, \$50 per month.

Sec. 2. If any person who rendered service as described in section 1 of this Act or who died in service irrespective of length of service, has since died, or shall hereafter

die, leaving a widow, or minor children under the age of sixteen years, such widow shall, upon proof of her husband's death, without proving his death to be the result of his military service, be placed on the pension roll from the date of filing the application thereafter under this Act, at the rate of \$30 per month during her widowhood, and shall also be paid \$6 per month for each child or such person under sixteen years of age, and in case there be no widow, or one not entitled to pension, and in the event of the death, remarriage, or forfeiture of title of the widow, the child or children under sixteen years of age of the soldier shall be paid such pension until the age of sixteen years, said pension, if there be no widow entitled, to commence from the date of filing application therefor after the passage of this Act, and in the event of the death, remarriage, or forfeiture of title by the widow the pension to continue to the minor children from the date of such death, remarriage or forfeiture of title: Provided, That in case a minor child is insane, idiotic, or otherwise permanently helpless, the pension shall continue during the life of said child, or during the period of such disability, and such pension shall commence from the date of filing application therefor after the passage of this Act: Provided further, That said widow shall have married said soldier prior to March 4, 1917, and this section shall apply to a former widow of any soldier who rendered service as hereinbefore described, such widow having remarried either once or more after the death of the soldier, if it be shown that such subsequent or successive marriage has or have been dissolved, either by the death of the husband or husbands or by divorce without fault on the part of the wife. Such pension shall commence from date of filing application therefor in the Bureau of Pensions after the passage of this Act, and any such former widow shall be entitled to and be paid a pension at the rate of \$30 a month, and any former widow mentioned in this section shall also be paid \$6 a month for each child of the soldier under sixteen years of age: Provided further, That in case of any widow whose name has been dropped from the pension roll because of her remarriage, if the pension has been granted to an insane, idiotic, or otherwise helpless child, or to a child or children under the age of sixteen years, she shall not be entitled to a renewal of pension under any Act until the pension to such child or children terminates, unless such child or children be a member or members of her family and cared for by her, and upon renewal of pension to such widow payment of pension to such child or children shall cease.

Sec. 3. This period of service performed by beneficiaries under this Act shall be determined, first, by reports from the records of the War Department, where there are such records; second, by reports from the

records of the General Accounting Office showing payment by the United States, where there is no record of regular enlistment or muster into the United States military service; and third, when there is no record of service or payment for same in the War Department or the General Accounting Office by satisfactory evidence from muster rolls on file in the several State or Territorial archives; fourth, where no record of service has been made in the War Department or General Accounting Office and there is no muster roll or pay roll on file in the several State or Territorial archives showing service of the applicant, or where the same has been destroyed by fire or otherwise lost, or where there are muster rolls or pay rolls on file in the several State or Territorial archives but the applicant's name does not appear thereon, the applicant may make proof of service by furnishing affidavit of two credible persons who declare upon oath that they personally know of such service and who upon examination are found to be credible persons by the Commissioner of Pensions.

Sec. 4. From and after the fourth day of the next month after the approval of this Act the rate of pension to surviving soldiers of the various Indian wars and campaigns who are now on the pension roll or who may hereafter be placed thereon under the Acts of July 27, 1892, June 27, 1902, and May 30, 1908, as amended by the Act of February 19, 1913, or under the Act of March 4, 1917, shall be \$30 per month if sixty-eight years of age, \$40 per month if seventy-two years of age, and \$50 per month if seventy-five years of age, and \$50 per month if seventy-two years of age; and that the rate of pension to the widows who are now on the pension roll or who may hereafter be placed thereon under the said Acts shall be \$30 per month: Provided, however, That nothing in this Act shall be so construed as to reduce any pension under any law, public or private, and that hereafter pensions granted under the Acts referred to in this section shall commence from the date of filing of application therefor in the Bureau of Pensions.

Sec. 5. No claim agent, attorney, or other person shall contract for, demand, receive, or retain a fee for service in preparing presenting, or prosecuting claims for the increase of pension provided for in this Act; and no more than the sum of \$10 shall be allowed for such service in other claims thereunder, which sum shall be payable only on the order of the Commissioner of Pensions; and any person who shall, directly or indirectly, otherwise contract for, demand, receive, or retain a fee for service in and under this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall for each and every offense be fined not exceeding \$500 or be imprisoned not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Indian Fights in Parker County

By R. K. Phillips.

MUCH of the warfare of Texas settlers with Indians was with tribes who lived across Red river in what was then the Indian Territory. There were good Indians and bad Indians in that section and conditions were almost as primitive as when white men first came to America.

For more than a decade Texas pioneers fought at tremendous odds against Indian raiders. As white men traveled west they crossed the great undulating prairies of North Texas and went on to the friendly valleys of the upper cross timbers. Along the sheltered valleys of the Trinity and the Brazos rivers they found water in abundance, and timber two things absolutely essential to living in a pioneer country. Prior to the Civil War there were settlements along the water courses in what are now Parker, Wise, Jack Young and Montague counties.

Around Fort Sill, Indian Territory, were Indian tribes under the guardianship of Uncle Sam, although at times, and especially during the Civil War, that guardianship was loosely administered. These were the bad Indians of the Western plains—Comanches, Kipwas and Apaches—who roamed the country from the plains of Indian Territory and Texas to the Rocky Mountains. They were fierce and vindictive, had been fighting among themselves and fighting other Indians ravaged and killed white settlers all the way from Red river to the Rio Grande.

Those who have known the Choctaws, Chicksaws, Cherokees and other civilized tribes can hardly understand how settlers felt toward these red marauders of the Western plains who slaughtered, ravished and tortured victims falling into their hands.

John N. Frazier, who lives in the little community of Agnes, Texas, near the Parker and Wise county line, is one of the best posted men on Indian raids in Texas. His father, Hugh R. Frazier, came to that section of Texas before the Civil War and after two or three years returned to Johnson county while the war was in progress, but came back after two years and raised a large family in the Agnes community. As a boy and young man, John R. Frazier was in a number of Indian fights.

He married in 1873 and he and his wife are living today on the same Parker county farm where they started life together.

It was a vivid picture to the writer as he stood recently in the soft sunlight of a summer day and saw gray-haired John Frazier point out the break in the hills where Indians would come through from the north and murder settlers in the community in which he now lives; how he and

his father and brothers had fought them and escaped death by a miracle.

These Indians were wards of the U. S. government, said Frazier, and had guns that were issued to them by government agents. They would cross Brazos river, hide out in day time and at night steal horses, pillage homes and kill white families.

A favorite route was to come by Agnes, ride down the country nearly to Weatherford and then turn back to Jack and Young counties. They would have such a lead that it was almost impossible to overtake them before they were back across Red river and again safe on their own reservation. It was eight or nine years after the Civil War before the government finally broke up these Indian raids.

When he was a boy of 16, John Frazier, his father and brother fought a band of Indians who outnumbered them about three to one. The Indians tried to surround and cut them off, but the three intrepid white men met them face to face in a running fight and managed to get to a cover of timber where the savages were afraid to attack them. "I passed so close to one of the Indians," said Frazier, "that I could see the wrinkles on his face." Years afterward I saw Geronimo, the noted Apache chief, at Fort Sill and I am sure that he was the same Indian against whom I was matched in that fight.

The following accounts of early day Indian raids are mainly given in Mr. Frazier's own words.

One of the noted Indian fights of pioneer days was that of Pleas Tackitt and his three sons. He had come to Parker county, Texas, about 1855, and lived for several years on Salt creek where John Frazier now lives. In 1856 he moved to Young county and settled on Fish creek. One day a cow came home with an arrow sticking in her back. Pleas Tackitt told his three sons that Indians were in the vicinity and that they had better drive the remainder of the cattle home, get help and then follow the Indians. While rounding up the cattle and driving them across a small stream the animals began to shy off and show signs of fear. Suddenly a dozen savages, concealed in a thicket, began shooting at the Tackitts with arrows. Only one Indian had a gun and he fired on Pleas Tackitt, the shot passing through his coat-tails. George Tackitt fired at the same time and killed this Indian.

Then the chief came running straight towards Pleas Tackitt, who shot him down with his rifle. Light Tackitt with a double-barrel shotgun, was holding back an Indian with the gun but had not yet fired. Jim Tackitt attempted to fire on an Indian

who had drawn a bead on him with an arrow, but the Indian shot first and the arrow struck the gun barrel and knocked off the cap, glancing upward and striking Jim's forehead just above the eyebrow. He attempted to pull the arrow out, but it broke off at the shank. Light Tackitt killed the Indian who shot Jim.

When Jim Tackett drew his pistol and shot down another Indian in the brush, the entire band turned and ran. After running a little ways one of the Indians slowed down into a walk; Jim Tackitt took a long shot at him and he fell at the crack of the pistol.

The Tackitts went on home and the Indians followed them at a safe distance, loitering about the home but keeping out of gun range. Help at last came from Fort Belknap and the Indians were driven off.

All the Tackitt family recovered from their wounds. They had one of the most narrow escapes ever recorded in the frontier warfare of Texas. All that saved them was their courage and fighting ability.

In the summer of 1863 John Frazier started out one morning to find some stray work oxen. After riding a few miles and seeing nothing of the oxen he came back to Jenkins Springs, where he now lives. There he met James McKinney, his wife and three children, who had camped at the spring the night before and were on the way to their home in Jack county. McKinney had traded his pistol for breadstuff, and the only firearm he had was an old cap and ball rifle. Young Frazier was the last man who saw the McKinney family alive.

McKinney took the wrong road shortly after leaving Jenkins Spring and went east

toward Springtown instead of north toward Jacksboro. A band of Indians ran into the family and killed Mr. and Mrs. McKinney and two of their children. A little boy three or four years old was stripped of his clothing, but not otherwise molested. He was found the next day after he had wandered all night. The Indians had mutilated the bodies of the parents and had dashed the brains of the baby out against a tree.

In December, 1859, a band of Indians came through Parker county and killed a man named John Brown, who lived a short distance northeast of Weatherford, scalped him and drove off 18 head of his horses.

These same Indians went on to the home of a settler named Sherman, who lived near Palo Pinto county line. His family consisted of himself, wife and four children. Entering the home under friendly pretense, the Indians said: "Vamoose, vamoose, no hurt." The family immediately left and started down the road, hoping to escape. In a few minutes the Indians pursued them, captured Mrs. Sherman, and forcibly took her back to her home, where she was brutally maltreated, outraged and then scalped. She died four days following the attack.

During the last two years of the Civil War many settlers dropped back from the frontier that had been established in West Texas. Many of the men were away fighting in the armies of the Confederacy and only older men and younger boys were left to protect the women and children.

It was during these trying times that certain Indian tribes preyed on the homes of the settlers, stealing livestock and murdering women and children.

A Tour of East Texas in 1876

Goldie Capers Smith, Dallas, Texas.



MY DOCTOR and I have grown to be the best of friends. He is a gentleman whose hair is white, but who swings a wicked golf club and drives a sporting car that the best of the younger bloods might envy. Sometimes I pay him a social call, prefacing my visit with the request that he shall not "send this in on my bill. On one such occasion he told me the following story, which he gave me permission to use, if I would withhold his name. It is any of my readers wish to verify it they will find the Doctor on the 16th floor of the only skyscraper in a certain central Texas city.

In the fall of 1878, my brother-in-law planned to drive a herd of cattle from our home in Jefferson, Texas, to his ranch on the Red River in Cook County. I had never been more than a few miles from home, but I had read many books of

travel, especially stories of the 'Wild West,' and I was very eager to make the trip. I finally procured my mother's reluctant consent, and my brother-in-law, myself, two other riders, and a man and his wife who drove the chuck wagon, started on our journey.

Our route took us through Upshur County, Pittsburg, Sulphur Springs, Old Kentucky Town, Whitesboro, and Gainesville—then a typical cow-town—and on to the ranch. After two days traveling, the cattle had learned to trail behind the wagon, and as they gave us but little trouble, we dispensed with the two extra riders. In Hopkins County we suffered for water, going a day and a night before we found a small tank. We could not drink the water then, as many dead cattle were bogged in the black mud surrounding the tank, but our famished cattle were not to be balked by any lack of sanitary precautions. We

managed to get water at an occasional ranch or farm house.

"The most interesting sight to me on this outgoing trip was a cotton-gin and grist mill in Grayson County, whose motor power was produced by a number of blinded oxen which were kept walking up a big inclined wheel, whose revolutions furnished the power necessary for the machinery.

"We delivered the cattle to the ranch without encountering anything particularly exciting. After a few days visit on the ranch, I went to Gainesville where I bought a complete Wild West cowboy outfit. I was going to make the trip back home alone, and I felt that I must be prepared for any emergency—and secretly, I hoped that many emergencies would arise. I had with me already an old pair of cap and ball dueling pistols that had belonged to my father, so I completed my equipment by the addition of a slicker, two blankets, a coffee pot, frying pan, tin cup, leather chaps, cowboy hat, an extra shirt and a pair of socks. I felt then that it was up to the gods to provide adventure for me.

"I was riding a fine mare, Maude, that I had owned and trained for several years. With my paraphernalia strapped behind my saddle, I set out to make the homeward trip as round-about as possible. I struck out, crossing Red River and going about a hundred and fifty miles northwest through the Indian Territory, near the present site of the city of Ardmore, through Smith Paul Valley, then southwest, recrossing the river at Spanish Fort.

"The Beautiful Indian Territory (or B. I. T. as it was called for short) was at that time most appropriately named. It was in its virgin state, covered with tall grass, with no land under cultivation, and wild game abundant. I saw a ranch occasionally, and met a few cattle-men and Indians, but for the most part had the country to myself. At night I would stop wherever dark overtook me, stake out Maude, and cook my supper. Then I would spread my saddle-blankets, and my saddle for a pillow and my other two blankets for cover. I would 'turn in.' For the first few nights the howling wolves and my own keen relish of my situation made my sleep rather fitful, but after a few nights I slept soundly.

"I had almost decided that there were no thrills in store for me, so that one night when I felt something brush across me, I supposed it was Maude who was seeking protection from the howling coyotes by getting as close to me as possible. But upon opening my eyes, I was surprised and frightened to find that my rest had been disturbed by a couple of coyotes. I seized my gun and fired, but they escaped. When I examined my commissary, I discovered that it contained only my coffee and an empty frying pan. The coyotes had devoured the bacon and bread intended for my breakfast.

"Next morning the weather was decidedly cool, and as I set out, breakfastless, I decided to walk for a time to warm my feet. There was not a house or a tree in sight, but I noticed a large bunch of range cattle feeding all around me. Suddenly they seemed greatly excited over something, and were heading in my direction. Realizing that my only chance of escape lay in mounting my horse as quickly as possible, I called to Maude who was following me slowly, cropping grass. I was afraid that if I ran to her she might take fright and leave me, so I went as slowly as possible under the circumstances, and she stood still while I climbed into my saddle, only a short distance ahead of some of the cattle. As soon as they saw me on horseback, they ceased to pay me any attention—the cause of their excitement had been the unaccustomed sight of a man afoot.

"Next day at noon, I arrived in a very small town where I found a number of cowboys who seemed in a hilarious humor. I went into the general store and was partaking of a most delightful meal consisting of canned salmon, sardines, pepper-sauce and crackers, when I was requested to buy a chance in a raffle of a horse, saddle and bridle. I deemed it good policy to comply, so I paid fifty cents for a chance. When my turn came to draw a bead on the target, which was thirty yards distant, I practically did so with my eyes shut, for I had never been able to hit anything at which I had aimed in my life. I received the surprise of my life when it was announced that I had hit the bull's eye, and consequently won first choice. As the pony was a rather sorry specimen, and the saddle and bridle were of the very best full-rigged Mexican type, I chose the later, and upon having an offer of \$25.00 made me for the outfit, promptly accepted it and prepared to depart, declining the solicitations of my ardent admirers to exhibit my marksmanship further.

"Several days later I met up with a cowboy who was riding a horse, and leading six others, and as he was going in my direction, we decided to travel together. He had been in the far West for two years, and was on his way back to his home in Longview. The marvelous tales of his adventures served to relieve the monotony of my journey.

"Just before dark we arrived at Emony, and hobbling the horses, we cooked our supper, after which, at his earnest solicitation, we decided to 'take in' the town. My friend seemed well acquainted with the ways of the world, and I was only too glad to follow in the wake of his worldly wisdom, so we visited several of the leading saloons, and then proceeded to 'shoot up' the town. This sport lasted until some of the citizens expressed their disapproval by returning our gunfire, when we returned hastily to camp.

"My friend had hobbled all his horses for fear they might stray, but I had discovered that Maude would not only remain near me, but would allow nobody but myself to catch her, so I allowed her to run loose to graze. When we awoke next morning from untroubled sleep, we found Maude grazing quietly nearby, but all of his horses gone. We had been visited by horse thieves as we slept, who cut all the hobbles from his horses.

"My comrade expressed his intention of following the thieves until he caught them, so we put the two saddles on Maude and took up the trail, as I was convinced that it was my duty to stick by my friend. After traveling half a day, however, he persuaded me to leave him, realizing that it might be days before he could catch up with them. He bought another horse and proceeded on his journey, and I reluctantly turned back. I have never heard to this good day whether he found his horses.

"When I reached Emony again, I decided that on account of my conduct the night before, I had better go around the town instead of through it. In so doing, I evidently missed the dim road that I intended to take, for I soon found myself in heavy timber. It had grown quite dark and a rain was falling so that I could not light a fire, so I continued wandering through the woods, cold and wet and badly frightened of the wolves which howled in every direction. Once I saw an animal which I took for a big timber wolf very close to me, so I took a shot at him, and thinking I had struck him, I dismounted to search for him. I found no trace of him, but later discovered that in dismounting I had lost one of my much-prized deringers.

"I rode on through the darkness, and rain for some time, until the sound of some geese nearby seemed to indicate a habitation of some sort. I rode in the direction of the sound, crossed a creek, and finally came to a clearing with a log cabin in the center. Light seeped out between the cracks of the cabin, and the sound of a fiddle and the shuffle of feet seemed to indicate a dance. As I approached the clearing my presence was indicated by the barking of a number of dogs. At my 'halloo,' all sounds in the house ceased as if by magic, and the lights were extinguished. After a time a voice asked cautiously, 'Who are you? and what do you want?'

"I answered that I was a stranger who had lost his way and wished a lodging for the remainder of the night. I heard my questioner discussing the matter with other inmates of the house, after which he opened the door and came out to me. By this time I had concluded from the appearance of the place that I had fallen among thieves or desperadoes and I asked only that I be allowed to put my mare in the shed and sleep near her. My request

was curtly refused, and I was bidden to leave my six-shooter on my saddle and come into the house.

"I found inside an assembly of the most disreputable looking men and women it has ever been my fortune to meet, and in addition, several small children asleep on a bed in one corner of the room. The dance was resumed and I was invited to join in, also to partake of refreshment poured into a tin cup from a jug, both of which I declined.

"The party soon broke up. The men departed for a near-by cook-house, and I was told to lie down by the back wall on the floor. The women also retired to places on the floor. Lying there with my gun cocked and ready to shoot, I strained my ears to hear part of the conversation going on between some of the men on the outside. Momentarily I expected trouble—and the next thing I knew a man was shaking me awake, the sun was up, and I was invited to step into the cook-house for breakfast. I ate the fat bacon and corn-bread and coffee with relish, and went out to see about my horse. To my surprise and joy she was there, safe and unharmed, as was all my property, including my much-prized six-shooter.

"I inquired of my host the amount due him for my bed and breakfast. He informed me that it would be \$2.50, which I paid, glad to get out so lightly, even though this was the only time on my journey that money had been accepted for meals and lodging. I received directions as to my route to Quitman, mounted my horse and rode away, greatly relieved when the timber hid me from my late host, as I expected to be shot in the back when I started.

"When I arrived about noon at Quitman, I told the proprietor of the little hotel at which I stopped for dinner of my night's experience. He expressed surprise that I had escaped alive. The gang was noted in that part of the country as a band of moonshiners and desperadoes, and I owed my life to the apparent fact that I was a guileless boy and not a revenue officer or spy.

"Nothing further of great interest occurred on the remainder of my journey. Three days later I reached home, after having been gone two months. I felt myself an experienced traveler, with a thrilling past, and thought surely my appearance was that of a man of the world. But my mother's reaction to my appearance was to demand that I take a bath immediately and get on some clean clothes. My adventures served as meat for conversation for many days (although I deemed it best to withhold from my Mother my experience in 'shooting up the town'), and the envy of my boy friends and the admiration of the girls of our neighborhood more than compensated for any lack of approval of my appearance or conduct on the part of my family."

Fifty-two Years in West Texas

Junction (Texas) Eagle, February 23, 1928.

One of Kimble County's early pioneer citizens, whose interest in the development and growth of this section of Texas has never waned, inasmuch as he is now serving the City of Junction on its first Council without charge, and who is yet young in action and perspective of life, and who has been a resident for more than 52 years is N. C. Patterson, local jeweler and unique wood worker.

Born in the State of Tennessee, that state which has given to Texas so many of her worthy citizens, in February, 1855, he moved to Georgia soon after the Civil War when he resided until the year 1868. At this time the family decided to move to Texas and accordingly constructed a wagon for the purpose, which was painted yellow, and had, in large red letters on its sides, "To Texas." They landed safely in Limestone county, and remained there until 1875. Stories of the land of "The Lillie Pond and Flitter Tree," as Mr. Patterson expresses it, had come to the ears of the father and in search of this wonderful country they set out for Kimble County. In his own words, Mr. Patterson tells a few experiences which have come to him in the early days of his residence here.

"We found the wild honey galore. Much wild game from buffalo down to jack rabbits, turkey, deer, bear, wolves and Indians. Fish from the size of a sardine up to 75 and 80 pounds, but all bread stuff had to be imported from Mason or Fredericksburg. The first day we landed in Kimble County we pitched our tent near where the town of Junction City was located, between sundown and dark. We could hear the wild turkey flying up to roost in the tall timber along the rivers. Next morning a little before day, three or four of us decided to see if we could have turkey for breakfast, so we went to spy the enemy on the roost in the darkness. We all became separated; about break of day guns began to be heard in different directions. Neither of us was certain whether the other had bagged any game. About sunrise we all met at camp, each having about four apiece. Anyway 16 turkeys were unloaded in camp—enough to last a week or two. So no more turkeys were shot for many days, though one could see them in bunches of 50 to 200 every day. In those days a man did not have to be a nimrod to get all the meat he needed. We all made it a rule never to kill any kind of game unless needed. Bear have been within a mile or so of Junction. Back in the eighties the havalina hogs were plentiful, but not fit for eat."

"I may as well tell about my hunt for large game. The first evening after we had pitched our tent my brother-in-law, Charlie Vickers, and I rode across the

South Llano, went up the mountain just south of where Junction now stands. When we topped the mountain we looked ahead toward a high bluff, now known as Loyer's Leap. We saw something standing broadside, so Charlie cracked down on it. It looked to me as though that thing jumped six feet high, straight up, then made for the head of a canyon, just northeast of the bluff. We made a charge, only a few yards behind it, when it disappeared in the shinoak in the head of the ravine. I dismounted with six-shooter in hand to get another shot, ran down the trail a few yards. To my surprise I met the thing coming back snapping its teeth like fire in a brush heap. I saw at once that the war was on. It was so close I did not have time to take aim—just presented and cut down on its face, which was about as wide as two or three fingers, with big white tusks sticking out on each side, which looked to be several inches long. By accident or good luck the ball went center of the forehead and it fell over and rolled down the path a few feet. We both examined it closely but could not name it. We found the first shot had just grazed the brisket—took the hair and hide. That's why it jumped so high. When we returned to camp and told about it, a native happened to be there and told us it was a musk hog. He also said that a man following a wounded boar musk hog on foot was flirting with the undertaker unless he was a quick and sure shot. I had another row with a bunch of these things just under the bluff above the bridge on the North Llano. This time I stayed with my horse, and scared them away from a friend whom they had treed up in three or four small bushes he had pulled together in order to get up out of their reach. He had shot one and got off his horse to examine it, left his gun on the saddle, when I heard his shots. I thought "Indians," and that I might save his scalp in case he was killed or wounded. Oh, nothing but those darn musk hogs. Bring my horse and gun. While I was always on the lookout for Indians, for several years I never did see one, as they most always traveled at night. At one time in the winter of 1875 a bunch of 12 or 15 passed through this valley in broad day light, not a mile from the court house. On this raid they killed Isaac Kountz, a noble young man of 18, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Kountz. His sisters, Elizabeth and Dixie, heard the shots, stepped out in the yard to see what it was all about. As they looked west they saw their brother fall on the mountain side not more than a quarter of a mile away. They also saw the Indians on horseback, racing along the hillside. Young Kountz had a revolver.

It was not known how many shots he fired after he saw they were Indians, as they took most of his clothing and his gun and attempted to scalp him. A younger brother, S. C. Kountz, was with him when the Indians came upon them. He made good his escape by putting on a full head of steam down the hillside through the shinoaks and catclaws, beating them by a few yards to a high stake and rider rail fence, falling through the top rail and rider, running through a field toward home until his sisters met him in the open field in plain view of the Indians. This band of Indians went north and crossed North Llano river near where the high bridge is now located out a few hundred yards beyond. They ran across another young man by the name of Spear, who was driving a bunch of horses in home. They murdered him also and moved on rapidly northeast down through the lower end of the county, through Kerr county, thence west, with a bunch of citizens pretty close on the trail — my father, the father of the slain boy, Isaac Kountz, Honest John Miller, W. F. Gilliland, Jerry Roberts and others. The rangers soon joined them. They all followed forward the Pecos river. The Indian spy or lookout whom they always stationed behind on high points on a good mount to see, if they were being pursued, must have given warning, as they left their breakfast one morning on the fire. The trail soon went to pieces where they left some stolen horses and each Indian made a separate trail which made it almost impossible to follow with any speed, so the chase had to be given up and all returned home. At the time of this tragedy John C. and C. C., brothers of the slain boy, were in Kansas, had gone up with a herd of cattle. The writer was in Williamson county but when I heard of the tragedy I was anxious to return to Kimble County as my father, mother and sisters were here, also a sister to the slain young man who was to me, as well as all the eligible gents, a blue ribbon prize beauty. Naturally I felt interested as I could not think of allowing the Indians or any one else as to that matter, capturing her. So I returned here more than 50 years ago and now am still looking out for that same girl.

"Once while filling a four-years contract carrying the mail from Junction City to Ft. McKavett, up near the head of Bear Creek my horse seemed to get excited. My first thought was that he might have scented Indians. I have been told that a horse could smell long before a man would see them. However, without notice he downed his head and began to pitch, making two or three jumps, when the loop that held my pistol to the belt gave way and my revolver fell directly under us and exploded. I never could tell what course the bullet went. The excitement began to pick up. The next thing to happen was that my girth strap broke, so off we went

over his head, saddle, mail-bags and all. My horse seemed to have one more jump on his program, so he went over, but I was still holding the reins. This turned him a complete flip. I beat him to my feet and said, "How about it?" He seemed to say, "nuff said!" As soon as I had gotten my revolver stuffed into my boot-leg and repaired the damages best I could, I saddled up again and cautiously mounted, and we jogged on into Ft. McKavett on schedule time, as though nothing had happened.

In those days the mails were carried on horse-back over these western star routes, consisting mostly of letters. The mail pouches were made something like the old time cattle saddle pockets, open in the center, strap and lock, the mail stuffed in each end with strap and buckle to secure to the ring of the saddle. One pouch would hold two or three days' mail.

Once coming over from Ft. McKavett, about midway, the hardest rain that ever fell caught me. It actually rained little fishes. I saw lots of frogs and as many as two fishes, not much longer than my finger in the road still alive. Yes, Sir! Right there, 15 miles from any water course. Some will doubt this fish story, and so might I, if I had not seen it myself and duly sober. When I arrived at the North Llano crossing about dark it was not there; instead the flood water had come out a ways to meet me. I was marooned on the north side for two days and nights. Thanks that we have the high steel bridges now so the mail can go right in on schedule.

Another time, coming over with the mail it was very hot, so I stopped under the shade of a tree to rest a while. Soon I saw someone coming on horseback. He reined out to the shade tree and said, "If you don't care, I'll share this with you." "Certainly," was my reply. "This is a free shade." I noticed he was pretty well armed. I ventured to ask him if he was afraid of Indians. He said, "I don't know, as I have never met one." He then told me his name was Ringgold. I told him my name, but did not pretend that I had ever heard of him. Some of these old timers around Mason, Fredericksburg and Llano could tell you about Ringgold and Scott Cooley, as I have heard they led some of these folks a cat's life in the early seventies. He told me he was going further West. Some time after this I heard that someone caught him asleep and shot him in the top of the head. I think this happened in New Mexico or Arizona. While under the shade of the tree he called my attention to a buzzard pretty high up, circling above us, so I said "Wait till he comes around and I'll stop him, more as a joke than otherwise. So I cut down just to see if I could shoo him off. To my surprise most of his tail feathers came drifting down. He said "That was a good one;

try him again." "No, I can't waste any more ammunition on him." The fact was, I knew if I had that buzzard tied to a tree 40 yards away I might use my belt full of cartridges and not get another feather, so I said I was supposed to be in town on schedule, and we parted. I hurried along down to a big spring, head-water of Bear Creek, where I had to detour about 100 yards from the main road as I had often done before for a cold drink of water. There was a bluff just across the creek bed some 20 or 30 feet high, covered with cedar. I always approached this spring cautiously scanning the bluff to see if I might discern an Indian's beak sticking over. I would lie down and drink and retreat without delay. This fine spring had evidently been a favorite watering place of some tribe of Indians in the past. As evidence one then could see quite a number of mounds of burned rock, usually found near all head waters in this Western country.

"Another time, right on top of the divide, I saw two men coming. My first thought was Indians. As they came close to me I decided they were mail robbers as they wore overalls and jumpers. When in about 40 yards of me they separated, each taking the outside of the road. Somehow my hat seemed to want to blow off. Just then I thought of a clause in the mail carrier's oath, to protect the mail. I thought I had to do it, dead or alive. A bright idea came to me, so I moved to the left so as to put them both next to my pistol hand. As we were about to meet, one of them gave me laugh and said, "Take your hand off your gun." I at once recognized Cal Rains, with whom I was well acquainted but so frightened I did not recognize him until he spoke. Well, I guess they had the laugh on me.

As far back as fifty-odd years ago I came to Kimble County with my father's family, a few days before Christmas, in the year 1875. We pitched our tent in the valley above the junction of the north and south Llanos. The first persons we met were the family of Dr. E. K. Kountz, who had preceded us by a few months, bought a little ranch claim a mile or so west of the junction. Pretty soon these two heads began talking of organizing the county which was then under the jurisdiction of Gillespie County. Soon a petition was circulated. When the required number of signers were had it was forwarded to Austin or some other proper court. An election was ordered, the date set for February 15, which happened to be my birthday, so on the day of my majority I cast my first vote. I remember J. C. Kountz and myself were on the election board held four miles above where the town is now. When the returns were complete the following officers were duly elected: County judge, Wm. Potter; County and District clerk, E. K. Kountz; County treasurer, N. Q. Patterson; County assessor, W. F. Gill-

land; County surveyor, M. J. Denman; Hide and Animal inspector, Bill Meeks; Justice No. 1, J. R. Steffy. So the next thing in order was to locate the county seat or capital. There were two places in nomination—one place known as Kimbleville, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile below the junction of the rivers on the north side of the main Llano, a very pretty valley but rather too small for a town of much size. The other place was known as Junction City and located in a broad valley of several hundred acres west of where the rivers join and 60 feet or more above low water tide. So when Junction. However, in the mean time, the two first District courts were held by District Judge Blackburn from Burnet, under some live oak and pecan trees at Kimbleville. On recount of the ballots it showed that Junction had a dozen of more votes. Then in 1876 the town of Junction City was surveyed and staked off by M. J. Denman, our county surveyor, and others, where the capital still remains, very near the center of the county. The Post Office Department, to avoid confusion, bobbed off the "City" part. So far is the post office name is concerned the old timers call the town Junction City yet, however, the town looks just as good with its hair bobbed, more in style, too.

"If you should ever hear it said that old so-and-so had seen the waters all over this valley way back in the seventies, just put that down as "bunk". Not one sign to show as far back as 52 years to my own knowledge nor one drift to indicate high the returns came in the result was that Kimbleville had won by a very small margin, so that election was contested by water for many years previous to my coming.

"So now Junctions is considered the great pecan center of Texas. More pecan timber and more pure water than any other county in all Texas. If you don't believe it, come and see. As near as I can recall the early days our first mail line was established from Junction to Ft. McKavett, then a government post, a distance of 35 miles, once a week one mail pouch. These held all the mail. E. K. Kountz was first postmaster. His son, Isaac, was first mail carrier, who was later killed by Indians in the winter of 1876. Later mail service was increased to two, then three times a week. The writer had the contract four years later for the post office for ten years. As best I can recall Dr. Kountz opened the first drug store in Junction. Todd & Mebus of Mason opened the first merchandise store; A. Franks the first saloon; A. J. Allen the first hotel; W. B. Meek the first butcher shop; Wm. Crim the first barber shop. Prior to this the District judge the lawyers—in fact the whole court had to secure board and lodging with some private family during court, bringing along a few clean duds, a winchester and side arms. The most dead men I ever saw on the

street at one time was four—the result of a gun battle. Time works wonders. Now we have the most peaceable town in the neighborhood and strangers are welcome.

"At this present time J. C. Kountz, J. A. Browning and myself are about all that I recall of the old 75-ers remaining in the junction."

As we view the hardships encountered and conquered by these "old timers" of the early western days, we should remember that their efforts have given us our civilization and opportunities. This publication respects their accomplishments.

THE REVENGE OF SAN ANTOINE

(Continued From Page 331.)

The medicine lodge was not so furious as to miss that note. It was Suyeta's call to arms. Sun-Boy and his wild clans heard the chief's tattoo. The Comanches heard the song and the clarion call to arms coming from the tent of their great sachem. Soon, gathered about that firehole, stood a circle of determined warriors. They passed outside the tent. Each in turn beat upon Suyeta's buffalo hide. Each sang with him his travel song. War was now fully declared. And it was to be the "Bloody Year" in all Texas history. San Antonio was about to be avenged.

The peace pipe—now the emblem of war—was sent from tent to tent from clan to clan, from tribe to tribe. Their men, their women and their children smoked it. But it must be a silent preparation. The light of the moon was thirty days away. Not until then would they go. So read the signs on uncovered trees, on the faces of the gray cliffs, on the wampus belts sent here and there. This was the edict. Silence—none but the clannish tribes must know. Spirits of the dead chieftains would attend.

In the meantime, their boys searched for the strongest reed that the arrow might be unfailing. They went toward the Pueblo country, where they bartered for a strange glass with which they tipped their arrows. Their old men, still swift and sure of foot, went to the far-off hills. There they got the eagle feather, strong and broad, that would wing the arrow straight to the heart. Their old woman buried the rattler and the deadly tarantula with the buffalo heart. In that putrid venom they dipped their arrow heads. The chiefs replaced their shields and refashioned their war bonnets. It was to be the last great Comanche war—the final struggle for supremacy in the Great Southwest.

Silently, one moonlit night, the Indians, painted in all the signs of their legendary stars, began their invasion of the south. That raid went down as the most remarkable in all the annals of Texas. It took the Texans by complete surprise. Suyeta had said they must keep quiet; none but his people must know. It was to be the final

march of the red men to the sea. They made a deadly and desperate attack on Victoria. They sacked and burned the town of Linnville. They had a big skirmish on Casa Blanca Creek. Up to this time the Indians had lost but one warrior, and he in the Casa Blanca fight. They had wrought fearful havoc; had stolen 2000 horses and mules and great loads of plunder.

The historic engagement, however, took place on Plum Creek. The Indians were daringly reckless. The whites were determined and cautious. The friendly Tonkawas, allies of the whites, were heroic and desperate. During the struggle an old chieftain of the Comanches, dressed in all the toggery of the savage West, rode out into the open. Being pierced by a dozen bullets, he was hastily carried to the timber, where his braves were ambushed. A strange howl was set up among them and they broke away in squads. Their mighty chief was dead. It was a hand-to-hand fight now. Every Texan had his Indian—and he got him.

The Comanches lost everything. Their defeat was unexpected, crushing, complete. They fell on the plains. They crawled like serpents to die in the thickets. They sank, wounded, to drown in the creek. What few remained met their Waterloo in the fall when Colonel Moore won his great victory on the upper Colorado. The Comanches learned a lesson about the heroic Texans they have not forgotten to this day. San Antonio was avenged, but not by the wild Comanches whose chieftains played traitor in the council chamber of the whites!

A New Texas Song.

Frontier Times acknowledges, with thanks, a copy of the new song, "Have You Ever Been in Texas in the Spring?" from the composer Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, of Fort Worth. The new song has made a popular hit, and when one hears it he feels proud that he lives in grand and glorious old Texas. This splendid song can be obtained at any music store.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

History of Galveston Island 1518-1900

Albert Irving Clark, Galveston Texas, in *The History Teachers' Bulletin*.

There have been quite a few commentors on Galveston history. All of these seem to clash among themselves upon what are in reality minor facts. None of them have given anything more than a brief resume, and in doing so have omitted many interesting, if minor, details. I have endeavored to give some of the disputed incidents, presenting them as best I could. I have tried to give as many facts as I could that are generally unknown, and in compiling these, I have gone over the old files of the Galveston Daily News and the old books and manuscripts of the Rosenberg Library. Mr. Patten and Miss Gardner of the library have aided me considerably in my search for original material. I owe special thanks to Dr. Cohen, who took the time to help me in going through his valuable library and by telling me several interesting facts, and to Mr. E. G. Littlejohn, who allowed me the use of his scrapbooks and manuscripts. To Mrs. Armstrong, head of the history department of the Ball High School, I owe thanks for her assistance in directing me in writing my paper.

OF THE EARLY HISTORY of Galveston Island there is no positive record; it is a matter of conjecture. The early maps were very inaccurate and consequently untrustworthy. In 1518 Don Juan de Grijalva explored the Gulf coast as far as the Santander River. The probability is that he touched Galveston Island. Two years later Pinedo spent nine months in exploring carefully every bay and inlet in his attempt to discover a route to the Pacific by way of the Gulf. It is thought that the Malhaldo Island of Cabeza de Vaca was Galveston. The island became known to Spanish navigators and explored about the year 1526. The mariners of the Gulf called it the Isla Blanca. Later they referred to it as the Isla de Aranjuez. One historian writes that after the death of De Soto, his party in 1543 may have spent several days on the island. La Salle in 1685 discovered it and named it San Louis. As late as 1821 a New Orleans newspaper refers to Galveston as San Louis. The Spaniards, acquiring Texas with Mexico, called it the Island Culebra. It is known, however, that in 1685 and later the island was the resort of irregular seamen, buccaneers and filibusters. Gayarre in his history of Louisiana gives the population of Galveston in 1788 as 268. This island was long the favorite hunting ground of the Caracahuas, a powerful cannibal tribe of Indians. Innumerable deer disposed over its surface, but an abundance of rattlesnakes made hunting rather dangerous.

Don Manuel Herrera, the commander of the revolutionary government of Mexi-

co to the United States, though interpreted the advantage of his position of Galveston as a place of rendezvous for the privateers, that held sway on the Gulf and for foreign expeditions in aid of the Mexican revolution. Accordingly, he sailed for Galveston with Don Luis Aury, the commodore of the fleet of the Republics of Venezuela, Mexico, La Plata and New Granada. Arriving at Galveston on September 12, 1816, Herrera organized a government and appointed Aury civil and military governor of Texas and Galveston Island. Aury took the oath of fealty to the Republic of Mexico and unfurled its flag of independence. Colonel Henry Perry, who had a separate establishment on the Bolivar peninsula, associated himself with Aury. Their ships swept the Gulf and captured many Spanish prizes, of which the majority were slaves. The slaves and other goods of trade were smuggled on an extensive scale through Galveston into the United States.

Xavier Mina, the holder of a commission granted by Herrera, arrived at Galveston on November 24 and laid out an encampment to the westward of Aury's earthwork fort. The first newspaper published on the island was printed by Samuel Bangs, a Baltimore printer who was with the army. The three commanders embarked to prosecute an unfortunate campaign in Mexico. A disagreement as to who should be leader caused Aury to return to Galveston. On his arrival he found that Lafitte had taken possession in his absence and had organized a government. Aury, not liking Lafitte's presence, abandoned the land.

Lafitte, who arrived in 1817, held letters of marque from the revolutionary government of Cartagena. In 1819 he took an oath of allegiance to the Mexican Republic and received an appointment, probably through Herrera, as Governor of Galveston. The island had been known as Campeachy. Lafitte, when he first made his settlement, called it Campeachy, but later, in 1819, he called it Galveston, the town in the territory of Calvez, which was a quarter or garrison fort, on the Trinity River, near Liberty, named in honor of the famous Spanish Governor of Louisiana.

In 1820 Lafitte was forced by the United States to abandon the island. General L'Allemande, a Frenchman who had served under Napoleon, and who had made a settlement on the island with Lafitte's permission, left with him when he burned his settlement and disbanded his company.

General Long occupied the island after Lafitte's departure. He rebuilt L'Allemande's fort and organized a Republic of Texas with Galveston as its capital. Long had a battle with the Indians on February 20, 1821, about twelve miles down the island. He left soon after for an attack on the

Spanish Government of Texas. His wife, who remained until 1822, reports having seen Galveston Bay frozen over during the winter of 1820-21. There was a smugglers' camp in 1822 on Galveston Island.

The peculiar advantages of Galveston did not escape the attention of Stephen F. Austin. A petition of his was granted in 1824, and Galveston was made a port of entry. He made a further application to the Mexican Government for a grant on the island to establish a town. This, despite his earnest efforts, was refused.

The year 1825 saw the custom house established. An attempt was made during this year to collect taxes. As the early colonists had been promised free entry for their goods, considerable trouble was the result of this action.

A city was surveyed on Galveston Island in 1828 by Alexander Thompson by the order of the Mexican Republic. He also drew a map which was lithographed in New Orleans.

In 1831 Colonel Bradburn, commander of Anahuac, closed the port of Brazos and made Galveston the only port of entry in Texas. Under pressure he later reluctantly rescinded and reopened the port of Brazos.

Robert J. Kleburg, having been wrecked on the island in 1834, settled on it in 1836 with the intention of remaining permanently. He remained, however, only a few months. As all the other settlements previous to this one were merely temporary camps of smugglers, fugitive slaves, etc. Kleburg's party is beyond doubt the first families to settle on the island.

During the war for independence, Galveston Island played a minor part. It was the rendezvous for the small fleet of the struggling republic. This island was for three weeks the seat of the Texan Republican Government. It was there, six days after the battle, that the glorious news of San Jacinto reached Burnet, the President of the Republic. At this time there was but one decent building on the island, Burnet, when Santa Anna was taken to him, removed the seat of government to Velasco and signed the treaty there. After the Battle of San Jacinto a large number of Mexican prisoners were transported to Galveston. The last of these was released by April 25, 1837.

During all negotiations between Texas and Mexico previous to the annexation of Texas by the United States, the Mexican authorities claimed that Galveston Island was not a part of Texas. However, many acts were passed by the Congress of the Republic showing explicitly that Texas considered the island a part of the Republic.

It was not until the fall of 1837 that a permanent settlement was made. Captain Thomas A. Edgar enjoyed the distinction of being the first male white child to be born on the island. He was born on June 27, 1837. Mrs. Louisa Shearer (nee Baumgarden) was the first white girl born in

Galveston. Her birth occurred February 1, 1840. Among the settlers of Galveston Island were a number of people from Maine, and they were located on the high ground in the eastern part of the present city limits. There was another settlement on the island at that time also. The former settlement was called Saccarappa, after a village in Maine. In this place, locally known as Sacaray, the first court in the history of the island was held. In addition to this, the first wharf, destined never to be completed, was begun. It was not long until the inhabitants of Sacaray moved over to their neighboring rival, and in a few years the once prosperous hamlet of Saccarappa was a deserted spot.

The Texas Provisional Government in December, 1835, provided for the formation of the Galveston Revenue District and the establishment of the Port of Galveston as a port of entry. The first collector of customs appointed at Galveston under the Republic of Texas was Gail Borden, Jr.

In December, 1836, the Congress of the Republic of Texas approved the transfer of a league and labor of land on the Island of Galveston to Colonel M. B. Menard and his associates for the consideration of \$50,000. The Galveston City Company was formed with Menard at its head, and by the spring of 1838 the City of Galveston was laid out. The first sale of lots took place on April 20. Galveston County was created by law on May 15, 1838, and the first city charter of Galveston was granted in January, 1839, with J. M. Allen as mayor. The year 1841 saw the first fire company organized, and on May 22, 1842, the first steam ferry was operated between Galveston and the mainland. The first United States court was established in 1846. The year 1853 saw the completion of the first bridge over the bay connecting Galveston with the mainland. Just before the secession of Texas from the Union, the first federal building for civil uses in the States was completed at Galveston. This was the post office building, begun in 1859 and completed in January, 1861.

Galveston suffered more from the Civil War than any of the inland communities of Texas. Blockade stopped all export and import trade; business was at a standstill throughout the struggle. All through the war Galveston was, to all intents, an intrenched camp, and for a great portion of that period was under military rule. Blockade of its harbor began on July 3, 1861, and continued, with the exception of a few days in January, 1863, until June 15, 1865. Work on its fortifications was begun immediately after the secession of Texas. The only communication between Galveston and the outside world was by means of blockade-runners, the majority of which were swift side-wheel, Clyde-built steamers. There were several naval battles off Galveston Island between the Federal ships and the Confederate raiders. The most dramatic of

these encounters occurred when the Confederate commerce-raider "Alabama" sank the Federal warship "Hatteras." Galveston was captured by the Federal forces in October, 1862. The Battle of Galveston occurred January 1, 1863, when the Federal forces were driven out by General Magruder and his army of Confederates. From that time until the close of the war, the city remained in the hands of the Confederates. Commander Sands of the United States naval forces off Galveston entered the harbor on June 15, 1865, and raised the United States flag over the custom house. Major General Granger of the land forces issued in Galveston the order notifying the people that the emancipation proclamation was in effect in Texas.

In 1867 when business had begun to revive, two great calamities befell Galveston. A violent storm struck the city and destroyed the bridge over the bay. In this same year the most disastrous yellow fever epidemic in the history of the island raged. This was the last outbreak of the dread disease in Galveston. Despite the numerous adversities that sprang up to serve as hindrances to her progress, Galveston advanced by great strides. A public school system was inaugurated in 1871. The Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad was chartered in 1873 and work begun in the same year. The Ball High School was constructed in 1884, a gift to the city from George Ball. In 1888 two more gifts were given the city, John Sealy Hospital and Rosenberg School. A wagon bridge across Galveston Bay was completed in 1893. The coldest day on record in Galveston was February 12, 1899. The thermometer registered 7 degrees above zero, and the bay was frozen over. In September, 1890, the harbor of Galveston was selected as a suitable location on the coast of Texas to construct a deep-water port. After this, its unique position as one of the greatest ports in the United States became an established fact.

On September 8, 1900, the worst test imaginable was placed upon the people of Galveston Island. A violent West Indian hurricane devastated the island. Between 8,000 and 10,000 lives were offered up as a sacrifice to the terrible god of storm. Millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed; not a single individual escaped property loss. Thousands of splendid examples of heroism were enacted. Fully one-half of the dead lost their lives in attempting to save the lives of others. It was not until four or five days after the storm had passed that the people began to realize the extent of the loss of life and property. The first day after the storm had passed, the dead were removed to mortuaries and buried in the city cemeteries. The second day the dead were buried where they were found. The third day they were burned. The fourth day the burial began to realize how great the number of the dead was and took the bodies out to sea for burial.

But the people passed the test. Through their own untiring efforts, rehabilitation, one of the most heroic tasks in history, was begun. Realizing that their system of city government was inadequate to meet their present needs, they drew up a better one. They reviewed the city charters of Washington, D. C., Memphis, Tenn., and Baltimore, Md., and as a result turned out one that has stood the test of twenty-five years, and that has been adopted by hundreds of cities throughout the United States. Not content with merely this, they accomplished two other great achievements that have made the City of Galveston absolutely safe from serious damage from the most violent storm. They built a mighty seawall that has proven its worth, and they raised the grade of the city sixteen feet.

The Island of Galveston is one of the most important islands in the world, ranking as the greatest cotton port in the world and as the second greatest port of the United States. The finest surf bathing in the world can be found on the island. Its modern climate, cool in summer and warm in winter, makes it an attractive place. The population of the island is more than 55,000. These assets justify the faith of those heroic men of 1900 who refused to accept failure as the portion of the island.

Veteran Ostrander Writes.

Veteran A. B. Ostrander, author of "An Army Boy of the Sixties, a Story of the Plains," writes us from Seattle, Washington, as follows:

Mr. J. Marvin Hunter,
Bandera, Texas.

Dear Sir—Received the March number of Frontier Times yesterday morning, and before I went to bed had read every word in it from "kiver to kiver," also all the printed matter on both sides of the "kivers." My ad shows up fine, and I notice that you gave it a nice little editorial. Just for that I am enclosing another check for \$6.00 for another insertion of the ad, and wait results. If it pans out anything may repeat later on, although, like myself, the majority of your readers are more interested in Texas matters than they are for matters concerning things so far from home.

I read from 15 to 20 magazines each month but from none of them do I get the kick that I do out of Frontier Times. In nearly every issue I see the name of some old timer that I used to know down there, either personally or by reputation. I have sent Mr. Eugene Cunningham some souvenirs of my old experiences in Texas from 1874 to 1890. Among them my commission as postmaster at Dodge, Walker county, issued by D. M. Key, Postmaster General at that time. I also operated many stage lines, in those days, and had the contract to carry the mail between old Fort Davis and Yuma.

At that time I was an Assistant Traveling Auditor for the I. & G. N. R.R., I

stopped off at Round Rock to check up my old friend Tubbs, the station agent there. I left that night for Austin and two days later I read in the Austin paper an account of the Sam Bass raid at Round Rock, so, on my way back Sunday I stopped off there to get Tubbs' account of it. He told me he heard the shots when at his desk and running out he saw the officer lying on the ground with a pistol alongside which he picked up and joined in the shooting. Tubbs was one-armed; his left hand gone at the wrist. He said, "I picked up the pistol and with a dead rest over my left arm I got in two shots at one of the gang and am sure I hit him, for I saw him flinch before he fell." He didn't know who it was, of course. When Jim Gillett sent me his book containing the account of the Sam Bass raid I wrote him, telling him what Tubbs told me, and in his reply he wrote that Reynolds told him that

there was a one-armed man doing some shooting and as no one knew for sure who did fire the fatal shot, it might possibly have been that Tubbs was correct.

Well, so long, and hope to see you later. I have an ardent desire to see some parts of the old state again, but as I am 83 years old and living on a pension, my finances will hardly stand railroad fares, but if the I. & G. N. would give me a pass over the eastern section of their old road I can show them souvenirs of the road as it was then. Have letters of recommendation, etc., from Old Man Hexie, (the general manager) and other officials of the road at that time, and several passes over the road given me as "employee" etc.

Yours truly,

A. B. OSTRANDER.
227½ Belmont Ave., No.

Seattle, Washington.

The Old Double File Trail

By L. A. Chanslor, Killeen, Texas.



IN RUNNING through some old documents of William E. Bouchelle now deceased, I find some very interesting matter relating to the early settlement of Texas, especially in the days of the Republic.

Among the documents there is data proving the existence of a road called the Double File Trail running from Austin via Waco, thence due North to the settlements on Red River, and was called Double File for the reason it was wide enough for the passage of two men riding abreast or for the passage of wagons.

In the Acts of the Republic December 21st, 1838, there was an Act to raise a regiment of volunteers and that the colonel of this regiment in connection with an engineer was required to establish a road wide enough for the passage of wagons from the Kimatla via the three forks of Little River near old Fort Griffin and from this point proceed in a Northerly direction to Red River.

There was an appropriation Act passed in 1841 approving the sum of \$5,000.00 for this road. The officers in command of this Regiment were Colonel Makemson and Colonel William G. Cook as engineer.

At a banquet given in Austin in 1839 when Lamar was President of the Republic of Texas, the Government having been recently removed to this point, there was a toast given by Dr. S. Booken, heaping praises on the services of Colonel Cook as a civil engineer, stating that his services would be remembered as long as Texas shall appreciate chivalry and patriotism. It seems that Colonel Cook had at this time made the preliminary survey for this

road, but it was not until 1840 that the trail was definitely established.

Colonel Makemson gives Geo. W. Kendall's account of the starting out of the Santa Fe expedition, June 20th, 1842. This expedition camped on Little River at old Fort Griffin where General McLeod was taken sick and had to remain there several days. When McLeod recovered the expedition took up the line of march, changing their course to the West after leaving the fort eight or ten miles and continued in a westerly direction until their destination was reached.

The Santa Fe expedition was probably the first that traveled down the Double File Trail after its final establishment as a military trail. Fort Griffin seem to have been abandoned as a permanent base for military operations at or about this time. In fact it may have been abandoned in 1837, see account of Erath's fight with the Indians, and in 1839 I think it was mentioned as an abandoned fort in the account of the Bird's Creek fight in which Captain John Bird and five or six soldiers were killed.

The Double File Trail was in existence as late as the early fifties, but was finally abandoned as a thoroughfare and there is now scarcely ten miles of this trail that can be definitely located in Bell county.

In the silent march of time the men who made the final survey and established this trail, together with many others who stood guard on the frontier for future civilization, have each and all gone to their final rewards, unsung and unpraised in most instances for their services to the greatest State in the Union.

Renegade White Men, Disguised as Redskins

Houston Chronicle, January 13, 1924.

TEXAS RANGERS in the 60's and 70's had more battles with renegade whites, who disguised themselves as Indians, stole horses and committed other depredations, than they did with the real redskins. The Comanches hated the Texans—and with good reason, for the average settlers distrusted and mistreated them and shot them down wherever they found them. The Osages alone were unafraid of the whites. They were semi-civilized.

Wheat bread was the piece-de-resistance of the Indians, who would barter any possession for a little flour. They would rifle a pack saddle or a chuck wagon, and did not consider it stealing.

The average Indian bow was from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, would carry an arrow 150 yards and kill a buffalo or deer at 100 yards. Approximately 300 yards was the record distance; to attain it, the Indian lay on his back, held the bow between his feet, and pulled back the arrow with both hands.

These are some of the observations of Benjamin Hamilton Anderson, 82-year-old Coke County rancher, and probably the oldest living ex-Texas Ranger in this part of the state. He is one of West Texas' longest residents, having come here in 1867. He was a buffalo hunter, a Texas Ranger, an Indian fighter, a cowboy and a horse racer in the days when stake races were the chief form of amusement about the frontier army posts.

Born in Loucastershire, England, on December 19, 1841, Mr. Anderson came to America with his parents when he was a lad of a few years. The family settled first in Ohio, then moved to Illinois and finally to Iowa. As a youngster he struck out for the West. Kansas then was the land of the buffalo and the Indians. At Dodge City he joined a buffalo hunting outfit and spent a year or so with them. He fell in with the Osage Indians, lived with them a while and learned to speak their tongue fairly well.

But in 1867 he drifted farther into the wilderness and in the spring of that year crossed the Red River and came on down into West Texas. "Mr. Anderson said he soon saw that Texas and Texans were a different people from those he had been with. 'I knew I'd never get anywhere if they knew I came from Kansas or the North or East,' he said, and when asked where he came from he would say, 'Arkansas.'" "That took me out of the tenderfoot class. For years I was called 'Arkansas' Anderson."

"The war was just over and I had brought with me a little money. At Jefferson, Texas, I traded \$100 worth of greenbacks for \$60 of specie. The banker told me when I complained about the discount that if I'd

go a little farther West they wouldn't take them at any price and that if I waited very long to exchange them he would not pay more than \$50."

As a cowboy he went to work for Aron Anderson and a few years later for Bevor Yarbough. Both were big cattlemen in the early days. Indians were plentiful over this section then and the cattle had to divide the range with the buffalo.

Mr. Anderson thinks it was in 1874 that an order came out from Austin to organize a company of rangers in Wise, Jackson, Montague and Archer counties. The order was revoked when no agreement could be reached and a few months later a new order was issued organizing the company in accordance with the state's wishes.

Mr. Anderson was a scout in the outfit. With the rangers he roamed the north and west of Texas and engaged in a few Indian fights. He had little trouble with the "braves." The rangers had more fights with white men who dressed up like Indians and stole horses and ravaged than they did with the real Indians, according to his version of the olden days. He says once or twice they chased what they supposed to be Comanches and after shooting them found the "Indians" to be white men, and Englishmen at that, he remarked.

It was in 1876, after he had quit the rangers that Mr. Anderson first saw Fort Concho and Ben Ficklin.

San Angelo was nothing in those days, he said. "Just about as many people and as many buildings along here where Chadbourne Street is, as there is now out in Willis Johnson's pasture," he said. "I didn't think there was much future to the country. I could have bought miles of land for a song—for almost going out and claiming it. But I didn't want it. I stuck to my race horses and followed that game. For years I went all over the Middle West and the Northwest racing horses. I raced at all the big fairs and won thousands of dollars—but the expense ate me up. It was too long between races and too far between fairs. I settled in Oklahoma and stayed there until 1899, when I moved back to West Texas and hunted up some of the land that I had once thought worthless."

In 1881 he married Miss Millie G. Reed. They lived alone on the ranch; their four children having married and moved away. Calvin lives in San Angelo and was a former mechanic in the Santa Fe roundhouse here; Hamilton lives in Sonora and Mrs. James Skinner, a widow, lives in Rayson, Ariz., and another daughter, Mrs. Eugene Brooks, lives nearby in Coke County.

Mr. Anderson says that the Comanches did not like the Texans. They had every reason not to like them, he thinks. He says he could have been killed at least 25

times by the Indians, if they had wanted to kill him—but that they were not blood-thirsty and ready to kill without cause.

The Comanches and most other Indians that he has seen—with the exception of the Osages—were afraid of white men. He says once he was alone at a water hole on the Big Wichita when three Indians came riding straight toward him. He had no place to hide—no chance of outrunning them—as his horse was pretty well "fagged." He said he just faced the Indians and never moved. He had made plans to shoot his horse and use it for protection if they were really looking for a fight, but as they drew near they changed their course and passed him by a hundred yards to the side. As they passed he could hear them jabbering, but they kept on going; one of them turned on his horse and watching over the shoulder until they were well out of danger. Mr. Anderson said that if he had run or attempted to fight he would have been killed.

Another time he was about 20 miles from Fort Sill, where he was employed in its construction. He suddenly found himself facing a band of some 20 to 30 Indians, who were in no too pleasant a humor. They came dashing up at full speed. He advanced to meet them, leading his horse. They jerked their horses up and after carrying on a conversation in the sign language, they went away saying, "No Texian." Mr. Anderson said he did not know how the Indians were able to tell a Texan, but they always could.

The Osages were a different type of Indians from the Comanches, he says. They were civilized in the 40s when he lived with them one winter and hunted buffalo. At that time they raised corn, had kettles and pots and pans and other camp supplies. They had a better shaped head than the Comanches—in fact, he said, they were a distinguished tribe of Indians with characteristics of bearing and demeanor so outstanding that even a boy would notice

Indians were very fond of wheat bread, he says. Being meat eaters, and living on meat almost exclusively, they would do almost anything to get some biscuit. The worst trouble he says he ever had with the Indians while punching cattle in the early days was keeping the Indians from getting all of his flour at the chuck wagon or off the pack horses. "Indians would come to our camp and take all our flour sometimes. According to the Indian code of ethics, if you saw anything you liked in the other fellow's camp or town, it was right for you to take it. They did not consider it stealing."

The nearest Mr. Anderson says he ever came to doing something real mean was over biscuits. With two other cowboys he had started out on a two weeks' roundup for Aron Anderson. They had one horse loaded with biscuit. The first day they

carried off all the biscuits. Mr. Anderson said his companions wanted to get another batch and load them up with strychnine and let the Indians take them, too—but after thinking the matter over they decided that the Indians had treated them, on the whole, mighty good and they would not play such a dirty trick on them.

The Comanche Indians did not eat greens—or any vegetables, Mr. Anderson said. They were eaters of fish and fowl and buffalo and deer. They were too lazy to cultivate crops. At Fort Sill, when the government had them quartered near there, seed potatoes were issued to the Indians to plant. But Mr. Anderson said they ate them up and never made any effort to put them in the ground. Stone houses were built for them, but they put their horses in the house and lived in the wigwams, which they built a few feet from the stone barracks.

When flour was issued to the Indians the squaws would put a little water into a hole in the center of the sack, and with a stick stir until it became a dough. Then they'd twist the dough into long strings, wind it about a green stick and hold it over the fire until it baked. If they had any salt they'd add it, but it made little difference to the Indians whether there was any salt in the bread or not.

Indian villages were plentiful in the sixties and seventies, he says. Often he stayed either in the village or camped near them. When traders came into the country they traded the Indians canvas for their hides and some of the braves had canvas and hides over the poles. In the Comanche and Kiowa villages there were usually from 700 to 800 men, women and children. The braves slept, ate and occasionally went out on a hunt for deer or buffalo, or fished in the streams. The squaws did all the work, even to making the wigwams. The children fished and practiced all the time with bows and arrows.

The average Indian bow was from three and a half to four and a half feet long, it was thick and strong and strung with the sinews of the buffalo or from very thick rawhide. The bows were so strong, he said, that they would carry an arrow an average of 150 yards and would kill a deer or buffalo at a hundred yards. On one occasion he saw an Indian lay on his back, hold the bow with his feet and pull the arrow back with both hands and shoot almost 200 yards. Little boys could pull bows back two feet but Mr. Anderson said he could hardly bend. From infancy the Indian boys were taught to shoot, and they became expert marksmen by the time they were 10 to 12 years old.

All the Indians were armed with bows and arrows when he came to this country. A few had muzzle-loading rifles which they had traded for along with whiskey from the first white men that came into this section buying hides.

Old Cowboy Wins Contest at Seventy

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, Dec 16, 1927.



WHEN W. H. CARDWELL made his entree into the possession of Texas, known as Gonzales County the State was become adapted to new conditions, learning to use her recently acquired privileges and accustoming herself to the poise and dignity so essential to the creditable wearing of a crown of State. She was also experiencing bitter disappointment through the inefficiency of her preconceived idea that with her freedom she would rapidly oust the more or less prevalent opinion of outsiders that her territory was a melting pot for desperadoes, outlaws and renegades.

If, today, in conversation with Mr. Cardwell, one occasionally visions the effect of this surging sea of unrest surrounding his birth, much more vividly is he impressed with the reflection from a like source of a hymn of praise to the Almighty chanted by a mother for His gift of the limitless green of the prairies, where ocean-like waves of bluebonnets, long stretches of cereopsis-Midas gold, and violet haze of needle grass, were blended so perfectly, that worship of the Creator in rhythm and song for such wondrous harmony became paramount.

The dominant characteristic of W. H. Cardwell, as sensed, is good to all men, malice toward none. His is a composite nature of action and idealism and is readily divined by chance insight of the inner self. The call of the wild, the chirp and whirr and song of feathered thing at twilight hour has left with him the gentle, artistic attributes of a sainted mother, while scarcely less visible is the imprint of the highminded solidarity of character and right dealing with his fellowman, bequeathed by his father, a worthy Texas pioneer. As for the cattle industry in early Texas days, we leave the recital of it, together with other interesting incidents to the subject of this sketch, who, by reason of being a participant, is particularly fitted to rehearse them accurately and well.

"I was born in the county of Gonzales," is the way Mr. Cardwell begins his story. "My father was a pioneer stock man of the early fifties, and my mother, both idealistic and practical, a fitting mate for a Texas frontiersman. The Mexican War was ancient history when I was born, but the aftermath, a seething unrest, possessed the settlers and partly because of the inability of human beings to readily adapt themselves to changed conditions and again because of the time required by nature to overcome the effect of the horrors of war, together with the realization that such upheavals invariably entrain change of people and pursuits, things were in a state of chaos. The pioneers who had even a

limited amount of money when they came West had invested in cattle and the small surplus remaining after this was done had vanished with the turmoil of war.

"Now that Texas was part and parcel of the United States many opportunities were opened for making a livelihood, but none were available because of lack of money. There was no way to obtain the coin excepting from the largely increased herds of longhorns, consequently a solution that would end in dollars and cents became primary to all else until after the ending of the civil war, when slavery was abolished, numerous immigrant trains of prairie schooners from the old States, found their way to this new land. Families whose properties had been laid waste by Sherman's march to the sea and like hardships, men who had fought to the finish with "Marse Robert," and women with the light of heroism in their eyes were here. But withal money, the essential commodity, was lacking to promote progress.

"I had, like the cattle, kept on growing, determining more forcibly with each added year that I would be a cattleman. Father had long since discovered this inclination and fostered it by instructing me and placing upon me such responsibilities as he thought best in the handling of his herds, as well as in the cultivation of the soil the later a minor consideration so far as income was concerned, but vital from a living viewpoint, since grain must be raised for bread. The question of turning cattle into gold was the all-absorbing thought. Land, grass and water were plentiful Longhorns likewise. Barter and exchange were common, but dollars were few in circulation. The spirit of faith in one's fellow-man, of sympathy and helpful service was, it seems to me as I look back on it now, at that time, incomparable. It was nothing unusual to see a neighbor give his last dollar to another, nor a cowboy turn his pocket wrong side out to benefit a brother puncher in fact, it would have been the unheard of thing for them to have done otherwise. But goodness of heart and a willingness to observe the Golden Rule did not relieve the need for 'the root of all evil'—money.

"This scarcity of dollars continued until news came, by passing from lip to lip, that if Texas cattle could be driven to Kansas they could be sold. The urge was so great that not even a secondary thought was given at the time to hardship and physical suffering involved. Nothing was considered, excepting a passing knowledge of the Chisholm Trail. Needless to say that I at once decided for trail driving when father would permit it. Those days children awaited the consent of the parents for any proposed venture and I was 21

years old before I realized this one. Even then it was curtailed, for I never did make a full trail drive, although I got in readiness many herds and drove them part of the way up. Father in the meantime had moved to Caldwell County, where the opportunity came for me to try my hand at working up trail herds for the noted George W. Littlefield. After doing this for some time and making the short drives to get them started I decided that drifting along behind a herd was too tame for me and did not fit in with my idea of rapid riding. But I liked rounding up, cutting cattle, and above all, roping and branding, particularly the former. There was a sort of satisfaction in getting together the nucleus for a trail herd, then adding to it until it was complete and ready for starting. I continued in this line of work until it became necessary for me to go back home and manage the ranch and farm for my parents; this I did until my young brother was capable of handling it, at which time I turned it over to him, and with the aid I could give him he did it successfully until father and mother died, the one at the age of 85, the other at 76.

"I think that of all my work and play I really enjoyed roping cattle the best. Somehow it seemed to be the most satisfying of all thrills, and I never failed to get a first class one even when I practised, which was every chance I had. I became fairly expert with the rope and gloried in branding time, when I could try my skill to the utmost. That I have not in the passing years entirely lost the art was demonstrated at the Gonzales Fair last fall, when I won first prize on the second day and third money on the third day of the contest. I also roped and successfully tied my calf at the recent contest for old-time cowboys, held during the Old Trail Drivers' reunion at San Antonio, but lost out on time. No other pastime has ever sent rigors of excitement chasing up and down my spinal column like riding a good roping horse full speed and dropping the loop over the head of a steer. A bucking bronch isn't in the same class.

"Getting back to the old days, I moved from Caldwell County back to Gonzales and combined real estate with my cattle business. These interests prospered for me and I have nothing to complain of. Of course, I have been successful; and above all I have these many years enjoyed and retained good-fellowship with the cowmen whom it has been my privilege to know and work with. After some pleasurable and profitable years in Gonzales I moved to Marfa, where I entered into like business and continued there for ten years.

"It has been said that tender recollections of childhood draw us back to the old home. Whether that is the reason or some other I can not say, but I do know that I have always felt more settled and contented in Gonzales County than elsewhere, and 1923 found me drifting back to the old range. From that time until the present I have

tried more forcefully than ever before to concentrate my efforts and have had good results. Not a meteoric nor spotlight variety, but one that was satisfying to myself and family. More than that to me is the comfort and happiness derived from the knowledge that in my contact and association with others I have retained them as my friends. I enjoy and appreciate them.

"I have seen Texas grow from a pioneer cattle country with a few scattered ranches and sparse settlements to one of the most progressive and prosperous States in the Union and as I have grown older I have been more and more impressed with the fact our lives are, largely, what we want them to be. This being true, I have purposed to live so that each year will be like the page of an 'open book. To this end I am making the supreme effort of my life, believing that good opinion is a thousand times more worthy of consideration than an estimation based on the mere matter of dollars and cents. My aim, for the years of life for me, is expressed in the well-known text, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'

Hudspeth Working for Veterans.

Congressman Hudspeth, writing us under date of March 14, from Washington, D. C., is hoping to get his bill passed for the relief of the old Texas Rangers and Indian fighters. This bill is published elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Hudspeth says:

"Dear Mr. Hunter: I am enclosing you copy of a bill which I have just introduced to amend the Act granting pensions to the veterans of the Indian Wars. There are many who have applied to me for pensions out there in the district and whose applications have been denied on the ground that they did not present to the Commissioner, evidence satisfactory to him of their service. In order to make the Bill liberal enough to cover our Rangers, who fought Indians, even though they did not belong to a regular organized Company of the State of Texas or the United States, I have introduced this measure and hope to secure favorable action on it at this session. Also, the Act as it now stands, provides that service against the Indians between the dates of 1817 and 1898 is pensionable. But the Commissioner of Pensions has so far as I know, not granted any pensions to Rangers living within the States which were out of the Union during the War between the States, and he is holding up many claims of this character. I hope to bring him around to a more reasonable view of this matter also. This will probably be the only measure of this character introduced at this session. Many of these splendid citizens are getting old and those who need a pension must have it soon if it is to do them any good. They have amply earned their recognition at the hands of our Government by their valiant and heroic service of other days."

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter, October 15, 1923, at Ban-
dera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

During the month of March several hun-
dred new subscribers were added to Fron-
tier Times list. We welcome these new
readers into the fold, and count every one
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Of Frontier Times, published monthly at
Bandera, Texas for April 1, 1928.
State of Texas
County of Bandera

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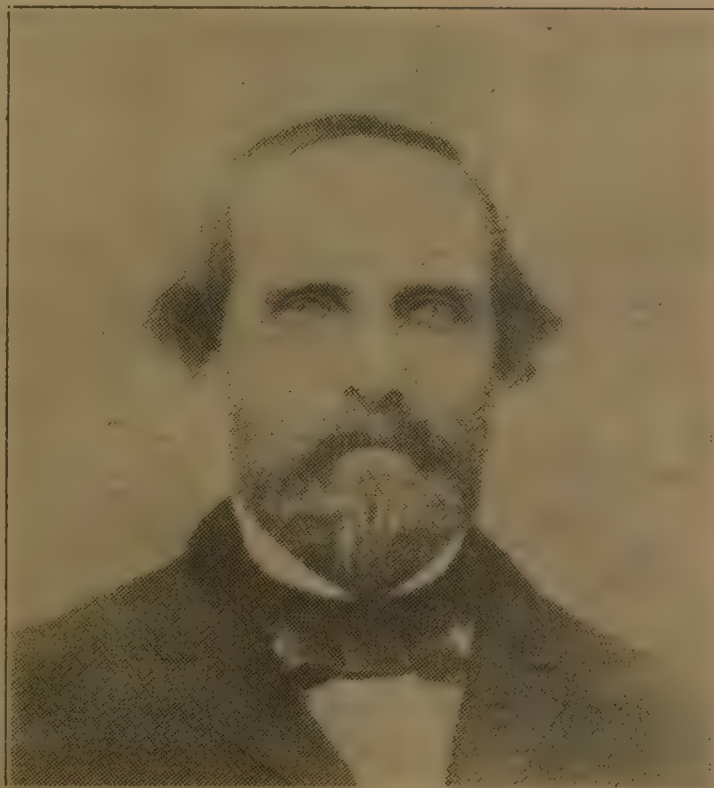
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General Benjamin McCulloch

By J. Marvin Hunter.



ONE of the early Texas characters, whose name was emblazoned on the scroll of fame by his deeds of valor and heroism, is General Ben McCulloch. He was a native of Tennessee, and came to Texas to participate in the Revolutionary struggles. He enlisted in the Texan army as a private, but was ordered to the command of one of the cannon in the battle of San Jacinto. In 1840 he represented Gonzales county in the Texan Congress, but most of the time was on the frontier as captain of a Ranger company. He was a quartermaster with Taylor's Division during the Mexican War; in 1853 he was United States Marshal of Texas; in 1855 he was sent by President Buchanan to settle a difficulty among the Mormons in Utah. At the breaking out of the Civil War, a few hundred men rallied to McCulloch to assist, if necessary, in capturing the Government stores in the neighborhood of San Antonio. He was appointed a Brigadier General in Confederate ranks, and went to Arkansas; he fought bravely in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where the Federal General Lyon was killed. General McCulloch was killed in the second days fight at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 24, 1862. His remains were interred at Austin. This is but a brief outline of the career of one of the bravest and best

men who had a part in the making of Texas. Following is an account of an Indian raid into Gonzales county in May, 1841, and pursuit of the Indians by Ben McCulloch and a party of citizens:

It was late in April, or early in May, 1841, a party of twenty-two Indians made a raid into and around Gonzales, captured a considerable number of horses and, ere daylight came, were in rapid flight to their mountain retreat. It was but one of oft-recurring inroads, the majority of which will never be known in history. In this case, however, it is possible to narrate every material fact and render justice to the handful of gallant men who pursued and chastised the free-booters. Ben McCulloch called for volunteers; but not, as was most usual, to hurry off in pursuit. He knew the difficulty and uncertainty of over-

hauling the retreating savages, with abundant horses for frequent change and preferred waiting a few days, thereby inducing the red men, who always kept scouts in the rear, to believe no pursuit would be made, and in this he was successful.

When ready, McCulloch set forth with the following sixteen companions, every one of whom was a brave and useful frontiersman: Arthur Swift, James H. Callahan, Wilson Randle, Green McCoy, Eli T. Hankins, Clements Hinds, Archibald Gipson, W.

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A Hall, Henry E. McCulloch, James Roberts, Jeremiah Roberts, Thomas R. Nichols, William Tumlinson, William P. Kincannon, Alsey S. Miller, and William Morrison.

They struck the Indian trail where it crossed the San Marcos at the mouth of Mules Creek and followed it northwestwardly up and to the head of York's Creek; thence through the mountains to the Guadalupe, and up that stream to what is now known as Johnson's Fork, which is the principal mountain tributary to the Guadalupe on the north side. The trail was followed along this fork to its source, and thence northwestwardly to the head of what is now known as Johnson's Fork of the Llano, and down this to its junction with the Llano.

Before reaching the latter point McCulloch halted in a secluded locality, satisfied that he was near the enemy, and in person made a reconnoissance of their position, and with such accuracy that he was enabled to move on foot so near to the encampment as, at daylight, to completely surprise the Indians. The conflict was short. Five warriors were killed. Half of the remainder escaped wounded. The Indians lost everything excepting their arms. Their horses, saddles, equipages, blankets, robes, even their moccasins, were captured. It was not only a surprise to them, but a significant warning, as they had no dread of being hunted down and punished in that distant and remarkably secluded locality.

Chief Geronimo's Captive

G. B. Hudson, in Arizona Republican, April 18, 1928.



IN all of Geronimo's raids, I never knew or heard of but one captive with which the Apache chief bothered. All the other palefaces who encountered his warriors were killed or left behind in the hurry attendant on the raids.

During the big chief's bloody wars, I lived on the upper Mimbres in New Mexico. I was not a hero, never lost a drop of blood from an Indian's bullet and I presume they can say the same of me, although we exchanged a lot of lead. A good run beats a bad stand for all concerned sometimes and it's hard to beat an Indian at his own game.

At that time I worked for S. Lindauer of Deming, N. M., who had a cattle ranch on the upper Mimbres in Grant county. Fort Bayard, 25 miles away, was the nearest good post. There was no telephone or telegraph nearer than that point and when news of an Apache raid came in, the people for miles around would assemble at some particular ranch and maintain a lookout until the scare was over and then return to their homes and try to forget the bloody Apache.

On September 10, 1886, however, the Apaches staged a raid about which many received no warning. About sunrise on that date, a band of 12 or 15 Apaches killed George Polock near Cooks Peak, took all the plunder they could find, set fire to everything else and threw Polock's body in the flames. Later they killed George Horn on Cold Spring canyon, mutilating the body horribly. Horn had put up a good fight, but failed to kill or wound an Indian. Just before sundown the same day, the Indians saw two boys herding cattle on Gallina creek. They were the sons of Jack McCain and were aged 14 and 15, respectively. The eldest boy was killed and the younger

was taken captive after putting up quite a battle with sticks and rocks. The Indians tied their captive on a horse and started north. This was all done in one day.

The following morning two Indians of the raiding party swooped down on an unprotected ranch, the only occupants of which were a woman and three small children. When she saw the Indians coming, the mother told the two oldest children, a boy and girl, to run for their lives. She then succeeded in holding the Indians at bay for a short time and finally made her escape, taking the baby with her and following the tracks of the other children. The Indians tore the ranch house up generally, took all the plunder they could carry and continued on their journey.

The two children who left first ran to a government sawmill eight miles from their home, where a detail of soldiers were cutting timber for use at Fort Bayard. Upon hearing their story, the soldiers started on foot to see what had become of the mother and the youngest child. The woman was found following the footprints made by the children in their flight. She was badly frightened, but unhurt.

In the meantime Jack McCain, father of the captured boy, accompanied by Nat Hicks and me, took up the trail of the Indians and followed them for two days, without coming across any sign of the boy. At their last raid the Indians had taken along a woman's corset, for what reason no one was ever able to figure out, and on the third day we ran across a dead horse which had apparently been killed by the Indians after it had become too tired to proceed. It was a custom of the redskins to kill any horse they could not use, rather than leave it for the palefaces. Well, we found the woman's corset tied around the dead horse's neck and indications were that the Indians

had held a war dance around the dead horse and its corset decoration.

When old Jack saw what a performance had been pulled off, he was ready to turn back, believing that if the Indians had not killed his boy by that time, he would probably be spared if the Indians were not pursued. So we rode back down the canyon, got a drink, watered our horses and started for home.

That was the last heard of Jack's boy until the following April, when he was brought into Fort Bowie at the time of Geronimo's first surrender. His story was a strange one. He declared that the Indians had taken him with them by a roundabout way through Arizona and into Mexico. He said there were only about 14 bucks and few squaws in Geronimo's entire gang. When Geronimo surrendered and came into Fort Bowie, the boy of course came along. That night, however, when the chief and his braves and squaws escaped under cover of darkness, the McCain boy was left behind.

At that time General Crook was in command of the western division of Uncle Sam's army. He found out where the white boy belonged and sent him by train to Deming, the nearest point to his home. He arrived in Deming in the same condition as when he was kidnaped, shoeless, coatless and hatless, in fact his whole wardrobe consisted of a breech clout. The lad created quite a stir when he dropped from the Southern Pacific train at Deming, clad only in a "gee string," and was taken in hand by Lindauer, Wormser and company, who took him to a barber and then gave him a complete outfit of clothes. The change in his appearance was remarkable.

Then a still more remarkable thing occurred. The boy was uneducated and probably had never been to school in his life. He could talk Mexican and, since all Apaches in those days used the same language, he became well acquainted with the customs and life of his captors. He could sing Geronimo's war songs and had lived with them long enough that he had learned their society and told his people he would like to return. I finally lost track of Geronimo's only captive and I don't know what finally happened to him.

Last Indian Raid in Comanche County

In the winter of 1869, there lived in Comanche county, on the west side of Resley's creek, about two miles from the confluence of that stream with the Leon river, two miles east of where Lamkin now stands, Mrs. Ewell, a widow and her two sons, Tom and Charlie. One day in the early winter, the widow and her son, Tom, Charlie, the younger, being absent, ate their dinner, covered up the fires, closed the doors, fastened the yard gates and walked one and a half miles away to a neighbor's house.

Soon after they left home a party of 19 blood thirsty Indians rode up to the house,

dismounted and soon commenced the work of pillage and destruction. They ripped open the feather beds, emptied the feathers into the yard and took the ticking. There were in the house a hundred volumes or more of choice books. These the Indians threw about in every direction. They burst open all of the trunks, rifled them of their contents, broke the tableware, etc. after appropriating everything they wanted or could carry away, bedding, clothing, etc., they went into the field, caught the last two horses owned by the family, and then escaped to the Cow House. Among the booty they carried off was a fine revolver (Colts army size) together with the belt, scabbard and flask of powder; also a valuable saddle and Mexican bridle, the head stall and reins of which were platted with silver.

The articles were indispensable and hard to get in those days. Before leaving the Indians shot some of the hogs and chickens. When the young man and his mother came home late in the afternoon a sad spectacle awaited them, feathers were flying in the air, and some were drifted in piles against the yard fence like snow banks, books were over and outside of the yard fence. Everything was wreck and ruin. The Indians after emptying a large chest that had been packed with choice quilts and blankets, etc. took the large family Bible, and placed a lady's fan in it as though they had selected a chapter to be read and then laid it in the empty chest open. In one trunk that contained female apparel there was a loose \$20 gold piece (rather a rarity in those days). They took everything in the trunk but the gold piece. In another trunk that was filled with men's clothing, there was a gold watch and chain that cost \$125. They appropriated the clothing but left the watch and chain.

The depredation of the Indians was to this family the most unkind cut of all. They had heretofore sustained losses of property aggregating thousands of dollars incidental to living in the country. And after this raid they were left without a change of raiment. Altho their hearts were sad, yet devoutly thankful to that superintending Providence whose watchful care had shielded their lives in so great a danger.

This was the last raid made by the Indians in this portion of Comanche county. Not long after the tide of immigration began to flow into the country but very slow at first, but with constantly augmenting volume. In process of time the Indians were driven back.—Gustine Tribune, May 22, 1924.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left.

Recollections of the Sheep Range

Vinton L. James, 303 King William St., San Antonio, Texas.



IN THE WINTER of 1876, when I returned from ~~the~~ my father desired me to go into the sheep business. He was suffering from a malady from which he died a few months after my return from Sewanee, Tennessee. Mr. Henry Shane, my father's partner in the sheep business, killed a negro barber in an affray on West Commerce street, in San Antonio. Bail being refused, he was indicted and jailed for murder. All this happened during my father's last illness, and after his death, Mr. Shane being still in jail, I went west to look after things and take charge. I was eighteen years of age, and the former spring I had attended the ewe flock during lambing time, and had assisted Mr. Shane by serving as a herder, and had a quite familiar idea of conducting the lambing, shearing and tying the fleeces, and packing the wool in long bags, and learning to speak the Mexican language, all of which stood me in good shape when the time arrived for me to take charge of some two thousand fine Merino sheep. Mr. Shane, to pay his lawyer to defend him, was compelled to sell his one-half of the sheep. Judge Thomas J. Devine of San Antonio and General Larkin Smith of Georgia became the purchasers. The lawyers desired to start their sons, Joe Devine and Will Smith, in the sheep business. As young Smith had no practical knowledge of the business, I was employed by Judge Devine and General Smith to look after the lambing and shearing after which the sheep were to be divided. Will Smith was with me during lambing and shearing, and then the flock was divided and the Devine and Smith sheep were driven to the Devine ranch in Bexar county, then called the "Redlands," some twenty miles north of San Antonio to what is now the Claussin ranch. The James sheep I moved to the old Code Adams ranch on the Frio river in Uvalde county. Code Adams had, the former year, driven a vast herd of cattle to Kansas. Adams owed almost every cow man in Uvalde county and had promised to pay up on his return from the sale of the cattle. But instead of returning he went to California and never paid his debts. The Code Adams ranch house was a picket plastered affair of two rooms. He had built an immense cattle pen, made of upright pickets sufficiently large to hold three thousand cattle. The horse pen was built of upright pickets bolted together in the ground as to make it impossible for Indians to dig up the posts to steal the cow ponies. Old Man Moore, who was formerly a member of the Texas Navy when Texas was a republic, was care-taker of the Adams ranch. He had a Mexican wife, and a step-son named Buck. Moore, finally

realizing that Adams was not coming back, had to seek employment elsewhere and left with his family.

I had been camping with my sheep herders and, as my father was the owner of the Catron survey on which the Adams ranch house was located, I immediately made the place my headquarters. The surrounding country at that time was almost devoid of cattle, which had been driven in herds to Kansas. The range was beautiful, covered with grass knee high, and stocked with an abundance of game of every description, deer, wild turkey, javalinas, quail of two varieties, and the Frio stream was full of black bass and cat fish; in fact it was a veritable paradise for me, as I always have been a lover of the country and consider that the happiest time of my life was in the pursuit of game and fishing. Deer in those days went in droves, and many times I have seen, during a dry spell, as many as one hundred turkeys drinking water. However, I was kept so busy looking after the Mexican shepherd, counting the different flocks, and hunting lost sheep, that I did not have much time for hunting. The lobo wolves and coyotes were numerous and did great damage in killing lost sheep. One lobo wolf killed fifteen mutton sheep, which I found after trailing them. I bought strychnine poison by the dozen bottles, and always carried in a buckskin pouch a bottle of the poison, and wherever I found a dead lamb or sheep I poisoned the carcass. Often at sundown I would drag the paunch of a dead animal for a mile by my stake rope and scatter baits along the trail. Next day, by watching buzzards, I located many dead coyotes and lobo wolves. At night the howl of the big lobos and the yelping of the coyotes made the air ring with their voices. By persistent poisoning I finally came out victorious, and often a bunch of lost sheep would be gone for several days without any of them being killed. After killing out the varmints the game became more abundant than ever and turkeys were so numerous that one riding the range would never be out of sight of a flock of these birds. I remember one morning I killed a turkey in camp. The turkeys had roosted in the trees over my head.

I certainly led a happy life when I had time to hunt and fish. I can truthfully say that I never killed any more game than I and the Mexican herders could consume, and all of my life I have made that my rule, and I never had any game to spoil on my hands.

After several months of work with the sheep I visited my mother and brother in San Antonio, and became civilized, but was always glad to return to the country.

I met several interesting characters while out west. I got my mail and did some trading at the Bill Smith farm on the Leona, about six miles west of my camp. Here I met a boy about my own age, named John Hanahan, who lived on the Leona, a few miles north of the Smith farm, with his mother, a widow, and a one-eyed brother named Jim. John was good looking, pleasant and intelligent, and I liked him. Through some unfortunate reason he did not get along well with his neighbors, who accused him of some rascality and went before a Uvalde county grand jury and had him indicted. Hanahan became furious and vowed vengeance, and actually threatened his accusers. He hid out to avoid arrest, and often afterwards visited me. I treated him as though I had never heard of his trouble, but I noticed he was always armed. Frank Stockton, a friend whose health was failing, left his position in Washington, D. C., and came to visit me with the expectation of going into the sheep business. Stockton met Hanahan, and on a trip to Uvalde he told the sheriff that Hanahan was camped near my ranch. Frank informed me that Meek, the sheriff, had deputized me to arrest Hanahan on sight. I was alarmed at Frank's indiscreet action in informing the Uvalde authorities of Hanahan's location, as by this time I knew he was rustling horses from Uvalde and Frio county ranches and driving them to the border and disposing of them, and he had always been friendly by leaving me out of his unlawful pursuits. Hanahan's friends informed him of his danger of arrest and he quit visiting me. One morning I found my favorite saddle horse, which was belled, killed. The bullet that killed him was from a rim-fire cartridge shell I found, fired from a brass mounted winchester. The fence had been let down, and from the tracks I was convinced that an attempt had been made to drive all of my horses out, but I had two wild mules that refused to be driven and ran back into the brushy pasture, followed by the rest of my horses and it being night, with no horse bell to guide the thieves, the attempt proved a failure. Hanahan was soon afterwards killed while resisting arrest, near Laredo, by King Fisher, who was deputy sheriff of Uvalde county.

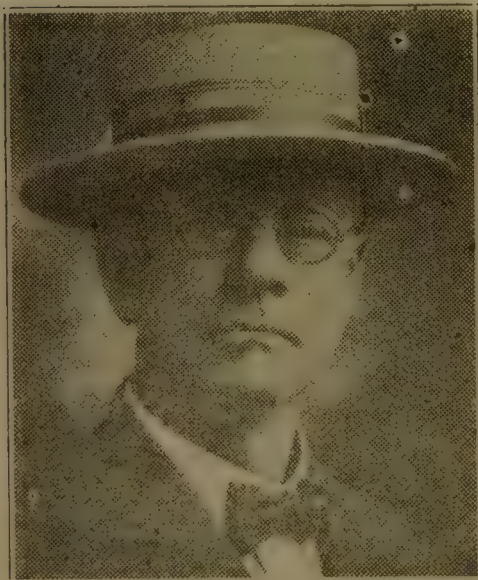
King Fisher was an interesting character, and one who I saw a great deal of. Old Man Taylor, who had a ranch on the Leona below Uvalde, bought the NO brand of Nat Lewis horses and employed King Fisher to dispose of them. The horses were wild stock and ranged in the vicinity of my ranch. I often watched Fisher roping and taming the wild brutes. His work in the pen was wonderful. He would toss the lariat among a bunch of running horses and catch the wanted one, sometimes by the head, and often by roping the running animal's two front feet, which immediately threw the horse to the ground, and before

he could arise Fisher had him tied down. He was as strong as a bull, with an eagle eye. He was not a large man, but was sparsely built, with a handsome face, and his movements were rapid and graceful. It was reported that in a duel to the death, with five men all shooting at him, he escaped unhurt, after killing all of his adversaries. Fisher often took his meals with me, and proposed that he and I go into business together, the proposition being for him to run horse stock and me to continue in the sheep business. As he was such good company and possessed an engaging personality I was tempted by his offer, but his former reputation was bad, so I declined. He never referred to his past life, and we became fast friends. I admired him when he spoke of the bright future in store for him, as he had been promised by the best element of Uvalde citizens to elect him sheriff of Uvalde county. The last time I saw King was at the corner of Commerce street and Main Plaza in San Antonio. He informed me that he was on his way to Austin to interview the Governor of the State in regard to the fence cutting law and the manner to proceed to stop the unlawfulness, as he was to be the next sheriff. He returned from Austin to San Antonio with bad company, Ben Thompson, who was drinking, and a most dangerous companion, and who persuaded Fisher to go with him to the Jack Harris saloon. Fisher, from the evidence afterwards taken, had not taken a drink of liquor, trying all of the time to quiet Thompson and avoid trouble. He had, during the shooting, made no attempt to draw his pistol. He was cowardly murdered in the spring of his life when the future seemed so bright for him who had reformed and left behind him all his bad reputation.

In the spring of 1880 I sent word to F. A. Piper & Co., of Uvalde, to send me down some teamsters to haul my wool to San Antonio. Who should appear on the scene but Roy Bean, who afterwards became famous as "The Law West of the Pecos." He had several wagons with Mexican teamsters. A funny incident occurred that gave Bean a great deal of pain. I had fenced a one-room house with barbed wire, and to make the gate firm I had placed a crooked cat-claw limb, that had the shape of an arch, over the entrance. But I made the arch too low, and Frank Stockton and I nearly killed ourselves bumping our heads on the obstruction until we finally got used to it. Roy Bean entered all right, but next morning to go out he lowered his head but came up with such great force with the weight of his body to help the blow he struck the cat-claw wood with the top of his head. It nearly paralyzed him with pain, and when he came to himself he made the air blue with profanity. He cursed the man who made that

gate and all of his people. I was not present and as I was the guilty party it was a good thing, but Frank Stockton told me about it.

In the seventies the Indians from Mexico made raids on the settlers during moonlight nights to steal horses and often murdered defenseless people, including women and children, and they were greatly feared. Everybody went armed, as there was no telling when one would be attacked. Henry Shane, my father's partner in the sheep business, had many encounters with Indians. In fact he had killed two redskins. He was perfectly fearless, a dead shot, and rode a fast horse. He often told me of his different fights with Indians, his narrow escapes, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. He was acquitted in his trial for the murder of the San Antonio negro, mainly by his wonderful record on the frontier of



Vinton L. James.

Texas as a successful Indian fighter. Columbus Upson, the greatest and most successful lawyer that Texas ever had, defended Shane and made the old court house on Soledad street ring with his eloquence in describing Shane's bravery in defending the women and children of West Texas from the savages. Shane always told me to pursue his method if I was attacked. The main thing was to not shoot until I was sure of hitting, and not to waste my ammunition, nor get excited.

One morning I was returning from D'Hanis, in Medina county, driving a two horse wagon, loaded with provisions for my shepherds. I was singing loudly while go-

ing through a thickly wooded hackberry bottom near the Sabinal river in Uvalde county, where the spring before one of Shane's herders was captured by Indians, and his companion some distance away heard his screams of agony as an Indian pushed an arrow into his heart and left him dead, tied to a tree. Suddenly from behind I heard the rush of a horse and as I turned in my seat an Indian only a few feet away wounded me in the back with a lance. It was a glancing wound made so by my turning as he passed me swiftly. He gave a most unearthly warwhoop almost in my face. He was hideously painted, and was riding without a saddle. I got a near view of him, and he was the most terrible apparition I ever beheld. To say I was frightened is to express it mildly, but I did not lose my presence of mind. In less time than I can tell it I reached for my rifle and jumped to the ground, all of the time holding the reins in my hand. The sudden rush and that awful yell of the Indian stampeded my team, but I finally stopped the horses by directing the pole of the wagon between two trees. I was determined that the bunch of Indians should not get my team, and I dropped into knee high grass, expecting them to attack me. After waiting for some time, and nothing more occurring, and realizing that I was wounded, though at the time I did not feel any severe pain, I decided to move on. I put my hand to my back and found my clothing saturated with blood. I made my way to the nearest ranch where I became so stiff and weak from loss of blood that I could not stand. I was placed on a mattress and taken to D'Hanis, to Joe Ney's hotel. The wound, though dangerous, had missed the kidneys, but paralyzed the muscles of my back. Under the care of the doctor I recovered in a couple of weeks and went back to my camp, ready for another adventure.

My ranch was about half way between Frio Town, the county seat of Frio county, and Uvalde. When there was a dance at either place I attended, if possible Need Pulliam, a friend from Uvalde, would stop at my camp and say, "Vint, there is going to be a dance in Frio Town. Don't you want to go?" In a few minutes I had donned a white shirt and clean clothes, and hopped into his buggy for the dance some twenty miles away. We would dance all night, Gabe Hans would furnish liquid refreshments, and what happy times we had in those days of long ago, when youth and pretty girls were the inspiration. Fond memory recalls the belles of the ball: Mary Little and Sallie Blackally of Frio Town, Ella and Lilly Nunn, Mary Bowles from Uvalde, and Maggie Clark from Nueces Canyon, all lovely and accomplished, great friends of mine. I remember in those days of Indians and my encounters with rough men I could always depend on my lady

friends of Uvalde to take my part, and they were true friends indeed.

Smith Ditch, on the Leona, where I received my mail, was an irrigation project of several hundred acres. The labor was Mexican, whose jacals adorned the side of the main ditch of running water. I often attended the "bailes" or Mexican dances. The music was an accordeon and the floor was the ground, hardened by sprinkling water thereon. One did not have to be introduced but selected the senorita, who was sitting by her watchful mother. You were not supposed to talk to your fair partner, and after the dance you could escort her to her mother. This procedure became monotonous, and we boys, to have some fun, put up a game on the old lady chaperones. Two of us became involved in an imaginary quarrel, hot words were passed; and we clinched, drew our revolvers and fired (in the air). Immediately the dance became a riot. The old Mexican women grabbed their girls and disappeared in the darkness.

Will Blair, the son of a San Antonio dentist, quit his position as a clerk in T. C. Frost's store to visit me. Will was good company, always full of fun, and enjoyed the novelty of ranch life. A stray dog had taken up with us and Will and the dog put in time hunting wild cats. The dog proved a wonder in trailing and treeing the varmints, and Will soon had a number of wild cat hides to sell. He also brought in kittens alive which he tried to raise, but always failed. He assisted me during shearing time, after which we made a trip in a wagon to the border. The first night we stopped at Sargent's Hotel in Brackettville, Kinney county. After we had registered Mr. Sargent inquired if I was any relation of the late John James of San Antonio, and when he discovered I was his son he could not do too much for us. He said my father went on his bond when he was appointed sheriff of Bexar county to succeed W. B. Knox. The good meals he served us of hot waffles and butter was a great change from our camp fare. We visited the town after supper, and you may imagine our surprise to find ourselves in the liveliest burg in West Texas, where the night life could only be compared to the saloons and gambling places that existed in the early days of the gold excitement of California and the Klondike. It was pay day at Fort Clark, adjacent to the town, where thousands of United States soldiers were stationed, and such an assortment of humans I never saw before. Painted Indians with feathered head-dress, Lipan and Seminole scouts and members of the famous Bulls band that was the terror to marauding Indians, with Mexicans, white and negro soldiers, desperadoes, and other characters, all armed and ready for a fight or a frolic, with a sprinkling of fair females, soliciting for the bar, where several bar-tenders were as busy as ants serv-

ing liquid refreshments. Gambling devices of every description lined the floors of the saloon. Gold, silver, and greenbacks were in plain view on the tables, and the dealer shuffling cards for the many betters who either lost or won, as Lady Luck would have it. String bands made music, while everybody was busy dancing, drinking or gambling. Will was a natural-born gambler, and immediately got in the game, only to lose several dollars before I could stop him. There were several of these sociable places and we visited all of them. One hall was owned by an old friend of mine, a bearded Irishman, who spoke with a distinct brogue, by the name of Tom Maloney, who formerly was a cowman. I knew him in 1874 when I went on a cattle gathering expedition to the Edwards Plateau beyond the head of the Nueces river. Maloney had charge of the remuda of cow ponies which were hid away in the hills far from the ranch to be safe from Indian raids, as the Indians always raided the settlements. Maloney made me stop gambling, saying that was his business, and advised me not to commence that bad habit. I knew his advice was good, but I had hard work to make my friend, Will, quit. Next morning after a hearty breakfast of hot cakes and coffee we told our genial host, Mr. Sargent goodbye, and started on our way to Eagle Pass. The country we passed over was a flat, open prairie, and many bunches of antelope we saw as they circled around us with their white rumps glistening in the sunlight.

At Eagle Pass I met an old school mate by the name of Zoller, who introduced us to the river guard, who allowed us to bring over from Piedras Negras cigars and liquid refreshments.

Will Blair accepted a clerkship in F. A. Piper's store in Uvalde and became a great favorite with the Uvalde people. During a religious revival he joined the church, but did not stay good for long, and in a few months he was back in his old ways. In 1884 I again met him in Los Angeles, California, where he was running a shoe store. Once more I had the time of my life with him. He knew everybody and I saw everything in Los Angeles, which at that time was a town about the size of the present San Antonio. I often wonder what became of him. I envied his winning ways and his charming personality.

In 1883 I retired from the sheep business and invested \$7,000, which I had received from my father's estate, in land and sold out to Nat and Dan Lewis of San Antonio for \$33,000, and married the brightest, sweetest and prettiest girl in San Antonio.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.

Josiah Pugh Wilbarger

Mrs. Lipscomb Norvell, Beaumont, Texas.



OSIAH PUGH WILBARGER, pioneer of the Middle Border and further Southwestern Border, was one of the Kentucky-Missouri Colonists that came in with Stephen F. Austin's second colony in 1827.

His father, John Wilbarger before him, lived in Bourbon County, Kentucky, prior to 1800. He married Anne Pugh in 1799. Of the eight sons and daughters born to John and Anne Pugh Wilbarger, Josiah Pugh was the eldest. He was born in Bourbon, County, Kentucky, in the year 1801. It was a wild and desolate land in which Josiah Wilbarger first saw the light of day, and so it was that his first years were passed amid the hardships and dangers of border life.

Kentucky was at this time far more of a wilderness than any state in the Union. It had been but fifteen years since the first house of a white man had been built in any part of what is now the State of Kentucky, when John Wilbarger chose for his wife Anne Pugh in 1799, and carried her to Kentucky to live. Here John Wilbarger became possessed of some lands and was recognized as a man of intelligence and character. His highest ideal was to educate his sons in the English language, stating "that his education had been in the German language and that had made it very hard and awkward for him in his social and business relations with his fellow-men in a new country."

So it was that John Wilbarger was very solicitous regarding the education of his children. Of course, the educational opportunities were very limited in the Kentucky of that day. Going to school in Frankfort was rather exciting business in those days, since both teacher and pupils had to be prepared for a possible onslaught by the Indians.

So the sons of John Wilbarger were taught surveying, the moulding of bullets and how to use them in a gun, and military tactics were taught in the schools. It was while attending school in a frontier condition of primitive state that Josiah Wilbarger won the title of 'Colonel' at school, serving as a Regulator to fight the Indians.

When suspicion and plotting was at its height, this brought out the young patriots to battle for their lives, and protect their ancestral homes.

John Wilbarger was a farmer and he reared his son, Josiah, to that calling. Until he was nineteen years old he did the work any boy does on a farm. It was an age in which people worked hard and lived plainly. The life was one calculated to give a young man health and strength,

and also to make him rather serious in all of his thoughts.

Perhaps there was more patriotism in those days than there is in our day. America was young—and the states having been put upon a more secure footing through their boldness, the youths banded together at school, but were soon disbanded when they found their services were not needed. Josiah Wilbarger went back to the farm with the freedom of spirit within him a little stronger than before. He had a brother, Mathias Wilbarger, who was a surveyor, and he himself learned the science, and a brother, John Wesley, who was a preacher and later author of "Indian Depredations." Wilbarger County in Texas was named to honor Josiah and Mathias Wilbarger.

When Stephen F. Austin began to come into the limelight with his colonization plan for Texas, Josiah Wilbarger's patriotism and fighting spirit were aroused a little stronger within him than before. He was then a young man of 26 years, and going to Ashley, Pike County, Missouri with his father, John Wilbarger, there met the agents of Austin's colonization project. He was fired with patriotic fervor and became one of the colonizers of the Texas wilderness and signed as a colonizer of Austin's Second colony in 1827, but not before he persuaded his sweetheart, Margaret Barker, of Troy, Lincoln County, Missouri, to come and make the Texas wilds her home with him.

So it was Josiah Wilbarger married Margaret Barker and travelled by boat from St. Louis to New Orleans and around to Matagorda Bay. They lived at Matagorda awhile and then moved to La Grange where Josiah Wilbarger taught school a year. He then went with two men and built on his headright a log stockade—a fort in the bend of the Colorado River in Bastrop County, now known as Wilbarger's Bend, and here he brought his wife and eldest child, John, to live. In all of his vigorous manhood he defended his fort next to Ruben Hornsby's headright—the farthest outpost of civilization—against the attacks of large forces of Indians, while his wife moulded bullets and reloaded the guns for the man. This feat made the Indians admire and fear Josiah Wilbarger, and they called his wife "Brave Squaw."

As land was very cheap in Texas, Josiah Wilbarger became possessed of many tracts in a number of counties of the State and he was considered and described as a man 'well off.' He was out locating lands in 1832, when he received his set back in life when all of his aspirations were turned to desperation, fighting for his life. This

occurred at noon in the summer of 1832. He fought the Indians bravely, intelligently, and courageously, and was wounded and fell. Then his scalp was cut and torn from his head. He said each time it sounded like a clear clap of thunder. He lay unconscious and stunned all the afternoon until late in the evening, when he became conscious of the chill of the evening and became 'clear minded.' He crawled 300 yards to the shallow creek, near which they had camped, and with the only vestige of clothing left him, a sock, he bathed his head, then crawled out to a tree and awaited for relief or his doom.

The following extract from a recent issue of the Dallas Morning News gives an interesting account of this terrible experience in Josiah Wilbarger's life, as told by Miss Fenora Chambers, his step-daughter:

"Mr. Wilbarger and some other men in August, 1832, were engaged in some surveying for Gen. T. J. Chambers a few miles below Austin. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbarger lived on Barton's Prairie, about twenty-five miles down the Colorado River from Austin. Mr. Wilbarger and his surveying party had spent the night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rueben Hornsby at Hornsby's Bend, twelve miles below Austin. Next morning they rode horseback up the river to where they were surveying. In the party besides Mr. Wilbarger were four other men. Two of them, a Mr. Christian and Mr. Strother, were settlers in Austin's Colony and the other men, Haynie and Standifer, had recently come to Texas from Missouri, expecting to settle here, and were assisting Mr. Wilbarger in the surveying work and prospecting for themselves. At noon they stopped near Pecan Springs about four miles east of Austin to eat their lunch. They staked their horses nearby and were eating when they were suddenly attacked by a band of Indians. Mr. Christian fell mortally wounded at the first volley from the Indians. The others returned the fire as they ran for their horses. Mr. Wilbarger, not knowing that Mr. Christian was mortally wounded, went to his assistance and tried to help him to his horses. Two of the horses, frightened by the sudden attack, had broken their ropes and run away, while the other three men escaped on the other three horses. Wilbarger assisted Christian to shelter behind a tree and continued the battle with the Indians, but a moment later his neck was pierced by an arrow shot from behind and he fell paralyzed. The other three men, believing their two comrades were dead, gave up the fight and fled, leaving the Indians surrounding the bodies of Christian and Wilbarger.

"The Indians killed Christian by cutting his throat and scalping him. Seeing the arrow sticking in the back of Wilbarger's neck, with the point protruding under his chin, the Indians believed he was dead and began to peel the scalp from his head. Wilbarger told my mother afterward that

he was not even unconscious, but was aware of everything that was taking place.

Most persons, when thinking of Indians scalping people, believe they tear off the whole scalp; but those Indians cut off pieces of scalp about the size of a dollar. They took seven pieces of scalp from the head of Mr. Wilbarger. He said, every time they cut and tore a piece off his scalp it sounded like the pealing of loud thunder, but it pained him very little, as he was paralyzed and numbed by the arrow in his neck. The Indians stripped most of the clothes off the bodies of the two white men and left them for dead.

Mr. Wilbarger soon lost consciousness but came to again about the middle of the afternoon. The blood was still oozing from the scalp and he was covered with clotted blood. He managed to extricate the arrow from his neck. From the great loss of blood he was famished with thirst and very weak, but he began to crawl toward a nearby stream. He finally reached it, drank and lay down in the water to soothe the fever which had set in. He lay in the water a long time and became so chilled and weak that only with a supreme effort was he able to get out onto the bank. He then went to sleep from exhaustion and awakened near nightfall. By this time the flies were swarming about the wound on his head and Mr. Wilbarger was much alarmed and decided that he would try to crawl to the Hornsby place, eight miles away. He managed to drag himself about a mile to Pecan Springs, but was so exhausted that he could go no farther. He sat down against a large tree and there had a remarkable vision of his sister. The apparition said to him, 'Brother Josiah, you are too weak to go any farther by yourself. Stay here and help will come before the setting of tomorrow's sun.' She spoke other words of comfort and then moved away in the direction of the Hornsby home. It was six weeks later that news was received in Texas that his sister, Mrs. Margaret Clifton, had died in St. Louis County, Missouri, a few hours before Wilbarger was wounded and scalped!

"The three men who escaped returned to the Hornsby home and reported that they had seen the Indians kill Wilbarger and Christian as they fled. It was decided not to go after the bodies until the next day. It was feared the Indians might be lurking in the vicinity and they knew they did not have men enough to cope with such a large number of Indians as had attacked the surveyors.

"During the night Mrs. Hornsby had a dream that she saw Wilbarger wounded and bleeding, against a tree beside Pecan Springs. The dream was so vivid and terrible that it awoke her. She awakened her husband and told him of her vision and begged him to take the men and go after Wilbarger. Mr. Hornsby assured her that it could be only a dream, but when she

would not be convinced that it was not a true vision he awakened the three men who had escaped and told them about the incident. They declared that it was not possible that Wilbarger could be alive. They had seen his neck pierced by the arrow, and had seen the Indians gather around the two men and begin cutting them with their knives.

All went back to bed and went to sleep. Mrs. Hornsby again had the same identical dream and again near morning she had the vision of the terrible plight of Wilbarger the third time. She arose then and prepared breakfast before daylight and awakened the men to eat so they might go to the rescue of Wilbarger, whom she firmly convinced was alive. She filled a Mexican gourd with milk and sent it along, for she said Wilbarger would be hungry. She also sent two sheets, one to cover the body of Christian and the other to wrap around Wilbarger, whom she said had been stripped by the Indians.

By daybreak the rescue party was in the saddle and on its way. In the party, besides the three men who were in the fatal encounter the day before, were Reuben Hornsby, his 16-year-old-son, William; a Mr. Webber, Joseph Rogers and John Walters. When the party neared Pecan Springs they were startled by seeing a naked, blood-covered figure rise from sitting beside a large tree. Mr. Rogers, thinking it was a wounded Indian from the bank which had killed the two white men the day before, shouted, 'Here they are, boys!' and raised his gun to fire.

"Wilbarger, faint and in a weak voice, raised his hands and called, 'Don't shoot, boys, it's Wilbarger.' The wounded man was given the milk to drink and, after the sheet had been wrapped about his body, he was lifted onto the horse in front of William Hornsby and taken to the Hornsby home. Some of the other men got the other body and prepared it for burial. My mother who was at home on Barton's Prairie caring for the children and looking after the place while her husband was away surveying, was notified and rushed to the bedside of her husband.

"Medical aid was obtained for Mr. Wilbarger as soon as possible and his scalp soon began to heal. Before long he was able to move to his home on Barton's Prairie. A small place on the top of his head never did heal. The scarred scalp was kept covered with a silk cap. Silk was a scarce and expensive article in Texas in those days, so my mother made the caps from her silk dress which was a part of her trousseau when she was married in Missouri. The wedding dress of a bride of today would not furnish enough material for very many caps, but my mother's dress provided cap material for many years.

"Wilbarger's vision of his sister and Mrs. Hornsby's dream were talked about far and

wide throughout Texas by the settlers and I have heard the incident discussed many times during my childhood and younger days while I lived in that part of the State. The settlers marveled all the more about a month after Wilbarger was scalped when a letter was received saying that his sister had died in Florissant, Mo., on the same day that she appeared to him in the vision. It is just one of those things which we do not expect to understand on this earth" Hon. John W. Hornsby of Austin and Roger Hornsby of Base Ball fame are descendants

When Mr. Wilbarger finally recovered, he was eager for further employment of his time. He had to protect his scalp from the outside heat and cold of the climate, as he could not further endure the hardships of outdoor life. As he slowly regained his strength he set to work with his reading of the Bible and Shakespeare. He, knowing the doctrine of school learning, then conceived the idea to teach the frontier children reading, writing and arithmetic, and so he taught "by word of mouth," to the children of that locality, the rudiments of Texas education.

Josiah Fugh Wilbarger was doubly aggressive of the times. He was brave and intelligent. Just before he was scalped in 1832, by his trading, he had amassed a trunk-full of silver coin. There being no market near, he, with his wife and two small children, in wagon and horses, travelled to Galveston and set sail for New Orleans to exchange the specie for green-backs and to buy household supplies. When out at sea, the boat was blown to Cuba and a passing boat came to their rescue. On board was Henry Clay with some fine cows for market, and the milk from these cows saved the children's lives. When they arrived in New Orleans, the trunk was carted by Josiah Wilbarger to the bank, and two belts, filled with green-backs, were made and placed next to his body.

Mr. Wilbarger was industrious. He did not sadden or irritate the lives of others by lamenting over his misfortune. Indeed, his wife always said he had the resource to live. He worked on his farm in one way or another, producing something by his efforts. He would say, "If you did not plant and cultivate your land, you were an out-cast or an outlaw." He was self-sustained and self-contained. He raised the food needed. Tools were made at home by hand. Clothes were made at home from the yarn spun. He built one of the first grist mills in Bastrop County, and was one of the first hewer of logs for building a house. He was an amateur pioneer in science. All through the dark days of his gruelling recovery, his great desire was to build a machine by belting its pulley to another kind of a machine. He would work away with the kind of a generator he produced with his hands, putting one thing in the place of another, the transferring of

experiments and parts. His motor was never finished, but buried with his dust.

He was a Christian of the true faith, and it is said he sought religious knowledge by reading such works as Calvinism's Confessions of Faith, in studying the doctrines of religious beliefs. His Bible, containing notes all through, shows he was a true believer. In 1845, when passing through a low door in his cotton mills, he struck his head, causing infection of the bone of his scalp. The crisis in life and suffering became acute and the tragic period in his life reached a discouraging moment. His dying request was that they plant a locust tree at his grave, that his children would know where he lay, and his grandchildren that came afterwards, and said, "That is as far as I can go—."

He is buried at the Barker Place in Bastrop County, as are his sons, John Wilbarger, a Texas Ranger, killed by the Indians; Lieutenant Webster Wilbarger, of the Bastrop Military Institution, a son, James Harvey Wilbarger, and wife, Dorothy Olive, buried at Fairview Cemetery, Bastrop, Texas. His widow, Margaret Wilbarger Chambers, second marriage to

Thomas C. Chambers, is also buried at Fairview Cemetery, Bastrop, Texas.

Josiah Pugh Wilbarger was never lacking in high courage, and his record as an Indian fighter has much in it that is thrilling and much to prove that he was of heroic build. Since, several Texas historians have said that his blood was the first shed for Texas civilization. His was a sturdy type of manhood in the clearing of the wilderness for civilization. A patriot in supplying provisions and meat for the sustaining of the army of the Republic of Texas and ever ready to safeguard the public, he stands forth as a somewhat unique character in our Texas history in bringing in a new and better day.

The wife of this pioneer-teacher carried something of culture out of the ancestral home further East, who brought up her sons at her side and taught them the Bible. She was not bowed down or ever embittered by the hardships. She was often the one who bore the heavier burdens of the two, and suffered more from the isolation. She was the cultural pioneer woman, and triumphed in her grace over the rough ways of the frontier.

The Governor's Palace

San Antonio Express June 21, 1927.

The palace of the Spanish Governors, still standing on the west side of Military Plaza of San Antonio, has come to be quite properly ranked among the modern students of history as second only to the Alamo in point of historical interest and attachments. The palace now retains little of its ancient grandeur and is used as a little store, but the history of Texas is built largely around incidents and events launched here and in the palace was planted the seed of the revolution that liberated Texas from Mexico.

The palace is believed to have been built right after the first Spanish Governor was sent to San Antonio possibly around 1690. It is known to antedate by many years construction of the Alamo. It still stands in good state of repairs with the ancient Royal Spanish court of arms over the doorway.

The old building was not only the seat of government for the Province of Texas for more than a century, but it is also of greater historical importance because in its walls in 1821, Moses Austin secured permission to bring 300 colonists to Texas, which later proved to be the nucleus of the revolution that threw off the Mexican yoke.

Austin came from his home in Missouri, arriving early in the year 1821. He immediately went to the palace and made his formal proposals for a colonization permit to the Spanish Governor Martinez. The colonizer received little encouragement and,

in fact, had been rejected and directed to leave town when he encountered the Baron de Bastrop, whose acquaintance he had formed some time before, and who was then in the good graces of the Governor. The baron interceded for Austin, secured a favorable hearing for him, and pushed his negotiations to a successful conclusion. Austin left in a week to return home, but died in route. His son, Stephen F. Austin then carried out the project, and introduced the first families from the United States into Texas.

After the independence of Mexico was achieved from Spain, the old building was continued in use as administrative headquarters. As the governors and political chiefs came to administer Texas the various powers under whose sway it came, the affairs one and all administered the affairs of the far-flung empire from the Palace without absolute freedom and finality. There was little chance to appeal from decisions handed down from the headquarters: the nearest superior authority to it was seldom closer than Saltillo—about 30 days journey from San Antonio.

Frequent proposals have been made in recent years to raze the building to make way for modern improvements, but strong opposition has developed to save the historic structure. Patriotic orders are seeking to have the building and grounds purchased by the State of Texas and converted into a park to insure its preservation.

An Early Texas Pioneer

D. L. Kokernot in The Gonzales Inquirer, June 22, 1878

I WAS BORN in the City of Amsterdam, Holland, in 1805; came to the United States with my father in the year 1817. I was apprenticed at the age of 12 years to Capt. John Summers, as pilot, at the Belize, mouth of the Mississippi River. When I had reached 17 years my father took me home to New Orleans, where I went to school one year. Then I shipped before the mast on board of the William Tell, for Hamburg, Germany; thence to the City of Amsterdam, Holland, and took a cargo of gin and returned to New York. I then shipped in the brig Boston, Capt. Done, as second mate, for New Orleans. I stayed at home about 6 months and then got the berth of second mate on board the Prince William for Bremen, and thence back to New York. Here I bought a lot of flour, lard and bacon, to the amount of \$3,000, for a venture to the island of Port au Prince, San Domingo, having sailed for said port some time in September, 1834, in the ship George Washington. The weather was unfavorable and squally. On the 24th of September we encountered a terrific gale which drove us on a reef of rocks off the coast of Hayti and all hands save three were lost. Two others and myself were thrown upon a rock, well nigh dead; but we held on to the rock until next day, when we were picked up by a revenue cutter belonging to the island. The captain and crew were all black, but they treated us very kindly, giving us something to eat and some good old rum, which refreshed us greatly. In fact they did all in their power to make us comfortable. After two days they landed us in the town of Port au Prince. Here I was in a strange land, without money or friends, among a nation of free black people. No tongue or pen can describe my feelings as I stood on the wharf in this forlorn situation. At last I went on board of a French vessel to try to get employment. They agreed to give me four-bits per day to work in the hot, broiling sun, loading and unloading the vessel; but I felt thankful to God. It was no worse. My shipmates fared as I did. After working one month the Lord sent me a friend who took me home to his plantation. His name was Edward Brutus. He was an intelligent, kind, noble man; and besides, one of the finest looking colored men I ever saw. He was six feet in height and formed in proportion. He was born, raised and educated in the City of New York. He lived in a magnificent house built of stone and finely furnished. He had a splendid farm and worked some sixty hands cultivating coffee, sugar and tobacco. He offered to furnish me with as much money as I needed, but I declined the

proffered benefit. So one day he said to me: "Kokernot, if you will not accept money, you can, if you wish, go into my coffee plantation, gather as much as you wish, sell it to supply yourself with clothing and such other things as you may need."

So I went to work. The first week I gathered three hundred pounds of coffee, I lashed it on the back of a small donkey, walked to town, leading the donkey, and sold it at five cents per pound. I bought myself some clothes, boots and a hat, which was not a day sooner than I needed them; got on my little donkey and rode home, feeling 100 per cent better than when I landed.

During eleven months I stayed and worked on the island, and was very kindly treated by all the inhabitants. A vessel came in from New Orleans commanded by an old friend, Capt. James Spillman, who afterwards settled on an island at the mouth of San Jacinto Bay, which is now known as Spillman's island. After bidding my true friend Brutus and his kind wife a regretful adieu, I took passage on this vessel, June 21, 1825, for New Orleans, having been absent from my home two years. On arrival I found my mother in deep mourning, for the news had reached the city that the vessel I sailed in and all on board had been lost. But thanks be unto God for sparing me, as I trust, for some good purpose. I now acknowledge that His goodness has followed me, both on sea and on land, all the days of my life, for which I can never sufficiently praise His most holy name.

Once more there was great rejoicing among my friends, for the dead was alive again, and the lost found. I remained at home a short time, then left for Hamburg, Germany, on business for my mother and to travel through Germany and Holland, in which I spent about twelve months. On this trip I spent much money and enjoyed what the world calls much pleasure. Then I safely returned home and engaged in mercantile pursuits.

On the first day of October, 1830, I received a commission from Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, in the revenue cutter service, on board the Ingram, for the district of New Orleans. On March 12, 1831, received orders from Marin Gordon, collector of customs for that district, to find a good schooner of light draught and about 150 tons burden and to charter the same and report. Accordingly I chartered the schooner Julius Caesar for a three months cruise down the coast as far as Galveston Bay. At that time the island and pass Barataria were alive with smugglers, and with the view of discovering their rendezvous and plans, I was sent thither.

This pass leads into the Mississippi above New Orleans, through which they carried their goods into the city, and were doing a flourishing business at that time. The previous year we had captured eight or ten sloops and schooners.

On the 18th, after having taken on board twenty passengers and a crew of ten men, for Galveston Bay, we left the city and dropped down to the mouth of the Mississippi River. Here my old friends, the pilots, used every effort to prevent my going to sea; but, like a great many young men, I thought I knew more than they did. They said a heavy storm was then brewing, but I could not see it.

So, on the 20th I set sail under a fine breeze, to the northwest, making a fine run down the coast the first day. At 7 p. m. the wind veered to the northeast, blowing a tremendous tornado. Under close reef, foresail, about 1 o'clock p. m., the vessel sprang a leak. I set both pumps going, all my crew and passengers working for life to keep the water from gaining upon us. At daylight there were two feet of water in the hold, and it was still gaining upon us every moment and the hurricane raging. In all my travels and seafaring life I have never encountered such a storm. The entire coast, even to New Orleans, was lined with wrecks. Our only chance to save our lives was to drive for the shore.

At 7 o'clock a. m. we described the Sabine Pass, the breakers running mountain high. At the moment I saw two porpoises going for the shore and knowing that they always kept in the deepest water, I ordered all hands to go below, save, Mr. Thompson, my mate, and two men. We then ran for the shore in the wake of the porpoises. Mr. Thompson and one man lashed to the wheel, myself and one man to the rigging. The vessel was then running at the rate of fifteen knots per hour and we were expecting every moment that she would founder, and our only hope was to make the pass. As we drew nearer the breakers the wind hauled round east-northeast, trying itself. When we struck the breakers the deck was swept clean and the last boat taken. But, thanks be unto God, we were all saved. I ran the schooner to the shell bank near the Texas side of the pass, got out an anchor on the reef to keep her from sinking until I could get all hands ashore. We then went to work cutting down the mast and spars and made a raft and in a short time we all got off safe on the Texas shore. The schooner was a total wreck.

But now comes our suffering. We were on a barren coast, without water or any help; but plenty of mosquitos, snakes and alligators. Two of my men found a small dugout while rambling in the salt marsh.

On the next day two of us started up the Sabine Bay in search of water or assistance from any quarter. After toiling all day we found the Neches and Sabine Rivers. We pulled up the Sabine some thirty miles

without finding a living soul. We then came down, filling two kegs with water, and returned to camp. It was indeed a large camp, there being some thirty men, women and children. They had gotten all the sails ashore and made good tents for the families. Mr R. Morris, wife and three children, John W. Brown, Redman, and M. Gill, were among the passengers.

After having rested one day we started the second time to try the Neches River, still in hopes of finding assistance. But after having pulled up the river some twenty-five miles we saw no sign of any human foot upon the soil. Down-hearted and wearied out, we returned to camp, having filled our kegs with water.

After two days' rest we started south down the beach towards Galveston, each taking a bottle of water and some provisions. At the end of two days we came to an old deserted hut called the High Islands. Here we dug a hole and found fresh water and also killed a poor wild suckling sow. Finding an old broken salt kettle, we cooked part of our pork. The hut had been the abode of one of Lafitte's pirates. The last one who had dwelt there was named Burrell Franks, one of Lafitte's huntsmen. Here we reposed in the shade one day.

On the day following, we started down the beach, hoping to find some human being who could help us in this time of need; but night came on and no help was found.

At this juncture Mr. Redman said that if we would strike across the salt marsh to Redfish Bar we could wade across to the mainland to Mr. Edward's house. This was the father of Monroe Edwards, who afterwards became one of the most noted counterfeiterers in the United States, and died in Sing Sing prison. After no little wading and bogging, we got across to Galveston Bay near the mouth of Doubly Bayou on the east side of the bay. Our water was all out and we were very faint and exhausted. One of the men had a little water in a bottle, for which I offered him \$500 in gold. He refused. During the time Mr. Gill had drank so much brackish water that he became sick and died in my arms in great agony. I rolled the poor fellow up in my mosquito bar and laid him down in the marsh to sleep that sleep that knows no waking. The bay was high, the wind blowing from the southeast, and all the bar being under water, there was not the least chance to cross over to Mr. Edwards on the west side of Redfish Bar. We were all well nigh dead; but after much toil and fatigue we reached the gulf shore.

Here, for the first time, we gave up all hope, and laid down in the surf to die. But Mr. Morris was not so exhausted as the rest of us, so he managed by dint of great tact and perseverance to make his way back to the High Island, fill all the bottles with water, and return about midnight. He pulled us out of the surf, poured some

water down our throats, and brought us to life, for we were well nigh dead.

On the next day none of us could move. Being somewhat strengthened, I started alone along the gulf shore to see if I could not find some help; but I had not the least thought that we should ever see each other in this world. After walking down the beach some five miles, hungry, sick, tired, without water and food, I thought of home, of my dear wife and mother, and that I must die alone on this barren shore. But the thought came into my mind; make another effort—go on. I picked up my gun, which contained the last load of powder and shot, and started on, almost in despair. I soon saw ahead of me a large gang of cranes. Now was my time. Life or death depended on the shot. I crawled up behind some drift wood and, taking good aim, fired, bringing down one of the birds. I ran up, caught it, cut its throat and sucked the blood, tore it asunder and ate one-half of it raw. Rest assured it tasted extraordinarily well. The repast revived and strengthened me very much.

Taking up my gun I traveled on. In a short time I saw a small house to the southwest, which was Bolivar Point. I then left the beach and took a straight course for the house, going through the salt marsh which was quite muddy. Covered with mud, I reached the house and found three small children, the oldest being twelve years. There were two boys and one little girl seven or eight years old. They were the children of Burrell Franks, the great hunter. The names of these children I shall never forget, for they saved our lives in the following manner: When I reached the house they came to see a sight—a man covered from head to foot with black mud. But they were not afraid of me and brought a stool for me to sit on. I asked them where their parents were. They replied they had gone up the Trinity River to see some friends and purchase supplies. I then asked them if they had anything to eat. 'Yes, plenty.' I think I told them about our shipwreck, and that six of my men were dying for want of water and food. The eldest, Elijah, went and caught his pony, got some bread, some beef and a jug of water, and went to hunt the whereabouts of my famishing men, according to the description I had given him. The dear little girl gave me a large bowl of milk, which I greedily devoured. It tasted more delicious than anything I had ever tasted but in a short time it made me very sick, throwing me into a burning fever. While I lay there scorched with fever, suffering intensely, this little girl sat by me and gave me water to cool my parched lips. At last she said to herself.

"I will make him well!"

I looked at the child in surprise. She seemed more like an angel than a frail child of sorrow. Soon she ran into the

prairie and gathered a handful of a weed called the Golden Rod. She took a quart of sweet milk, put the weeds into the milk, and boiled them. Then, having sweetened it with sugar, she brought the concoction and gave it to me. I had watched the child in all her movements.

"Drink it," she said. "It will make you well."

In less than an hour it threw me into a profuse perspiration, the sweat exuding from every pore. Next morning I was quite well.

This dear little girl still lives in Corpus Christi. Her name is Mrs. Bloodworth. Elijah Franks also lives in that city. His brother William lives somewhere on the coast. If either of them sees these lines, he will know that I have neither forgotten them nor their deeds of kindness, and we may be certain the great God has not.

On the second day after Elijah went in search of the men, all returned safe to Point Bolivar, yet weak and feeble. We remained one week, and, as Providence ordered, a small schooner, Captain Lovejoy, came to the Point. I made a bargain with him at \$400 to go to Sabine Pass and bring the passengers and crew to Anahuac, situated near the mouth of the Trinity River, but first to take myself and comrades up to the town. We arrived at that place on the 23rd of April, 1831, and were kindly received by all the inhabitants. Among them were W. B. Travis, Charles Wilcox, Col. James Morgan, William Harden, and others who were willing and ready to do anything in their power to make us comfortable. We stayed in this town until the 20th of July. My old friend Captain James Spillman, who took me from the island of San Domingo in November, 1825, came in and engaged passage for myself and men to New Orleans. On the 30th we landed in the city and found all my friends in great trouble on my account, supposing that I had been lost with my schooner. When they saw me they were rejoiced, indeed.

Now, my friends, at that time I was lost indeed; but, thanks unto God, through Christ Jesus, now I am found.

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The Montel Guards

O. D. Baker, in Uvalde (Texas) Leader-News

At the request of James Whitecotton and others of our section of Texas, I am below giving a roster of the original membership of the Montell Guards, a minute company formed in 1881 for the protection of that then frontier region against Indian depredations, and for the enforcement of law and order and protection of life and property.

I have experienced considerable difficulty in bringing to light this historical document from the moldy archives of the State Capitol at Austin. It had been claimed by those in authority that no such document could be found among the musty records, but persistent efforts and continued demands have at last been the means of resurrecting it from the annals of the dim and distant past. I now have before me a photostatic copy of the original roster, together with a copy of the original bond in the amount of \$400, signed by A. Wilkerson, John R. Baylor, J. W. Stockley and J. D. Walker, and given to Governor O. M. Roberts as surety for twenty Sharp carbines and other equipment issued to the company, both of which copies Senator Morris Sheppard will file with the Commissioners of Pensions at Washington in support of pension claims made by surviving members of the old troop.

This organization bore the official title of Company G, Texas Volunteer Cavalry, and was commanded by Capt. A. Wilkerson, with George W. Baylor and P. E. Dugat as first and second lieutenants, respectively. The company was styled by its members as the "Montell Guards," named so in honor of Major De Montell, the old organizer of frontier minute organizations for the defense of the frontier of the Southwest and who did so much for the protection of the thin line of settlements during the dark days of the Civil War when Confederate and Federal governments alike had no time nor forces to give to combat the cruel activities of savage Indians who periodically raided the homes of the people of the West.

Major De Montell was a patriot and soldier who helped to blaze the way for the onward march of civilization and progress. His name should be honored and treasured by the descendants of the pioneers who laid the foundation for the greatness which our country enjoys today. His children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, some of them at least, now live in Medina county and are honored and respected citizens. One of his grandsons was a gallant officer who was wounded in the fighting in France during the World War. He fought in the same regiment with my son and both were wounded in the same battle.

I trust you will publish this article and

that the files of the Leader-News will hereafter furnish this valuable information to the widows and descendants of the men named herein, who so gallantly and unselfishly gave their service and offered their lives as a bulwark of defense against the savage and ruthless invader, who for so many years blocked the pathway of civilization. I give below the original roster, except the name of H. W. Baylor, whose name appears as one who was sworn in on a later date. This fact is found in a notation on the back of the original docket:

A. Wilkerson, captain; Geo. W. Baylor, first lieutenant; P. E. Dugat, second lieutenant; S. A. Arnold, first sergeant; James Whitecotton, second sergeant; G. W. Bunting, third sergeant; C. W. McFadden, fourth sergeant; T. H. Smith, first corporal; Wm. Wells second corporal; J. H. Affleck, third corporal; W. M. Yancy, fourth corporal; W. F. Hardeman, J. E. Coleman, O. O. Reed, Y. O. Coleman, S. J. Baylor, Oscar D. Baker, J. W. Stockley, Enos Coleman, F. L. Goodman, J. L. Cunningham, G. F. Ling, W. H. Clark, Stephen Goodman, M. T. Person, T. Fred Behringer, W. C. Clubb, S. D. Goodman, John R. Baylor, Wm. N. Edwards, Percival Payne, W. S. B. Owens, J. N. Edwards, T. J. Edwards, John D. Walker, J. G. Fellers, F. Gray, thirty-seven men.

In addition to this list several others should appear, particularly, those of what we termed Frio detachment, sworn in later and were active members. Wyatt and Leon Heard were among these latter mentioned. H. W. Baylor was sworn in a few days after the first bunch was enlisted and was very prominent in the services of the company. I must not forget that George W. Stockley, now of Roswell, New Mexico, was a member, but his name is omitted somehow, and Robert K. Boyd, a gallant young Irishman, whom I know of my own personal knowledge took part in two engagements with marauding savages.

I would like to, if you will permit me, write a series of articles reciting some of the activities of this old organization and some of the stirring scenes incident to the early settlement of the great region west of San Antonio.

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Deed of a Frontier Hero

E. E. Townsend, Alpine, Texas.

Being a native Texan and for forty-four years a wanderer up and down the Rio Grande's winding course, first as a cow puncher, then a ranger, a customs inspector and a sheriff, I could not be otherwise than deeply interested in your magazine and wish to see the good work go on. Coming so late to the show, I missed the most stirring scenes as well as the pleasure and honor of knowing very many of those great actors, who played their parts so gallantly and gloriously as they flitted across the stage of life in the evolution of this wonderful state of ours, whose every hill and valley has been bathed with the life blood of its heroic sons and daughters as they spread westward, fighting their way slowly across its vast expanse until they stood victors, on the brown hills of the Rio Grande, where civilizations laws bade them stay their hands.

Great actors, yes indeed they were, both men and women. Although, perhaps, appearing for only a moment in the scene, but that fleeting moment so filled with deeds of courage and devotion that the echos of their reverberations are still faintly sounding through our fair land and we, before it is too late should gather them up and hand them down to posterity. I have in mind one of those great actors, one who passed swiftly across the stage, pausing just a moment, but that moment was so grand, so glorious, so crowded with loyalty and courage, that it should be written down and preserved for our children's children to read and to feel the tingling blood of the inspiring thoughts that long for emulation. His name is not even correctly known, but the few facts, I have are briefly thus: In the year 1861, Fort Davis was garrisoned by a small company of Confederate soldiers. The Indians made a daylight raid on them and escaped with the major part of their horses. Pursuit was quickly organized and a lieutenant with eleven soldiers and four civilians, including a Mexican guide, took up the trail and followed it far down into the Big Bend of the Rio Grande, near the Chisos Mountains, about one hundred and twenty miles from Ft. Davis, where they were ambushed by an overwhelming force of savages and all slain except the Mexican guide, who escaped and returned to Ft. Davis. The garrison at that place was so depleted by the loss of the lieutenant and his men, that the Mexican was sent on to Ft. Stockton, a distance of seventy-five miles. Here he found Capt Cood Adams with another small company, who immediately organized and led another expedition of fifteen or twenty men, guided by the Mexican to the original Indian trail, which they picked up at the Burgess Water Hole, near the present town of Alpine. The

trail was followed on to the scene of battle, where they found and buried the dead. The Mexican guide told Capt. Adams and his men that he and one Carl, or Carlton—the correct name is now forgotten—were some distance from, but in plain sight of the lieutenant and his party when it was surrounded and attacked by the Indians. They both could have escaped and the Mexican begged Carl, or Carlton for them to do so, but he refused, saying he must go to the aid of his comrades and the last the Mexican saw of him he was charging through that savage horde, they shooting at him from every side and he returning the fire with a sixshooter as he fought his way towards the little band of whites, then making their last bloody stand. The Mexican escaped after abandoning his horse in a rough canyon and made his way on foot for more than one hundred miles, back to Ft. Davis.

I hope you can give me some information concerning survivors of Capt. Adams' company, but if you cannot, I will be very glad if you will publish a request for information of them and if there are any of them still with us, I will go a long, long way to get more details of that brave adventure. As I have it, James Dawson, Cood, Bill and Dave Adams, were living in the Nueces canyon at the beginning of the civil war. These men and others formed a company, elected Cood Adams captain, and enlisted in the Confederate service. They were first sent to Fort Lancaster and then to Fort Stockton, where they were stationed when the foregoing incidents happened.

Would also like to hear from any of Capt Coldwell's old rangers, or any one else, who can make affidavit to the service record of Joe Moss, who served under Capt. Coldwell. Mrs. Joe Moss, his widow, a most worthy woman lives here and is entitled to a pension and his old comrades, I know, if it is called to their attention will be glad to help her get it.

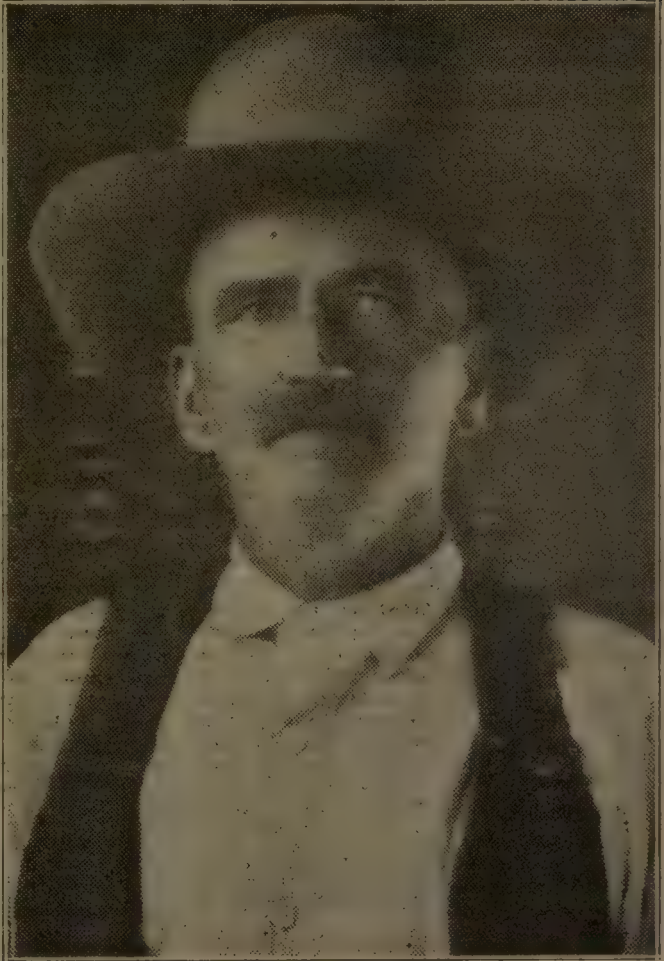
I will add that the exact location of the little battle field mentioned above, or the burial place of these soldiers is not known. There are two places that fairly fit the scant description that I have, but they are fifteen miles apart. I would like to be able to find the exact place and possibly some day we could place a marker of some kind there.

Defective Volumes.

We have just 16 copies of the Pioneer History of Bandera County, published in 1922, now out of print and rare. These volumes are defective, 16 pages missing, due to an error in binding. We offer them at \$1.00 each.—Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

A Cowpuncher of the Pecos

Fred S. Millard, of Dryden, Texas, has written a very interesting little booklet recounting some of his experiences on the cattle ranges of Texas, under the title of "The Cowpuncher of the Pecos." Mr. Millard is just one of those plain, old time cowboys, who tells his story in plain cow country language. No attempt has been made to embellish his simple story, nor has any change been made in his style of expression or spelling, but it appears in the booklet just as he has written it. A number of photographs of his friends of the old days, Joe B. Johnson, Jim Rose, Herman Koehler, and others, are shown. He tells how as a poor lad he started out by working for Ike Franks, in Runnels county, Uncle Rich Coffey of Coleman county, and John Kincaid of Concho county, recounts his ups and downs, tells of the loyalty and helpful association of Jim Rose of Ballinger, and other old time friends. When J. Frank Dobie, of the University of Texas, read the manuscript of this booklet some months ago he suggested that it be printed just as Mr. Millard wrote it, for it was written in true cowboy style, and would need no trimming. This has been done, and the booklet was issued last month from the Frontier Times printery at Ban-



F. S. MILLARD

dera. A copy may be obtained from the author, F. S. Millard, Dryden, Texas.

Bargain Sale of Back Numbers.

We are offering a limited number of bundles of back issues of Frontier Times for quick sale. Each bundle contains eleven copies, of various dates, 1924, 1925, 1926, and 1927 issues, no two alike. Some copies are slightly soiled, but all in fair condition. In order to clear our shelves of the surplus we are offering these bundles, 11 copies at only One Dollar per bundle. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and

a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.

A Desperate Fight

Mrs. Billy Dixon, in Wheeler News Review, September 15, 1927

Monday, Sept. 12th will mark the fifty-third anniversary of the Buffalo Wallow Indian battle. The location of this battle ground is in Hemphill County, on a divide between the Washita River and Gageby Creek, 22 miles south-west of Canadian and about 16 miles north of Mobeetie. At this place September 12th, 1874, William Dixon and Amos Chapman, scouts, and four enlisted men, Sergeant Z. T. Woodall, Company I, Peter Rath, Company A; John Harrington, Company H; and George W. Smith, Company M, Sixth Cavalry, were surprised and surrounded as they were carrying dispatches from General Nelson A. Miles' camp on McClellan Creek in the Texas Panhandle, to Fort Supply, Indian Territory, and held for 48 hours by a band of 125 Kiowa and Comanche Indians, fully armed and on the warpath.

From dawn to four o'clock in the afternoon they fought, first on the little hillside and later in a buffalo wallow caused from the buffalo wallowing in the soft earth. At the first attack all were struck. Dixon and Rath were only slightly wounded. Woodall and Harrington were wounded, but not so seriously that they could not walk. Amos Chapman's right leg was shattered with a bullet and was afterward amputated below the knee. Smith, who was given charge of the horses, was shot down at the first volley of the Indians who according to their method of attack, first killed the holder of the horses. Smith fell with a bullet through his lung. As he pitched to the ground his gun flew out of his hand and both his comrades and the Indians thought he was dead. The horses stampeded, carrying with them the cantens, haversacks, blankets and coats.

All that hot summer day the Indians circled and dashed past this little band of white men, yelling and cutting all kind of capers. All morning they had been without water, and they were sorely in need of it. The Indians had settled down to a seige that they felt would end victorious for them. Undoubtly their plans would have worked out successfully had it not been for the intervention of a higher power than theirs.

About 3 o'clock a black cloud came up in the west and in a short time rain fell in blinding sheets. Water gathered in the buffalo wallow and the wounded men eagerly bent forward and drank from the muddy pool. It was more than muddy—that water was red with blood that flowed from their wounds.

Indians dislike rain, especially cold rain, and these Kiowas and Comanches were no exception to the rule. They gathered in groups out of rifle range, sitting on their horses with their blankets drawn tightly

around them. By this time all the men were in the buffalo wallow except Smith, and they felt it would be foolish to risk their lives to bring in a dead body. No one had seen him move since he was shot down. Late in the afternoon somebody suggested that as Smith had been shot early in the fight his belt would undoubtedly be loaded with cartridges. Rath offered to go for it and soon returned and said Smith was still alive. Dixon and Rath at once got ready to bring the wounded fellow to the wallow and by supporting him between them he was able to walk. About 10 o'clock that night he fell asleep, and later when one of the soldiers felt of him to see how he was getting along, he was cold in death. His body was laid outside the buffalo wallow and the face covered with a silk handkerchief.

Then the rest huddled together on the damp ground and thought of the morrow. In after years, Billy Dixon, in speaking of that trying occasion said: "That night is indelibly stamped upon my memory. Many a time have its perils filled my dreams, until I awoke startled and awed, by a feeling of danger. Even now the same stars shine out there on the Washita, the winds sigh as mournfully as they did that fateful night, and I often wonder if a single settler who passes the lonely spot of Buffalo Wallow knows how how desperately six men once battled for their lives where now is plowed fields and the comforts of civilization."

Like everything else, the long night came to an end and the sun rose clear and warm next morning. The Indians were not in sight and had evidently abandoned the attack sometime during the second day Billy Dixon started for help. He had not gone over a mile when he struck the main trail leading to Fort Supply. Hurrying along as fast as possible he caught sight of an outfit that covered about an acre of ground. This proved to be a detachment under command of Major R. Price of the 8th U. S. Cavalry from Fort Wingate, New Mexico on its way to join General Miles' command.

Major Price rode over to where the wounded men were, taking his surgeon with him, where the latter examined their wounds. The soldiers in command turned over a few pieces of hard tack and some dried beef which they had tied behind their saddles. Major Price refused to leave with the wounded men any of his men. For this he was afterward severely censured, and justly. He would not provide them with firearms. Their ammunition was exhausted and the soldiers carried guns of different makes from them in the buffalo wallow. However, Major Price promised to let General Miles know of their condi-

tion.

And so the little band watched and waited until midnight of the second day after the troops passed before help come. Then way off in the dark came faint sound of bugle. Nearer and nearer it came. A gun was fired and soon the soldiers came riding out of the darkness. As soon as the wounded could be turned over to the surgeon, the body of George W. Smith was placed in the buffalo wallow where that brave band of men had fought and suffer-

ed together, and covered with the dirt that had been ridged up for breastworks. Each of the men who fought at Buffalo Wallow was presented with a Congressional Medal of Honor, which is the highest insignia given the Nation's heroes. Only 86 of these medals were given during the World War, and in the history of the United States there have been only 1,809 Medals of Honor awarded by Congress. If for no other reason, this places the Buffalo Wallow battle in a class of its own.

When the Work's All Done This Fall

A group of jolly cowboys,
Discussing friends that day,
Says one, "I'll tell you something boys,
If you'll listen to what I say,
I am an old cow puncher,
And here I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one
And got on sinful jags.
"Although I have a home, boys,
A good one, you all know;
Although I have not seen it
Since long, long years ago;
But I'm going back to Dixie
Once more to see them all;
Yes, I'm going to see my mother
When the work's all done this fall.

"And when I left home, boys,
My mother for me cried,
She begged me not to leave her—
For me she would have died.
Dear mother's heart is breaking,
Breaking for me, that's all.
And with God's help I'll see her
When the work's all done this fall."
That very night that cowboy
Went out to stand his guard;
The night was dark and cloudy ;
And storming very hard; ;
The cattle all got frightened
And rushed in wild stampede.
The cowboy tried to head them
While riding at full speed.

Then out within the darkness
Most loudly did he shout,
Trying his best to head them
And turn the herd about;
His saddle horse then stumbled
And upon him did fall—
And the boy won't see his mother
When the work's all done this fall.
"Boys, send mother my wages,
The wages I have earned,
For I am now afraid, boys,
My last steer I have turned.
I'm going to a new range, boys;
I hear the Master's call;
And I'll not see my mother
When the work's all done this fall.

"George, you may have my saddle;
Bill, you may have my bed;
Jack, you may have my pistol
After I am dead;
But, boys, think of me kindly
As you look on them all,
For I'll not see my mother
When the work's all done this fall."
Poor Charles was buried at sunrise,
No tombstone at his head—
Nothing but a little slab;
And this is what it said:
"Charley died at daybreak,
His death was from a fall,
And he'll not see his mother
When the work's all done this fall."

KING FISHER

This photograph was taken at Goliad, Texas, in 1873, and shows John King Fisher on the left, and John H. Culp on the right. Mr. Culp is still living in New Mexico, a good citizen and a good man.



Dan Budd, a Texas Cowboy

Cora Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, April 20, 1928

"They're building towns and railroads now, where we used to bed our cows. And men with mule and plow and hoe are digging up our bedding grounds. The old-time cowboy has watched the change, seen the good times come and go. But the old-time cowboy will soon be gone, just like the buffalo."

THAT is the Alpha and Omega of Dan Budd's experience in the cattle business, as he tells it. But there's a lot that happened in between, beginning as far back as 1852, when his father, W. M. Budd, heard and heeded the "on to Texas" call away back in Illinois. In reckoning upon a prospective location in the West, the Budd who pioneered Texas listened attentively to the reports about the State, particularly those setting forth the advantages of certain parts of it adapted to cattle raising and finally making a decision that Lamar County was his preference, he started on the journey, neither halting nor drawing rein excepting to rest or sleep until he reached the Pinhook Settlement, four miles south of the city of Paris of today, founded by one Mathias Click twenty-four years previous. Here he stopped, looked the country over, declared it measured up to his estimation, and immediately prepared to begin the raising of Longhorn cattle.

Fortunately, he came as the country was on the rebound from what was known as her "black years," so called from a succession of calamities, beginning with a heavy frost which killed the grain and cotton in the bud—then a serious reckoning, since a crop meant food or famine, with a limited reserve supply to draw on. This was followed by a prolonged drouth, prohibiting replanting. Severe sandstorms and various disastrous quirks and turns of the elements added nothing to a feeling of security against privation. And that period went down in history as the "pirate" year.

Close on its heels came contention and dissatisfaction over the State boundary. And it was not until the boundary bill passed, and Austin, by popular vote, was declared the location for the Capitol and other State buildings, that harmony was restored. In the meantime Texas had lost much of her population through the hue and cry of "more gold in California," inducing her pioneers to try their luck in the elusive search for the yellow metal.

Young Budd arrived in time to participate in the aftermath of all of this, but he brought with him two valuable assets, energy and determination, characteristic of the people of the Middle West. Texas frontiersmen had endured to the limit and a

courageous bucking-up against almost overwhelming odds by a newscomer renewed hope in their hearts and strength in their weary bodies, and he was heartily welcomed. As for Budd himself things moved smoothly enough, and from the very first his enterprise thrived amazingly.

Came Josephine Murphy from Arkansas, and from the first time her Irish eyes o' blue smiled into the brown ones of W. M., his one desire was a repetition of the miracle. Even his beloved cattle became a secondary consideration, nor did this abate until one fine day Josephine placed her dainty foot in his palm that he might lift her to the saddle of her mount and with him beside her ride away to White Cut schoolhouse, where a circuit rider pronounced them man and wife. Back at Pinhook in their log cabin love nest, business began to pick up, and the youthful groom put in some good, hard licks to make up for lost time in his cattle industry.

It was in this home that some years later their son, D. J., the Dan of our story, was born. From the time his little legs could stride the saddle in front of his father he rode the herd and actually grew from babyhood to manhood working cattle. With added years and experience he came in touch with boys in the work who were "out on their own hook" and he immediately began to want to shift for himself. After much discussion he was turned footloose, and what he thinks of it after long years filled with ups and downs, is expressed in the introductory verse of the details between the interesting happenings here and there, he will now tell you.

"My trailing didn't amount to much for it could hardly be classed as that. I didn't hanker after the long, hard drives, but I did go with several herds on the shorter ones, the first of which was with 700 head of 7-A. cattle owned and bossed by George B. Ancell, from Wichita to up somewhere around Amarillo, where we turned 'em loose on grass. The Ancell boys, Jim Rogers and I were along. It was a cow and calf herd that was weak in the knees for lack of grass in the spring. I stayed with Ancell until 1894, doing everything that comes in the everyday life of a plain cow hombre. Mr. Ancell was a fine man to work for. He is now living, I understand, somewhere near Electra, still handling cattle, and he 'shore' knows his stuff when it comes to anything connected with 'em.

"The following year I went to work for Wagner Bros. on their D ranch in the Indian Territory, and stayed with them a year. Then I got to saddle-tramping again and drifted across to the Tom Jones ranch. Talk about ranches, that was some sized

little plat of ground. It ranged from the Rio Grande to the Verdi Gris River and was simply lousy with cattle. I remember that at one time Jones bought 10,000 head from Charles Schreiner. They were some of the King cattle, and he moved them from Electra, then known as Beaver's Switch, to the Caddo Reservation. He owned thousands of cattle and I worked for him all over the Indian Territory. His headquarters ranch was in Wichita County, known as the T. Fork, an old, old ranch location. I have been told that it is now almost entirely an oil-producing area. But Mr. Jones sold it several years ago and went to Mexico to handle cattle. Some time later he died in Del Rio. I sure hated to hear of his death; for he was as good a man as ever lived. I reckon, and couldn't have been beat to work for.

"When I quit working for Tom Jones I acted on his advice and started in for Dan Budd, himself. Didn't have much to begin with, but I was pretty well up in the cow business and decided to land what few head I had in the San Angelo country.

"It was open range, green, grassy prairies and mesquite flats for protection; dog towns, rattlesnakes, chaparral, sage and greasewood thrown in for miles around. Watered by the Concho Rivers, three forks of 'em, the best water in the world and the finest grazing for stock. There was lots of sheep there then; is yet down about Sonora and Ozona, and Mexicans a-plenty. Needless to say that I did well with my cattle; couldn't help it. There was nothing to do but stay on the job, keep my eyes peeled and watch 'em grow.

"That country was full of cattlemen at that time. The range had been 'free for all' for so long that when wire fences were introduced there was some exciting times. The old-timers, well, maybe not so much older than I am, but those who have been there since 1882 and before, tell some interesting things about the early days. Among them being that there were but three pastures in the country at that time. L. B. Harris and W. S. Veck each had one fenced on North Concho River, and Mrs. Kate Arden one on the middle prong. The county was then sixty miles wide and 190 long. But a little later Midland and Coke were sliced off and not long after that the Legislature cut a hunk out at one time big enough to make thirteen more counties.

"There wasn't much town there either; William S. Veck owned the bank and a big supply store. Sterling P. Robertson had a general merchandise store and there was a little one-room sort of clothing and men's furnishing goods combined owned by Meyers. E. A. Nimitz had an adobe hotel and Mrs. A. E. Tankersley ran the Concho House, at that time calculated to knock your eye out with its grandeur, being a two-story frame building with porches running full length above and below.

"The flood that washed Ben Ficklin away in 1882 destroyed the courthouse and agitated the removal of the county seat to San Angelo. The vote carried that year but the erection of the stone courthouse—lately razed for the building of a more magnificent one—was not begun until the following year, and it was not completed until sometime in 1885.

There was an adobe schoolhouse in the town, a Methodist and Catholic church and the Millspaugh waterworks, owned and operated by J. L. Millspaugh, who also ran a big supply store near Fort Concho. Beside these there were seventeen saloons, most of 'em with adjoining dance halls and all with gambling in full blast. There was stud poker, three-card monte, faro and roulette, pay your money and take your choice. Killings were frequent and of small concern, serving more to keep the excitement to the usual pitch than anything else. Judge Preuser was Justice of the Peace, and he had his hands full.

"The old-time cattlemen talk about the blizzard of the year of 1884, and declare there has been nothing like it since. They recall that cattle drifted down from the plains and froze to death by the thousands in a snowstorm that was so terrific in force that it almost put them out of business. The cattle came to the river seeking water and protection and when they got in and drank their fill they froze in droves. Fort Concho got its water supply for twelve companies of soldiers from Main Concho, and with it full of dead cattle something had to be done and that quick. Orders were issued to "clear the stream," and when the soldiers quit dragging out the cattle they numbered just 8,000 head. That was close in around San Angelo, too, and they were probably just as bad on the other two forks and farther out. People got so they would not eat the fish caught from the rivers on account of there being so many dead cattle in the water.

Some time after that wire fencing began in earnest. L. B. Harris, father of Frank and Ralph, who still carry on the cattle business on a stupendous scale, put in about 20,000 acres fronting the Colorado River in what is now Coke County, and built what what was then unheard of, a fine brick house for ranch headquarters. J. Willis Johnson, multimillionaire cattleman and landowner, at the time of his death a few years ago, started in about that time by buying the Walking Cane brand. Nub Pulliam was another of the old guard, who still herds on the same old range. Wash, Mart and Fayette Tankersley, now ranching on Dove and Spring Creeks, and Seaton Keith of Lipan Springs, yes and ever, so many others. There's many a story waiting to be dug up around the old ranches, like the Bar S, the Circle 6 and I. C. and others.

"The last named was called in the early

days the Mullins ranch. It was owned by Ike Mullins, who branded I. C., which, so his cowboys said, was indicative of the man, whose own morale and business principles were so unquestionable that nothing amiss ever escaped his eyes in his employes. He did not hesitate to give a fellow his time if he caught him swearing or stealing. He was a fine character and was buried, at his request, on top of a hill overlooking the ranch.

"It doesn't seem long since I worked cattle all over the country surrounding San Angelo, but how the scenery has changed! All the modern methods of communication and transportation, too, for that matter, are in force there. The old site of Fort Concho is now a creditable and bustling subdivision to the city. The hill and mesquite flats are bristling with oil well structures and it looks like she has wealth

and prosperity by the tail with a downhill pull, for development of resources has just begun.

"Am I still in the cattle business? Well, I just reckon. I am and not liable to be much else for some time to come I guess, unless an oil well happens to hoist me on top of the world. Even then I guess I would keep right on handlin' cattle in the same old way. Of course it's hard to tell what a fellow would do if such a miracle as that did happen, but I am inclined to think it would be pretty hard for me to wean myself away from the rattle of horns, the bawling herd, thud of hoof, lowing of mother cows, answering bleat of baby calves and everything that goes with 'em. There's something about it all that once you have a part of it you just can't hardly do without, and I was born to it. Yes, I guess it's safe to say I am a fixture in the cattle business."

West Texas Historical Society

The West Texas Historical Association held its annual meeting at Abilene April 14. Outstanding speakers for the meeting were W. P. Webb and Charles W. Ramsdell, professors of history in the University of Texas; S. B. McAllister, professor of government, North Texas State Teachers' College, Denton; John B. Granberry, professor of history, Texas Technological College, Lubbock, and John W. Moore of Snyder, frontiersman who hunted buffalo on the prairies of Texas as early as 1873. Mr. Moore's talk, coming informally at the end of the program, was the sensation of the afternoon session, and he was requested by the body to reduce his experiences to writing so that they may be published in the Society annual.

At the business session of the convention, held in connection with the noon luncheon at the Hilton Hotel, all officers and committees of the body were reelected for the coming year. They are: R. C. Crane, Sweetwater, president; C. U. Connelley, Eastland; R. L. Penick, Stamford; John B. Granberry of Lubbock; J. Marvin Hunter, of Bandera, vice-presidents; Dr. C. C. Rister, Abilene, secretary; Mrs. J. McAllister Stephenson, Abilene, treasurer.

Publication committee: C. C. Rister of Simmons University, W. C. Holden of McMurry College and R. N. Richardson of Simmons University.

Membership committee: John R. Hutto of Abilene, Miss Hybernia Grace of Anson, R. E. Sherrill of Haskell, Dr. H. B. Tanner of Eastland, Mrs. Dallas Scarborough of Abilene, D. C. Underwood of Ballinger and Mrs. Eula Brockman of Breckenridge.

The executive committee is composed of the officers, together with W. C. Holden, Clifford B. Jones of Spur, Judge Fred

Cockrell of Abilene, J. Marvin Hunter, editor of the Frontier Times, presided at the morning program and Everett Shepherd, professor of history at McMurry College, was in charge of the afternoon session.

J. D. Sandefer, president of Simmons University, extended the address of welcome on behalf of Mayor Thomas L. Hayden, Jr., of Abilene, and the response was by Judge Crane, president of the Society.

Dr. Granberry, who spoke on "Making History in West Texas," said in part: "The prospectus of this gathering referred to our 'glorious' history. We are glad if the history is that of which we may justly be proud, but we are interested in interpreting and conserving the history whether it be glorious or inglorious. The amount and velocity of the wind are to be determined scientifically by experts. To West Texans, these zephyrs may be as comforting and musical as the rise and fall of the waves to the sea-faring man, while in the case of others our splendid sandstorms may tend to produce nervous disorders and catarrhal troubles. Our history needs no apology or defense or doctoring—simply setting it forth.

"We must also see it in its proper setting. Merely relating isolated facts and incidents does not exhaust the historian's task. His mission is to understand, to interpret, to relate to a larger life.

"Our place in the nation's life, as seen from without, is not a very desirable one. We are not always taken very seriously. We are often the butt of ridicule. There is, to be sure, something interesting and picturesque about us. Texas is considered pre-eminent for its cowboys, spectacular politicians, klansmen, bank robbers, murdered Mexicans, lynchings, woman-governor, fun-

damentalist-evangelists, and theological obscurantists." (Laughter.)

Dr. Granberry referred to the fact that most national societies of professional or scientific character are located and most magazine literature which is the basis for the formation of public opinion, is published north of the Mason and Dixon line.

"It will not always be thus. There are already signs of change. Just such societies as this West Texas Historical Association mark a self-respect and sense of responsibility that are full of promise.

"History is being made so rapidly in West Texas that geographies and histories soon become out of date. It occurred to two men connected with the Texas Technological College to assemble in a book important aspects of the civilization of the South Plains. The book is to appear shortly under the title, "Llano Estacado," with the subtitle, "The South Plains of Texas." The chapters are written by experts of that school, each in his own field.

"On April 1 another important step was taken in this history-making process. The first conference on international relations ever held in West Texas convened at Lubbock, Texans who were convinced that they were not taking sufficient interest in the subject of international relations thought it worth while to go to the personal expense of attending the conference.

"Signs are not wanting that Texas will take a place of leadership in the nation, and West Texas may point the way."

Dr. Ramsdell, who spoke on "Robert S. Neighbors," Indian Agent," characterized the subject of his talk as a factor in Texas civilization "who is in grave danger of being forgotten."

Neighbors, he said, was born in Virginia about 1816 and came to Texas in the thirties. After service in the army of the Republic and in the United States army he was captured by Woll in San Antonio and taken as prisoner to Mexico.

He reappeared in 1843 or 1844 as sub-Indian agent of the republic. Dr. Ramsdell then traced his services among the Indians, first under the republic and later as special agent for the state of Texas, pointing out that he went among them and became acquainted with their culture, their point of view and their needs and thus won the complete confidence of the tribes, from San Antonio to the Red River.

His talk included a recounting of the distressing conditions which arose among the tribes during a two-year period, from 1851 to 1853, while Neighbors was not active in Indian affairs, and of his efforts to better their conditions upon his reappointment to the superintendency of Texas Indian affairs in 1853.

He outlined the action of the legislature of Texas in establishing Indian reservations in 1854 on the upper Brazos and of Neighbors' work with the Comanches on

one reservation and the semi-agricultural or "wood Indian" tribes on another.

The talk was closed with an account of the depredations of the wild Comanches, which eventually led to the removal of the civilized Indians from the Texas reservations into the Indian territory, and with the tragic story of Neighbors' death at the hand of a white enemy, just as he was completing his long service among the Indians and preparing to return to San Antonio to spend the rest of his life with his wife and two young children.

J. Wright Moar of Snyder, one of the few remaining professional buffalo hunters said that he came to Texas from Dodge, Kansas, in 1873 'when buffalo hunting was a business, not a sport, and required some capital and a good deal of work—mostly work.

He recounted incidents of buffalo hunts into Texas as far north as the Canadian river and told of the establishment of a group of stores on the river in 1874, which became the famous town of Adobe Walls. His talk also included the story of a trip which he and other buffalo hunters made from the Canadian river to Denison, in wagons drawn by eight-mule teams, and thence to old Fort Griffin via the military road, with government freight for the fort.

Riata and Spurs.

Charlie Siringo's new and revised edition of Riata and Spurs is just off the Houghton-Mifflin Company's press of Boston, Mass.

In it is given my cowboy experience in Texas from 1867 and the drives up the Chisholm Trail to Kansas. Also much new material in the lives of Wess Harden, Bill Longley, Ben Thompson, King Fisher and Sam Bass, whose photograph is shown when sixteen years of age.

Anyone interested can get an autographed copy of the book by sending \$3.20 to the author. Or, he will send it C. O. D. by parcel post. Introduction by Gifford Pinchot and big send-off by Will Rogers.

Address: Chas. A. Siringo, 2417 Grand Canal, Venice, California.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left.

Death of Ben Thompson and King Fisher

A. H. Gregory In the Texas Argus, San Antonio.



WHEN King Fisher, who has come down in history as the most notorious and colorful of all bandits on the Texas border, decided to reform, he did it in a whole-hearted manner and did the job good and thoroughly and in a manner befitting his station in life. When he killed his first man down in Goliad county, back in 1873, he was then 16 years of age, but showed that same meticulous care and precision that was to mark his life for the next few years. He kept a careful record of this killing—dates, names and all. He likewise kept a careful record of all future killings, including Mexicans, and when he finally submitted to the law he made \$85,000 bond on 17 murder charges, was tried before Judge Thomas Paschal in Maverick county, acquitted and then reformed.

It was no doubt considerable relief to the Texas rangers and deputy sheriffs when the youthful bandit opened negotiations for an armistice. He was still in his early 20's and had not lived in Maverick county more than five years, but his ranch, located 35 miles from Eagle Pass, had come to be known as the rendezvous of the hardest gang of border bandits in history.

Possibly the same motives that prompts a reformed drunkard to join the anti-saloon league, prompted King Fisher to join the forces of law and order once his reformation was completed and his slate cleaned up in the district courts. At any rate he removed immediately to Uvalde county, served two terms as deputy sheriff and was waging an active campaign for election as sheriff when he was killed in San Antonio at the age of 27 years in one of the most spectacular battles in history.

Extant records of that fateful and bloody night of March 11, 1884, lend color to the belief that a couple of days before, Fisher had journeyed to Austin on one of his periodical visits to his old companion in arms, Ben Thompson. Fisher and Thompson started their little party in Austin and came to San Antonio to wind it up. Both returned to their homes for burial.

Thompson at that time, and for several years previous, had been chief of police of the Texas capital. Next to Fisher, he was the unquestioned champion gun thrower of the wide open spaces; had killed 21 men, not including Mexicans, and "revelled when his exploits made page one of St. Louis and New York papers.

He was born in Nova Scotia of English parents in 1844, being 40 years of age when killed in San Antonio. With his parents he moved to Austin at the age of two years and first notched his gun at the tender age of 16 in a quarrel with another lad.

From the time he first tasted blood he roamed far and wide, visiting most of the mining camps of the West and collecting new laurels at almost every stop. He was an ardent State's Right Democrat and when the Republicans took over the reins of Texas government following the Civil War, Ben contributed his mite by killing two of their lieutenants and wounding two privates who accosted him on the streets of his native city. For this breach of etiquette the Republicans gave him his only trip to prison, whence he was released when carpet baggers were routed.

Between his terms as a peace officer, Thompson joined the band of the Mexican bandit leader, Cortines; was a paid killer for the Union Pacific Railroad when that road was battling for rights-of-way through the Royal Gorge in Colorado; lived as a free-lance gambler of sorts, and in varied ways made himself notorious and dreaded.

Two years before the reformed bandit pair were slaughtered in San Antonio, Thompson had incurred the enmity of San Antonio's gambling fraternity by killing the local leader, Jack Harris, proprietor of Harris' Variety Show, one of the famed resorts of the Southwest.

The night of the killing, Thompson and Fisher arrived from Austin, bought many drinks in local bars, attended a performance of East Lynne at Turner Hall and about 10 o'clock repaired to the Harris place for the avowed purpose of taking it in.

After the death of Harris, management of the place had fallen to Billie Simms and Joe Foster. It was a two-story adobe located at what is now the northwest corner of Soledad street and Main plaza. The lower floor was given over to the bar and some of the gambling games. The second floor had a bar at the top of the stairs, a stage at the opposite end and a small auditorium and dancing floor, typical of such amusement palaces of the old West.

San Antonio's underworld had been apprised of the impending battle and turned out en masse, packing the Harris house to capacity. One account of the night says that women rushed to and fro, dragging their skirts in the gore in their anxiety to get just one glimpse of the dead bandits, clear up to the time of arrival of Justice Anton Adam."

As this account was written back in 1884, it does not imply that gore was hip-deep to the ladies—skirts were different in those days. But the lady customers that night got a treat.

At the coroner's hearing next day a jury

exonerated all parties of blame in connection with the killings. Evidence at the hearing indicated both dead men had an equal chance on the draw, but this has been seriously questioned by friends of the dead men, who still claim that they walked into an armed camp and were ambushed from one of the boxes and from the stage. Thompson was shot twice above the left eye, once near the left ear, once in the left side and once in the stomach. Fisher was shot once in the left eye, once through the heart and once in the left leg. Both men were armed with single-action .44 Colts. Thompson inflicted wounds on Foster from which he later died, but Fisher never fired a shot.

Following is an account of the dual killing and events leading up to it, contributed by J. C. Cochran, a reporter of the San Antonio Times, who interviewed Thompson following the killing of Harris, and who covered the killing for his paper:

Ben Thompson was one of the noted, or rather notorious characters of the Southwest. A gambler by profession and from inclination, a gunman through the necessity of his calling and his environment, he lived in those eventful times when a man's life often depended upon his ability to draw quickly and shoot straight. That Ben Thompson possessed those attributes to a wonderful degree is beyond question. An adept with a pistol, possessed of great physical courage and an iron nerve, he was a fitting representative of one of the worst products of the times in which he lived. When sober and sane he was a suave and polished man of the world, who gave but little, if any, intimation of the murderous malevolence that controlled him when deep in his cups.

While the tragedy attending his death, and the circumstances leading up to it, were but passing incidents in the exciting and oftentimes bloody history of the ancient city founded by the Franciscans, yet they went far toward forever liberating that city, and practically all of Texas, from the domination of gunmen and desperadoes.

The greater portion of the days of Ben Thompson's adventurous life was cast amid the exciting scenes of the mining camps and frontier towns of the West and Southwest, and as an associate of the rough and ready characters, hardy, fearless and reckless, who made up the life of those places. He trained with a fast crowd, and frequently set the pace. He was a gun fighter and a freebooter, and as such had his part in the strife and turmoil, gun plays and bloodshed that were of almost daily and nightly occurrence. He lived a life of violence and died as so many of his class have died—with his boots on.

James H. French, a strong man, was elected mayor of San Antonio, and Phil Shardin, quiet, determined, utterly fearless and

indefatigable in his duty, was elected chief of police, or city marshal, as it was then called. Cowboys were no longer permitted to race their horses on the principal streets, shoot out the lights, or ride into a saloon when they desired a drink. A new order of things had been inaugurated, greatly to the disgust of that playful element that delighted in intimidating peace officers, stampeding quiet citizens and riding rough shod over all the laws of order and decorum.

Ben was generally on his job, and usually behaved right well, too, when at home. However, when there was nothing stirring in his city and the monotony became unbearable, or he wanted to "throw a party," he would surrender the reins of government to his subordinates and hie him over to the Alamo City, where he was generally enabled to gather about him a coterie of choice spirits much more to his liking than the quiet inhabitants of the capital city. Among these latter were Joe Foster, a typical gambler, immaculate in dress, dignified in appearance, abstemious in habits, cold-eyed and quick on the draw; Jack Harris, whose brutal methods controlled the rough element and intimidated the better, and as a matter of course, was a political boss; King Fisher of Uvalde; Billie Sims, who had not lived long enough to acquire the evil reputation of his older associates, and against whom there was no specific discredit save that he was a gambler with a hair-trigger temper and an inclination to use a gun (with which he was an expert) without much provocation; Andreas Coy, an American citizen of Mexican descent, together with a few lesser lights who do not figure prominently as gunmen.

Ben Thompson was on one of his periodical visits to San Antonio, and Ben was drunk. When the city marshal of Austin had acquired a pronounced jag there was generally something doing. His first visit after arriving in the city was to his old friend, Jack Harris. After adding a few rounds to his already heavy load, Ben concluded that the most feasible thing in sight was to go up and break Joe Foster's faro bank. Foster himself was dealing, probably through information that Thompson was drunk, well heeled and in a gambling mood, when Ben finally bought a few stacks of chips and began the fun. And what Joe did to Ben was a plenty. He not only annexed his large roll of money, but his watch, his diamonds and all his jewelry, even to his cuff links.

Ben was not accustomed to this sort of usage, and at first seemed rather dazed, but when he began to realize that he was entirely cleaned out, that the game had got him for everything he had save his wearing apparel, his whisky-flamed brain conceived the idea that he had been robbed. Then, with one of those lightning-like movements for which he was renowned, he

had his revolver out and had Foster covered, who was compelled to elevate a hand that was darting like a snake for a gun under the counter. At the point of a pistol whose owner never missed his target whether drunk or sober, Foster was compelled to make restitution of all the money and collateral that he had just won, when Ben, holding Joe and his lookout under the threat of his gun, backed from the room, left the building and took the first train for Austin.

This action on the part of their old friend greatly peeved Foster and Harris. Harris was especially bitter, and openly announced that if Thompson ever again visited San Antonio and appeared on the streets he (Harris) would furnish the municipal authorities of the capital city a chance to attend the funeral of their city marshal, or words to that effect. Ben, of course, soon heard of this threat, and his reckless and lawless spirit could not tamely brook such a defile. As a consequence, but a few weeks elapsed before he was again in San Antonio. Harris was informed of his presence, and at once proceeded to get out the trusty sawed-off shotgun that he kept back of his bar for important emergencies. He carefully oiled the gun, inserted two fresh buckshot shells and started out on a still hunt for his quondam friend. Thompson, however, kept under cover and did not make his appearance on the street until after the shades of night had fallen. Between 8 and 9 o'clock he, with a companion, came along the street and passed Harris saloon. Through a small opening in the venetian blind that screened the bar from the street he saw Harris parading in front of his bar with his shotgun in his hand. At the corner of Soledad street Ben excused himself from his companion and started back the way he came. As he again passed the saloon he fired from the sidewalk through that narrow slit and shot Jack Harris dead. He then commandeered a hack and was about to leave the vicinity when the hack was stopped by Leo Tarleton. Ben was placed under arrest and taken to the Bexar county jail, but was released in a short time.

In the meantime, the citizens of Austin, no doubt with considerable trepidation, had resolved to relieve Ben of his duties as city marshal. Ben's spirit may have been chastened by his imprisonment, as there is no record of his making any protest against his dethronement. He was very quiet and docile for a time, but life in Austin proved entirely too tame for his adventurous spirit and he and Fisher went over to the Alamo City with the hope, as he expressed it, of finding some excitement. And he did. It was his last.

On this occasion the pair took a preliminary drink or two and then started out to entertain themselves and their friends, and they certainly made a good job of it. They

were ripe for any adventure, and at night announced to their associates in revelry that they contemplated taking in the show and dance at the vaudeville theatre run by Foster and Sims since the death of Harris. They were warned that it would be an unhealthy place for them to visit, as the proprietors, probably the only real friends that Harris had ever possessed, now sworn to have the life of Thompson in retaliation for the killing of their friend. But nothing would deter them.

Upon learning that Thompson was in the city and in company with King Fisher, and that both were drinking heavily, Joe Foster, Billie Simms and Andreas Coy hurriedly held a council of war. They felt sure that there would be trouble, and resolved to prepare for it and themselves take the initiative. Those attending the theatre that night, and there was a large crowd, the sporting fraternity having scattered and flocked to the scene, noticed that the curtains were down in front of one of the boxes near the stage. In that box, each with a pistol in his hand, were Joe Foster and Billie Simms. The performance had commenced, with performers and audience under the highest tension; when Thompson and Fisher finally came in, walked down the main aisle arm in arm and ostentatiously took seats in one of the front rows. They had barely settled themselves in their chairs when the curtains of the box were swept aside and a fusillade of pistol shots followed. Experts fired the shots, and their execution was deadly. Fisher was killed outright and Thompson mortally wounded. He lived long enough, however, to draw his pistol and get in one shot, which found lodgement in Foster's thigh and eventually caused his death.

Coy was never identified with the killing, though it was generally believed that he was a participant. Simms was arrested and lodged in jail, where he remained until his health failed, when he was released on bond. He went to Galveston, where he was engaged in another shooting affray, but was eventually released and returned to San Antonio, where he died in bed, thus escaping the fate of most of his kind.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—We believe the writer of the above has somewhat overdrawn the picture in regard to King Fisher. No question about Fisher having been a killer and a bad man at one time, but at the time of his assassination he had been acquitted of all killing charges, and was a deputy sheriff of Uvalde county with the certainty of being elected sheriff within a few months, and had been to Austin on official business, when Ben Thompson accompanied him back to San Antonio from Austin to a great extent against his will, it is said. We have been told that Fisher had not been drinking while in Thompson's company, but that he was duly sober when they entered the Theater where the shooting took place.)

Texas Folk-Lore Society

An excursion to Indian mounds near Austin, led by Dr. J. E. Pearce, professor of anthropology at the University of Texas, election of officers for another year and a program of cowboy songs and additional folk tales that originated in Texas, marked the close of a two-day program sponsored by the Texas Folklore Society at its fourteenth annual session at Austin.

Newton Gaines, professor of physics at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, was selected as the new president of the society, to succeed Col. M. L. Crimmins of Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio. Other officers elected were:

Vice presidents: John K. Strecker, Baylor University, Waco; Miss Jovita Gonzales, St. Mary's Hall, San Antonio, and B. O. Baker, Dallas.

Councillors: J. Evetts Haley, West Texas State Teachers' College, Canyon; Dr. J. E. Pearce, University of Texas, Austin, and Gates Thomas, Southwest Texas State Teachers' College, San Marcos.

Miss Fannie Hatchford of the University of Texas and J. Frank Dobie of the same school were re-elected corresponding secretary and treasurer and secretary and editor, respectively.

Fort Worth was selected as the next meeting place and the fifteenth annual session will be held there next April.

Before members of the society were taken to the Indian mounds, Prof. Pearce conducted them through an archeological museum that he has largely collected himself through funds of the Smithsonian Institution and now of the Rockefeller Foundation.

"Only through these diggings by which we uncover the bones of animals the aborigines ate, in getting their implements such as knives, arrowheads, drillheads, mill stones, etc., can we ever get at the source of Texas' earliest history," Dr. Pearce told the society.

"Institutions from far away have long regarded Texas as a happy hunting ground for archeological and anthropological remains, and have taken away much valuable material," Dr. Pearce continued. "Certainly Texas should have a complete collection of artifacts and other remains to be found in its own soil, which scientists long have known to exist here and funds are assured for carrying on the excavation work another year. Beyond that I can not prophesy," Dr. Pearce said in closing.

Following the museum trip, a cavalcade of automobiles was taken to Cedar Park Mound, northwest of Austin, and to Round Rock, at which places Dr. Pearce conducted members of the party on a tour of excavations that are being made in ancient Indian kitchen middens.

Digging in the mounds uncovered a large number of old Indian flints and arrowheads

and other signs of the ancient civilization that is being explored by Dr. Pearce.

The Saturday evening program was opened by Prof. Newton Gaines, the new president, who delved into the history of Texas cowboy songs. In addition to the narrative part, Gaines sang a number of the old ditties and ballads that originated on Texas plains and which are fast disappearing with the old ranges.

Miss Jovita Gonzales read a short story, "The Woman Who Lost Her Soul," based on a plot of an old folk tale long handed down among residents of San Antonio, wherein a woman was cursed because she stole the love of a rival's fiance.

A series of folk stories with Texas origin were next on the program by Mody C. Boatright of the University of Texas with the subject, "The Genius of Pecos Bill;" J. Evetts Haley of Canyon, "Tall Tales From the Plains," and Judge J. M. Deaver of El Paso, "Mr. Fishback of the Sulphurs."

A treatise prepared by J. Frank Dobie on "Bowie and the Bowie Knife" closed the talks at the gathering, which has for its purpose the revival of old pioneer tales and traditions that were an integral part of early life in Texas.

The Bowie knife came into existence when the intrepid Jim Bowie made use of a knife to settle an old "account" with an acquaintance.

A letter that never has been published and which is now in the University of Texas archives, written by John S. Moore, a grand-nephew of James Bowie, stated that the knife was made by Rezin Bowie's blacksmith, Jesse Cliffe, and was devised for a hunting knife. Some time later Jim Bowie had a difficulty with Major Morris Wright in which Wright shot at Bowie. The bullet was checked by a silver dollar in Bowie's vest pocket. He pulled down on Wright but his pistol snapped, and the two foes parted to meet again the next day. When Bowie told his father of the trouble, the old gentleman got his prized hunting knife and presented it to James with the words:

"This will never snap."

In the "sandbar duel," as it was called, the feud took the proportions of a free-for-all, twelve men taking part in it. Two men were killed and three badly wounded and Bowie was shot in four places and cut in five. His enemy, Wright, rushed on him and Bowie raised up and stabbed him in the heart, saving his own life and giving the famous knife its first notoriety.

From this time until the pistol came into use, the Bowie was the main weapon of pioneers. It was different from other knives, according to Dobie's report, in that it had more curve to its blade, near the point, by having a heavier handle, by having a guard and by being forged of unusually good steel.

Dr. Ashbel Smith, and His Home Near Houston

Julia Beazley in Houston Chronicle, January 9, 1921.

A staff correspondent of the Chronicle has visited Evergreen Ranch, where lived Colonel Ashbel Smith, one of the most famous of Texans. What was Evergreen is now a part of the Goose Creek oil field, and Colonel Smith's broad acres, from which he barely wrung a living as a farmer, are now producing oil in vast quantities.

"Just go right on, ladies, just go right on; I'll be with you as soon as I get my refractory mules penned." Mounted on his big bay, Glencoe, his short legs thrust straight and deep into their devouring stirrups, Colonel Ashbel Smith, a grand old man of Texas history, whose full measure of honor is yet to come, has met a carriage full of guests moving on his bayshore home of Evergreen for the stately dining to which he had invited them.

His hurried reassurance being given, he dashed away without further apology through the sun splashed woods, hot on the tracks of the runaways; while his friends took up the remaining mile of their journey to a house empty of his welcoming presence. They were acquainted with the foibles of the incisive old gentleman, and knew that once the insurrectionary mules were reduced to submission, the dining would proceed. If there chanced to be more guests than chairs, Colonel Smith would preside over his deliciously browned fowl and home-brewed wine, seated in all dignity on a three-legged stool.

To assume that the history of the Goose Creek region began with the discovery of oil is to reckon without the host of notable personalities including the full roster of the presidents of the Republic of Texas, who in the early days were to be found on or near the convenient waterway between Houston and Galveston. A genuine culture flourished here long before the days of river-long pipe lines and Brodington refineries. It was a courtly sort of culture, more leisurely, more ceremonious, more given to quoting poetry, than the rustle and bustle of modern industrial enterprise leaves time for.

Ashbel Smith, whose 2200 acre estate is now comprised in the great Goose Creek oil field, was born in Connecticut in 1805. His mother was a Miss Adams, a member of that remarkable Puritan family which, among other thinkers and doers, gave the nation two presidents and one of its most eminent ambassadors. After graduating from both the academic and medical branches of Yale University, young Smith removed to North Carolina, where he devoted himself to his chosen profession. He never married. The story is told that in North Carolina he fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a proud family of Huguenot descent, and that her father re-

fused his consent to the match until the young physician from the North should prove himself. After several years of waiting, the young lady died, and her lover came to Texas, bringing with him the deguerreotype and packet of letters which, on a cold January morning half a century later, lay by his direction above the still heart when his body was rowed across the bay on the first stage of its final journey.

Arriving in 1837, Doctor Smith was too late to take part in the revolution but he straightway became Surgeon General under the flag that had so recently absorbed the Lone Star into its galaxy. But in 1861 he left the scalpel to others and took up the sword of actual battle. It is said that all through a long night in the spring of that ill-fated year, Ashbel Smith and Sam Houston, both loving the Union well, sat in the book-lined library of Evergreen discussing the odds against which the South was so optimistically rushing, and the unlikelihood of any form of support coming from the European governments of which Smith had made first hand observations. There was no hypenation in the philosophy of Ashbel Smith, however, when choice had to be made between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption. While his cousin, Charles Francis Adams, rose to the rank of brigadier general in the Federal Army, he became a Colonel of the Second Texas Infantry in the Confederate Army. Sam Jones, son of the last Texas president, was wont to tell a story at the expense of his Commander which illustrates the lack of amenability to military subordination that added its share to the downfall of the Confederacy. The incident occurred at Matagorda. Colonel, then Captain Smith, diligently drilling his company, walked backward before their advance with his stern *Hep! Hep! Hep!* Reaching an unperceived ditch, the doughty little captain fell in and the entire company made haste to pass over his ingloriously prostrate form, explaining later in the absence of a command to halt they had no choice in the matter.

Shortly before and immediately after the Civil War; as well as in 1879, Ashbel Smith represented Harris County in the Texas Legislature. He was also Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Anson Jones, and in 1878 he went as Commissioner to the Paris exposition; but his most conspicuous public service was that of Minister from Texas to the capitols of England and France from 1842 to 1845. His gracious courtesy and his command of French made him persona grata at the court of Louis Philippe, and in London he was at home, an Anglo-Saxon came to represent a new offshoot of a great people at the fountainhead of the race. When the

cry "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was threatening the peace between England and America, Lord Aberdeen conveyed through Texas Minister Smith to United States Minister Everett arguments for the exercise of forbearance, representing that the British public really considered the Oregon country their property and that complete yielding to American views in the matter would be construed as pusillanimity such as no ministry could survive.

In London, in Paris and in Rome this many-minded man availed himself of the Gothic treasures of civilization for the enrichment of his own active intelligence. He noted "the straight hair, oval countenance, large facial angle, rounded, full chin, etc., in Egyptian mummies, and drew conclusions concerning the ways of these mummies when their limbs moved and their lips formed words. In a carved head of Epictetus at the Louvre he saw "the long, nervous, capacious forehead—eminently intellectual, and large mouth of the almost purely sensuous voluptuary." Of other art gallery treasures he writes: "the playfulness of the child, the light smile of the woman, the frown of the boy, grown on the marble, yet sitting so life like on its surface that we almost expect to see the expression vanish while we gaze, excite responsive pleasurable emotions in our own hearts and warm us with a feeling of perfect kindred with our race 2000 years ago."

It is said to have been in Paris that Colonel Smith met a member of the Vanderbilt family, and living unprovided with a wife to shield him from this typically masculine indiscretion, blithely invited the habitue of the world's most luxurious capitals to accept the modest hospitality of Evergreen. Thus it came about that upon a fatal day a yacht such as it has not seen before or since ruffled the placid waters of the shallow bay, and dropped anchor in front of his simple home. The host's larder was empty. Having received his guests in the courtly manner which was the only manner he had, he instructed his negro retainer, Bonaparte, to go forth upon the prairie and catch a rabbit for their entertainment.

Whether the opulent visitors scorned such simple fare or whether the fortunes of the chase sent Bonaparte home without any meat at all is not recorded, but it would appear that the stranger yacht was soon seen standing out toward the open waters of Galveston Bay.

Colonel Smith was fond of company. Relatives from New England, young scions of nobility from old England, friends from the less impressive distances, came and went at Evergreen, sometimes prolonging their stay for months. It must be admitted, however, that if the notion seized him the host is said to have inconsistently departed for Houston or elsewhere, leaving a discomfort-

ed guest to conclude a visit as best he might. The story is told that Colonel Smith was driving a mowing machine through the rank crop of his hay field upon a summer day, and chanced to make havoc of a virile colony of bumblebees. The ensuing evolutions of mules, mowing machine and more than busy driver were caught on the facile pencil of Andrew Jackson Houston, the young son of the hero of San Jacinto, and the picture received the unstinted praise of those fortunate enough to view it. One detail, a bee in action on broad crown of the Colonel's head, was held to be especially good. Its very excellence served to prejudice the subject of the portrait against it, however, and from motives of friendship the artist was prompted to suppress a work which should have been preserved to posterity.

When the first board of regents of the State University met for the first time at Austin, November 14, 1881, its first act was to elect Ashbel Smith president; and in this capacity he served until his death, January 21, 1886. He saw in the University a bond to hold indivisible the great state he has helped to create and he and his colleagues laid its foundation carefully and well.

In 1882 he was elected president of the State Medical Association, a wholly appropriate recognition, for with the exception that such sordid matters as bills were not permitted in his relations with his patients he treated typhoid or pulled teeth or coped with measles after the manner of the actively practising country physician.

A substantial citizen of the present Goose Creek relates that as a small boy he was afflicted with a boil on the back of his neck which he fiercely defended against the attentions of any and all comers. Colonel Smith was sent for, and by perfidiously representing that he merely wished to make an examination, induced the not wholly unsuspicious innocent to kneel before him with forehead pressed against the Machiavellian knee. Instantly the child felt cold steel where his most tender and ardent solicitude had been centered. He received a stab in the back. With a wild cry of outraged faith he sprang to his feet in a leap that overturned both the doctor and the stool on which he sat, and fled from the house.

When the six year old orphan who is now Mrs. Anna Wright developed eye trouble, Colonel Smith brought her to Evergreen for more effective treatment. The little girl grew up and married in course of time and her wedding present from her benefactor was 80 acres of land which has since proved a veritable Aladdin's lamp. Mrs. Wright has been called "the Hetty Green of Goose Creek." She is the one remaining resident who has braved the rattle and roar of machinery and clung to her home and the

towering derricks that have made a pin cushion of the bayshore.

Toward the close of a wintry day we stood on the home site from which Ashbel Smith watched the stately steamers pass each other in their dignified progress to Houston and Galveston. The sun setting beyond Hog Island shore through a tall derrick whose shining reflections reached almost to the beach which lay below us. There are many such derricks sunk into the mud of the bay, but not so many as crown the hill. It was along the brow of the hill that Colonel Smith used to ride on his big bay, Glencoe, when he went to read the Bible in Hebrew or Aristotle in Greek or Horace in Latin with a brother alumnus of Yale, Thomas B. Gailliard, whose estate bordered the stream of Goose Creek. New green employee's cottages with red roofs and white trimmings now stretch to right and left of the spot where the manor house of Evergreen stood in unpainted simplicity.

The soil from which the one time Minister to the Court of Saint James coaxed a farmer's profit is now considered in terms of slush pits and boiler-houses and vast earthen tanks. From beneath acres that once were his, busy wells are over night sucking up wealth that would put a king's ransom to shame.

We had persuaded the hero of the episode of the boil to be our guide upon this pilgrimage, and he it was who identified two slight irregularities on the well-kept lawn of one of the neat green cottages as the graves of Ashbel Smith's brother and the latter's wife. On the hillside a scraggy scrub of crepe myrtle, long since turned out to shift for itself, lifted up its one dead leaf for us to look at. A crooked old fig tree, obviously decades older than the trim yard which enclosed it stretched its bare gray branches toward us, for who was there to know its history?

Indian Fight Near Globe, Arizona

Mrs. G. M. Allison* in The Arizona Republican April 18, 1928.



At this time our family was engaged in the cattle business and living about 8 miles from Pleasant Valley, in Gila county.

On the morning of September 2, 1881 my father had intended to go to Globe some 80 miles distant, for provisions. Not being able to find his horses in time, he was delayed in starting. Later in the day my brother Henry, now living in Seattle, brought in the horses, some 75 head, and put them in the corral.

Mr. Allison, who later became my husband, was in charge of the telegraph office at Globe at the time and he it was who first received the news of the fight between the Indians and soldiers, on August 30 on Cibicu creek, a tributary of the Salt River, between our ranch and Fort Apache. This fight proved to be the beginning of an Indian outbreak that lasted for several years, or until the surrender of the celebrated war chief, Geronimo.

Immediately on hearing the news of the outbreak George Turner left Globe on horseback, alone, to warn us of the danger. On his way out he stopped over night at the Moody ranch on Cherry creek, and the next morning joined by Henry Moody.

Both of these young men were old friends of our family. They reached our ranch about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, bringing news of the fight on Cibicu creek between Captain Hentig's troop of Cavalry and Indian scouts from Fort Apache and the Apaches, which had taken place a few days before, and in which Captain Hentig and seven soldiers were killed.

Captain Hentig had been ordered to ar-

rest a medicine man, Nokay-del-Klinnay, who was stirring up the Indians to go on the warpath against the whites. Quite a number of the Indians were killed in the fight including the medicine man.

Cibicu creek was about 30 miles from our ranch. Some of this same band of Apaches who were in the fight came on over to our ranch reaching there about noon of the day that Turner and Moody came. Seven of them came to the house, all armed, and asked for a kettle to cook meat in. When asked if they knew of the fight they said "no," that they were hunting.

As Indians had often been at our ranch to trade meat for flour and other provisions we thought little about danger.

After they had been hanging around until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we thought the Indians were peaceful, we were all busy at various occupations; my father was making boxes at a workbench against the house, my brother Willis was sitting on the end of the bench, my mother was at the milkhouse with the three younger children some 50 feet from the house. Mr. Turner had just gone to the milkhouse for a drink of buttermilk, and I was sitting near him on a box at the side of the door sewing. My brother Henry was the only one in the house at the time. There was one Indian in front of the house outside of the yard fence, three were standing near my father just outside of the yard and one of these was standing in a pile of shingles, the other three had gone to the milkhouse where my mother was. They asked her for some bread and she sent my

sister Della for the bread. Mother had given them the bread and turned around when the Indians commenced shooting.

Moody and Turner were killed instantly, each being shot twice. The bullet that struck Moody in the temple, first cut off a lock of hair on my forehead just grazing my head."

When my brother heard the shooting he knew what was happening and grabbed the only gun we had and ran to the front door and saw the Indian who had been standing in front of the house, running towards the corral and shot him through the hips, for he saw him fall.

He then ran to the back door and had just located the Indians behind a bank when an Indian on the hill near the house shot him through the left shoulder. In the meantime my mother ran in to the milkhouse with the three children and closed the door. The rest of us got in to the house somehow. I ran through the house to the kitchen door just as my brother was shot; it must have been then that I screamed and my mother hearing me thought I was shot, for she threw open the door of the milkhouse and ran to the house with the three children while the bullets were whistling all around them, but they escaped without a scratch.

After we were all in the house we barricaded the doors with tables, beds and chairs as we thought the Indians would rush the house and kill all of us like Indians did in olden times.

My father had a bullet hole through his hat and one through his shirt on the shoulder. Afterwards when examining the place where my brother Willis had been sitting on the bench a bullet hole was found just about where his head had been. Apaches are usually poor shots and if they don't get you the first shot you are pretty safe. We were certainly lucky.

They then opened the corral gate and after killing a beautiful black stallion, drove the rest of the horses off.

The horses were what they wanted as they knew the soldiers would soon be on their trail. We stayed in the house until 1 o'clock that night till the moon went down, as my father was afraid the Indians would slip back under cover of darkness and set fire to the house. So as quietly as possible we stole out in the night and left the two dead boys where they had fallen.

As luck would have it we had one horse left that my brother had been riding that day which the Indians failed to kill after shooting it through the body behind the fore legs. On this horse we placed my mother and the two youngest children and went about two miles up on a mountain and hid there in the brush while my father went on to Pleasant Valley to get help. He told us if he wasn't back by daylight not to look for him for he couldn't come. Long after sunrise when we had given up all hope

of seeing our father again, we heard him call to us from down below.

We rushed down where he was and found he had with him one old man, a Mr. Church, with a rifle and only one cartridge. My father said "I don't believe we will ever get out of here alive for the mountains are full of Indians." He then told how when they were coming back from Pleasant Valley they met on top of a little hill these same Indians with our horses and how they deliberately got off their horses and begin firing on him and Mr. Church and ran them back towards Pleasant Valley and how they gave them the slip in the willows along Cherry creek, and by a round-about way got back to us.

My father said, "we dare not take to the traveled trails," so we cut straight through the mountains for 20 miles towards Sombrero Butte, a well known landmark in that country, where we were compelled to come in to the main traveled trail leading to Globe, four miles beyond the elder Moody's ranch on Cherry creek. Just after coming in to the trail about dark we heard voices and the tramp of horses coming toward us.

We thought they were Indians, but can you imagine our great relief and joy to see my brother Eugene and five other men from Globe coming to our rescue. These men, well known to all old timers of that day, were Sheriff "Bill" Lowther, Jack Eaton, John Birchett, Captain Surbringe and a Mr. Mattel. We were put on their horses and was taken to the Moody ranch where we spent the night.

The most heartbreaking thing was in breaking the news to Mr. Moody of the tragic death of his only son.

The next morning we left for Globe and had to pass through the camp of Chief Nadeaski on Cherry creek. We were much afraid that these Indians were hostile but great was our relief to find them very friendly. We reached Globe on Sunday afternoon, September 4 after the most tragic experience of our lives.

I can never forget that experience, so vividly and indelibly impressed on my memory that, after a lapse of nearly a half century, it seems but yesterday.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15,
1923, at Bandera, Texas, Act of Mar. 3, 1876.

Pioneer M. L. Rice, of Mercury, Texas, writes: "Please find enclosed check for subscription to Frontier Times. I am eighty-four years old, and remember many incidents that have appeared in the Times, and certainly enjoy reading them."

J. W. Finley, of Norwood, Colorado, writes: "I received the sample copy of your Frontier Times. It is surely a fine little magazine, just the thing every state should have. Enclosed find check for \$1.50 for which please put me on your subscription list."

It was the editor's happy privilege to attend the annual meeting of the Texas Historical Association in Austin April 11th and 12th, and also the annual meeting of the West Texas Historical Association at Abilene on April 14th. At each place we found enthusiastic historians, and heard interesting addresses by men and women who are engaged in collecting and preserving the history of our great state, and we felt that it was good to be there.

Our valued friend and patron, Joe T. McKinney, of Willcox, Arizona, writes: "My old friend, Bill Wootan, is with us tonight and while we were recounting our boyhood experiences on the frontier of Texas he told me of the fight with Indians that occurred at Packsaddle Mountain in Llano county, in which the three Moss boys took a prominent part. I told him I had read an account of it in your Frontier Times, and he asked me to get it for him. He lived four miles from the battle ground, and visited it two days after that heroic battle and was acquainted with all of the men who took part in it."

Miss Clarinda Loveworth Latham, of Alamogordo, New Mexico, sends us a very lengthy story about the old Macedonia Baptist Church, Llano county, Texas, which was organized in 1855. Not only does this splendid article give a history of the Macedonia Church, but gives a real history of the community life of the people in that section at that early day, and many interesting side lights on events that occurred. Miss Latham also sends a number of photographs of the pioneers to be used in connection with the story. We expect to publish this contribution in either our August or September issue of Frontier Times

Make some poor old Texas pioneer happy during his declining years by sending him Frontier Times. He will be grateful to you as long as he lives. If you do not think the old timers enjoy reading this little magazine, just give them a copy of it, and then ask them how they like it. The reply is always the same: "It's the best magazine I ever read."

Chas. E. Collins, of Globe, Arizona, in sending in his subscription order for Frontier Times, says: "Send me the August copy of your wonderful magazine, all about Menard. It is very interesting to me, as I lived at Fort McKavett more than forty years ago. I knew Bass Outlaw, and the last time I saw him was there in McKavett when he was a Texas Ranger. I am going to take Frontier Times as long as you print it and I live. Can't see why everybody interested in the early days of Texas do not take it."

We often hear of philanthropic persons contributing large sums of money for the preservation of history, for museums, for institutions of learning, and such laudable purposes. If any such patriotic, noble-minded people want to assist us in our work of preserving the history of Texas and the Southwest by a liberal donation, we can assure them that their contribution would be gratefully received and would be a great help toward making this little magazine a real success.

We know every reader of Frontier Times is anxious to see this little magazine placed in the hands of every school boy and girl, every old pioneer and frontiersman, and every lover of history in the country; they want to see it grow and attain that success which it deserves. We are laboring energetically to make it so. Now, in order to give our friends an opportunity to help in this great work, we are going to make this proposition: If you will send us the names of five people, with five dollars we will send Frontier Times to each of them for a year. Our subscription price is only \$1.50 per year, which is really too low, but we expect to maintain it at that price for the benefit of the many old people who are too poor to take it at a higher price. The present subscription rate gives us a very small profit on each subscription, provided the subscriber renews at time of expiration of his subscription. We want and should have ten thousand subscribers. You can help us get them by sending in five new subscribers and five dollars.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

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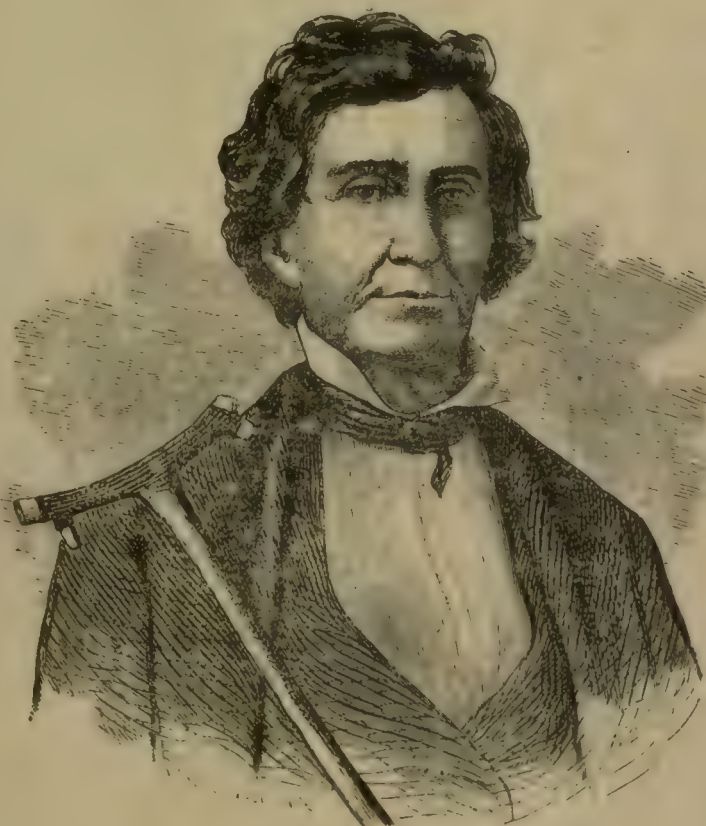
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"Three-Legged Willie" Williamson

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Volume 5—Number 10

JULY, 1928

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“Three-Legged Willie” Williamson



ROBERT M. WILLIAMSON (“Three-Legged Willie”), was born in Georgia; in early life he was afflicted with white swelling, which stiffened one of his knees. He

moved to Texas and located at San Felipe in 1827 and engaged in the practice of law; was Alcalde in 1834; was Captain of a company that served against the Indians in 1836, and was a member of a Committee of Safety at Bastrop, where he then lived; served in the General Consultation of that year; was District Judge in 1836; was elected to the Texas Congress in 1840 and until annexation was re-elected to that body from Washington county; and for several years represented that county in the State Senate after annexation. In 1857 he had a severe attack of sickness, which seriously affected his intellect. “The death of his wife,”

says Thrall, “a daughter of Col. Edwards of Wharton county,” occurred shortly afterwards. From these combined shocks his mind never entirely recovered, until the time of his death, which transpired peacefully and calmly on the 22nd of December, 1859.

Alluding to the one fault, or failing, that he possessed, one of the “fears of the brave and follies of the wise,” which was to be ascribed to the temper of the times in which a large portion of his life was

spent, the wild and disorderly state of society then existing, a biographer in recording his demise closes the notice with the following sentence:

“May I supplicate for Robert M. Williamson (who, if he was a great sinner, was also a great sufferer) the kind charity of all Christians, and close this article with the following lines from the Light-House, which no voice sang so sweetly as his own:

“In life’s closing hour, when the trembling soul flies

And death stills the heart’s last emotion,
Oh! then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity’s ocean.”

The following are extracts from a speech delivered by Hon. George Clark of Waco, before the Texas Senate, the night of

March 21, 1891, presenting a portrait

of Judge Williamson

which has since adorned the walls of the Senate chamber.

“Mr. President

and Senators: This

picture is a true and life-like portrait of the old fathers of

Texas, a member of

Austin’s colony, the

friend of Houston,

the compatriot of

Jack and of Archer

and Wharton, the

trusted counselor of

Milan, the intimate

associate of Travis

and of Johnson; the

Mirabeau of our re-

volution, a man

whom it were base

flattery to call ‘the

noblest Roman of

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Coming Soon—“The History of the Old Macedonia Church in Llano County.”

them all, for Rome, even in the palmiest days of her grandeur, never had such a man. This is a true picture of Three-Legged Willie, painted as he would have had himself painted in life—just as he was. As we gaze upon that face and recall again the earlier days of our most romantic history, it would seem that Providence in the exercise of his beneficence to man had purposely raised up and gathered together in Texas from the four corners of the earth an army of giants to do His work, for indeed may it be truly said, 'there were giants in those days.' Few in numbers, but with a resolution of purpose that recognized no such word as fail, they came upon this fair land as the vanguard of a mighty civilization.* * * Soldiers never make States. This is the work of a different order of men. * * * I have sometimes thought that we have done an unintentional injustice to the fathers of Texas. We often think of their prowess as soldiers, and never weary in recounting to our children their deeds of heroism. But we are prone to forget that this was the smallest part of their contribution to civilization and to humanity. San Jacinto might have been won by barbarians, for even barbarians love liberty, but Texas could only have been made by patriots and statesmen. The men who fought there knew that victory meant only the beginning of their task, and the echoes of the Twin Sisters had scarce died away before they set themselves to the grand work of laying the foundations and erecting the framework of a great state.

"Hitherto the boast of the English-speaking people that every man's house was his castle, into which even the king could not enter except upon invitation, had been only partially true. The king, perhaps, could not cross the sacred threshold, but his sheriff could, and after entrance seize upon the household goods and household gods of the unfortunates and drive their loved ones out into the cold world without shelter, food or raiment. How queer it is that this barbarianism was first arrested by the old fathers of Texas, who sat and deliberated in a log hut for a capitol. It seems strange now, as we look backward, that no other civilized people detected a wrong in the merciless seizure of the home by the officer of the law, and that it remained for the pioneers of Texas to establish and promulgate a great principle in the economy of government which has been since adopted and followed by every American State and Territory. The world owes to Texas the conception of this grand idea, that the homes of a free people are above the law and beyond the law, and that no matter how urgent the demand, no matter the misfortunes that may betide, or the consequences that may follow, the abiding place of the family shall be sacred. In the storms that are sure to come this will be the sheet anchor for our safety, for the preservation of the home begets patriot-

ism and conservatism; and capital can never lay its hand upon these people and make them aught but freemen. * * * And blessed be the men who conceived and carried out the grand idea of the homestead, of whom Three Legged Willie was the chief.

"Another thought that seemed to pervade the minds of our early fathers in the construction of our government was, to banish the quirks and quibbles of the law, so that our courts should be able to dispense speedy and substantial justice to the citizen without embarrassment, delay or chicanery. * * * Another prominent idea in the minds of our fathers was the necessity of a general diffusion of education among the people of our State. * * * Indeed, so liberal has been their provision, a lapse of fifty years finds us quarreling among ourselves as to how to spend it. * * * But why go further in enumerating the many other ideas prominent in our early days? Not only this, but many nights could be spent in recounting to each other the manifold features which characterized the formative period of our history. I have only referred to one or two of the more prominent, in order to demonstrate, especially to our young people, the magnificent thought and statesmanship of those men who redeemed and made Texas, and with and among whom Robert M. Williamson lived and labored, *primus inter pares*.

"In addressing myself to the man as he was, I am admonished by my own instinct that my powers are wholly inadequate to the task. To properly delineate him, lawyer, judge, statesman, soldier and patriot, he who essays the task should have known him in life, have seen him upon the field, been with him in the council and at the bar, mingled with him in the daily walks and conversations which go to make up human life. History at best deals only in fragments, and tradition often loses its thread in the memories of men. Only a few, very few, comrades of Judge Williamson are spared to us, and to these we are indebted for the glimpse obtained of his achievements and character. Of Scotch descent, he came of good old Revolutionary and fighting stock, his grandfather having been a Colonel in Washington's army, and his father a soldier in the War of 1812. Endowed by nature with a broad intellect, with splendid powers of analysis and oratory, and an energy of purpose and an inflexibility of will rarely equaled, he naturally turned to the bar as the proper field for his labors, and at once sprang into prominence as a lawyer in his native state, Georgia, and in the adjoining state, Alabama, to which he moved. The years 1828-9 found him a citizen of Texas, and here his fame as an orator and statesman was won.

"The troubles and oppressions of the colony, appealed most strongly to his man-

hood and his patriotism and his clarion voice was soon raised for liberty and independence. The nature of the man admitted neither of truckling nor compromise. He was an absolute separatist from the beginning, a bold champion of the rights of the people of Texas, not only self-government but unqualified independence. With a patriotism and an eloquence at least equal to Patrick Henry, conjoined with a ruggedness of expression that Henry never possessed and which often swept his audience like a cyclone, he went before the people of the several colonies and preached the gospel of a pure and unadulterated liberty. The fires of patriotism he kindled were soon burning with bright fervor, a mere handful of patriots resolved to be free, and then followed in quick succession, the affairs of Turtle Bayou, Anapuca, Velasco, which quickened the revolution into life, and then the storming of Bexar, the heroic holocaust of the Alamo, the butchery of Goliad, the splendid and decisive victory at San Jacinto, and then free Texas. The best historian of Texas so far pays this just tribute to the man of whom I speak that after thorough and minute investigation of the records and history of Texas he was constrained to say that Robert M. Williamson had done as much, if not more, than any other man in precipitating and sustaining the revolution of 1835-36. This is the verdict of contemporary history, and will be the verdict of posterity for all time. With a price upon his head that betokened no quarter if captured, singled out with W. B. Travis for all his compatriots as an object of special vengeance by the usurper and invader, he faced the storm, defied the tyrant, redoubled his almost superhuman efforts to free his country, knowing that his good life would be the penalty for a failure, and won by the blessings of God.

"Soon after the inauguration of the new government he was appointed judge of one of the districts, which made him ex-officio a member of the Supreme Court. After that he was Senator in Congress or Representative in the Lower House of the Republic or State until the close of his public career, about 1850 or 1851. A few of his old fellow-senators and members, still left to us, love to dwell upon the man and never tire in recounting his splendid bursts of eloquence, his withering sarcasm and ridicule, his keen sense of humor that often destroyed an adversary with a single shaft, his absolute freedom from fear, and his unwavering honesty. Many of the great measures of legislation in use and effect today bear the imprint of his genius, and the jurisprudence of the Senate is indebted to him for some of its most salutary features. He passed away from us in the year 1859, at his home in the county of Wharton, a county rich in reminiscence

and in the deeds of the many eminent sons he has given to the State.

"In looking over the career of Judge Williamson, if I were called upon to select the most prominent of his many prominent characteristics, I should say that his greatest virtues were sterling honesty, inflexible patriotism and an utter abnegation of self. He was too big a man to think of himself, too honest to build himself up at the expense of others, and too patriotic to tolerate with any degree of patience any measure that could by remote probability turn to injure the State or destroy the rights of the people.

"He belonged to his friends and not they to him. His warm and generous nature forbade him to refuse a favor, and his knightly courage never permitted him to turn his back upon a foe. In all the corruption naturally incident to the revolution and the acquisition of a princely landed domain by the Republic, he walked upright before God and man, and came out without the smell of fire even upon his garments. Nay, better even than this. He was ever the implacable foe of the land thief and the defender of the peoples heritage. His eagle eye always saw through the flimsy veil of the jobber and detected at a glance the sinister purpose attempted to be concealed under the disguise of the public good; and every act and vote and thought of the man during his long eventful career in our legislative halls, attest his nobleness of soul and his incorruptibility of purpose. He was always, and upon all occasions, the people's steadfast friend, and never spoke to them with a forked tongue. Too honest to tolerate deception he despised with loathing unutterable slimp arts of the demagogue, and crushed with his denunciation the tricks of the politicians. Men always knew how and where he stood and his simple word constituted his bond. And yet he carried in his breast a heart full of loving kindness for all, and a charity bounded only by the limit of his resources. Take him all in all we scarce look upon his like again. Faults he had, like other men, but these faults sprang from the youthful buoyancy of a heart that refused to grow old with age. He loved 'the boys' and he remained one of them until he died.

"He may not have suited these times, but the man and the hour met in the rugged days of our earlier history, and the man was always equal to the hour.

"In debate upon the hustings he was matchless. In forensic tilts with his professional brethren at the bar he may have been equaled by some but he was excelled by none. In the councils of the State he was a patient investigator in committee, but a very thunderbolt on the floor. Upon the bench the urbane judge and finished gentleman, tolerant of argument, pains-taking in conclusion and inflexible in

judgment. Tradition informs us that on one occasion he was specially commissioned by President of the Republic to go to a distant country and hold a term of court. The country was torn and rent into factions, and instead of raising crops the people had been devoting themselves chiefly in the task of cutting each other's throats. As a consequence no courts had been held for years in the country, and none was wanted, for the obvious reason that it would prove excessively inconvenient to most of the citizens to be forced to plead to indictments for murder. Just before court convened a large mass meeting of citizens was held, which adopted a resolution that no court should be held. When Judge Williamson took his seat upon the bench a lawyer arose and after a few prefatory remarks read the resolution and sat down. The court room was filled with armed and angry men determined to carry their point. The judge blandly asked the lawyer if he could cite any law for such a proceeding, as it appeared novel to him. The lawyer arose, and pulling out a bowie knife laid it on the table and said: "This is the statute which governs in such cases." Quick as thought and with an eye flashing fire the Judge drew a long pistol, drew it down on the lawyer, and in tones that meant more than was said, replied: "And this is the constitution which overrides the statute. Open court, Mr. Sheriff, and call the list of the grand jurors for the term." The court was held and without any conflict between the 'statute' and the 'constitution.'

"An old friend of Judge Williamson who himself has borne a most distinguished part in the affairs of the State, writes of him as follows: 'Upon the organization of the government of the Republic Judge Williamson was selected to fill the important position of Judge of the Third Judicial District. He then removed his residence to Washington County, where he continued to make his home till about two years previous to his death. To evolve law and order out of the wild and discordant elements of a revolutionary and frontier people is no slight undertaking. The restraints of the family and the check which society imposes in older and better regulated communities were powerless here. The wild and daring spirits attracted hither by love of excitement and adventure, too frequently after the war was over, degenerated into lawless recklessness. To restrain and subdue this spirit no more judicious appointment could have been made. To great force of character and undaunted personal courage Judge Williamson united great suavity of manner and calmness of judgment. These qualities inspired the admiration and commanded the love and respect of the bold borderers. Did time and space permit I might enrich this sketch with many an amusing anecdote of that period. After

successfully establishing regular judicial proceedings and inaugurating the new order of things consequent upon the achievement of an independence Judge Williamson withdrew from the bench. From this time until about the year of 1840, he assumed the practice of law.

"He was induced then to become a candidate to represent Washington County in the Congress of the Republic; was easily elected, and from that time until 1850, with but a single exception, he represented that district in one or the other branch of the Legislature. In the stormy times which followed the dissolution of one form of government and preceded the institution of another, Judge Williamson wielded a controlling influence. While it is not claimed for him that he originated many great measures, yet as a conservative power his influence was widely felt and acknowledged. He stood erect as a faithful and incorruptible sentinel over the rights and interests of the State.

"Having no selfish ambitions to gratify, careless of money to a fault, he was inaccessible to the threats or flatteries of the cormorants whose object it was to prey upon the public treasury or the public domain. Individuals who had bills of doubtful merit before Congress or the Legislature feared the sleepless eye and withering invective of Williamson more than the opposition of all the others. The good that he thus achieved for the country is incalculable.

When mad extravagances ruled - the hour and the country seemed on the verge of destruction, his voice was heard loudest in stern rebuke of such evil practices. In the darkest hours of the Republic, in 1842, when peace and credit and even hope itself had almost fled from our midst, again his clarion notes were heard cheery and blithe and hopeful to the end. He deserved the guerdon of merit which the Roman Senate awarded Varro when the Carthaginians were assaulting the very gates of Rome. 'For,' says the historian, 'while the weak fled in dismay and the bold trembled, he alone did not despair of the Republic.'

"When the great question of annexation came to be considered in 1845, Judge Williamson was its unflinching advocate. He was a member of the Congress of the Republic of Texas, which accepted the overture of the United States and ratified President Jones' call for a convention of representation (a most difficult and delicate point) The stirring events of the past ten or fifteen years had not been favorable to study. The exciting political question of the day opened a wider field to the ardent temperament of Williamson, and after once engaging therein he never again regularly resumed the practice of his profession. His last appearance before public was as a candidate for Congress, when he was defeated by a few votes by the Hon.

Volney E. Howard. The result was attributed by Judge Williamson's friends to the late period at which he announced and to his want of acquaintance on the Rio Grande, where a large vote was polled. From that time he led a quiet and retired life upon a small farm near Independence, in Washington County, devoting himself exclusively to the education of his children. Although his opportunities for acquiring wealth and independence were unequalled by those of any other man, yet he was of such generous and improvident nature that he was often embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. Like Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Monroe and many other great men, he not unfrequently felt the iron pressure of 'Res Augusta domi.' It may be stated as creditable to his integrity that in the midst of corruption and speculation, he lived and died in poverty.

"He was in many respects a remarkable man. He possessed a wonderful hold upon the affections of the masses, over whose passions and sympathies his control was unbounded. The reckless daring of his own character contributed largely to this influence. This, aided by a generous, unselfish spirit and captivating manners, made him wherever known the idol of the people. Inaccessible to threats or bribes, he was an upright and honest judge, who unflinchingly administered the law. In Congress and the Legislature he had no selfish purpose to subserve; he was therefore the able and watchful guardian of the people's rights. His intercourse with his brethren of the bar was marked by great courtesy. Toward the younger members he ever extended a helping hand and breathed a kind word of encouragement. The writer is but one of the hundreds who remember gratefully the kindness extended to them in the days of Judge Williamson. The eloquence of Judge Williamson more nearly resembled that of John Randolph than of any other historical character.

"When fully aroused there was a fire and vigor in his speech that surpassed description. True, there was quaintness and eccentricity, but it was all stamped with the originality and power of genius.

"He was not only a wit of the first class, but a humorist also; and, like all great humorists, he bore a burden of melancholy which was only heightened by these sudden sallies, as the storm clouds are illumined by the sheet lightning.

"In an appeal to the people and as an advocate before the jury he was unsurpassed.

"And now, gentlemen of the Senate, with a loving heart, and with filial pride most commendable, his son, born amid the stirring scenes which demonstrated his father's greatness presents this picture to the State to adorn the walls of the chamber. As a work of art it speaks for itself and reflects luster upon the artist, but as a

picture of a grand patriot it is right and proper that every child of Texas who may hereafter study our history should look upon that face and draw therefrom inspiration of that patriotism which loved Texas more than all else, and never faltered in the defense of her rights or the protection of her honor.

"Men may come and men may go but in all the tide of time and amid the splendor of a mature development Texas will never have a more devoted son nor one who served her more unselfishly than Robert M. Williamson.

"In the approaching struggle of the people for supremacy over the grasp and greed of capital, would to God that another 'Three-legged Willie' could appear on the scene as a great tribune of the people.

"God will take care of the liberties of this people, and circumstances will evolve the gallant defender of the true faith, endowed from on high with a courage and sagacity equal to the occasion and an honesty of purpose to which the howling demagogue of today is an entire stranger."

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Fort Stockton Sixty Years Ago

Col. M. L. Crimmins

The first settlement at what is now Fort Stockton was near the present court house. It was a stopping off place of the forty-niners en route to the gold fields of California, at what for some time had been known as Comanche Springs. It was later called St. Gaul.

It was at this point that the great Trail from Arkansas to Chihuahua was crossed by the Old Spanish Trail, that ran from St. Augustine, Florida, through San Antonio, Texas, Fort Stockton and El Paso, to San Diego, California. The trail from the south was used by the Connelly Expedition in 1839, which carried 30 wagons with bullion from the rich mines of Chihuahua to Arkansas, to trade for cotton goods and other merchandise. Lt. Col. Joseph E. Johnston, U. S. Engineer Corps, who was in charge of the survey of roads, from San Antonio to El Paso in 1849, also visited Comanche Springs. Here two routes were laid out to El Paso, one via Guadalupe Peak and the Hueco Tanks, and the other via Fort Davis and Fort Quitman and up the Rio Grande.

As a result of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, our government was required by treaty to prevent our Indians from making any raids into Mexico, and

established forts along the Rio Grande vicinity for that purpose. In 1851 Camp Stockton was established on the high ground near the court house. It was named in honor of Admiral Robert Field Stockton, who was born in Princeton, N. J., Aug. 20, 1795, grandson of Richard Stockton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He entered the navy as a midshipman in 1811; was conspicuous during the war of 1812 in battle; promoted to captain in 1832 and resigned in 1850. He was very active in breaking up bands of pirates in the West Indies. He was among the foremost in advocating steam vessels for the navy and the Princeton, built after this plan in 1844, was the navy's first steamship. In 1845 he was sent to California with 1500 men, including 600 sailors, in a small squadron, and in a short time he conquered California from the Mexicans and formed a provincial U. S. Government there. He was a United States Senator from 1851 to 1853. He had flogging in the navy prohibited. Stockton, California, was also named after Admiral Stockton.

In December, 1858, a detachment of 20 men of the 1st Infantry and the 8th Infantry, under Lieut. Chadbourne, formed the garrison and on account of its import-



The Koehler Store At Ft. Stockton in 1885.

ance, a fort was selected, north of the old site, on March 23, 1859.

Anson Mills, afterwards a distinguished general in the U. S. Army, laid out the new fort. He had also plotted the townsite of El Paso in February, 1859, and Fort Quitman, 80 miles below El Paso, on the Rio Grande.

Fort Stockton was of strategical importance and was one of the chain of forts along our Texas border which, before the Civil War, included Fort Bliss, Fort Davis, Fort Stockton, Fort Chadburne, Camp Cooper, and Fort Belknap. A line of forts ran Southeast from Fort Stockton and included Fort Lancaster, Camp Hudson, Fort Inge at Uvalde, Fort Clark at Brackettville, Fort Duncan at Eagle Pass, Fort McIntosh at Laredo, Ringgold Barracks at Rio Grande City, and Fort Brown at Brownsville.

The San Antonio-San Diego stage line started in 1858 and the first stage going west on the first transcontinental trip, passed through Camp Stockton on Sept. 17, 1858. The next year, when the Butterfield-Overland Mail took the contract to furnish through stages twice a week, for a consideration of \$1,200,000, Fort Stockton was included in the route. This stage line ran from the end of the railroad at Tipton, Mo., to San Francisco, California, and had a branch line join it from Memphis, Tenn. The supply of excellent water which gushed out of the huge spring at the rate of 60,000,000 gallons a day (enough water to supply the present population of Texas), made this place famous.

Fort Stockton was established, according to U. S. Government reports of 1870, at latitude 30 deg. 50 min. north and longitude 102 deg. 35 min. west from Greenwich. It was then an oasis in a vast, dry prairie, 35 miles southwest of the Pecos River, 50 miles north of the nearest mountains, a continuation of the Guadalupe Mts running southeastward towards the Rio Grande. Fort Davis was then 74 miles southwest; Fort Concho, near San Angelo, 170 miles northeast; Fort Clark 266 miles southeast; Fort Quitman 202 miles west-southwest, and Fort Bliss 282 miles west. The nearest railroad was at Columbus, Colorado County, 575 miles southeast; and the nearest Mexican town was Presidio del Norte, 147 miles south-southwest, and the nearest American town was Fredericksburg, 370 miles east, and San Antonio 392 miles southeast. The garrison here formed detachments to protect the stage lines. The Indians were very harmful and Lt. Edward F. Beale reported there was hardly a mile of the road from San Antonio to El Paso, that was not stained with blood as a result of Indian raids.

During the two and a half years the stage lines were in operation, before the Civil War, 111 white employes and 57 Mexican employes met violent deaths and in

one year 234 head of their stage line stock had been stolen by the Indians.

Fort Stockton was abandoned by the U. S. troops in May, 1861. When the Confederates took it over, they only remained a short time, but burned all government property before they left. The fort was re-established in July, 1867, and the garrison consisted of colored troops, of the Ninth U. S. Cavalry, and the Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry. In 1863 the mean strength of the garrison was 398 and in 1869 it was 279. The fort was established on a mesa overlooking the Comanche Creek and about 50 feet above it. The creek overflowed the low lands to the southeast for half a mile. Table lands surrounded the fort at from seven to twenty miles and were from 100 to 300 feet above the prairie, with an area varying from three to twenty miles.

The gypsum in the soil tainted the water and the soil was sandy and alkaline, but still it produced corn, melons, garden vegetables and later extensive fields of alfalfa and wheat.

At that time the only trees near here were the cottonwoods at the fort garden, four miles north of the fort, on what is now the Buenavista road. This garden was cultivated and irrigated by troop labor and produced on its twenty acres an abundance of okra, onions, melons, cucumbers, etc., for the entire command. Along the creek water cress grew, which was an important article of diet, as lack of fresh vegetables caused scurvy. The Mexican population also used roasted "Turks Head" cactus, for the same purpose and also for food for their horses. In the winter the abundance of water brought great numbers of wild duck, wild geese, crane, heron, water hens, and sometimes swan. In the spring the curlew were plentiful for about six weeks and in fall the Rocky Mountain plover appeared in large numbers, while perch and cat fish were caught in the creek. The Comanche Creek rose half a mile south of the fort and ran north four miles and then sank, forming a swamp. In the first half mile of its course, it was fed by six springs and averaged at that time 40 feet in width and five feet in depth.

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Western Texas Fifty-four Years Ago

Vinton Lee James, San Antonio, Texas.



Wool sold on the San Antonio market in 1873 for 40 cents per pound. Every acre of land in Western Texas at that time, except along the water courses belonged to the public domain of the State of Texas. Free range and the high price of wool caused such a boom that there was a great rush of capital from all parts of the United States to invest in land and sheep in West Texas. This period marked the advent of the sheep industry, which for ten years was very prosperous, and at the same time marked the decline of the cattle industry. The high price received from wool soon made the sheep owners independent, who bought the land upon which their flocks grazed, and this forced the cattlemen to move their herds to the unoccupied lands further west.

In the summer of 1874, during a visit to Wilson county, I contracted a bad case of malaria which would not yield to treatment, and from which I suffered for more than a year. My father concluded that a trip to two ranches in which he was interested west of San Antonio, where the climate was dryer, might help me. So he bought me a twenty-dollar pony and a Winchester carbine, and with plenty of advice about the care of my pony, Indians, etc., he concluded by saying: "My son, never look on when you see others working, but always lend a hand."

One bright summer morning I turned my pony's head westward on the Castroville road, and two days later I arrived at Henry Shane's sheep ranch on the Sabinal, where I was again made miserable by an attack of chills and fever. Mr. Shane said he could cure me even if Dr. Herff failed. I promised to inform him the next time I felt the attack. As usual, a few days elapsed, when I again felt that I was going to be sick. Shane advised me to go to bed and he immediately got busy pounding and crushing some material, which he afterwards carefully strained several times through a glass of pure whiskey. He now approached my bed and told me to shut my eyes and not stop to taste the "stuff," but to swallow it. I was desperate for relief and I drained the glass of its contents and fell back to await developments. I did not wait long. Never will I forget the intense burning pain in my stomach. Shane afterward informed me that 100 pods of mashed red chile pepper was strained through that glass of whiskey. The pain in my insides was insides was somewhat allayed by the somewhat allayed by the thestupor caused by the whiskey; I was drunk as a lord. For several days afterwards I was very weak, but the chills and fever were gone. In fact,

as it afterwards proved, I was completely cured.

The Sabinal was then a most beautiful running stream of water, with great cypress trees overhanging its banks. The pioneers of West Texas 54 years past were fearful examples of ignorance. Though I was only a lad, just in my teens, yet I was amused and surprised at their questions. One man informed me that "about three thirds of all the fish in a certain water hole were suckers". A neighbor of Shane's who was a man of wealth, spoke of a certain rocky mound in a prairie that was conspicuous for many miles. He said it "was caused or created by volcanic corruption". He also asked me if Rome was in Jerusalem. The early settlers in those days were fighters not scholars. Their entire time was occupied in tending their herds and defending their precious families from the murderous attacks of savage Indians who committed many crimes of theft and murder and often left the poor ranchmen financially ruined, and sometime even worse; his wife and children butchered during his absence. Shane was renown over the West as a dangerous man in a personal encounter. He had had numerous fights with the red men. He was surprised and surrounded on two different occasions, and each time, single-handed, he had slain an Indian and escaped. He was of athletic build, with restless eagle eyes, and when armed and astride of his beautiful bay horse, he was the most superb figure I have ever seen.

Wild turkeys in those days were so numerous in the Sabinal bottoms that the cattle actually refused to graze in the valleys where the turkeys ranged.

My health, after a couple of weeks stay on the Sabinal, was greatly improved, and after I had thanked Mr. Shane for his kindness, I departed further west, and late that same day a very tired boy and pony arrived at Henry Ramsey's cattle ranch, situated in the foothills on the north side of the Anacathio Mountains on Turkey Creek. Here my boyhood's fondest dreams of a hunter's paradise were at last realized. The country was open and almost free from brush, the mountains and valleys alive with all kinds of game and the crystal streams full of fish. Antelope by the thousands swarmed on the plains south of the Anacathio Mountains toward the Rio Grande, and it was a beautiful sight to see a bunch of them gracefully running around in a circle, with their white rumps glistening in the sunshine. There were also many bunches of wild mustang horses, with beautiful manes and long, sweeping tails that roamed the prairies, all of which lent a wildness and charm to this interest-

ing country which has long since disappeared.

Tom, the son of Ramsey, was about my age and we soon became comrades, and many were the days we spent hunting and fishing together. The canyons were redolent with the sweet incense from wild flowers of every color that profusely decorated the valleys and hillsides. The humming of wild bees was ever in the air, and during our daily excursions we never failed to startle deer, javalinas, and turkeys. I now received my first lessons in cowboy life, and afterwards often assisted in the roundup. I became expert in heading wild cattle, and, for a boy, was considered a good hand. Sometimes the cattle would run into a bunch of deer or wild turkeys, and then I never failed to entirely neglect my duties as a vaquero, and shoot as long as it was in sight. I always got a scolding from Mr. Ramsey on my return, for the cattle took advantage of my absence and escaped from the side I was guarding. I committed this offense so often that I was finally barred out from helping to drive cattle.

On account of the danger from Indians we were not allowed to hunt far from the ranch, and we were instructed never to leave our horses, but we managed to slip off to our most favored place about five miles south of the ranch, called Wood Slough, where we could depend on seeing great numbers of deer in the middle of the day resting under the shade of the scrub mesquite trees. The deer always managed somehow to discover our approach first, and our shots at them running never took effect. One day we cautiously approached our ponies, and imagine our disappointment to see, about 400 yards away, about twenty-five deer standing perfectly still, intently watching us. I told Tom to remain quiet, as I was going to try a new scheme. My pony was a fast quarter-horse, and the country, with the exception of a few mesquite trees, comparatively open. I suddenly pushed the spurs into my horse's sides and gave him a free rein ahead, with my carbine in my right hand. I was off like an arrow, headed straight for the deer. The deer were so surprised by my rush that they actually bunched closer together, until I dashed among them, shooting. I have never been so close to so many wild deer since. I followed two large bucks that ran together. I was very close and sent shot after shot, finally hitting one in the throat, severing the jugular vein, and, with the blood streaming from its wound, he ran about a hundred yards and fell, and when Tom arrived on the scene I was so out of wind and excited that I could hardly talk. I certainly was the proudest boy alive. I would not have exchanged places then with a king.

Wild honey, fresh butter and butter-milk, clabber, hot cornbread, and fresh

beef constituted our daily bill of fare, and the appetites Tom and I presented at meal time, after our daily rounds, certainly did justice to the good things put on the table.

We always had fresh meat hanging up. A fat yearling was always selected. The ribs, tenderloins, hams, and tallow were taken; the balance, fully half, was left on the ground for the buzzards and wolves. The hide was cut up to make hobbles for the cow ponies.

I followed my father's advice and often assisted in ranch duties. I would bring in wood for the kitchen, go to the spring for water, and the result was that I was always welcome wherever I went, though I admit it was much pleasanter to see others work and it was sometimes with great reluctance that I assisted.

On one occasion I noticed an activity by one of my hosts and the Mexican hands, to wit., saddles were inspected and a great number of rawhide hobbles were made. A messenger was dispatched to the remuda (pony herd), which, on account of the Indian raids, was sent miles away from the ranch, where there was good pasture and concealment, and a reliable man constantly watching them. I was informed, sub rosa, that the outfit was going to start in a few days for the headwaters of the Nueces River. Now, here was my chance for adventure, and I determined if possible to accompany this expedition. I broached the subject to the rancher, who refused me. He said there was great danger for a boy of my age who would go hunting alone, and that Indians would get me. I pleaded with him again the next day and promised to obey him in all things, and he finally agreed to take me, and then I was the happiest boy alive.

One afternoon, the rancher, myself, and several Mexican vaqueros drove about thirty saddle ponies, each with a rawhide hobble around its neck, across the high grass in the direction of the Nueces Canyon, the mountains of which we could see dimly in the distance. That night we arrived at Chalk Bluff on the Nueces River, where we met a party of three men from Uvalde. Pete Bowles and son, John and Newman McCarthy and some Mexican vaqueros. I became the target for ridicule from one of them, who was very much amused at the style of my saddle and hat, and he was so persistent that I could bear his taunts no longer and we quarreled. He reached for his pistol and I grabbed my carbine. My host and friend interfered and made us shake hands, and we became warm friends, and indeed, I was sorry afterwards when the time came for us to part. It is the unexpected that always happens, and the cowboys were always armed with pistol or gun, which, day or night, was always close at hand, ready for any emergency. The next day the outfit headed up the canyon along the road that follows the

It was as clear as crystal; on the banks I certainly saw a beautiful country when I first saw it in all itGA s.l\$fi vb vbgkqbgg remember seeing only two occupied cabins on our entire trip. The occupants were generally outlaws from other parts of the State, and they were not molested by the local authorities as long as they behaved themselves and helped protect the settlements from Indian raids. Every day a fat beef was killed by our party for fresh meat. The entire carcass, with the exception of the ribs, tallow, and tenderloins was left on the ground.

At night we gathered around the camp fire to watch the fat ribs broil before the hot coals. After our wolfish appetite was satisfied, Pete Bowles would tell stories. The father of my chum on this occasion, who was one of the first settlers of Uvalde county, surprised three Indians one bright moonlight night who attempted to steal his horses, and with one shot from a double-barrel shot gun he killed two outright and finished the other with the remaining barrel. The Indians afterwards captured him when he was unarmed, and in revenge, deliberately skinned him alive.

I can see my chum now in the recollections of long ago when we gathered around him as he sat cowboy fashion on the ground smoking his pipe in the glare of the campfire, telling tales of hunting or of Indians. We listened intently to these stories, for he was full of humor, but he could be pathetic or tragic, as the situation or the trend of his story demanded. His country twang, kindly manner, and his aptitude lent an indescribable charm to his narratives and he never failed to absorb our entire attention.

Tired nature would at last assert her rights, and, with my saddle for my pillow, I rolled up in my blanket on the ground and went quickly to sleep with the purring sound in my ears of the Nueces water as it rippled among the rocks in the river.

I often went fishing with my gun. During the middle of the day the large bass would hunt the shallow water to feed on minnows in the shade of the sycamore trees, and with a few shots I generally could secure enough of them for a meal for the entire camp.

The road up the canyon crossed the river many times, and after the second day the Nueces River had dwindled to a small stream, where we pitched our camp near a hut occupied by a solitary young man. What his business was in this wild country I never discovered. I regarded him as one of those unfortunate individuals who was forced to flee from justice.

The members of our party each took turns to visit this interesting man, for he evidently possessed some information that our leaders were desirous of obtaining. I surmised from their disappointed appearance after each visit that things were not

going to suit them. After several days everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the following morning, guided by this stranger, who led the way through a dense cedar brake, we followed, driving the cow ponies.

We ascended the divide and entered a rugged, rocky country. Our altitude made the Governor of Arizona, Lew Wallace, a the panoramic view of the valleys below us and the hills around us very beautiful.

We saw numerous bear signs and actually two bears in plain view on a distant mountain side. The country was too rough to approach them on horseback. The country became more picturesque as we ascended and we traveled among pine trees that extended for miles and miles, and finally late in the afternoon, we emerged from the forest of pines to a plateau that extended, almost level and open, northward, broken here and there by a few small cedar brakes. As we advanced we found very little water, and after a great deal of trouble and delay we finally succeeded in finding a small water hole. Here we pitched our camp, not a very great distance from the head waters of the south fork of Llano River, or about where the town of Rock Springs in Edwards county is now situated.

I discovered now for the first time the object of the expedition, which was to gather a herd of cattle.

Next morning at daylight we started on our first roundup. We succeeded after a great deal of trouble, as the cattle were very wild, in gathering quite a bunch of all kinds of cattle, the larger part consisting of bulls and cows, but no calves. There were quite a number of four-year-old bulls without a mark or brand, and a great many mavericks. The bulls absolutely refused to be driven or to leave the herd, and though we would try to cut them out, they fought so viciously that the cowboys drew their pistols and guns and after a bombardment of the bulls in which some of them were killed, we succeeded finally in getting rid of them. Mr. Ramsey and a few Mexicans succeeded in building a corral out of cedar, into which we drove the captured cattle. That night, and every night afterwards, we kept large fires burning around the corral to keep the cattle from stampeding.

Early one morning we rode past, within a few hundred yards, a bunch of 50 lobo wolves that stood quietly and watched us pass. Mr. Bowles informed me that the wolves ate all the calves, and sometimes even attacked large cattle. That day we found a three-year old steer with his thigh badly torn and bleeding from the fangs of the lobo wolves. After several days work from daylight to late afternoon without dinner, the trial began to tell on me, and one morning I refused to accompany the outfit, pleading the want of rest, and

that day I lounged around camp. I tried to talk to the Mexican cook, but failed to make myself understood. They say idleness is the father of vice, but my lounging around camp that day was the cause that brought this cattle roundup expedition to an abrupt close just when their fondest hopes of gathering a large herd were about to be realized.

I realized that I was very dirty, and the inspiration struck me that I was sadly in need of a bath. I disrobed and thoughtlessly waded into our only water supply, and with a bar of homemade lye soap, lathered myself from head to foot and afterwards proceeded to roll around in the shallow water. I was having a great time when suddenly the outfit rode into camp. Picture their anger and disgust as they hurled epithets of unprintable names at me, the innocent cause of all the trouble. I protested that I never thought of any wrong-doing. The cook luckily had his bucket full of water, which the thirsty outfit drained. After a hasty supper they concluded that there was nothing else to do but break camp, as even the Mexicans absolutely refused to drink water from the pool. Never as long as I live will I forget the misery of that bright moonlight night. We suffered from thirst as we drove the tired cattle southward towards Uvalde county; then there was no sleep for any of us until near daylight, when we found barely sufficient water after our thirst was satisfied for our cattle. I was in such disgrace that even the Mexican cook refused to speak to me.

We had succeeded in gathering about 300 head of all kinds of cattle. I afterwards heard that these captured cattle were sold by the bosses to a buyer who was gathering a herd to take to the Kansas market. I am satisfied that the real owners of these cattle, which had drifted from the lower Llano country, never heard of them. This dishonest practice that was allowed in those days by common consent among the stockmen of Texas came back in a few years with a fearful vengeance to the originators. Their cattle, which had drifted from the home range, were gathered and sold likewise, and one of my friends, who was considered wealthy and who estimated the number of his cattle on open range at twenty thousand head, was dumbfounded to find that his herd had dwindled to a few hundred head, which he succeeded in gathering and moving to Wilderness Lake, in Zavala County.

Another friend was more fortunate. He succeeded in moving nearly one thousand head to Beaver Lake, the headwaters of Devil's River.

The former has passed away long since in the town of Uvalde.

The latter was cowardly assassinated, shot in the back, near Devil's River many years ago. His death is to this day unavenged,

as his murderer was never caught.

In the early 70's ranchmen generally owned only enough land on which to build a house and have a horse pasture. His cattle ranged in the public domain, and he had his brand on them to distinguish them from other men's cattle. There were few fences. There was no cattlemen's protective association, and few inspectors. There was, in fact, no limitations or restrictions as to the number of his cattle or the extent of his range. He was "lord of all he surveyed," provided he did not resort to downright dishonesty and theft, and if he was guilty of these offences it had to be proved, and that was a hard thing to do.

To a great extent he was a carnivorous animal and lived off the "fat of the land," his principle article of food being beef, which he always selected from the youngest and fattest animals regardless of the brand it bore. He did this to protect himself as he knew other stockmen killed his cattle for meat. He used only the choicest cuts; the rest of the carcass was left for the buzzards and wolves. The hide sometimes was cut up and used to make hobbles, quirts, and lariats. This custom was generally indulged in by all cattlemen and was made right by common usage. Cattle that had strayed from the home range were often gathered and sold to the owner of a herd going to Kansas. A report to the real owner was supposed to be made, but sometimes this formality was neglected. This atmosphere of crime had a most demoralizing effect upon the younger generation who went a step further to make easy money and commenced rustling cattle and horses. Some of the most desperate characters of this period sprang from this criminal atmosphere. Among these were John Hanahan, King Fisher of West Texas, and Billy the Kid, of Arizona, all of whom died violent deaths in the days of reconstruction. King Fisher, a man of strong personality and winning social ways, gave himself up and the courts acquitted him. He reformed and became a renowned peace officer. He gave promise of a wonderful future when he was cruelly murdered. Billy the Kid was offered by pardon even if he was convicted by the courts, if he would promise to reform and go straight, but he refused the Governor's offer. Twenty-one men died by his pistol, one man for every year of his life, before Pat Garrett killed him.

I always felt sorry for the wives of the ranchmen who became prematurely old from hard work and lack of diversion. They deserve gold medals and soft places in heaven. At daylight they milked the cows, cooked the meals, washed the dishes and clothes, and carried water from the spring or well, besides sewing and caring for the children. In fact their life was an eternal grind from morning until bed time. meanderings of the beautiful Neuces River.

There was no neighbors. The children to be schooled had to be boarded in the distant town, and their husbands would be absent several days at a time on cattle roundups. During this absence the wives had to be on guard against surprise from Indians who murdered many unprotected women and children. But this was not all the poor wives were up against; the husband, to get supplies, had to go to the town many miles away, where he would relax and "tank up" on liquor, and for a time forget about the loved ones at home.

The stockmen's wives of Frio county fared better. Cav Woodward, Lu O'Shea, Blackalley, Slaughters, and B. L. and Joe Crouch, all of whom drove vast herds of cattle to Kansas, saved the profits which

they invested in lands which they fenced; but best of all they gave their good wives help by building comfortable homes. Joe Crouch, a fine business man, died and left his wealth to his brother, B. L. Crouch, who was of a most benevolent disposition; he gave his fortune away in assisting every friend in need. When old age and sickness stared him in the face and his money was all gone, the boys who had worked for him and whom he had assisted to become successful business men, came to his relief. They paid all his hospital expenses, supplied every want, and laid him away in a style fitting his Christian character of benevolence and good works. What a memory of love and affection he left behind him.

Days of Peril on the Frontier

Sent to Frontier Times by Charles Hickman Haynes, Alamogordo, N. M.



STANDING in the azure heights of some prominent mountain peak of West Texas something more than fifty years ago, one could see as the eye swept every point of the compass a prospect—desolate or sublime—depending of course on the nature of the seer.

Hard by is the blackened site of a deserted Indian camp, near which is a lone grave, that marks the resting place of a nomad as nameless as the wild beasts which roam over it. Down to the right is a maze of low hills with bleak and barren tops, below which is a narrow dale which flushes green in rich rank grass almost the year round. Across the dale is a chaos of hills, whose ragged crests proudly lift themselves above the dale below. Yonder is a jagged gap in the hills, through which in its serpentine course there sweeps the blue waters of a mountain stream which shines between the torn walls like a bit of sky through rifted clouds. Dotted along the foothills, here and there, with miles of mountains and vales flung between, are the humble cabins, in which the early Texan found a wholesome and restful retreat after a day among the herds.

Night settles on the scene. Overhead the planets ride with a majesty and beauty never seen in a less rarified atmosphere. Once more the moon lifts itself above yonder mountain brown and sends its soft sheens of light across hill and vale, ushering in a beautiful though much dreaded night, for the intrepid frontiersman had long since learned that such a night was the red man's approach. Sure enough, yonder in the distance are the skulking shadows of several Indians, who, with noiseless tread are bent on errand of death or thievery.

Into such an environment as this, Char-

les P. Haynes went when a mere boy, with his father Charles Haynes Sr., who came from New York to Texas in 1836. Young Haynes was born in Gonzales County, July 30, 1845. At 6 years of age he moved with his parents to Lockhart; after a few years he moved with his father out into the southern part of Llano County (Blanco County after 1858) and settled in the old Comanche or Crownover neighborhood, where for the most part Mr. Haynes has since lived.

In 1852, Hickman and Jemima Dunman moved to Texas and settled in what is now called the "Wolf's Crossing" neighborhood on the Colorado River, where at that time only one white man—Father Dancer, a Methodist preacher—lived. In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dunman was a bright active little girl—perhaps the first child to be carried into these wilds. Sarah Dunman, for this was her name, afterward became the wife of young Haynes, the young couple marrying August 30, 1865. Immediately after their marriage they settled on the Johnson fork of the Llano river, and to this day a portion of their old log cabin and rock fence is still standing—the first house they built after their marriage.

Early in life young Haynes turned his attention to stock raising. His first sale of cattle was to Mr. Tuttle, to whom he delivered a bunch of 4-year-olds at \$10 per head. He sold yearlings at \$1 per head. At one time cattle so deperciated in price that it no longer paid the settlers to drive their cattle to market; however, the cowboys, refusing to be without employment, hunted and shot down wild steers for their hides alone. Young Haynes carried a load of these hides to San Antonio, which he sold for sixty or seventy dollars. The boys found genuine sport in chasing these wild steers through the roughs and bringing

them down, either with the lariat or rifle.

While yet a boy Mr. Haynes became a worthy service for his State in this employment. While in the Ranger service the young man's headquarters was at Camp San Saba and though only 17, the boy got some experience in Indian fighting. With several others the young man went on a scouting trip for Indians. One day, and while very thirsty, they were headed toward a low vale, in search of water, when they saw in the distance two men, whom at first they took to be white men, but on closer inspection they proved to be Indians who had killed a cow and were cutting up the beef and strapping it on a horse.

Seeing the white men, the Indians mounted their ponies and galloped away, throwing the beef right and left from the pack horse. The Texans spurred their steeds and swept after them. Code Phillips, one of the Rangers, was riding a very swift horse and soon pulled away from the other boys. As young Phillips swept up close to the Indians, one red man turned abruptly in his saddle and sent an arrow flying at Phillips, which struck the Ranger's horse in the breast. At the same moment a bullet from the young man's six-shooter crashed through the Indian's body. The Indian was game and, stayed with his horse though the blood was streaming down his body and dripping from his feet. Being better mounted, Phillips, with his fellow Rangers, were soon at the heels of the red man's horse, who had now turned down a rough hollow. The savage jumped from his horse and ran across a small ravine, wheeled about and said in good English: "Go away and let me alone. You've already killed me."

The scout commander, not wanting to further harm the red man, replied, "Put down your bow," whereupon the Indian acted as if he were going to comply with Captain O'Briens command, but instead he sat down and slipped the bow between his feet (he had been shot through one wrist) and was trying to fit and shoot an arrow therefrom. The next moment he fell back dead, for another bullet had found its way into his body. He was willing to die rather than surrender. The Indian wore strands of horse hair woven into his own glossy locks. His hair was bound in a silver clasp which shone as he rode ahead of the Rangers. Speaking of this, Mr. Haynes said: "I have always believed this was a white man living among the Indians."

Young Haynes, enlisted as a soldier at 18; he was in Captain O'Brien's company and Colonel McCord's regiment. However, he had no chance to do any fighting.

It may be of additional interest to the reader to learn that it is likely that Mr. Haynes is the only living man who followed the trail and discovered the bodies of

the victims of this horrible massacre. It was late in the afternoon of February 5, 1868, that Mrs. Friend (the daughter of Father Dancer), whose home was in Legion Valley, about fifteen miles from Llano, was at the cowpen in company with other women and children, when they were startled by the appearance of about fifteen Indians. The women and children hastened to the house. Mrs. Friend attempted to shoot one of the red men but the gun was wrestled from her hand. The Indian now attempted to shoot her, but the plucky woman knocked him down with a smoothing iron. The brave woman was now shot with an arrow in the breast, severely cut across the hand and shot through the arm. She was then scalped and left for dead. One barbarous wretch, fearing the woman was still alive, returned to her and wrenched the arrow from her breast, after which the Indians took away the following persons prisoners: Mrs. Boy Johnson and child, a Miss Townsend, Malinda Cordle, and Mrs. Friend's little boy. Mrs. Friend recovered sufficiently to walk to the Widow Johnson's, one and a half miles distant, where twenty-four hours later she received the attention of a physician. After the news of this deed spread many presented themselves to go in search of the savages. Mr. Haynes tells of following their trail as follows:

We followed the trail toward Cedar Mountain. At the foot of this mountain we found the body of Mrs. Johnson's baby. Following the trail up the mountain side, we came to a place where the Indians had killed Mrs. Babe Johnson's little girl. She was lying on a large flat rock as if asleep. Reaching the top of the mountain, we found that the trail led in a southerly direction.

"After traveling three or four miles we went off the mountain in 'Cut Off Gap.' The Indians pushed some of the stock they carried with them down a steep bluff, so steep we dared not follow. In this gap we found the body of Mrs. 'Boy' Johnson, who had been lanced and scalped. One hundred yards further on we found the body of Mrs. Babe Johnson. From here we followed the trail in a southerly direction for about seven or eight miles, where in the forks of Coal Creek we found a small clip of white hair, which Mr. Townsend believed to have come from the head of his daughter. After searching for a while, all our party, save Orville Oatman and Mr. Townsend followed the trail. Messrs. Townsend and Oatman found the body of Mr. Townsend's daughter between two large rocks partly covered with smaller rocks. After trailing several miles further it was thought useless to continue on, so we returned.

By this time news of the massacre had reached Llano town, and another posse was organized, consisting of Joe Leverett, Carter Dolan, Bob Barton, Tink Mabray, Geo.

Miller and Caleb Holden. These men struck the trail where the Indians had turned west near Enchanted Rock. Here they had butchered a beef and left most of it on the ground, the posse being hungry thought it a good chance to eat, so they cut off some of the meat and started to cook it and it turned green as though it had been poisoned, so the men at once lost all taste for fresh meat, and mounted their horses and took up the trail again. They trailed the Indians out onto the Little Devils River where they found there was no chance to over take them, so they returned to Llano—Caleb Holden is probably the only one of these men now living, he is in Tularosa, N. Mex.

The little Cordle girl was kept for eight months by the Indians after which she was recovered by a body of United States Dragoons and sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., from there to Fort Arbuckle, thence to her relatives in Texas.

The little Friend boy was held by the Indians for five years, when he was recovered by his grandfather, L. S. Friend. When he was taken from the Indians the little fellow could speak nothing but the Indian dialect, he had also learned many of the customs of the Red Man.

When it is remembered that many of the early Texans were called on to endure and pass through such depths of sorrow and deeds of diabolism as these let those of us who shall enjoy the civilization bought by the blood and tears of these illustrious frontiersmen, forever enshrine them in memory, holding as sacred and priceless the sacrifices of these worthy fathers and mothers of the past.

Christmas Day, 1871, was a memorable day in Austin—a big celebration day. Many of the early settlers within a radius of seventy miles of the Capital City looked forward with unusual interest to the coming of this day.

It was to mark a new epoch in Austin's history, for on that day was to appear the first railroad train ever to enter the city. Far out in the hill country the cowboys were talking of the big event and looking forward to it with intense pleasure. Two or three days before Christmas there was a stir in the cattle camps, the boys growing jollier and more hilarious in the last hours before leaving. Mr. Haynes with his wife, took a drove of hogs to Austin, but growing impatient at the coming of the natal day, Mrs. Haynes remarked, "I must go back to my children. I had rather see them as any man's train." So the young couple departed for their home two or three days before Christmas.

To the reader who has never heard that the Indian had a humorous side to his nature, the following incident will be both instructive and interesting. It may best be told in Mr. Haynes' own way, who speaks of it as follows:

"In the summer of 1873 while Tom Shu-

gart, George Martin, brother Ralph and I, together with a negro man, were threshing a crop of wheat on the Martin Ranch, one night, as the moon was shining, we thought it best to tie our horses near us. After falling asleep we were awakened by the firing of guns. In a half dazed way we rose from our pallets and ran, some in one direction, others in another. Some Indians had crept up close behind a cluster of bushes and opened fire on us. The negro was the first to rise and ran, and he was shot before reaching a hiding place. His wounds were not serious. The Indians rushed down on us—or where we were—for we had gone. They broke our horses loose and drove them away. Brother Ralph and I returned to our pallet after the Indians had passed on. On reaching our pallets we could see the Indians in the distance and heard them laughing heartily, as we supposed, at the way they made us track it from our pallets. I found that the quilt under my head where I slept had eight bullet holes in it—all made, however, by one bullet, as it was doubled several times. George Martin ran toward a small washout in the field, but remarked: "I found that was no place to hide from Indians, so I broke for the house, clearing the fence with no trouble. I felt that I could outrun any pony I ever saw from there to the house—about a quarter of a mile away. These Indians had taken out two or three panels of fence so as to have no delay in driving the horses away.

In the late summer or early fall of 1870 Indians became troublesome to the settlers in Blanco County. One moonlight night Mr. Haynes hobbled his horses in a small "pocket" about 100 yards from the house. Before retiring he heard one of the horses neigh and, suspecting the Indians were close around, he buckled on his six-shooter and crept out to his horses; finding they were coming out of the pocket, he caught them and carried them back to the house, where he tied them in an old shed room by the house.

Early next morning it was found that a number of horses were missing from the neighborhood, the Indians making a successful get-away with them. The settlers were soon in pursuit of the depredators. On leaving the neighborhood the Indians went in a southerly direction. Their trail was followed to the old Round Mountain and Johnson City Road, which they crossed, but practiced a bit of strategy in crossing, which threw the Texans off their trail. Instead of crossing in a body they scattered and crossed at a number of places, which covered their trail. It happened that some range horses were in this section, crossing the road the night before. This trail the Texans by mistake followed for some distance, when a number of the trailers, becoming discouraged, gave up the chase. Mr. Haynes with thirteen others

determined if possible to run down the red marauders.

After consultation it was decided that the Indians had gone into the "Rough Bend" section on the Perdenales River,



Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Haynes

that locality affording them a good hiding place. The cattlemen rode off in the direction of that section. Mile after mile they traveled without finding any trace of the redmen. Sometime after the middle of the afternoon, while riding slowly along through the banks of the Perdenales River, the white men came unexpectedly face to face with the Indians, who also were riding leisurely along with their blankets thrown over their heads to protect them from the intense heat.

Sighting their white foemen the Indians, fifteen in number, galloped away, and all save one vanished out of sight in a few seconds. The Indian who was left behind was riding a small black horse which, instead of running, began to pitch. As the Texans gazed at the antics of the horse, the Indian flung himself lengthwise on the back of his horse and began firing his six-shooter between his steed's hind legs. The horse needed no further coaxing to run, for he shot away like a black streak through the woods, followed by the white men.

No rougher country was there in Texas than that in which the Indians were located. Rocks, ravines, corries, caverns overgrown and half hidden by cedars and undergrowth, were here, there, in fact, apparently everywhere. Into these roughs, till this day, no horse need attempt to go save the surefooted steed. If the Comanche Indian, at that time called the world's best rider, not infrequently resorted to such wilds as these to hide or slip away from his white foeman, yet he was to learn—and learn well—that the early Texan refused to permit even the Comanche and

his horse to go where he dared not attempt to follow with his trusty cow pony.

Out into these roughs the Indians galloped, hotly pursued by the white men. The crack of six-shooters, mingled with the weird war whoops of the savages, told that the ensanguined conflict was on. The redskins were quickly appraised that their unearthly yells did not effect the steel-nerved Texans, whose bullets were whistling like hailstones about them. Down goes a redman's horse—the rider was supposed to be the chief, Columbus Patten, one of the white men, came in close to this Indian, when both men, now facing each other, strove to put in the first shot. The chief was the first gun to fire, wounding, though not seriously, the white man. Another bullet from a redman's gun sent a Mr. Haddeman, one of the Texans, to his death. Yonder an Indian reels and falls from his horse, but refuses to stay aground; he leaps astride his steed and is gone. Dever Harrington, a boy, feels a sharp pain in one of his limbs, where he discovers that a bullet had torn its way through the calf of his leg.

Mr. Haynes fires at an Indian whose shield saves him from death. As the battle fiercely rages again and again his gun flashes forth. All this time the Indians were plunging their horses down rocky ledges, up slippery mountain sides, in desperate attempts to shake their death-dealing foe from their heels, but 'twas no use, for the nimble-footed cow pony crashed across the rock-floored ravine flashing fire from the rocks with the iron-fenced hoof; rushed along shaggy ledges, that at times rocks dislodged by hoofs went flying down dark cavern walls. On they followed up the steep hard by gloomy corries, down dangerous defiles into the deep gloom of some dark canyon, till only eight of the fifteen redskins were known to escape from the country.

Mr and Mrs Haynes reside in the northern part of Blanco County, where they have lived for about one-half century. They are the father and mother of six children—Alice and Laura, deceased; Mrs. George Shelley, Leon and Albert (Bert) Haynes of Round Mountain, Tex; Charles Hickman of Alamogordo, N. M.; Mr. Haynes has two living brothers, John, who lives near Brownwood, Tex; Henry, who lives near Llano, Tex. In this sketch the reader has read of a man who represents a class which is rapidly passing away—

This is copied, with a few additions and corrections from an article published in the San Antonio Express of December 10, 1916 and written by N. G. Ozment.

Since the article above was written Mr. and Mrs. Haynes have both passed away, Mrs. Haynes at the age of 77, and Mr. Haynes at the age of 80 years. Also John Haynes passed away in San Antonio in 1925.

The Taylor Boys

J. B. Polley, Floresville, Texas.



AMONG the many whom the Civil War, as waged here in Texas, spared to die "with their boots on," few cut a wider swath than Hays and Do'boy Taylor. If the latter and younger had another given name, it remained in "innocuous desuetude" while he lived, and was buried with him; at least, the writer never heard him called by it. They were brothers, but of temperaments almost diametrically opposite.

Hays grew up to be a quiet, reticent, undemonstrative young fellow, always good-humored and polite when with friends, but never hesitating to shoot at an enemy—Do'boy, to be noisy, talkative, boastful and quarrelsome, never caring, seemingly, what row he kicked up when Hays was on hand to do the fighting. This, Hays was always willing to do, for although so different from his brother, he esteemed him a hero incapable of wrong, and so never stopped to inquire into the merits of any difficulty into which Do'boy got but went to shooting, and being an unerring marksman sent his bullets straight to the mark. Both brothers were short of stature, but each had a symmetrical figure, and hair and eyes black as the night. Their Confederate service was on the Texas frontier, in a company of rangers commanded by their father, who himself had served under the noted scout and ranger, Jack Hays, and had thought so well of that commander as to name his older son after him.

Into what mischief Do'boy led his brother, to get the two under the ban of the military authorities whose mission, it was to "reconstruct" the State, and whose first effort in that direction was to "put the bottom rail on top," is not remembered. Whatever it was, scarcely six months elapsed after the "surrender," before the two young men were on the watch for trouble, and very soon afterward, on the dodge from the powers that then ruled. Up to that time they had lived at their father's—afterward they took meals in houses only when they felt it perfectly safe, seldom slept under a roof, and moved to a different camping place every day. They were soon joined by others who for one reason or another objected to submitting themselves to the tender mercies of the military, and it was not long before there was a band of eight or ten. In it were one or two fellows who disregarded the distinctions between meum and teum, and now and then appropriated to their own use and benefit, without the consent of the owners thereof, such horses as their fancy. Neither of the Taylors, though, was ever accused of plain theft.

The question of rations for the band was

one of easy solution. Through their many friends they could procure all the bread they needed, and as for meat, their pistols stood them in good stead. Cattle in that day were so numerous as never to be out of sight. Mavericks—that is, unbranded yearlings—were common property until some selfish and greedy person set up an individual claim to them by marking and branding, or by killing them. Indeed, according to the ideas then prevailing among the cattle owners of the country, hunger justified any man in killing anybody's fat yearling, cow or steer except his own, in feasting upon its carcass to repletion and in leaving all that could not be eaten or conveniently carried along with him, to the buzzards and coyotes. That practice was inaugurated by the Confederate soldiery that wandered from point to point in the State either on furlough and on their way to and from their homes, or in search of a command likely to remain far away from the firing line. With such a superabundance of fat meat standing by the roadside, as though waiting to be shot down and devoured, there was little sense in burdening oneself with "scrip for the journey," for lack it as one might, one needed but a pistol and the wherewithal to start a fire in order to feast upon the rarest tidbits of the bovine carcass.

When the same soldiery came back to their homes after the close of the Civil War, they saw no reason to abandon the practice of killing the other fellow's cattle; the other fellow was killing theirs—why not they his? The practice became so general that men without even an ox to breed from, fell into it, the traveler through the country adopted it, and the teamsters, Mexican, German and American, who hauled freight from the ports into the interior, began an indiscriminate and wasteful butchery of cattle. Men who owned only horses followed suit and helped along the massacre, and it continued for several years. Then a market in the great Northwest opened up, cattle began to be worth something and cattle-men awoke to the waste going on and put a stop to it. To show how custom made law in those good old days, but one illustration is needed. In a county not a hundred miles from San Antonio, a so-called Confederate soldier applied for a pension under the State law, setting up as a reason for being entitled to it that he had been disabled in the service. Cross-questioned as to how, where and when, he stated that in the spring of 1864, he and the Captain of his company were coming home on furlough from the Rio Grande. At the close of their first day's journey, the captain being hungry and feeling that he could

really enjoy a rib roast, ordered him, the applicant, to rope and drag up near the campfire, a certain designated fat yearling whose ownership was indicated only by the map of Mexico that had been traced with a hot iron on its left side. Essaying to obey the command, the poor private's steed stepped into a gopher, or prairie dog's hole, and falling, so disabled its rider that he had never since been able to support himself by his own labor.

Although the cattlemen of the country called a peremptory halt on the indiscriminate killing of their cattle, they let the bars down on a road that led to greater loss, by themselves engaging in the practice of selling cattle to drovers without the consent of the owner. It was an "easy-to-get-rich" scheme, and it was promptly adopted by men that didn't have a cow of their own. Gathering and selling beeves became their favorite occupation and thereby they laid the foundations of the fortunes they are now enjoying. True, there was a stock law in force, under which bills of sale, stating the mark and brand of each animal sold, had to be recorded in the office of the County Clerk of the County in which the herd was sold. But it was easy to delineate brands and marks in such a way as to be unrecognizable, easy to avoid owners, or when they were met, not to have one's books along, or the money on hand to pay. Thus it transpired that out of every thousand head of cattle sold by self-constituted agents, not over two hundred were ever paid for—the amounts uncollected, of course, remaining in the pockets of the wily agents. Besides, the beef being a wanderer by nature, ever on the go in search of more succulent grass, or better protection from wintry cold, animals were sold in counties south of San Antonio that belonged to people living 100 and 200 miles north of that city. These could not afford the long journeys necessary to examine records and find the dodging so-called agents.

This new industry opened a wide field to the Taylors and their crowd, and while not abandoning the practice of killing somebody else's brute whenever they wished a mess of fresh meat, they went into the new business without any limitations save those required to keep them out of the clutches of the civil and military authorities. It was while they were thus engaged, on the dodge, and shifting camp from place to place, that Do'boy fell in love with and wooed and won the hand and heart of a very handsome girl of good family. It was an elopement both from forbidding parents and watchful minions of the law as then administered. The wedding ceremony was performed on the prairie, the contracting parties sitting on their horses and the honeymoon was spent in camp. Whether the lady ever sought to wean him from the lawless course into which he had fallen is not

known, but it is certain that she shared all of Do'boy's many ups and downs and stayed by him to the last.

During the time they were buying and selling other people's cattle, the band set up camp in the mountains near the town of Mason, where several companies of soldiers were stationed under command of Major Thompson. One day Do'boy, Hays and one of their companions visited the little town. It was agreed between them that they should avoid any row with the soldiers, who were camped a mile from the town. Hays Taylor never drank to excess, but Do'boy and the companion with them were too fond of liquor to be as abstemious as they should have been in the place where they were. Growing weary of witnessing revelry in which he did not care to engage, Hays borrowed a newspaper from the saloon they had entered, and going outside, sat down on the ground, and his back against a hitching post, began to read. A few minutes later a Sergeant and half a dozen privates approached the saloon, and seeing them coming, Do'boy and the companion who we'll call Jones—joined Hays on the outside.

As the squad of soldiers came near Hays, who had never looked up but had continued to read, one of the privates with an insolence born of the license allowed United States soldiers in that day, seized the brim of Hays' hat, and giving it a jerk upward, asked: 'What the h—ll do you find to interest you, you d—d old rebel, you?'

Hays did not say a word in reply, but, pulling the brim of his hat down far enough to shade his eyes, resumed his reading. The private made another insolent remark to him, and then Do'boy, turning to the Sergeant said: "You had better call off your man Sergeant; if you don't, and that pretty d—n quick, that fellow sitting there so quietly will kill him." 'Oh, I guess he is not that bad a man,' said the Sergeant scornfully. Taking this as encouragement, the private again seized the brim of Hays' hat, this time pushing it down over Hays' eyes. This was an indignity that Hays would not submit to, and springing to his feet, he drew his pistol and shot the impudent private through the heart. Just at that moment Major Thompson, accompanied by his wife, drove up near the scene in a buggy. Seeing the private fall, he sprang from the vehicle and shouting, "Arrest that man, Sergeant—shoot him down," came running to the saloon.

Jones now thought it time for him to come into the fray, and as the Sergeant and his men advanced upon Hays, he fired at the Sergeant, but only succeeded in putting a ball through his arm. Noticing the poor marksmanship, and muttering, "Oh h—ll, such shooting as that won't do," he raised his pistol and at its crack, the Sergeant fell dead, shot through the head.

By this time Major Thompson, still shouting orders to his men, came within range of Hays' weapon, and levelling it, he put a bullet straight through the Major's head. That cleared the field, the other soldiers taking leg bail as soon as their Major fell, and not stopping to look back as they ran.

It is not known whether Do'boy Taylor drew his pistol while these tragic events were transpiring. It is believed that he did not. The moment the Major fell, Do'boy shouted, "Let's get away from here, boys—let's get away in a hurry. To this Hays, in a sneering tone and much as if he resented Do'boy's failure to join in the shooting, answered: "What's the use of hurrying? The danger is all over." And although his brother continued to urge the need of speed, Hays made no haste either in mounting his horse or in riding away from the spot where lay three men, killed by himself.

That affair rendered Mason County an undesirable camping ground for the Taylors and their band, and they came down into Wilson County. A reward amounting to about \$5000 was offered for the capture, dead or alive, of Hays Taylor, Do'boy Taylor and Jones. Such a large reward was very tempting, but it neither found a taker nor anyone willing to work for it until Captain Littleton of Helena essayed to win it. Although a Confederate to the core, now that the war was over, he was a stickler for law and order, and there could be neither while the Taylor boys were running loose on the range. The war had impoverished him as it had many others, but with \$5000 in hand he might soon recoup his losses. Therefore, animated both by a desire to do what he might toward putting down lawlessness and by a need for the reward, Captain Littleton determined to do the capturing of the Taylors and Jones. Unluckily for himself, he lacked the discretion to keep his intention concealed. Meeting a relative of the Taylors' one day, he told him of his project and even revealed some of his plans.

"Look a-here, Captain," said the relative; "the boat I came over the gulf in was loaded to the gunwales with flour, bacon, machinery and the Lord only knows what else. But big as the load was, it wasn't half as big as that you have taken on your shoulders, and I advise you to give it right up."

But the Captain was not the man to abandon, unaccomplished, an undertaking involving \$5000, merely because of risk to his life. Already he had secured promise of assistance in the perilous venture from friends of acknowledged courage and determination, and so he replied:

"Yes, it is a big load, and it may be mighty hard to carry. But my shoulders

are both broad and strong, and I'll do it or die."

Of course, the Taylors and their gang soon got wind of the Captain's intentions and set a watch on his movements. Of the soldiers then in the country they had no fear. With their spies constantly on the alert, it was but to play to them to keep out of the way of infantry. As for the cavalry, mounted on large unwieldy horses and moving always in regular formation, they were less to be feared than the infantry, because there was no danger of being surprised by them. Moreover, of whatever arm of service, the troops then in the State, officers as well as privates, had too tender a regard for their own lives to risk them in engagements with Texas desperadoes. They had been willing while the war proper lasted, to take chances in battle with organized bodies of Confederate troops, but the war was now over, and they did not propose to make any further sacrifice of blood, and least of all, of precious life, in the endeavor to put down mere lawlessness.

While the Taylor boys laughed at the idea of being captured or killed by such United States soldiers as were sent out on that mission, or by the cheaply purchasable civil officers appointed by the military, they dreaded the pursuit of Captain Littleton. He was known to be brave, resolute and persistent, cunning and resourceful, and if he once entered upon the chase would move heaven and earth to accomplish his object. If suffered to live, he would give the gang trouble, and perhaps, land some of them in a jail; therefore the gang agreed, and began planning to put the Captain safely out of their way.

It was quite a while before he gave them a favorable opportunity to make even an attempt of his life. Knowing their desperate character and that they would shrink from nothing that promised the destruction of an enemy, he remained ever on the alert. When he stirred abroad, he either traveled by night, or in company with well armed friends of approved courage. Finally, though, business of importance demanded his immediate presence in the City of San Antonio. Had the call come a week earlier, or a week later, a dozen of his friends would have accompanied him to and fro; now, some of them were absent and the others could not, without serious inconvenience, leave their homes. Too large and heavy to ride long distances on horseback, the Captain usually traveled in a buggy behind a couple of fast moving horses. In this he made his way one night to the home of his friend, Stannard, near Riddleville. Stannard consenting to accompany him, the two on the following night drove up the Eclecto to Nockenut, then and now a postoffice located in a waste of sand. Here their road intersected the "Old Gonzales Road," laid out in

1835 under the order of Gen. Santa Anna, and followed by Col. Castinado when, with a force of 150 dragoons, he went from San Antonio to Gonzales after a four-pounder cannon which he didn't get. Taking that road in the afternoon of the next day, they drove all night and reached San Antonio in safety.

The safety in which they had come thus far, made the Captain and his companion careless. It was not to avoid an attack that they had come from Nockenut in the night time—it was to avoid the heat of the July sun. The only danger to be apprehended, they thought, was in going from Nockenut back to Riddleville, and thence on to Helena, for on that part of the route would the Taylors be keeping closest watch if, as Littleton thought very unlikely, they had learned of his trip to San Antonio and the road he had taken. Therefore, the Captain and Stannard decided to return by the route they had come, and after a week's stay in the city, set out late in the afternoon of one day, expecting to reach Nockenut quite early on the morning of the next, remain there all day and take the next night for their venture to Riddleville.

In the meantime the Taylor gang was not idle. Although in his journey to San Antonio, Littleton had outwitted their spies so completely as to make pursuit of him useless, he might still be intercepted on his return, and to that end the gang schemed. How they assured themselves that the two whose lives they sought would return by way of Nockenut as they had gone, must be conjectured. That they were so assured, is evident from the length of time they lay in wait and the preparations they made for their comfort while waiting.

For fully ten miles from Nockenut, going west, the Old Gonzales Road ran through a dense forest of scrubby post oak and gnarled black jack rabbit and hickory. The sand in these woods being deep and loose, fast driving was out of the question to a man inclined to be merciful to a team. Midway of this ten mile stretch, employes of the Confederate Government had, in 1863, denuded a couple of hundred acres of land of all their timber, and from the roots of the trees felled, had sprouted a new and almost impenetrable forest which, at the date of the incidents we are relating, had grown a little higher than a man's head. The new forest lay on both sides of the road except at one point. There, the road ran for a hundred yards or so along

the northern edge of the new growth, and along the southern slope of the high dividing ridge between the headwaters of the Ecleto and those of Cottonwood and Sandy Elm Creeks. From the crest of this ridge, the ground sloped to the south so little as to leave fairly level ground for the roadway. From the same crest to the north, the slope was very abrupt. Exactly north of the point where the road ran along the northern edge of the new growth, not over sixty yards from the road nor more than thirty from the crest of the ridge, was a pocket-like depression in the middle of which there was a sweep, or wet weather springs now known as the Black Jack Spring.

Around this seep the Taylors established their camp, and judging from the signs indicating long occupancy, likely, on the very day Littleton and Stannard passed the place on their way to San Antonio. It was an ideal location for the purposes the gang had in view. Between the seep and the road, right on top of the ridge, a tree had fallen, its bushy top toward the road. This afforded ample concealment to a party lying in ambush. If the prospective victims returned accompanied by a body of troops, as it was expected they would be, the party would be fired on from the tree-top, and before they recovered from their surprise the gang could get to their horses, and mounting, escape into the sandy, thick-timbered wilderness to the north; if on the other hand, they came unattended, the gang could rush out on them and put them to death without a risk.

From the Alamo at San Antonio, the Old Gonzales Road ran due east—from the public square in Gonzales, due west. As originally laid out, there was not a bend in it. It crossed the Cibola at a ford just above which, in 1851, J. F. Tiner built his dwelling house. Going west from the ford, it passed between the old Bowers and Napier places—the Port Lavoca and San Antonio road joining it there. Two miles further on it ran to the left of the old Chain Pump which supplied water for the stage horses kept at the stage-stand nearby, crossed the Chupendaris at the old Grayson place, the Salado, at the Lee place, and thence, on by way of the Powder House, to the city. A few years after the happenings we are relating, we were hunting cattle in the range around the Black Jack Spring, and in company with a young man, the son of one of the early pioneers who start-

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ed from Gonzales to the relief of the ill-inquiry into the details. The truth is, that fated defenders of the Alamo, rode to it, along about that time the surest way for a young man told us that his father had a young fellow with a Confederate record to once shown him the place and said, that within a few hundred yards of the seep, that rescuing party met Mrs. Dickinson, trudging along on foot with the "Child of the Alamo" in her arms, and were informed that the Alamo had fallen, and that she and her child, and a negro that accompanied her were the only survivors.

Never dreaming that the gang had become aware of all their movements, had spies at San Antonio on the watch, and were lying in wait for them. Littleton and Stannard felt no fear, and were in high good humor as about sunrise they drove slowly along the road near the spring. Just as they came opposite the fallen tree Stannard made some humorous remark. Throwing his head back to laugh the louder at it, Littleton heard a sound on his left, and looking in that direction, saw half a dozen mounted men, each with a pistol in his hand, dashing at full speed toward the buggy. Stannard saw them at the same time. Both men reached for their pistols, then under the buggy seat, Stannard, who was driving, dropping the lines. When two persons, though, seated in the same buggy make a simultaneous attempt to reach under its seat, their heads are apt to bump together. This was the case now, and before either found his pistol the gang was firing. Had their pistols been within easy reach, there was ample time after they saw the gang coming for each of them to have fired several shots, and as each was game to the backbone and an expert with a six-shooter, it is likely that several of the attacking party would have been killed, and possible, that Littleton and Stannard would have won the fight, notwithstanding the odds against them. As it was, before either laid hand on his pistol and straightened up, he was killed, Stannard's corpse tumbling out of the buggy as the team, frightened by the firing, broke into a run—Littleton's remaining in the buggy until, having followed the narrow road without swerve to right or left, the exhausted animals came to a stop in front of house three miles or more from the scene of the tragedy.

It is merely an assumption based upon circumstantial evidence and the reported admission of some of those supposed to have been engaged in the affair, that the Taylors and their gang killed Littleton and Stannard. They were accused of it at once, and so far as is known, never denied the perpetration of the crime. But how was it known that Littleton was laughing so loudly, two seconds before he was shot? As to this we can neither swear nor affirm. It was a long time ago, and we had so many troubles of our own in those days that, although the killing occurred within five miles of our home, we made but scant

secure exemption from suspicion and consequent surveillance, was to mind his own business. Confederate records were not then considered as the highest of recommendations to the confidence of the powers that were. On the contrary, the Reconstructionists of the day deemed it so incriminating, that when to it was added the merest scintilla of inculpatory evidence, it put the weight of the testimony squarely against one. Therefore, we did not sally forth in search of facts of the killing but just waited for them to be mistaken, but if our memory is not a long way at fault, the fact that Littleton was laughing was told by a lady who claimed to have been driving along in a buggy or wagon and to have heard and witnessed all that was said and done. Who the lady was, where she came from and whither she was going we are unable to say; nor will we either swear or positively affirm that any lady was in sight or hearing—our recollection about it being so vague.

The putting out of the way of Littleton and Stannard—men engaged directly in the service of the Reconstructionists—raised a great commotion in military circles. Companies and squadrons of mounted troopers were sent out to run down and capture or kill the Taylors, the supposed perpetrators of the crime. To the aid of the soldiery came the State police, then under command of a man, once a Confederate soldier. Between the soldiers and the police, the Taylors were kept in such a state of alarm and unrest that they decided to leave the country just as soon as they could round up a bunch of horses to carry along with them. It was while engaged in the rounding up that Hays Taylor was killed. Hearing shots in the direction of the place he knew Do'boy to be, Hays exclaimed: "They have killed Do'boy, I reckon, and now, damn them, I'll see how many of them I can send to hell before they kill me," and, pistol in hand stalked away to make good his threat. But neither the soldiers nor the police cared to face him on open ground. Hearing the beat of a horse's hoofs, and rightly surmising that Hays Taylor was the rider, they hid behind a fence, so covered by vines as to afford a safe refuge. Hays rode straight to the fence, the reins of his bridle held between his teeth, and approaching within twenty feet of it and not seeing anybody, drew rein and turned his steed broadside to the fence. In that second a volley rang out, one bullet passing through Hays' body, another breaking his right arm. The shock of the bullets caused him to drop the reins and his horse, taking fright, began to run. With his left hand, the pistol still in its grasp, he caught the reins, and a hundred and fifty yards from the fence brought

the animal to a stand, and reeling, fell heavily to the ground. When the cautious soldiers and police dared approach the spot where lay he was still alive and met their gaze with a smile of defiance. In a few minutes he was dead.

But Do'boy was neither killed nor captured, as he might have been but for the cowardice of the attacking party. His horse was killed, but he jumped up behind a companion and the doubly loaded horse soon carried him beyond pursuit. Although Do'boy had always posed as the leader of the gang, it was Hays Taylor who had held it together. He dead, the gang scattered, and Do'boy was left to find his own way out of his difficulties. Texas decidedly unsafe as an abiding place, the reward for his capture not withdrawn and being enticing enough, he feared to tempt one or the other of his old crowd to betray him; he went to Georgia. What adventures befell him among the "goober grabblers" is not known.

Soon after the death of Hays Taylor, and while Do'boy was supposed to be yet in his old range on the Ecleto, a detective who gave his name as Bell sought and obtained employment as a hostler at the stage stand kept by the father of Do'boy's wife. The little lady, now the mother of two children, was making her home with her father at the time, and although, of course, Bell endeavored to conceal the fact that he was a detective and on the lookout for her husband, soon penetrated his design. A month or two after Do'boy's departure, she set out to join him, accompanied by her children. Bell put on another disguise, and following her, managed to get on the same train she took at New Orleans. As he had sat just across the aisle from her all the way and she had not, apparently, recognized him, just before they got to Atlanta he accosted her and offered to assist her with the children when she left the train at that city, which he knew from her questions to the conductor, she intended doing. That she would be glad to accept his assistance he had no doubt, for in the disguise he wore he appeared to be quite an old man. Did she accept his offer there was the chance that she would lead him straight to his quarry.

When Bell made the offer, though, Mrs. Taylor looked him squarely in the eye and said: "You are mightily mistaken, Mr Bell, if you think I don't know you and your object in offering your services to me. You are after my husband and you want me to help you find him. But you might as well go back to Texas. Your game has flown, for recognizing you the moment you got on the train at New Orleans, I wired Do'boy from the next station that you were coming and by this time he is where you'll never find him."

She told the truth, for Bell never did find Do'boy Taylor, although often in the

same town with him. That Do'boy feared Bell's pursuit is shown by the story he told on himself at Pleasanton after he had voluntarily surrendered and given bond, which, by the way, was not until the white people of Texas held the reins of the State Government again.

"I was in Shreveport one day," he said, "sitting on a box in front of a grocery, whittling. While there, a young man passed me several times, each time looking at me with an intentness that was both embarrassing and alarming. I didn't know him from Adam's off ox and naturally took him for an enemy. By and by, though, he stopped and asked: 'Ain't you Do'boy Taylor?' 'I am not,' said I, 'but you can call me that if you want to—any old name will do me.' The fellow walked away a few steps and then came back and said: 'I believe you are Do'boy Taylor, and I want to tell you it's time for you to hike for tall timber—Bell is in this town, he knows you are here, and is on the watch for you.'

"Well, sir, that kind of talk scared me plumb out of my senses. Although the fellow evidently stood ready to befriend me, I didn't ask who he was or for any help, but just got off that box and scooted out of town on foot, not daring to go to the livery stable after my horse, lest Bell be there and nab me. That night I made a bee-line for Texas. But I soon found I was not built for footing it, and so, coming after good dark, to a lot by the side of the road in which there was an all-fired good mule that somebody had just taken the saddle off of, I caught the brute, and not waiting to find a bridle or saddle, tied a long Mexican sash around his lower jaw, and mounting, rode away as fast as I could. It was the finest saddle animal I ever straddled, and as I had plenty of money, I decided to buy a saddle and bridle and ride it home. About sunrise next morning I struck a house in the piney woods and a husky looking old fellow coming out at my call, I asked if I could get my mule fed, get breakfast for myself, and buy a saddle and bridle.

"Well, sir, I got the mule fed and a tip-top breakfast, but I didn't buy any saddle and bridle. Just as I finished eating, that old cuss held a pistol to the back of my neck, ordered me to put my hands behind my back and then made his old woman tie them there, hard and fast. That all done, he told me that the mule was his property; that his son had put in the lot where I found it, and that as I had stolen it, he was going to carry me to the sheriff. He was the damndest and hardest-hearted old cuss I ever had dealings with, for it cost me a hundred and twenty dollars of the \$150 I had in gold belted around me, to buy off from him."

It is not believed that Do'boy Taylor was ever brought to trial. There was absolutely no proof to be had that he himself had

ever taken or conspired with others to take life. He got his come-uppance, though. Getting too drunk one day to be sensible, he made an assault on a man as

brave as Hays Taylor had been, and as result of the encounter was not only killed in self-defence, but with his own pistol, by the assaulted party.

The Fight at Cibicu Creek, Arizona

Hollywood, California.

Editor Frontier Times,
Bandera, Texas.

Dear Sir:—Your issue for June contains a partial account of the fight at Cibicu Creek, Arizona, in 1881, by Mrs. G. M. Allison, in a description of an Indian fight under the heading, "Indian Fight Near Globe, Arizona." It may be that I can tell you something of the Cibicu affair which may be of interest. At the time of the fight my father, the late Colonel Gilbert C. Smith, U. S. Army, was a Captain and Post Quartermaster at Fort Grant, Arizona, and I was a boy between eleven and twelve years of age. I can vividly recall that an Apache scout arrived at the post (which was then a station of some of the 6th Cavalry, part of which regiment had been engaged with the Indians at the Cibicu) with the news of the revolt of the scouts. And more vividly do I recall an incident connected with three Apache scout prisoners taken at the Cibicu and sent to Grant for incarceration and trial, and, ultimately, their hanging. Of this more later.

First, from data in my possession, a short account of the Cibicu fight: In the summer of 1881, an Apache medicine man, Nockay-det-Klinne, had been promising to raise the dead and drive out the whites, and was growing rich on the credulity of his fellow tribesmen. General Eugene A. Carr (Brigadier General, U. S. Volunteers in the Civil War) Colonel of the 6th Cavalry, was sent from Fort Lowell, near Tucson, to Fort Apache to handle a most delicate situation. Nockay-det-Klinne was summoned several times to appear before Agent Tiffany at San Carlos, but ignored all orders, and retired to his camp on Cibicu Creek, forty miles from Fort Apache. Tiffany requested General Carr to arrest the medicine man.

On the 29th of August General Carr paraded his little force of seventy-nine soldiers and twenty-three Indian scouts (Apaches), and marched to Cibicu Creek. When near the Indian camp the well known chief, Sanchez, rode out and met the officers with whom he shook hands, and then deliberately rode along the column and counted Carr's men. While Sanchez was thus engaged Apaches were noted to approach the command from behind bushes and rocks. Carr directed Capt. Hentig to warn them away, and as the latter entered on this duty he was shot and killed by a young Apache buck, which pre-

cipitated a hand-to-hand encounter in which the troops fought two to one, the scouts having joined Nockay-det-Klinne's reserves. In the melee General Carr shouted: "Kill the medicine man!" which was done by a young trumpeter, after the Indian had been shot by Sergeant McDonald, who in turn was shot through both hips. The Indians were driven off, but not until Capt. Hentig and six soldiers had been killed. That the loss of the soldiers was not greater was due, it was said by all present, to the bravery and coolness of General Carr, who had a Civil War record for reckless courage.

At this fight was present the fifteen-year-old son of Col. Carr, the late Clark M. Carr of Albuquerque, New Mexico, a boyhood friend of mine, and his bravery was commented on at the time and afterwards by the officers and men of the command. Mr. Carr in later years had a saw-mill in the Zuni Mountains in New Mexico, and often visited me, and I as often returned his visits, when I was stationed at Fort Wingate, near his mill, when I was a Captain in the 14th Cavalry.

Now about the three prisoners who were brought to Fort Grant: Those rebel scouts were named Dandy Jim, Skippy, and Scar Face Charley. As before stated, these men were brought to Grant for trial, and were hung there. On one occasion my mother was going to the post trader's store to make a purchase and had to pass by the guard house. One of these prisoners (and if I recall correctly it was Skippy) was sitting at the iron barred window. As my mother came opposite the window he called and motioned her to come to the window, and as she did he took from his neck a string of shell and turquoise beads, saying, "You take, me pretty soon hang." These beads were around home for a number of years, but were finally lost.

Like Mrs. Allison, I can say that though nearly fifty years have passed since the Cibicu affair, it all seems but yesterday because of the impression made on a boy's mind in stirring times.

C. C. SMITH,
Colonel U. S. Army, Retired.

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The Last Detachment of Indian Scouts

If there be those who believe that there is no sentiment in the War Department, and that all things are made subservient to military exigencies and ultra modern efficiency, let them learn of their error by considering our detachment of Indian Scouts stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. For, out there where something more than just a mere tradition of frontier days still lingers in the air, the government maintains as an organization a little detachment of sixteen privates, two corporals, and one sergeant, officially known as the Indian Scouts, consisting entirely of full-blooded Red Men, constituting a component of the Regular Army as provided for in so late a document as the National Defense Act of 1920.

While individual Indians may and do enlist in the Regular Army along with other citizens, this organization, in the ranks of which none but those of the blood may serve, is a unique institution in our military establishment, historic in significance and existing in an age no longer requiring the type of service which the original unit was wont to render. With the disappearance of the frontier as the march of pioneers carried the banners of civilization ever farther to the westward, and as the Red Man left his erstwhile haunts on the plains and in the valleys of the mountains, the necessity for the lynx-eyed aboriginal scout also passed.

Where slightly more than a generation ago the buffalo roamed the prairie and nomad native tribes held high councils in wigwam villages that sprang up and vanished in the space of a moon, one today finds quiet country homes surrounded by broad acres of well-ordered farms centered around cities athrob with commercial and industrial activity. In such a setting, where all is well ordered and peaceful, it is hard to find a practical place for the Indian Scout. Yet he is there—living evidence that in the efficient body of the War Department there exists a soul that feels and appreciates.

Living practically as their ancestors did before the coming of the European, the little band of nineteen braves carries on at Fort Huachuca, a part of the Service troop of the 10th Cavalry, performing all their military duties efficiently and faithfully, differing from other soldiers only in that they prefer to live in tents rather than on modern ranges, and choose to hunt on the plains for their meat rather than draw it from the Quartermaster.

The majority of the detachment are veterans, having from ten to twenty odd years' service with the colors. Many of them recall the time when every general commanding in the West depended upon his scouts for guides and interpreters in dealing with tribes on the rampage. Looking back, they may well be proud of the

service they have rendered. And the War Department may find pleasure in reflecting that it has rewarded the faithful in that it has decided to keep these men in the service for life, and perpetuate their fame by keeping the ranks of their organization full by original enlistment as vacancies occur.

The roll call of the organization, as given below, presents a strange mixture of Anglo-Saxon and typical Indian names:

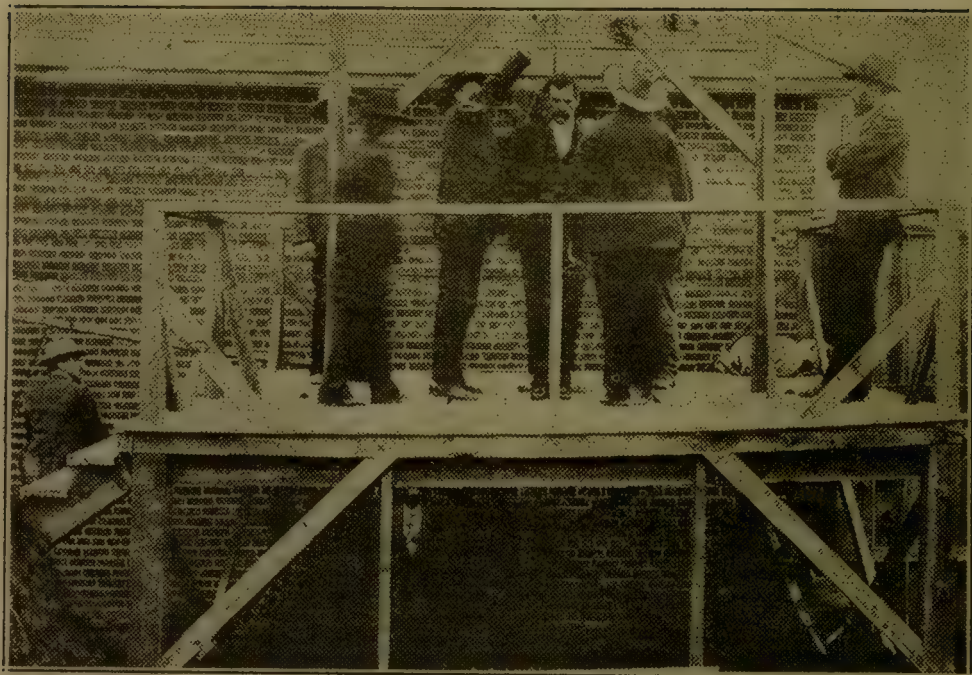
Sergeant Eskipbygojo; Corporals Chow Big and Charles Bones; Privates Joe Adley, Ivan Antonio, Jess Billy, Hugh Bond, Julius Colelay, Deklay, Tonay James, Kessay, Jim Lane, William Major, Andrew Paxon, Alejo Quintero, Sinew, L. Riley, Benson Sisto, Thomas Sye, Silas E. Tenieth.—Recruiting News, March 15, 1928.

From S. P. Elkins.

Ex-Ranger S. P. Elkins, Route 4, Box 126, Tishomingo, Oklahoma, writes: "I don't see anything in your magazine about things which happened in 1870 and 1871. There were Rangers then during E. J. Davis' administration as governor, when Texas was under martial law. I was a member of Company E, Capt. J. M. Swisher's company. We were stationed in Coleman county, with headquarters at Camp Colorado; we had a little picket station on the Concho river where it emptied into the Colorado. We did not have much fighting to do, but we followed a bunch of Indians six days and caught them on the seventh day and had a fight. We captured 28 head of horses, piled 10 Indian saddles on the prairie, and got a lot of blankets. I had a few relics but most of them are gone except one scalp, an arrow and a bow string. There were two citizens with us in the fight. Sam Gholson and a man named Brown were wounded. L. P. Sieker and Ed Sieker both belonged to J. M. Swisher's company. This was in 1870 and 1871. In 1874 we three joined Captain Rufe Perry's company; Dan Roberts was our first lieutenant. Only four of us are now living out, of sixty-two men who were with Swisher. I could relate a great deal if you would like to have it, but my eyesight is so bad I can hardly write. I am 84 years old, and use no specks. Best wishes to you and your most welcome magazine."

We would indeed be pleased to have Captain Elkins send us some of his reminiscences for publication in Frontier Times. This little magazine is for the old time Rangers as much as for anybody else. The Old Guard made history in Texas, and we want all of that history we can get.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published anywhere.



THE HANGING OF "BLACK JACK" KETCHUM.

The above picture is an actual photograph of the hanging of Tom Ketchum (Black Jack) at Clayton, New Mexico, in 1900. Ketchum was convicted of the crime of train robbery and sentenced to death. When the trap was sprung Ketchum's body shot through with such force that he was decapitated. A story of this noted desperado will appear in Frontier Times soon.

John Young in Reminiscent Mood

Alpine, Texas, May 21, 1928

Mr. J. Marvin Hunter,
Bandera, Texas,
Dear Sir and Friend;

I herewith enclose my check to renew my subscription to Frontier Times as I cannot afford to miss an issue, I usually read every item in it before laying it down. Your June issue was very interesting to me as most every article in it brings back memories of the past. Among the first brings mention of that old Injun Geronimo. I last saw him in 1886 in San Antonio when they were taking him to Florida with his whole tribe. When they sent him frog hunting among the alligators it broke his spirit, the U. S. Government could not afford to place him on a reservation any where in the West, as he was so much like a wild animal that he would have escaped at the first opportunity. I first saw him with his warriors at a distance on the Mimbres River in New Mexico, and the distance continued to increase all during that day. Most anyone's mind will ramble at times all over the world and his thoughts jump from China to Timbuctoo or Kalamazoo,

but you can always bet that for the next twenty-four hours after seeing a bunch of wild Indians his mind will not ramble from Indian.

The next page was in regard to my friend Vinton L. James. I was at that time located at old Dog Town on the Frio River. I also knew Judge Roy Bean when he was Law West of the Pecos. Also when a child I remember Grandpa D. L. Koker-not, who was our neighbor in Gonzales county on Peach Creek. I also knew most of the Montel Guards, a minute company formed in 1881 for protection against Indians on the headwaters of Nueces and Frio Rivers.

The next article was by Everett Townsend, one of my nearest neighbors. He served his time as a Texas Ranger and later as Sheriff of Brewster county, where he perhaps did as much toward enforcing the laws in the Trans-Pecos country of the Big Bend as any man living today. He was writing you about that old frontiersman, Joe Moss. I first knew Joe on Johnson Fork of Devil's River in 1889, where he owned the first ranch in Crockett county.

It was he who killed the last buffalo ever seen on Devil's River. He had no neighbors at that time, but in 1890, several more people moved in and we organized the county and elected Joe county surveyor. Joe told me at the time that cattle would do no good with so many people in the country, so he sold his ranch and later moved his cattle to the Glass Mountains. Neighbors moved again and he moved his cattle to Chisos Mountains in the Big Bend in Brewster county, and located high up in the mountains where it was so rocky that the cattle's feet got sore and he had to keep most of them shod like a horse, but in the meantime he was raising children. He was a firm believer in education, so he moved his family to Alpine in order to give them the advantages of an education. He later served as county surveyor of Brewster county, but has now passed on to join the great majority where there will be no frontier to redeem. I hope that some of his old comrades will see the article by Everett Townsend and assist Mrs Moss in securing a pension to which she is justly entitled.

The next article was "A Cow Puncher of the Pecos" Fred S. Millard. I often slept under the same saddle blanket with Fred and know him to be a man who never shirked a duty. A horse fell on him a few years ago, breaking several bones, from which he has never entirely recovered, I hope all my old friends will write him at Dryden, Texas, for one of his books.

The next article was about Billie Dixon, the sure-enough Scout, and the hero of Buffalo Wallow. I knew Billie on the Canadian in 1878.

The next article was about the death of Ben Thompson and King Fisher. I was there but not a witness to the massacre, for it was nothing else. As I remember, it was in the spring of 1884, John Wilson and I had taken a drove of horses from Oakville to San Antonio, where we sold them and were just taking in the sights of the old town when we met Green Ussery and Johnnie Holland. We were all stopping at the old Southern Hotel when word was passed around that Ben Thompson and King Fisher had arrived in town with the avowed intention of closing up Old Town, especially the old Washington Theater and gambling house, which was then situated on West Commerce street just across the San Pedro Creek; also the old Green Front Saloon and Dance hall on Military Plaza near the old "Bat Cave," and more particularly the Jack Harris Saloon and Variety Theater on Main Plaza, where the Bank of Commerce building now stands. Ben Thompson at that time was city marshal of Austin and every time he got drunk, which was rather often, he would start out to clean up the town. When he started on one of these sprees the Legislature would usually adjourn for a week, the citizens would either house up or go

fishing, which would usually cause Ben to get lonesome and he would hie himself over to Santone where he could enjoy himself with men of his class. Among the men in San Antonio who were his companions as I now remember them were Tom Crome-ford, Sam Berliner, Billy Sims, Jack Harris, Joe Foster, Andreas Coy, Pink Reed and others whose names I have forgotten. A short time before this Thompson, on one of his visits to San Antonio, had killed Jack Harris, who was proprietor of the Jack Harris Saloon and Variety Show, one of the most famous resorts of vice in all Texas at that time. The friends of Jack Harris were few but they were all gunmen and had sworn to avenge his death, and when Fisher and Thompson arrived that fateful day and announced their intention of making a clean up of the town the gang proceeded to make ready for them. That night Green Ussery, Johnnie Holland, John Wilson of Oakville, and myself were sitting out in front of the old Southern Hotel when Fisher and Thompson came along and stopped for a chat with us. Thompson did most of the talking and said they were going over to Jack Harris variety show and have some fun and invited us to go with them. We all plead previous engagement. Ben insisted that we go along as there was going to be a big play at monte. We knew what that meant as Billie Sims and Joe Foster were dealers and were known to be bitter enemies to Thompson. They went on alone and we were guying each other about being afraid to go when the shooting started, and when the smoke had cleared away we went in to see results. It was nothing more than a massacre as both Thompson and Fisher were literally shot to pieces, with most of the shots in top of their heads, proving that the assassins were shooting from above them in the balcony. I heard one of the ushers say that he had instructions to reserve the seats and pilot Fisher and Thompson to them in case they came to the show. There must have been a dozen men doing the shooting. No one will ever know how many shots struck them as most of the shooters were armed with double barrel shot guns loaded with buck shot, yet Thompson, while dying pulled his gun and shot Foster in the thigh, from which he died a few days later.

After the death of Jack Harris, Billie Sims, who was not much more than a boy, took over the management of the dive. Sims was a born gambler, young, handsome as a picture, square shouldered, and always went neatly dressed, not a drop of warm blood in his veins. There was never any doubt but what Billie, Sims and Andreas Coy did their part in the shooting of Thompson and Fisher, but the plans were too well laid for proof. No one was ever convicted for this killing, but be it said to their credit, the respectable element in San Antonio made an honest effort to clean house.

JOHN YOUNG

The Old Square Dance

By Joe Sappington

The old-time country dance is about to vanish from the face of the earth. "Honor your partners, ladies to the left, all join hands and circle to the left" is now but a faint echo of the dim and misty past. Where are those of us today who once swung corner and balance all to the tune of Black Jack Grove and the Devil's Dream? Some of us are dead. Some of us are old maids, some of us are in the penitentiary, and some of us are mothers-in-law.

The memory of the old square dance gives me that sad, sweet, pensive look out of the eyes that my wife claims is caused from lack of exercise and smoking a cob pipe. I now ask my readers to give me close attention while I truthfully relate some incidents of the country dance that have come under my personal observation.

The first dance I ever attended proved fatal to a mule colt belonging to our family and was quite a shock to my own nervous system. I was about fourteen years old, my voice had begun to make a few lightning changes, when a great desire came over me to attend a dance that was to be given at Bill Jackson's who lived about nine miles from our house. I was afraid this desire would not be strengthened to any alarming extent by discussing its merits with father and mother, so I kept it a secret from them. On the night of the dance I retired as usual and along about nine o'clock I dressed and slipped out to the barn, saddled our old family mare that bore the proud distinction of being the mother of a long-eared mule colt, and left hurriedly for the dance.

I made splendid time and soon arrived at the one room log house, where the dance was already in progress. A bow-legged fiddler who seemed to be drunk was playing Black Jack Grove with great physical exertion and everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves. I never enjoyed anything as much in my life as I did that dance, and if I should live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget those ecstatic thrills that waltzed up and down my young spine while watching it. I was too shy to go on the inside where they were dancing, and contented myself by peeping through the logs from the outside. I would watch them dance for fifteen minutes at a time and then I would retire behind the smoke house and would dance until my head swam and my heels would be rubbed raw by my brogans. I took no notice to the passing of time, so absorbed was I in the dance. But finally it dawned upon me that daylight was breaking in the east; so with a mighty effort I tore myself from the gay mad whirl of the dance and started home. I soon saw that I had tarried

too long at the ball, and began crowding the old mare into a speed that would have alarmed my father's family had they seen us. I made it convenient to approach our house from the direction of our barn, and hoped to arrive there before any of my folks were up. I arrived at the barn all right and found everything looking as usual and found my father there also.

Dear reader, there are some things too painful to relate, and I shall not go into unnecessary details. The colt died in about two hours after my arrival, from being overheated, and had it not been for my mother coming to my rescue I really believe there would have been two deaths in our family instead of one lone mule. Father used an old fashioned quirt with knots in its tail on this occasion; that was why I preferred standing to sitting for two weeks afterward.

Six weeks after the death of the mule I attended another dance at the same house of Bill Jackson that came very near having a tragic ending. Bill had decided to give a fancy dress ball at his house, and to make room for the invited guests it became necessary to move the beds and all other household goods out into the prairie that extended about 345 miles due north from his house. The dance had progressed uninterrupted for several hours, the young men had distributed all of their stick candy among the young ladies; Bill had just finished dancing a jig, and Mrs. Jackson was serving hog backbones among the guests when some one on the outside yelled out that the prairie was on fire. With one impulse we all rushed out to save our host's household utensils. The relentless flames had been putting in time while we were reveling, so we fought the fire against many odds. But with all of these disadvantages we succeeded in saving two quilts, a box used for a dining table, a skillet, frying pan, two tin cups and a splendid bootjack, in fact we saved most everything of any value, and the dance went on until broad daylight. We afterwards learned that a hairlipped fellow by the name of Hawkshaw, who had failed to find a partner among the young ladies present, had conceived the diabolical plot of setting the prairie on fire, that we might be destroyed in the raging flames. But instead of it destroying us as he had plotted, he only succeeded in bringing out the heroic character of every young man present, as we all sacrificed more or less whiskers while fighting the flames.

I had a hated rival to play me a mean trick once at a dance, and if I had not been restrained by the crowd I would have mauled his head off. Dud Jenkins and I were the best dancers in the neighborhood.

and we each tried to outdo the other at every party we both attended, and at this particular dance our rivalry reached its climax. We both had our followers, and that night about midnight it was proposed that Dud and I should give an exhibition of our skill as dancers. I was not in trim for dancing on account of one of my heels being skinned from plowing in brogan shoes, but I would have done my best to have beaten Dud if both of my heels had been rubbed raw. Dud had the first go at it, and danced every step he knew to fast and furious music, and when he sat down I saw a gleam of triumph in his eyes, which said very plainly: "It's no use to try, Sap; you will never cut the mustard." But I was determined to beat Dud, even if I had to jerk both hips out of place and rupture a blood vessel to boot—in fact I would gladly have wrecked my entire system to have beaten Dud. I told the fiddler to play the Devil's Dream as fast as he could pull the bow, as my first stunt was a jig. I came in an inch of dancing my breeches off before he could slow down so I could stop. He then played in quick succession "Hornpipe," "Soap-suds Over the Fence," "Cotton-eyed Joe," "Sally Gooden," Shake that Wooden Leg, and several more tunes as tough on the human system and all the while I was keeping time, with the back step, buck and wing steps, jig steps, double jig steps, pigeon wing steps and double pigeon wing steps, besides a few fancy steps on the side that were new to me and everybody else present. When the music ceased everybody cheered and said that I had knocked Dud into a cocked hat or words of that effect. I never felt so good in my life, notwithstanding I had danced all the hide off my heels. But what did I care for a little hide? Had I not beaten my rival dancing? Didn't I hear them openly prophesying that I would some day be a dancer in a circus? But Dud did look hacked and had a mean, hang-dog look about him and soon left the dance. But the hour was growing late and after dancing some more "sets" the dance came to a close. Now the mean trick that was played on me and the one I spoke of when I started was this: When I got on my horse to go home he acted queer and humped himself and refused to move. I stuck my spurs in his sides and gave him a lift in his flanks with my quirt simultaneously and he moved all at once about fifteen feet right straight up in the air and came down with all four feet bunched and stiff-legged. I landed on my head in the hard road about twenty feet ahead of him. The horse proceeded to buck and pitch around until he had pitched himself down. When the crowd collected around him after he was through pitching to see what ailed him somebody discovered something white sticking out from under the saddle blanket. It proved to be the jaw bone of a cow that

Dud had put there just because I had "laid it on him" dancing. He swore he was not guilty, but it took the entire crowd to hold me off him, guilty or not guilty.

From J. J. Deaver.

Calallen, Texas, May 20, 1928.

Editor Frontier Times,

Dear Sir:—My daughter, Mrs. E. C. Edkins, who is on the Stevens ranch near Harper for her health, sent me a copy of Frontier Times about a year ago, to which I subscribed and enjoy reading. Two of my great uncles came to Texas before or during the Civil war; John Deaver settled in Washington county I think, and was killed by a bull; Gabe Deaver settled in Hood county, just a few miles below Granbury, and raised a large family, most of whom still live in our state and have large families. My grandfather's name was Nathaniel Deaver. When my father, Richard Albert Deaver, was called into the Civil War from Umphries county, Tennessee, my grandfather, Nathaniel Deaver (on the death of my mother) carried Pinkney Deaver and myself back to Haywood county, to our great grandmother. So all of these descendants came from North Carolina, John, Gabe and Louis Deaver. Louis Deaver has a large progeny in Bell, Coryell and Hood counties. My uncles were Jasper Deaver, Roland Deaver, and Arch Deaver, who settled in Erath county. Arch and Roland came to Erath at the close of the Civil War, and participated in an Indian fight on the head of Indian Creek, Palo Pinto county, in which seven Indians were killed or captured. I helped exterminate the buffalo, then helped build the Texas & Pacific railroad from Weatherford to Sierra Blanca. Joined the Texas Rangers under Geo. W. Baylor, December 16, 1881. Our headquarters were at Ft. Concordia and Ysleta, just below El Paso. Oliver Dampier or O. M. Dampier, was our Sergeant when I enlisted. I. G. Sibley, a nephew of Gen. Green Sibley of the Southern Confederacy, was our first or second corporal; he now lives at Leesville, La. Jas. B. Gillet of Marfa, Texas, had just quit the service at the time I enlisted. I was on detail special duty in El Paso and the city marshal, Jas. B. Gillett and Ed Scotten arrest and guard Jim and Dr. Manning—when Dallas Stoudenmire was killed. I am in my 69th year, and have a good memory of the grand march of our great State. I want to see your magazine grow. I feel that the rising generation has a great harvest to keep their everlasting well being, to live and learn, or live in history the lives their fathers have lived—the family tree. How we should strive to preserve, and not mar nor scar its grand trunk, that each branch should be imbued with that deep pride of character to keep and hold inviolate its fruits, as in Christ's parable, "they are the vine, we are the branches."

J. J. DEAVER.

Five Men Hanged at Tombstone

Arizona Republican April 18, 1928



JUSTICE in the early days of Arizona was swift and certain. Although means of communication were few and transportation had not then proceeded beyond horseback and the stagecoach, official records for the apprehension of criminals were enviable. Delay in court procedure was practically unknown.

This condition was particularly true of murder cases. Forty or 50 years ago, "murder was murder" in Arizona. Deliberate killing without cause was not condoned or excused. In contrast to the methods in use today, trails for homicide were marked by their celerity. And, usually, juries went to the bottom of each case with unerring accuracy. Murderers paid the penalty demanded by law.

An echo from this distant past was recalled last week by Ben Clark, Phoenix city jailer, himself an Arizona pioneer and one-time sheriff of Greenlee county. In running through his souvenirs, Mr. Clark turned up a timeworn pasteboard card issued 44 years ago by the then sheriff of Cochise county, J. L. Ward. The card is an invitation to the execution of five murderers, hanged in the old jail yard at Tombstone in 1884.

Simple in form, the card carries the same grim message embodied in similar invitations issued by the state of Arizona today. The form of the card is as follows:

EXECUTION OF

Daniel Kelly, Omer W. Sample,
Jas. Howard, Daniel Dowd and
William Delaney

At the Court House,
Tombstone, Arizona

March 28, 1884, at 1 o'clock p. m.
Admit Mr. Tom Sherman

J. L. WARD, Sheriff.

By A. O. Wallace.

Not transferable.

The story of the murders of five innocent people, for which the quintet were hanged, was told to Clark by the late Mrs. George Hamlin of Phoenix, herself a real pioneer. It was from Mrs. Hamlin that Clark secured the gruesome "invitation."

"Early in the month of December, 1883," Mr. Clark said, "Dan Dowd, 'Red' Sample, Tex Howard, Bill Delaney and Dan Kelly, rode into Bisbee and proceeded to rob the Casteneda Mercantile company, one of the largest of the few stores in Bisbee at that time. Two of the outlaws entertained townspeople in the street with a display of

fancy rapid-firing from their six-shooters, while their three companions ransacked the



The Hanging of John Heath.

store and filled a grain sack with money, jewelry and other things of value.

Their job completed, the five bandits rode down Tombstone canyon and onto the plains of Sulphur Springs Valley, leaving behind them one woman and four men dead in the streets of Bisbee.

"Excitement ran high and the entire population rose up in arms to avenge the wanton murder of five innocent people. The wrath of the townspeople was particularly aroused over the killing of the woman, who was loved and respected by everyone. Several posses were organized and took up the trail of the outlaws. The first posse to take the field was led by a deputy sheriff and included a gambler named Heath.

"Later events showed that Heath was a friend of the outlaws and joined the posse only to throw them off the trail. This he accomplished with the result that the posse lost several hours of valuable time.

"The bandits were finally trailed into the Chiricahua mountains where they sepa-

rated and the trail was lost. After several days of a futile manhunt, the posse returned to Tombstone and Bisbee. At Bisbee, Heath was identified by a lumber freighter as having been seen in the company of the outlaws the day before the robbery and murder orgy.

Dowd was arrested in Chihuahua, Mexico, Delaney in Sonora, Mexico, Kelly at Deming, New Mexico, Tex Howard and 'Red' Sample at Clifton, Arizona.

"Heath and the five bandits who participated in the robbery and murder were given a speedy trial. Early in February, 1884, they were found guilty. Heath was sentenced to life imprisonment and the five others were condemned to hang.

"The penalty for Heath did not suit the residents of Bisbee and a mass meeting was called at which a committee of some 40 or 50 men were appointed to correct the error in court procedure. This committee arrived in Tombstone early next morning, marched to the county jail, took possession of the outlaw and hanged him to a telegraph pole.

"Some 30 days after the hanging of Heath Sheriff Ward hanged Dowd, Sample, Delaney, Howard and Kelly from a scaffold erected in the court yard at Tombstone. Thus the participants in the 'Bisbee Massacre' paid the penalty for a heinous crime.

"In those days, technicalities and subterfuge were not permitted to clog the wheels of justice. Action was swift and certain and in this particular case we see six murderers paying the extreme penalty for a brutal crime in less than 90 days from the date of the slaying. Who can say that life and property would not be safer in Arizona today, if law enforcement machinery was accelerated to the speed that obtained in Cochise county 44 years ago?"

Another interesting record uncovered recently indicates that certain of the law enforcement officials of early Arizona days were not devoid of a sense of humor, a little grim, perhaps, at times, but none the less genuine. A striking case that reported in the "Docket" issued by the West Publishing company. The report, appearing under the caption, "Etiquette and Hangings," is as follows:

"In these soft times, when capital punishment is out of fashion, sheriffs are not frequently confronted with questions of 'hanging etiquette' such as tried the souls of some of these rough and ready officials a quarter of a century ago.

"Back in the days of the Spanish War, it became necessary for a sheriff in Arizona to conduct a hanging. The laws of Arizona made it obligatory for the sheriff to issue invitations to all legal executions, and back in 1899 the sheriff of Navajo county, Arizona, found that the 'niceties' which this situation involved were quite troublesome.

"We very much doubt whether the much-advertised books on etiquette included, at

that time or now, forms for invitations to legal hangings. The sheriff, therefore, being a pioneer in this matter of social forms for legal hangings, had to blaze his own trail, and issued the invitation displayed below.

"Copies of this invitation found their way into the hands of the governor of the territory and editors of certain newspapers. The form and language of the invitations stirred up considerable comment and the newspapers wrote some rather caustic articles, referring to the unseemly and flippant character of the invitation, and styled it such as to invite the witnesses to disport themselves in a manner which would mar the solemnity of such a serious occasion. As a result of this agitation, the governor granted the condemned man a stay of execution, until he could make a more thorough investigation of the situation.

"When the new date for the hanging had been determined upon, the sheriff, as a result of bitter experience, perhaps, proceeded with more caution, and only on the day before the hanging did he issue his corrected form of invitation.

"And, without the approval of the revised version, by the governor or the newspaper critics, the unfortunate Mr. Smiley was executed on the following day."

The first invitation, found so objectionable, was as follows:

"Holbrook, Arizona, 11-28, 1899.

"Mr. F. J. Hesser.

"You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one George Smiley, murderer.

"His soul will be swung into eternity on December 8, 1899, at 2 o'clock p. m. sharp.

"Latest improved methods in the art of strangulation will be employed and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success.

"F. W. WATTRON,

"Sheriff of Navaho County."

The corrected form of invitation, judiciously held up until the day before the execution, was bordered in black and read as follows:

"Mr. F. L. Hesser.

"With feeling of profound sorrow and regret, I hereby invite you to attend the private, decent and humane execution of a human being; name, George Smiley; crime, murder.

"The said George Smiley will be executed on January, 8, 1900, at 2 o'clock p. m.

"You are expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner, and any 'flippant' or 'unseemly' language or conduct on your part will not be allowed. Conduct on anyone's part bordering on ribaldry and tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion will not be tolerated.

"F. J. WATTRON,

"Sheriff of Navajo County."

At the top of the invitation, the following

appeared: "Revised Statutes of Arizona Penal Code, Title X, Sec. 1849, page 807 makes it obligatory on sheriff to issue invitations to executions, form (unfortunately) not prescribed."

At the bottom, the following appeared:

"I would suggest that a committee, consisting of Governor Murphy, Editors Dunbar, Randolph and Hull, wait on our next legislature and have a form of invitation to executions embodied in our laws."

Arizona Forty-Eight Years Ago

G. B. Hudson in The Arizona Republican, April 18, 1928



got our mail at a place called can, Arizona, is now located. We Middle Gila, above where Dun-1880 in what was then called SPENT THE WINTER of 1879 and Richmond, Arizona, near the Arizona-New Mexico line. The postoffice was kept by a man who said his name was Jack Darling Pancake and was located in one corner of a room about 18 feet square. In another corner of the room he sold groceries and in a third corner he dispensed Rock and Rye. Pancake's bed was located behind the door and the fourth corner of the room was occupied by a fireplace, on which he cooked tortillas and coffee.

The house consisted of only this one room and floor space was certainly limited. The mail was dumped in a box and you looked it over and fished out your own letters. It wasn't much of a job, as mail was scarce in those days. Pancake paid more attention to the sale of Rock and Rye and cartridges than to postoffice business.

A few miles below was located the "Irish Boys ranch." Shortly before we arrived in Arizona, a man had been killed and left a band of some 250 cattle. As he had no relatives, an administrator had been appointed from Tucson. This man's name was Hughes and I think he was an early Territorial governor. The cattle had been sold to R. N. Leatherwood of Tucson, who made the trip by buckboard to gather the cattle together and drive them back to his ranch. A man named Jeffords accompanied him.

This was in the early spring of 1880 and I and two other Texans were employed to help gather the cattle and drive them to Tucson. Chief Victoria had gone on the warpath with some 350 San Carlos warriors and was making things lively all over the country, as Apache usually did. We went ahead with the cattle roundup, however.

Among the men of the community at that time was a man named Frazier, who claimed he had been sent out from Chicago on some mining business. He had a good horse, saddle and gun and wore better clothes than most men of those days. His aim seemed to be to imitate the westerner in a dude style. He had pale blue eyes, light eyebrows, long, wavy, silken hair and a tongue that never tired. We named

him "Blondy." While the roundup was going on, Blondy stopped overnight at the 'Irish Boys ranch' and did quite a lot of talking on how to exterminate the Apaches. Joe Galbraith, owner of the ranch, a typical Irishman, thought it would have been fine if Blondy had come to Arizona years before he did, so he could have killed off all the Apaches, or run them out of Arizona.

Blondy went on his way and we continued with the roundup. Everybody had forgotten about him. We made quite a long drive one day to Whitlock and returned late and hungry. Joe, the cook, always cooked everything in one pot. We were all busy with the grub that night when a man ran in the back door and yelled, "Indians." Hunger vanished instantly and we all jumped up in a hurry, looked at the man and recognized him as Blondy.

But what a sight he was! He didn't have many clothes left and very little hide. He had no hat nor shoes and it looked as though he had been shot, as blood was dripping from him everywhere. It didn't take long to tell his story. When he crossed the river and stopped to let his horse drink, he said, the Indians had shot at him more than 100 times.

So away we went down the valley and a good thing it was there were no Indians there, for we straggled along one or two together and would have been easy picking for the hostiles. We reached the river, but could not find his horse, saddle, gun nor clothes. Nearby there was a cottonwood grove, a great place for Mexican bullwackers to camp en route from Clifton to El Paso. One Mexican who talked pretty good English said they had been shooting at a target and saw a man running, but didn't know what for. I guess they shot a few times to give him a good scare.

A little later we found Blondy's horse and saddle nearby and his hat, which was hanging on a mesquite bush. If I remember rightly, his coat, vest and shoes were never found. His story was that he thought he could make better time on foot through the brush and finally decided to facilitate matters by taking off his shoes. Then his coat and vest got heavy and he threw them all away. At that time all brush in the Gila valley had thorns and all the crawling and creeping things either bit or

stung. When Blondy reached the camp, his feet were swollen twice their natural size and were as raw as a piece of steak. There was no doctor near, so Joe played the part of physician. He didn't know very much about doctoring, however, and Blondy fared pretty badly. A few days later he took the stage for Silver City and that was the last I ever heard of Blondy. He lost his nerve when the guns began to pop. I don't think he ever got his coat or watch, which he said cost \$350. If anyone ever found it, they kept quiet.

The cattle were finally rounded up and we drove them by way of Solomonville through the Graham mountains near Camp Grant. Leatherwood and his two companions seemed to have plenty of money and a two-gallon demijohn which they kept full, or tried to. They would drive 20 miles to fill that jug and they insisted on everyone drinking with them and they had a knack of getting good stuff. Hughes didn't seem to drink as much as the other two. Jeffords stayed full as a hunting dog all the time. We finally landed the cattle at Leatherwood's ranch, were paid off and started on our way home, Harris, Kelly and me. Our employers treated us fine and I remember them very distinctly, although it will soon be 50 years since that time.

On the return trip we had no pack horses, nor any way to carry provisions except to tie them on our saddles. So we just bought some crackers, coffee, bacon, a tin can to make coffee and one cup, which we used by turns. We traveled no roads unless they happened to go our way. There was plenty of grass for our ponies and we used our saddle blankets for beds.

We visited the historic town of Tombstone on the return trip. The name had a weird sound and we wanted to take a look at the place. As I remember now, there wasn't much of a town, but we found a place to get a meal and some hay for our horses. We arrived there in the forenoon and had intended to stop overnight, but it seemed they didn't care much for Texans, especially the long-haired kind, in Tombstone. We noticed a group of men talking and the spokesman jerked his thumb over his shoulder in our direction, so Harris and Kelly thought we had better travel and I was ready to go. We didn't know they meant any harm, but from all the stories we had heard of Tombstone, we thought it was just as well to go.

We were not bothered and did not see anything that looked like Apaches or their sign until our last day's travel. We arrived near Whitlock shortly after sunrise and were very tired. We unsaddled, gathered some wood for fire, boiled coffee, roasted bacon and breakfast was ready. We had noticed lots of horse tracks, but were so hungry that we would rather eat than run. When we were half through with the meal, one of our horses raised his head and

whinnied. We looked up and saw men on horses, but they were a mile or more away. We naturally thought they were Indians, so swallowed our crackers and coffee on the run, threw our saddles on the ponies and got away from there as fast as we could, with the determination to stick together, no matter what happened.

We rode a couple of miles and stopped to look back expecting to see Apaches on our trail. We saw nothing of the men, however, and if they were Apaches, they had as much fun as the Mexicans did with Blondy. We kept going and in due time landed at "Irish Boys ranch" and dipped deep in that pot of "hell fire" stew prepared by Joe. He had added chili to the last pot and it was like good whiskey, improved with age.

Some Early Comanche County History.

The following bits of Comanche county history were taken from the Comanche Chief, October 18, 1873:

On the night of the 18th of December, 1854, the first two settlers of Comanche county, Jesse Mercer and F. M. Collier, struck camp in a liveoak grove one mile east of Dr. Geo. W. Montgomery's place.

"The first furrow plowed in the county was done by B. J. Holmsley in Tom Wilson's field.

"The first cabin was built by F. M. Collier.

"The first child was Thomas A. Collier, born May 30, 1855.

"The first death was a little daughter of C. H. Isham, poisoned by eating berries off of a mesquite mistletoe.

"The first man killed was J. H. Foreman.

"The first marriage was Elias Deaton and Pollie Wright.

"The first sermon was preached by B. F. Kemp, Methodist.

"Mavericking, or yearling hooking, did not start until 1858.

"The total vote of the county in 1871 was 143.

"The first Indian depredation occurred in 1860, when they stole a number of horses from Adams, where Tatum's field now stands."

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15,
1923, at Bandera, Texas, Act of Mar. 3, 1876.

Wants Frontier Times.

The following letter from James A. Jasper, 1404 South Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, is just one of the many inquiries we are receiving. We are unable to answer all of these inquiries, except to send a sample copy of the little magazine. Mr. Jasper says:

"I am more than interested in the enclosed clipping from the Western Story Magazine of May 26. I congratulate you upon your labor of love, and wish to contribute my mite toward the support of Frontier Times by becoming a subscriber, if you will kindly inform me of the subscription price. I assume it is a recent venture, and I would like the back numbers if you can supply them. On receipt of this information I will forward postal order for amount. My father went to Texas in 1853, when I was but a kid, and settled in the edge of the Cross Timbers between Fort Worth and Dallas, in Tarrant county. I remained there until 1866, then trailed a cattle herd over the old Chisholm Trail up to Kansas City, Mo., after which I rambled west until I reached the Pacific coast. I have trailed through Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Colorado, Washington, Oregon and California, punched cows, ran a paper, served as constable and deputy sheriff, county supervisor, secretary of chamber of commerce, and county publicity agent, besides various other things too numerous to mention here. I have met quite a number of the noted characters of the west, and I anticipate much pleasure in reading your Frontier Times, though it doesn't deal with California, according to the enclosed announcement. Trusting you will answer at once, I am your friend in preserving the colorful days of the past."

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left. Bandera, Texas.

WANTED FOR CASH

Playbills of San Francisco theatres of the fifties; also those of early Texas variety theatres. Also Beadle and Adams and other dime and half dime novels and libraries. Also file of Frontier Times.—JAMES MADISON, 323 N. Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Pat Wolfforth, Pioneer Cattleman.

Austin, Texas, May 29, 1928

Editor Frontier Times:

The following dispatch appeared in the newspapers recently:

"Lubbock, Texas, May 24—Pat Wolfforth, 70, pioneer cattleman, was found dead in a vacant lot in the downtown business section here today. A bullet fired from a pistol that was found under his head had pierced his brain. Wolfforth was widely known in this portion of the state. He had been in financial straits for the last four or five years. He is survived by his widow and several brothers and sisters."

It was my pleasure to have known Pat Wolfforth in the Panhandle in the 80s, when he was general manager for the cur-Bros. on the Diamond Trail ranch. It seemed as though he was a man made for that time and place. No officer, sheriff or State ranger ever went to the Diamond Trail ranch after a man wanted for anything, who was known to him, that he did not go and get them himself, if they were on the Diamond Trail ranch; if not, and he knew where they were he would tell us how and where to go to get them. Such men at that time were few and far between. There are a few of the old rangers of that day and time left, two of them living in Austin at present, myself and Tom Platt, who knew and thought the world and all of Pat Wolfforth. We dedicate these few lines to his memory. Pat Wolfforth was the first or second sheriff of Hall county.

JOHN W. BRACKEN,

Co. B, S. A. Murray, Captain.

We are receiving hundreds of letters from people all over the United States, praising Frontier Times, and commending us for the work we are doing in trying to preserve the real history of the West and Southwest. New subscriptions are steadily pouring in. So many write us for complete files of back numbers, from the very beginning. As previously stated, we cannot supply these back numbers, the earlier issues having been totally exhausted. We appreciate all of the good words of encouragement that are being offered, and hope we will continue to merit them.

Hon. Frank H. Bushick, Commissioner of Taxation of the City of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "I am enclosing you check renewing my subscription to your magazine, which I enjoy reading more than any other I get. I like the old timey honest to goodness stuff that you print; it is far more satisfying than fiction along the same lines. However, may I suggest that your magazine might be a good repository for an occasional old poem reflective of the same phase of life—frontier ballads or the cowboy songs, such as are well remembered by many old timers who might enjoy seeing them in print."

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J. MARVIN HUNTER

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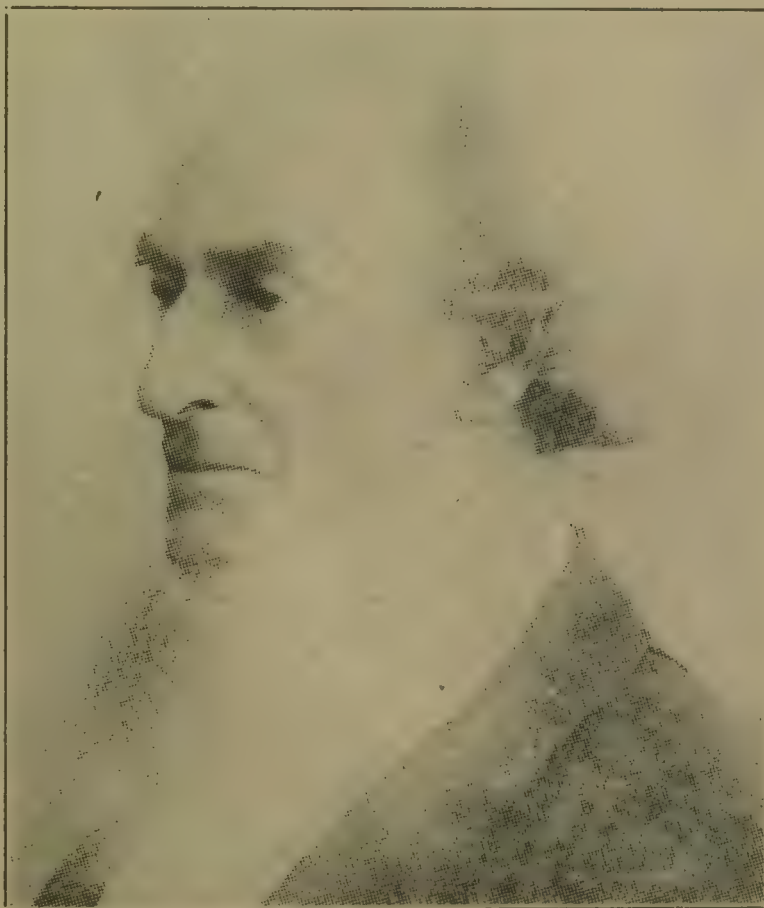
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Volume 5—Number 11

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Captain Shapley P. Ross



PERHAPS no other settler did more to free Texas from depredations of hostile Indians; rendered more valuable services to the commonwealth over a longer period of time, or is more generally and affectionately remembered than the illustrious subject of this memoir, Captain Shapley P. Ross, for many years prior to his death a resident of the city of Waco, in McLennan County, Texas. His life history is a part, and a large part, of the history of Texas.

He was born in Jefferson county, Kentucky, six miles from Louisville, January 18, 1811. His parents were Shapley and Mary (Prince) Ross, natives of Virginia. His paternal grand parents were Lawrence and Susan (Oldham) Ross, the former born in Scotland and a scion of the historic Ross family of that country. Lawrence Ross came to

America with his father when a boy and while attending school in Virginia, was shot through the shoulder and taken prisoner by the Indians. He remained with the Indians until he was twenty-three years of age and was then given up by them upon the signing of the first treaty of Limestone. He and his wife both lived to an advanced age, his death occurring in Jefferson county, Kentucky, in 1817, at the age of ninety-eight, and his wife two years later.

Shapley Ross, fa-

ther of the subject of this sketch, was a Kentucky planter and large slave-holder. He moved to Lincoln county, Missouri, in 1817, and died in 1823, at the age of sixty-five years. His wife was descended from a distinguished Virginia family and was a lady of many estimable qualities. She was a member of the Primitive Baptist church. Her death occurred in Iowa at the home of her son, Capt. Shapley P. Ross, in 1837. She left surviving her six sons and three daughters, viz: William, Lawrence, Mervin, Pressley, Nevill, Shapley P., Susan, Caroline, and Elizabeth.

After Shapley Ross' death the estate was divided among the heirs, all grown and married except Shapley P., who was then eleven or twelve years of age. He lived with his mother upon the homestead for a time, but she subsequently broke up

house keeping and he went to live with his brother, Mervin, who was his guardian. At the age of sixteen he visited the Galena lead mines. He was always a lover of fine horses and while in his teens was engaged in trading cattle and horses. He followed this and various other pursuits until, when twenty-nine years of age, he met, wooed and November 4, 1830, married Miss Katherine H. Fulkerson, a native of Buckingham county, Virginia, born September 23, 1814, daughter of

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Captain Isaac Fulkerson, a wealthy planter of German descent, who moved from Virginia to Missouri in 1814, where he died in May, 1837. Captain Fulkerson was at one time a Senator in the Missouri legislature.

After his marriage Captain Ross lived in Iowa and Missouri, engaged in farming, hotel keeping, trading with the Indians, etc., until 1839. In 1834 he and some chosen friends, with their families, settled on the Indian reservation on the Des Moines river in Iowa. The reservation was occupied by the Fox and Sioux Indians; then under the leadership of the noted chief, Black Hawk. They immediately constructed houses, began farming and the community became known as the Ross Settlement. It was here that Col. Peter Ross and Ex-Governor L. S. Ross were born. In 1838, Capt. Ross rented out his farm, placed his other interests in the hands of his agent and went to Missouri. In 1839, having been advised by his physicians to seek a warmer climate, he came to Texas, where he ever after made his home.

Upon his arrival here he took the oath of allegiance to the Republic of Texas, which was administered by Neil McLennan, and thus became entitled to a headright of 640 acres of land. He settled at Old Nashville on the Brazos in Milam County and planted a small crop of corn and killed buffaloes to supply his family with food. Leaving his wife and children at Nashville, he went out with his nephew, Shapley Woolfolk, to look at the country, now embraced within the limits of Bell and McLennan Counties, and, being pleased with it, went back to Nashville and traded his wagon and horses for 640 acres on the Leon river and 600 acres in Burleson County. While at Nashville, the inhabitants being collected there for protection against the Indian, Capt. Ross, proposed to Capt. Monroe and others to move with him to Little River and form a settlement, each pledging himself not to leave unless all left, until a treaty was made with the Indians. Seven or eight of these men, with their families, moved to and settled on Capt. Monroe's league of land in Milam County, thirty-five miles above Nashville, the nearest white settlement. This little, but determined, colony had frequent fights with the Indians. A detailed account of Capt. Ross' experiences in those pioneer days would read like a thrilling romance, and would fill the pages of a large volume. Only a brief sketch, however, can be presented here. On one occasion the Indians raided the settlement by night and stole all the horses. Fortunately, for the pioneers, a man came into the settlement early the next day with a number of mules. Capt. Ross and others at once mounted and hastened after the red-skins, who were overtaken on Buggy creek, where a bloody and desperate fight ensued. Capt. Ross singled out one big Indian, and his nephew,

R. S. Woolfolk, another, and a hand-to-hand fight with knives followed. Both Indians were killed and their companions were also dispatched. All the stolen property was recovered.

In 1842, Capt. Ross was a member of Capt. Jack Hays' company of rangers. In 1845 he sold his land, on which the town of Cameron now stands, for a two-horse wagon and a yoke of oxen. He then moved to Austin, the State capital, in order to afford his children better educational advantages. The following year he raised a company of volunteers for the protection of the frontier, was elected Captain and in that capacity rendered efficient and invaluable service to the State. With the Indian agent he visited all the hostile tribes on the frontier, in 1848 and assisted in effecting treaties of peace with them, in consequence of the adoption of which there was peace between them and the whites for nearly two years.

In March, 1849, Capt. Ross moved to Waco, being induced to locate there by the company that owned the league of land on which Waco is now situated. They offered to give him four lots and the ferry privilege and sell him eighty acres of land at \$1.00 per acre, all of which he accepted. The town was laid out soon after. He selected his lots and built a cabin on them. He also bought 200 acres at \$2.50 per acre, in addition to the eighty acres already mentioned. On the former he spent the evening of his life, his home being a two-story frame building, located in a natural grove, filled with mocking birds, in the extreme south part of Waco.

In 1855 Capt. Ross was appointed Indian agent and given charge of the various tribes then on reservations in different parts of the state, which he held until 1858. By his diplomacy he gained the good-will of all the friendly tribes and they followed his instructions in every way. In 1857 the Comanches, who were always hostile, raided the settlement and took away a large number of horse and other valuable property. Capt. Ross at once organized a force of one hundred of the best warriors from the friendly tribes, dressed himself in the garb of an Indian chief and took the lead in the pursuit of the foe. He was joined by Capt. Ford, of the United States Army, and soon came upon the Comanches camp, which was deserted. A short distance away however, they discovered the Indian thieves secreted in a ravine in full force, and ready to give battle. Then followed one of the most desperate Indian fights which ever occurred upon the soil of Texas. Seventy-five Indians were killed and the property recaptured. During this struggle Captain Ross was singled out by the chief of the Comanches, a powerful warrior, who charged down upon him at the full speed of his horse. The Indians covered with their arrows the chief, who it was afterwards discovered, wore a coat

of mail Capt. Ross dismounted and, with his trusty rifle, calmly awaited the oncoming of the Comanche until his antagonist was within proper distance and then fired, killing him instantly and driving parts of the coat of mail into his body. The armor was taken from the dead chief and deposited in the State capitol.

On the death of Robert S. Neighbors, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Texas, Capt. Ross was ordered to San Antonio to settle up the affairs of the Indian Superintendency, this work requiring his presence in San Antonio during the entire winter of 1859-60.

In politics he was ever a staunch Democrat. He was opposed to Texas joining the Confederacy but favored secession as a separate state under the "Lone Star." He was not engaged in the military service of the Confederacy. He joined the Masons in 1851 at Waco and remained a member of that fraternity as long as he lived. He departed this life September 17, 1889.

He was a man of wide self-culture, a delightful conversationalist and a writer of excellent ability from whom contributions, relating to old times, and often to issues pending before the people, were eagerly sought by the press of the State.

Nine children were born to Capt. and Mrs. Ross, viz: Mary Rebecca, Margaret Virginia, Peter F., Lawrence Sullivan, Ann, Mervin, Robert S., Kate, and William H. Mervin died at the age of six years. The others grew up, received excellent educational advantages, married, have families and are now occupying useful and honored positions in life.

OLD FORT GRIFFIN

Frank Reeves in Georgetown Sun.

A few crumbling walls, some roofless, while others merely outline the place where buildings stood are all that is left of Fort Griffin. In addition to its importance in connection with Indian troubles, Fort Griffin enjoyed a civilian population and commercial development unapproached by any of the early day frontier chain of forts that were established.

It is located at the brow of a ridge that breaks off to the north and east to form a valley where the town proper was situated and beyond is the tree lined Cedar Fork that afforded plenty of water. It is in Shackleford county, but not far from Shackleford-Throckmorton County line. Much of the early history for a number of surrounding counties centers around Fort Griffin. Shackleford County was grazed under a group of pecan trees on the river and the first officers for Throckmorton were sworn in at Fort Griffin by a Shackleford official.

Of all the buildings the old bakery is in the best state of preservation. Its wall, some three feet thick, still support a roof; the old ovens are still in place.

Farther over toward the brow of the hill

is the old powder magazine—trees now hide it from view—and beyond it is the old cemetery that marks the resting place of many men who met an untimely end, for Fort Griffin flourished as a wide open town where men were quick on the draw. Several years ago the Government removed the bodies of all soldiers that were buried there.

The walls of the adjutant's building are standing, but roofless; the hospital and men's quarters are only shown by rows of stones that outline the building. A thick growth of mosquito trees has sprung up in and around the buildings, but for some cause or other seem reluctant to invade the old parade and drill ground.

In the valley at the foot of the hill was the town proper. While numerous rock piles show where buildings stood, about all that is left is the old Masonic lodge building, the town calaboose and an old store building. Old timers who knew old Fort Griffin in her heyday tell how as the morning gave way to afternoon the activity on the streets, in the saloons and dance hall increased and were in full stride at night time.

Trail outfits came by to replenish their supplies on their way to Northern ranges; cowboys came to enjoy a few days rest and amusement after weeks of work on the range; buffalo hunters outfitted at this point as they scattered to the West for a season of hunting and returned with their bales of hides after months of isolation and hardships.

The old stone Masonic building was built in 1867 and was the first to be built in that section of the country. The nearest lodge to it was at Palo Pinto. Judge J. A. Mathews, whose ranch is located nearby, was one of the charter members. The building is now used as a school house. When the fort was abandoned and the town dwindled away the lodge was moved to Throckmorton, where it is located at this time.

The calaboose, a low, thickwalled stone building is only about 8 by 10 feet on the inside, but it is said to have had as many as 16 men in it at a time.

The postoffice was never discontinued after it was established in 1867. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Herron run the store and post-office. Herron's father was one of the early day peace officers in that section.

The new Federal highway that is being located through Throckmorton and Shackleford Counties misses old Fort Griffin about half a mile. Citizens in the community, as well as nearby towns, who know of its early influences on the development of the country, have petitioned the highway department to relocate that section of road in order that tourists who pass through the country will have an opportunity to see and visit the site of one of the early day forts and towns. It is said it will only increase the distance about half a mile.

The Pioneer Harrises of Harris County

Mrs. Adele B. Looscan, in *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*.



THE TITLE recalls John Richardson Harris, founder of the town of Harrisburg. He was one of Austin's first three hundred colonists. Sailing from New Orleans in 1823 in his own boat, he visited several places on the coast of Texas, and found what he regarded as an ideal location for a city at the junction of Buffalo and Bray's Bayous. This point marked the head of navigation at that time; any boat that could cross Clopper's and Red Fish Bars could come thus far and no farther. He seems to have been the only one of that early period who foresaw the future of Buffalo Bayou, on whose bosom now float big ships from foreign and domestic ports.

J. N. Almonte, who was sent from Mexico in 1834 to make a statistical report of the Texas towns, evidently had never visited Harrisburg; he says, "It is eighteen or twenty miles from Galveston on Buffalo Creek, has a sawmill for cutting boards, and lost its importance when troops stationed there were removed." "Anahuac," said Austin at about the same period, "will no doubt become an important place, as it will command the trade of the Trinity and a considerable portion of San Jacinto." Not a word about Harrisburg as the future important entrepot of Texas.

As soon as John R. Harris, colonist, received his title to the 4,428 acres of land selected by him, he built a house, opened a store, and put schooners and sloops in service between this point and New Orleans. The arrival of these boats was an event of great importance for the settlers in the surrounding country, for they supplied most of their necessities.

The town of Harrisburg was surveyed and laid off in 1826; the site for his future home was selected by John R. Harris on the crown of the sloping bank of Buffalo Bayou about half a mile from the point of land at the confluence of the two bayous.

In 1827 he was joined by his brother, David, who was fond of the water, a good sailor, and often commanded one of his vessels. At a later date two other brothers, William Plunket and Samuel, came out from their home at Cayuga, New York. By the year 1829, John R. Harris was not only the founder of a town, with merchant ships on the gulf, sailing to New Orleans and Mexican ports, but he had large stocks of merchandise at Harrisburg and at Bell's Landing, Brazoria County; his steam sawmill and gristmill at Harrisburg was nearing completion, but he had to go to New Orleans for a piece of belting to put it in running order. He never returned. The *Texas Gazette*, published at San Felipe de Austin, in its issue of October 3, 1829, records his death in feeling terms, as follows:

"The fatality of yellow fever this season in New Orleans has deprived this colony of one of its citizens, who for the enterprise which characterized him, was not only a very useful and important member of this young community, but one to whom it is indebted for the undertaking of a very valuable and considerable branch of mechanical industry. . . .

In the death of Mr. John R. Harris the colony has lost an enterprising citizen, and his friends have been bereaved of one whose loss will not easily be replaced. He died on Friday evening, the 21st of August last, in that city after a five days illness."

Papers relating to important business operations in which he was engaged at this time, are in my possession. Among them is a contract for the purchase of from ninety to one hundred bales of cotton from Jared E. Groce. The document, dated March 27, 1829, shows that Zeno Phillips was a partner in the transaction, which was to be consummated by final payments on the 10th day of January, 1830. This was probably the first cotton contract in Texas.

John R. Harris's death subjected his property to an administration, which, owing to the slow methods of Mexican judicial procedure, threatened to drag along indefinitely, greatly to the detriment of the property and the interests of his heirs. His family, consisting of a wife and four children, were at their home between Waterloo and Seneca Falls, N. Y., intending to join him at Harrisburg as soon as the contemplated buildings would give them a suitable abiding place. The startling news of his death wrecked all their plans. After mature deliberation, it was determined to make no move until DeWitt Clinton, the eldest son, should be of an age to accompany his mother to Texas and assist her in taking possession of their lands and other property. At length, in 1833, traveling by stage, by canal boat, by steamboat, to New Orleans, and thence by sailing vessel to Harrisburg, they were met at the boat landing by David Harris, who, with his family, was living at the former home of his brother, on the point of land at the confluence of the two bayous. The store was near this dwelling.

The sawmill, which was also a gristmill, stood nearly opposite on the south side of Bray's Bayou, and was being run by David Harris and Robert Wilson, administrators. An inventory of the estate filed in court gives a complete list of the goods owned by John R. Harris, and the names of the colonists who traded at his stores. The mill was doing good service, making lumber from the big primeval pine trees, rafted directly to the mill. They were used by Mrs. Harris in building her home on the

ground dedicated to that purpose, years before, by her husband. The site was all that could be desired. The front piazza afforded a fine view of the Bayou, whose bank on the opposite side was clothed to the water's edge with beautiful magnolia trees.

A feature connected with the Harrises as colonists was the usefulness of their vessels to the public. Austin applied to John R. Harris for a light draft boat on which to inspect the coast, and obtained from him the *Mexicana*, exactly suited to his purpose, which was bought at a moderate price. Letters among the Austin papers show that he was prepared also to rent a sloop fully equipped and manned by six sailors, with an attendant rowboat with four oarlocks for a stated sum per month.

In 1832, the Harris schooners, *Rights of Man* and *Machauna*, were chartered by Colonel Subaran and did good service in transporting the obnoxious Mexican garrison to Mexico. David Harris commanded the *Rights of Man* on this occasion, and landed its cargo of soldiers at Tampico; the *Machauna* was wrecked on the Mexican coast, but there were no lives lost.

Again, in 1835, a Harris sloop commanded by David Harris, bore a very important part at the beginning of the revolution at Anahuac; when Travis was authorized by the government at San Felipe to organize a company of volunteers for the relief of Andrew Briscoe and Clinton Harris, who were held in prison there, the sloop *Ohio*, with a six-pounder cannon aboard, commanded by David Harris, carried the company of about twenty-five men to attack the Mexican garrison under Tenorio. The garrison surrendered promptly, and its members were sent on board the sloop to Harrisburg, thence to march to San Antonio.

Besides these ships, the Harrises are said to have brought out the *Cayuga*—a small steamboat named for their native town—which was used by the provincial government at Galveston in the summer of 1836. She carried two light guns and was commanded by Captain William P. Harris.

The widow of John R. Harris had been living in her comfortable new home less than three years when she was called upon to perform an unexpected role, that of hostess to the cabinet of the Texas provisional government. The convention at Washington on the Brazos having adjourned, President Burnet instructed the cabinet to proceed to Harrisburg and assume their duties. On March 21 they arrived, and from that time until the advance of the Mexican army warned them to seek safety at Galveston they were her guests. Although poorly equipped to accommodate this large accession to her household, she cheerfully made them welcome, and sacrificed her own comfort for their convenience.

There was confusion everywhere; rumors of the advance of a Mexican army caused a feeling of tension and unrest, even among the members of the cabinet. Few import-

ant measures were formulated while here; among them was the device for a naval flag for the Republic of Texas by President Burnet; it was copied from that of the United States of America, except that a single white star shone of the blue field instead of the galaxy of stars.

Few details have been preserved of official cabinet meetings during this period of storm and stress. Private letters and diaries reflect the usual discontent of individuals outside of the government as to government, often betraying deplorable ignorance of actual conditions.

President Burnet had frequently expressed himself as favoring Harrisburg for the future seat of government, and in adjourning to meet there he chose the best possible location. The honor of providing the temporary capital of the nascent republic did not compensate the Harrises for the loss of their home, their sawmill and other valuable property which fed the flames kindled by the Mexicans to appease their wrath at the escape of the Texan cabinet. When, on April 13th, the government adjourned to meet at Galveston, Mrs. Harris, with a few friends, also sought refuge there. With the news of the glorious battle of San Jacinto came also that of the utter destruction of Harrisburg. Not a house was left standing, the torch having been applied without discrimination.

The return of Mrs. Harris to this scene of desolation was somewhat brightened by the presence of another son, Lewis Birdsall Harris, who arrived at Galveston by sailing vessel from New Orleans, together with other volunteers, on the very day the news of the victory at San Jacinto was received at government headquarters on Galveston Island. In a diary, kept by him, details are given of how the returning refugees managed to live amid the ruins of their former homes. There was one house, known as the Farmer house, outside the limits of the townsite, and here the Harrises lived until their home was rebuilt of logs hewn by the Mexican prisoners captured at San Jacinto. It was rebuilt on identically the same ground as the one destroyed by the Mexicans, and by a coincidence, one of the men who kindled the flame under it was now engaged in wielding the axe to rebuild it. When, in after years, peace and plenty favored its being improved, the hewn logs were covered with weatherboards, the interior walls ceiled and papered, a second story was added, and it was protected on three sides with wide galleries on both stories. While this enlargement was going on DeWitt Clinton Harris, who was in New York City in the interest of his mercantile business, learned that the former home of Governor Tompkins was being razed, to give room for commercial buildings, and the doors and windows were for sale. He bought and shipped them to Harrisburg for his mother's home.

At this time, the late forties, all fine carpentry was obtained from New York or

Boston, and this opportune purchase was noted for its quality. The doors were heavy, handsomely panelled, and served admirably for the four large rooms and hall, downstairs. The windows fitted the openings in the same rooms. A simple device for raising and lowering them consisted of wooden stops shaped like a bootjack, screwed to the casing at one side. The doorknobs were of brass and corresponded with the brass andirons in the large parlor fireplace.

A spacious garret completed the main building. It was provided with two large windows at each gable. As a depository for broken furniture, leather trunks decorated with brass nailheads and containing dresses of loved members of the family who had moved away, trunks of rawhide, filled with manuscript diaries, school books, novels, etc., it was an interesting place on a rainy day. Its store of useful articles made it a boon to the family during the War between the States.

Mrs. Harris shared her home at different times with each of her sons, Lewis Birdsall, DeWitt Clinton, and John Birdsall, and their families.

When the first railroad in Texas, the Buffalo Bayou, Brazos & Colorado, was started at Harrisburg, the home was adapted to the uses of a tavern; here, for several years friendly hands opened wide the doors to newcomers from the States. The officials of the railroad whose homes were in Boston, made a yearly visitation to Harrisburg and were entertained there, up to the breaking out of the War of Secession. There were many visitors of distinction from Germany and France. A few of the exiled nobility of these countries were guests in this home. Steamboats on the bayou brought them from Galveston, and the railroad carried them to the rich cotton lands on the Brazos and Colorado Rivers.

In 1849, Lewis B. Harris, accompanied by his wife, joined the vast caravan of gold seekers, and made his home thenceforth in California. The other sons became absorbed in railroad and sawmilling, and built themselves homes at Harrisburg. Finally, in 1859, Mrs. Harris invited her daughter, Mary I. Briscoe, widow of Judge Andrew Briscoe, then living at Galveston, to come, with her family of four children, and share the old Harris home. Henceforth, and especially during the War between the States, this home became a synonym of Southern hospitality. It gave bed and board to many sick soldiers, who were nursed back to health by Mrs. Harris's sister, Mrs. Eliza Van Tuyl, who united in her person the skill and sympathy of the ideal nurse. When the four years' struggle was ended and the war-worn veterans trudged back, hopeless and disheartened, they were cheered and comforted in this haven of rest, where some lingered for weeks.

The death of Mrs. Harris occurred in August, 1869. Mrs. Briscoe moved to Houston in 1873, and the place at Harrisburg, after being occupied for a few years by her son, A. B. Briscoe and his family, was rented. It caught fire accidentally and was utterly destroyed. A few brick chimneys marked the place but they were soon used to build chimneys elsewhere. Now the only relic to mark the site of the famous old home is the curb of a large brick cistern which stood at the north side of the house, partly under the floor of the piazza.

Each of the four Harris brothers bore a part in the colonial life of Texas. They were influenced by very strong ties of brotherhood, yet each one possessed an equally strong personality, which expressed itself in shaping their lives.

John Richardson had a certain fearless spirit of adventure, he was daring and enterprising—witness his steam sawmill, the first in this part of Texas; witness his fleet of ships bringing goods to the colonists; witness his town where small houses were available to immigrants at reasonable prices; all these were blessings to the community. His early death cut him off from a life prolific of good to his fellow man.

David, too, had the spirit of adventure, but of a different type. He was fond of the water; a born seaman; he was never so happy when sailing the schooner Rights of Man to a Mexican port or returning therefrom. Every trip was fraught with thrills of excitement, and many a narrow escape was his, when pursued by some Mexican cruiser. The Mexicans knew him and his sailing craft; they knew that more than once he had helped to send Mexican garrisons packing. In his old age he was wont to entertain the boys of his family connections with tales of personal experience which made them hold their breath in wonder and expect momentarily that he might let slip a word which would convict him of having been one of Lafitte's men. But he was not old enough to have been a companion of this romantic Frenchman, and would have spurned with indignation any such suspicion. Soon after coming to Texas, he met and married Tabitha, widow of John Hams, one of the first settlers on Cedar Bayou. After living for a few years at Harrisburg they built a home on the bay shore about midway between Red Bluff, the home of his brother William, and the present town of La Porte. Here his family of boys grew up, and having married, moved to Middle Bayou; henceforth he made his home with them and died there. His old home on the bay shore was sold a few years ago to the Baptist organization for a recreation center.

William Plunket Harris was connected with business enterprises at Harrisburg after the death of his brother John. He was chosen by the municipality of Harris-

burg to represent its citizens in the meetings of the Consultation at San Felipe in 1835. He became also a member of the General Council during this, the most turbulent, on the Naval Committee at this time.

About April 20th, as soon as informed of the arrival of General Houston and his army on Buffalo Bayou, President Burnet impressed the steamboat Cayuga, owned and commanded by Captain Harris, and despatched it with a number of volunteers and provisions for the relief and succor of the Texan army.

William P. Harris was interested in the first attempt to promote a railroad at Harrisburg in 1840. The Morning Star of March 20, 1840, contains a report of the surveyor of this pioneer railroad, also the report of a committee appointed to select the route. William P. Harris was one of the committee who signed the report. Two years later he was an active promoter of the interests of the Harrisburg Town Company in favor of the introduction of French families by Pelegrin.

Soon after the battle of San Jacinto he went to New York, where he married Miss Caroline Morgan, a lady of refinement, who assisted him in making a very attractive home on the shore of Trinity Bay at a point known as Red Bluff. He furnished his home with due regard to comfort, and surrounded it with gardens and orchards.

the social qualities of his wife and himself made it a center of culture in the neighborhood. Captain Harris did not live many years to enjoy this retirement; his life has been full of trials, and the serenity of this period was most grateful, the companionship of his wife and two children all that he desired, but his health was seriously impaired, and after a few happy years his life was ended. His widow cherished her home as a living thing and would not be induced to leave it, although, in time it became isolated and almost inaccessible. After a few years of widowhood she married William Beasley, member of a fine old family living on the bay shore.

William P. Harris left surviving him a daughter, who died just as she had reached womanhood, and a son, who inherited the home, spent his declining years there, and left it to his children. The place is now known as El Jardin.

Samuel Harris, the youngest of the brothers, was of a temperament far removed from love of adventure. He was a student, a mathematician, a philosopher, and a dreamer. He had reached middle age when he married a pretty French woman, the widow of a Dr. E. T. Leger. They lived in Houston, where he usually had some clerical position at the courthouse. He died, leaving no descendants, and was buried in one of the old cemeteries there.



A VALUABLE COW.

Above shows a good old family cow on the ranch of John Lackey, sixteen miles north of Menard, Texas. This cow mothers the orphan kids and lambs on the Lackey ranch, and makes no objections to the duties which are imposed upon her. This photo was made by N. H. Rose, our staff photographer, and is copyrighted.

Pioneer Days in Karnes County

By Henry C. Fuller.

KARNES COUNTY is sixty-five miles south of San Antonio, and was named in honor of Henry Karnes, one of the men under Fannin, shot at Goliad, on Palm Sunday, 1836. The county has an area of 740 square miles. The first settlement was made on San Antonio river about the year 1857, and the place was called Helena. The San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad was built through Karnes county in 1885 and the county seat was moved from Helena to a point about six miles to the west and the new county seat was called Karnes City. The town of Kenedy is six miles south of Karnes City and was named in honor of Capt. Mifflin Kenedy, the man who furnished the money which Col. Uriah Lott, the contractor, built the railroad. Until the coming of the railroad Karnes county was devoted mostly to the cattle industry. In fact, previous to the Civil War this was about the only industry worth while in all the section of Texas, now known as the southwest.

In the vicinity of where the town of Kenedy now stands, there used to stand a large cattle pen. This pen was about one, two or three acres in area and was built by cattlemen who had been in the Confederate army, when they returned to their homes and went about the business of gathering or rounding up their scattered bunches of cattle, marking and branding them. This big cattle pen was built about the year 1867, and it was used by a large number of cattlemen. In the immediate vicinity of the big pen, was an ideal place for a cow camp, and the various cattlemen used this camping place from time to time rounding up their cattle, the "chuck" wagon being stopped there and the provisions cooked at that place.

In the spring of 1871, after rounding up a large bunch of cattle, the men who owned the cattle repaired to the camp and were eating the noon meal. Among the cowboys in the camp was a young man named Jim Pace. Suddenly a lone rider was seen approaching the camp. As the man drew near he was recognized as Frank Feichs, and then it was recalled by the crowd that Feichs and Pace had only a few days before engaged in a controversy which would have ended in a tragedy had it not been for the interference of friends.

Feichs rode boldly into camp, and as he did so Pace sprang to his feet, drew his pistol and the shooting started between him and Feichs. Pace was on the ground, but Feichs remained on his horse. Both men emptied their cap and ball pistols, and Feichs received a mortal wound. The only damage done to Pace was a ball

through his hat just high enough to miss his head. Feichs was carried to his home a few miles distant, where he lingered a few days and died.

On the night of August 31, 1889, Jim Pace met a terrible death. He, Bill Pullen and George Scier, had gone to the town of Runge, and after spending the day there, started to Kenedy about sundown. Shortly after dark they reached the San Antonio river and found that a ten-foot rise had come down during the day. It was regarded as dangerous to cross the stream, and so they got into an argument as to who should go into the water first. Pullen said Pace was riding the largest and best horse and should, therefore, lead the way. Pace said that while his horse was the largest, it was not a good swimmer, and so the argument finally became exciting. The night was dark and cloudy. In the midst of the controversy somebody suddenly struck Pace a terrific blow on the back of the neck with a winchester rifle, which was discharged because of the concussion. The horse which Pace was riding sprang into the water and swam across, followed by Pullen and Scier, on their horses, but when it reached the opposite bank, the saddle was empty.

It was at once reported that in attempting to swim the swollen stream, Pace was swept from his horse and drowned. His body was found three days later about one mile below where the tragedy occurred and when it was taken from the river and an inquest held it was found that his neck was broken. No arrest was made but it was hinted in certain quarters that the death of Pace was not due to accidental causes.

Jim Feichs, at that time 22 years old, was the only son of Frank Feichs, who had been killed at the stock pens some time previous to the tragedy at the river, he helped find the body, saw it taken from the river, and helped dig the grave in which it was buried, the grave being only a few yards from the grave where his father was buried. Pace, it will be recalled had killed Feichs at the stock pens.

Dan Pace, a son of Jim Pace, about 20 years old, did not like the manner in which his father had lost his life while crossing the San Antonio river, and one day he and Bill Pullen met on the streets of Kenedy. They at once began shooting at each other. They fired ten shots each, the people of the town in the meantime seeking shelter from the rain of leaden missiles, at such places as suddenly came handy. The only person hurt was John Martin, of McMullen county, who happened to be on the street, and did not run to a place of safety, and his wound consisted of a shot in the fleshy part of one of his arms. The princi-

pals had retired to a place of safety and were reloading their guns. Pace got his gun loaded first and re-appeared on the scene just as Tom Pullen, a brother of Bill came riding into town, ignorant of the shooting that had just been staged between Pace and his brother. Pace at once opened on Tom Pullen, who returned the fire, and the second battle was quickly in progress, when Bill Pullen having finished reloading his gun flashed into view and began pumping lead at young Pace. Two was too many for Pace, and he quickly got out of the way, without being hit, or hitting anybody.

Bill Pullen died January 31, 1890, six months to a day, after the death of Jim Pace while trying to cross the San Antonio river, and his body was buried in Escondido cemetery, near the grave of Jim Pace.

In order to avoid trouble, Dan Pace, on the advice of friends and acquaintances, left Karnes county and went to Zavala county. He went heavily armed, and

this caused the sheriff of that county to suspicion that he was wanted somewhere, and so one night while young Pace was eating supper at the house of a friend, a posse surrounded the house, for the purpose of arresting Pace and placing him in jail. He heard the dogs barking, and suspecting something was wrong, left the table and rushed into the front yard, firing right and left with two pistols. The posse opened fire, but in the darkness Pace escaped. The next day he was found about one mile distant, dead, two pistols still clasped in his hands, and his body riddled with bullets.

It was always a mystery how Pace went the long distance with his body perforated with bullets. This was the last act in the feud that had lasted several years. All parties threw their guns away, and proceeded to forget the past and its bitterness. They became good friends in after years, and now the tragedies mentioned in this story are remembered only in a vague way.

Bandera From the Air



No doubt many of the readers of Frontier Times have wondered what kind of a town Bandera is. Well, folks, the above is an airplane view of Bandera, taken a short time ago by W. D. Smithers, our staff photographer. Bandera has a population of about eight hundred people, is located in the hills of Bandera county, Texas, in a horseshoe bend of the Medina river. The altitude is around 1400 feet above sea level. The scenery is picturesque, and Bandera is rightly called "The Switzerland of Texas." Come over and see us some day.

Cortez's Conquest of Mexico

IT IS fortunate that Hernando Cortez had with him in the conquest of Mexico that bluff old warrior, Captain Bernal Diaz. Otherwise the world would have missed one of its best stories. Here we have the first class fighting man, who could also wield a pen and who was not overcome with false modesty.

Captain Diaz was one of Cortez's right-hand men in the march into Mexico, and years after the event he sat down and wrote a chronicle that fills two volumes and throbs with action and interest. It is a very remarkable narrative, says a writer in the *Baltimore Sun*.

"The True History of the Conquest of Mexico," written in the year 1568 by Captain Bernal Diaz del Castillo, one of the Conquerors," is the title.

Cortez sailed from Santiago, Cuba, November 18, 1518, with five ships and put in at Macaca, a little port on the southern coast of Cuba some 60 miles to the west. From there he went to Trinidad, where many recruits joined him. From Trinidad he sailed to Havana.

The full fleet of 11 vessels sailed from Cuba on February 10, 1519. There were on board 109 sailors, 508 soldiers, including 32 cross-bowmen and 13 musketeers, and 700 Indian servants; also 10 cannon, four field pieces known as falcones and 16 horses.

A storm scattered the ships but they met again at the island of Cosumel, where Cortez held a review of his troops.

On Holy Thursday, 1519, Cortez raised the royal standard in the port of St. Juan de Ulloa, and in half an hour two large nannon full of Mexicans set off from shore. Theld told him that a servant of their sovereign, Montezuma, had sent them to wait upon him and to find out about him and his business. Cortez thanked them and gave them an entertainment. He told them the object of his visit was to see and treat with the peoples of those countries.

Cortez then produced as a present for Montezuma an arm chair elegantly carved and painted, artificial jewels enveloped in perfumed cotton, a string of artificial diamonds and a gold medal.

Captain Diaz proceeds with his narrative: "One morning at this time we were disagreeably surprised by perceiving that all our Mexican neighbors had quitted us without taking leave. This was done by the order of Montezuma, who was determined to permit no more conferences. It seems that this monarch was greatly bigoted to the worship of his idols, to which he every day sacrificed boys in order to obtain directions how to act. Their commands were that he should hold no further intercourse with us, and they forbid the reception of the crucifix in Mexico. This was the cause of the flight of our former neighbors, which gave

us an alarm, and we prepared for hostilities.

Cortez proclaimed that neither tribute nor obedience should be paid to Montezuma, and this he ordered to be made universally known. Alliance was made with the province, and Cortez promised the trembling chiefs that he would protect them against Montezuma. Church houses and fortresses were built.

On their march toward Mexico the Spaniards encountered more ambassadors from Montezuma, with gifts of gold and feathers who did everything they could to discourage and delay Cortez.

"This present our monarch sends you saying how grieved he is that you should have taken so much trouble in coming from a distant country to see him and that he has already told you he will give you gold and silver on condition that you do not approach Mexico," said the ambassadors. "He now repeats his request and promises that he will send after you a great treasure of gold, silver and precious stones for your king, four loads of gold for yourself, and a load for each of your brethren, on conditions that you return immediately. As to advancing to Mexico, that you cannot do."

Cortez's reply was to announce that he would resume his march to Mexico.

When the Spaniards entered the city they were conducted through an immense crowd which filled the streets and terraces, with Cortez eyeing them warily.

"And during the time we stayed there," Diaz continues, "a plot was concerted by the ambassadors of Montezuma, for the entry of 20,000 of his troops to fall upon us, and several houses were filled with poles and leather collars in which they were to have brought the Spaniards prisoners to Mexico, but God was pleased to foil their designs." God, and Cortez's watchfulness.

As they made their way they were met by a great number of the lords of the court in their richest dresses. After waiting there some time the nephew of Montezuma and other noblemen went back to meet their monarch, who approached carried on a magnificent litter which was supported by his principal nobility.

When Cortez was told that the great Montezuma approached he dismounted and advanced toward him with great respect; Montezuma bade him welcome and Cortez replied with a compliment, and offered his right hand to Montezuma, who ignored it.

"Our general then produced a collar of artificial jewels set in gold and threw it upon the neck of Montezuma," records Diaz. "And then he advanced to embrace him, but the lords who surrounded the monarch prevented him, it appearing to them not sufficiently respectful. Cortez then said that he rejoiced in having seen so great a monarch and that he was highly honored by his coming out to meet him." To this Montezuma

made a gracious reply and gave orders to two princes to escort them to quarters.

"We were allotted to our quarters by companies," says Diaz, "our artillery was posted in a convenient place and all was arranged in such a manner as to be prepared for any contingency. A very sumptuous entertainment was provided for us, which we sat down to with great satisfaction, and this was our adventurous and magnanimous entry into Mexico on the eighth day of November in the year of our Lord 1519."

And now suddenly came news of the landing of a Spanish army under Narvaez, which had been sent by Velasquez to compel Cortez to renounce his command. Cortez, leaving the renowned Captain Alvarado in command of the contingent in Mexico, marched against Narvaez, whom he promptly defeated. Moreover he enlisted under his banners the very soldiers who had been sent to attack him, and led them back to the capital, urgently needed to strengthen his original small force! Here is a man swift to make sweet uses of adversity.

On St. John's day in the month of June, 1520, the returning troops arrived in the City of Mexico. Cortez at once sent out a party of 400 men. They were attacked and pushed back to their quarters, which were attacked by multitudes pouring in such discharges of missile weapons that they wounded 46, of whom 12 died. Various parts of the building was set ablaze and the courts and spaces were covered with their arrows and javelins. The Spaniards passed the rest of the day and all night in dressing their wounds and preparing for ensuing engagements.

The next day began in deadly earnest a great battle, under way when morning dawned. The Spaniards came out with their whole force, as did the Mexicans.

The next day the Spaniards fought their way to the temple. "Here Cortez showed himself the man he really was," says Diaz. "What a desperate engagement we had then; every man of us covered with blood and above 40 dead upon the spot. We set fire to the building and burned part of the temple. While thus engaged, some setting fire to the temple, others fighting, above 3,000 noble Mexicans, with their priests, were about us and attacking us, driving us down 10 of the steps while others shot such clouds of arrows at us that we could not maintain our ground. We, therefore, began our retreat, every man being wounded. With great difficulty we reached our quarters, where the enemy greeted us with more showers of arrows, darts and stones."

So the enemy continued their attacks and Montezuma was at length persuaded.

"He accordingly came," writes Captain Diaz, "and stood at the railing of a terraced roof and addressed the people below him in very affectionate language, requesting a cessation of hostilities in order that the Spaniards might quit the city."

"But four of his chiefs approached so as

to be heard and spoken to by Montezuma. They told him they had chosen a new emperor and that they had premised their gods to desist but with the total destruction of the Spaniards."

"And even as the four chiefs concluded their address, a shower of stones and arrows fell about the place where Montezuma stood, from which the Spaniards, interposing their bucklers, had protected the king; but expecting that while speaking to his people he would not be attacked, they ungarded him for an instant, and just then three stones and an arrow struck him."

"The king when thus wounded refused all assistance and we were unexpectedly informed of his death. Cortez and our captains wept for him, and he was lamented by them and by all the soldiers who had known him as if he had been their father; nor is it to be wondered at, considering how good he was."

Cortez caused the body of the king to be borne out by six noblemen, attended by most of the priests, whom the Spaniards had taken prisoners, and exposed it to public view. If he hoped that this would quiet their desire for combat he erred badly, for the Mexicans now attacked with the greatest violence. Cortez determined on another sally to a different part of the town. There, at the cost of twenty lives, a few houses were burned. Conditions grew worse.

A little before midnight the retreat over the causeway began in a pouring rain which softened the earth and mired the cannon. The natives appeared in swarms and soon the Spaniards were overwhelmed and in groups every man was for himself.

Cortez had built portable platforms, long enough to span these chasms and stout enough to bear the weight of his artillery and the heavy cavalry mounts. As each chasm was passed it was his intention to pull up the platform behind him, thus protecting his rear. The plan was a good one, but it was ruined by the torrential rain which converted the dry causeway into mud. In this mud the platforms were pressed so tight by the retreating column that they could not be extricated. And so there was none of the expected aid to the rear guard and, what was worse, no platforms to put down on the furthest chasms. The last men to cross those chasms crossed on the bodies of the dead, friend and foe alike.

The retreat of the dismal night did not end the adventure. It merely ends the first volume of Diaz's memoirs. Cortez withdrew to Tlascala, which still remembered its lesson of a few weeks before. He sent to Jamaica for more horses. He freshened his men, recruited and trained his Indian allies anew, licked a few more tribes that he felt needed licking and then returned to the borders of the Valley of Mexico.

Patiently this time he undertook a siege. He built a fleet of small vessels with which he patrolled the waters of the swamp and

(Continued on Page 447.)

Early Reminiscences in Texas

D. L. Kokernot, in *Gonzales Inquirer* of August 17, 1878.

My first acquaintance with Sam Houston was in the year 1834. My friend, George M. Patrick, employed me to go to Nacogdoches for him in order to get land titles from the *Empressario* for different persons and myself, for whom he had surveyed. At that time a trip through the wilderness from the Trinity River to the above place was considered a long and perilous journey, being without settlers or roads, nothing but a small Indian trail through an Indian country.

On the 15th of May I arrived at the town, and as I walked up the street I noticed the finest looking man I ever saw, seated on the steps of Col. Thorn's storehouse. He was dressed in a complete Indian costume made of buckskin and ornamented with a profuse variety of beads, and his massive head was covered with a fine broad beaver hat. When he arose I stopped and looked at him with both surprise and adiration and bid him good morning. He asked me whence I had come. I told him from Galveston Bay, Middle Texas. Then he invited me to sit down and have a chat with him in reference to land matters, which I did for a considerable time. Our conversation ended, he invited me into the store to take a glass of wine with him, which I readily accepted. He then told me he owned some land on Cedar Point, Galveston Bay, as also on Goose Creek. I remarked that the Goose Creek land was located by one Dr. Wightin, and that I had the field notes with me with a view to getting a patent on the land. He said, "All right, if you can get it." But, sure enough, I never did, as a patent had already been issued to the General.

"Now, my friend," said the General, "tell me the news."

I replied the news is war; that it was rumored that Santa Anna was gathering troops to send into Texas to disarm the inhabitants. "But," said I, "we are determined not to surrender our arms."

"Well, my friend," said he, "how will you act in that case?"

I replied: "We will fight them to the last, or die in the attempt."

"That is right," said he, "they shall never drive us out so long as we can fight them."

As he made this remark his eyes sparkled with lightning, and another bottle of wine was ordered on the strength of it.

"Now," said he, "the people ought to organize and get ready to meet him."

I told him I was of the same opinion.

"Who will command the army?" he asked.

I replied: "My dear sir, if I had the authority to make the appointment, you are the man; for you are the finest looking man I ever laid eyes on."

He immediately replied, "Well, my dear

sir, if I get the appointment of commander I will give you a commission."

Then he pulled out a small pocketbook and asked my name, which he wrote in his book, and then wrote his own name and handed it to me. After talking a while longer we shook hands and bade each other farewell. From that day I loved Sam Houston. He proved a friend indeed in times of need as many letters in my possession will show.

The next morning I started for home. After crossing the Natchez River I was taken very sick with a burning fever, being about twenty miles from any house, and lost at that. And to render my situation still more uncomfortable, a severe thunder storm came up. The lightning was very heavy, striking the trees all around me and filling my mind with consternation and gloomy forebodings. I reached a small prairie and took up my solitary lodging for the night. The storm continued to rage during the entire night. On the following morning, I found that I was lost, and traveling up the river to the north. I mounted my horse and took the trail I had been traveling, knowing it would lead somewhere. And sure enough, after having traveled about three miles I found myself in the middle of a large Indian village. I rode up to a large log house, which proved to be the residence of the big chief. He came out and invited me to alight. I told him I was sick and lost. He looked at me, felt my pulse, gave a grunt and left the hut, but returned in a few minutes with a small gourd containing some kind of stuff which he told me to drink. I obeyed, but desired a cup of good strong coffee more than the medicine. I accordingly got some ground coffee out of my saddlebags, gave it to the old squaw and she soon prepared a good cup, which I drank, greatly to my benefit. She also brought in some nice venison and some sort of bread, and the king and I took breakfast together.

After breakfast I asked him if there was a white man in the vicinity. He said there was, and caught his horse and led the way to the other end of the village to the house of one Mr. Roberts. He then left, with the promise that he would come, and see me again. Mr. Roberts told me that he was king of the Billocki Indians, a brave, good man, which I found to be the truth.

The next day I saw the old king and told him I wished a pilot to conduct me through the wilderness. He told me his son would conduct me to the village of the Long King on the Trinity.

In the meantime, I remained about a week with the old king, and had a fine time bear hunting, attending a wedding and a regular Indian dance. I enjoyed my-

self very much. Then adjourning after the wedding the young prince came to lead me through the wilderness to the Long King shaking hands with the old gang and Mr. Roberts, we set out and that reached the village. The king and the royal family came out and gave us a cordial welcome, inviting us into the royal castle. In a short time the old squaws prepared us a good supper, consisting of broiled venison and corn bread. The Long King was a fine looking man, six feet, six inches high, well formed and straight as an arrow.

Next morning, having breakfasted on broiled venison and bear meat (a repast worthy of a king) I took leave of my hospitable friends and turned my face homeward, where I arrived in two days, safe and sound, without any further mishap.

In the year 1832 I bought a tract of land on the San Jacinto Bay, situated one mile above Capt. William Scott's place, and about one and a half miles from the battlefield of San Jacinto, where I resided for several years after the battle was fought which gained the independence of Texas.

In the fall of 1835 a call came for men to march to the field of conflict and repel the invading army of Mexico, under the command of General Coss, who was a brother-in-law of Santa Anna. Having mustered ten men, I set off post haste for Gonzales, where we were to rendezvous. We found all the settlers along the route ready to aid us by furnishing provisions and whatever else was necessary and in their power to bestow. After a perilous ride across the country from the Colorado to Peach Creek, we reached the house of Judge McClure, where we stopped to get refreshments. The Judge gave us a hearty welcome, furnishing corn for our horses, as well as an excellent repast for ourselves. This estimable lady displayed all the noble qualities of woman in aid of the struggle for liberty. She also was called upon to endure many dangers and hardships incident to the Texas revolution. Her name ought to be inscribed on the immortal roll of the veterans of the Lone Star Republic. She still lives on the old homestead on Peach Creek, Gonzales County, as the wife of Hon. Charles Braches, who is one of our best citizens.

On that day we reached Gonzales and were greatly rejoiced to meet Stephen F. Austin, the Father of Texas, who made his escape from a Mexican dungeon and reached Texas in safety at this critical moment in her history.

During our stay in Gonzales a battle was fought at La Bahia, or old Goliad, in which the Texans were victorious. Preparations were now made in earnest for war, which we felt was already upon us. In the meantime a large party of Commanche Indians came near the town and committed some depredations. Col. Ed. Burleson with a party of men went in pursuit, attacked the Indians and routed them, taking one pri-

soner and killing some, though the number is not known as the savages carried off their dead and wounded. After receiving reinforcements, preparations were made for active service. The men were addressed in earnest and eloquent terms by Col. Wallace, Robert Williamson, our three-legged champion of Anahuac, and the Rev. Dr. W. P. Smith, and by acclamation Stephen F. Austin was elected commander-in-chief of the little army of patriots, numbering about 100 men. The necessary preparations were made; we crossed the Guadalupe and took up the line of march for San Antonio, and camped that night on the Cibolo. A spy came in and reported that some two hundred Mexicans were encamped near the powder house, a short distance from the city. Gen. Austin ordered Col. Burleson to call for volunteers to attack the enemy that night. Seventy-five of us responded to the call, and by 10 o'clock were mounted and ready to take up the line of march.

About 2 o'clock next morning we had surrounded the Mexicans, but they came up missing; the camp was deserted. We returned to camp on the Salado.

That night the Comanches stampeded all our horses and left us without anything to eat save parched corn. During our stay here two fine young men whose names are not remembered, killed themselves by eating pecans.

Notwithstanding pickets were stationed and charged to be very vigilant, an Indian crawled up within fifty yards of me and fired, the ball whistling near my head. I returned his fire, and as he gave a yell I am inclined to think the ball took effect, though I did not take time to look after him. This alarm placed the army in motion in a few moments.

On the following morning, the army took up the line of march for the Mission Las Pados, on the San Antonio River, about ten miles below the city, where we arrived some time in the afternoon. During the night Deaf Smith, who had been sent to the city to spy out the number and situation of the enemy, returned, and but for my intervention would have been shot by one of our pickets who had hailed him three times to no purpose. Seeing Smith's movements, I surmised that it might be our faithful spy, and stopped the picket just as he put his hand on the trigger to fire at the deaf man.

The morning following, Gen. Austin ordered Capt. Fannin and Capt. James Bowie to call for volunteers to select a camp near the city for our army. About eighty-two stepped out. Among them a few names are remembered, as follows: Charles Mason, A. H. Jones, A. Turner, John and Charles Dorsett and also Col. Richard Andrews, who lost his life at the Battle of Concepcion.

We went up the river to the Mission Concepcion, which is some two miles below the city, in the bend of the river. Here we

found a number of Mexicans gathering pecans, but they fled instant. About 2 o'clock a Mexican came into camp with a bag of "bolónes," which he sold to us at 25 cents apiece. After taking a good look at our camp he left, doubtless well satisfied. Capt. Bowie then remarked: "Now, boys, we will have some fun." The Mexican was an officer in disguise, which Bowie was aware of, but let him return to his command because he wanted the Mexicans to make the attack. Capt. Bowie said: "We will get a fight tonight or in the morning." Accordingly a strong guard was stationed.

About daylight the Mexican cavalry made a dash upon our pickets and captured seventeen of our horses. Then they came from every direction—infantry, cavalry and artillery. Our camp was in the bend of the river, in the shape of a horseshoe. The second bank of the river was six feet high, in which we cut deep steps in order to make the ascent. Our position was an admirable one for defense. The Mexicans were stationed in the open prairie. The attack was made on us at sunrise, by at least one thousand against eighty-two. We reserved our fire until the enemy came within forty yards of us. Then we let fly at them, and, as the Kentuckian said, it would have done you good to have seen us drop them. Our officers, Bowie and Fannin, exhibited the utmost coolness and bravery by going up and down the lines and exhorting us to keep cool and not to fire until we saw the eyes of the enemy.

About half past two the last Mexican was killed around the cannon and the gun was seized and turned upon the enemy. At 3 o'clock the enemy retreated, leaving one hundred and twenty dead on the field besides many that were thrown into the river. Our loss amounted in round numbers to one man—the brave Col. Andrews—who was killed by a grape-shot.

About this time the main army came up and encamped on the victorious battlefield.

The next day a Mexican priest came and asked the privilege of removing the bodies of the dead Mexicans. He was told that he could take them, and welcome.

I shall here relate an incident which evinced the coolest bravery. Capt. Carnes, who at the time the battle began was up in the steeple of the Mission making observations on the enemy, was cut off. In the midst of the battle he resolved to make his way through the cavalry of the enemy to our lines. With no weapon save a long shotgun he undertook the perilous task of cutting his way through three hundred cavalry. His great coolness and expertness in the use of the old gun enabled him to keep the enemy at a proper distance, and though his shotpouch was torn from his side and his clothes riddled with bullets, he reached our camp without a scratch. Such deliberate bravery was never witnessed on the plains of Texas.

At this juncture our noble commander,

Gen. Austin, informed us that business of importance required him to resign and return to his colony. We parted with him with great regret. Col. Ed Burleson was elected to fill his place as commander of our patriotic army. In a few days the army marched toward the city and encamped some two miles above San Pedro Springs. Here, under the command of Col. W. B. Travis, we had a jolly time, chasing the Mexican cavalry over the plains of San Antonio, with whom we had seven skirmishes, though neither of them proved very serious, except the "grass fight," in which a goodly number of Mexicans were killed and seven or eight of our men wounded. From this time until the capture of the Alamo, skirmishes were frequent.

On the 5th of December, Col. Milam and Col. Francis W. Johnson called for volunteers to take the city and capture the Alamo. Some 250 or 300 volunteered. That night we took possession of the Veramendi house, situated in the northern part of the place. This gave us a fair chance to fire upon the Mexicans as they came to the cannon, which were placed across the street. From this house we broke through one house after another until we reached the Plaza. In this movement no little work and much hard fighting was done. Col. Milam, one of the noblest and bravest officers, fell in this heroic struggle, greatly lamented by all. The battle raged during four days, when Gen. Coss surrendered himself and army to Gen. Burleson. Thus some four hundred Texans had fought and vanquished fifteen hundred Mexicans in their fortified city. Our loss was comparatively small, while the enemy's was considerable. Every Texan was a sharpshooter, whose rusty Kentucky rifle seldom failed to bring down the game, while the enemy shot at random. Thus ended the campaign of 1835.

We now began to think of home. Our clothes were well worn; we were barefooted, and winter had set in. Traveling through some severe weather, rain and northers, we reached home in safety, and had some time in which to rest and recuperate for the severer campaign of 1836.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1836

On the 5th of March I received a proclamation of which the following is a copy:

Convention Hall,

Washington, March 2, 1836.

War is raging on our frontiers. Bexar is besieged by two thousand of the enemy under the command of Gen. Siesmo. Reinforcements are on their march, to unite with the besieging army. By the last report our force in Bexar was only one hundred and fifty men strong. The citizens of Texas must rally to the aid of our army or it will perish. Let the citizens of the

east march to the combat. The enemy must be driven from our soil or desolation will accompany this march upon us. Independence is declared! It must be maintained! ... Immediate action, united with valor, alone can achieve the great work. The services of all are forthwith required in the field.

(Signed)

SAM HOUSTON.

Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

P. S.—It is rumored that the enemy are on their march to Gonzales and that they have entered the Colonies; the fate of Bexar is unknown. The country must and shall be defended. The patriots are appealed to in behalf of their bleeding country.

S. H.

On the 6th of March we mounted our mustangs, armed and equipped for war. My little squad of brave comrades consisted of the following names: Andrew Roberson, D. Johnson, James Spielman,—Atkinson, John Dorsett, T. W. Smith and James Ferguson. On the 8th, greatly to my surprise, I received a captain's commission in the regular army of the Republic of Texas from Gen. Sam Houston, commander-in-chief of the army. Having long forgotten the promise of the general to send me a commission, this brought our first acquaintance and conversation vividly to mind.

After four days hard riding, we arrived in the town of Gonzales and were kindly received by the commander-in-chief. Orders were issued to get ready to cross the Guadalupe and march to the assistance of Col. Travis.

During the time of preparation, Mrs. Dickenson and child and a negro boy belonging to Col. Travis arrived in camp and gave a melancholy account of the Battle of the Alamo and the death of the brave band of heroes who sacrificed their lives on the altar of Texas liberty and independence. Every man was a hero, and their names are immortal. All was dark and gloomy, but every man was armed with the full determination to avenge their deaths.

Gen. Houston, not wishing to jeopardize the country by engaging the enemy with the small force under his command at Gonzales, ordered a retreat to the Colorado River. All the families led eastward across the Colorado. The army reached Peach Creek at dark. An explosion was heard, which we supposed to be the enemy's cannon bombarding Gonzales, but we afterwards learned that it was caused by the explosion of some barrels of whiskey which were in a house that was set on fire by some unknown person. It was a sad thing to see the women and children plodding their way across the prairie, some on foot, some in oxcarts and others on sleds, especially as the country was covered with water, making travel extremely difficult and unpleasant. No tongue can express

the sufferings those fleeing families were called on to endure. This was called the "Runaway Scrape," and indeed it was a runaway.

Arriving near Columbus, the army fixed their encampment on the east bank of the Colorado. Part of the army under Col. Sherman went up the river to Davis' Ford, and there encamped.

Here I received orders from Gen. Houston to collect all the provisions which could be procured and store them at Mosley's gin house, which I at once proceeded to have done. About this time the Mexican army, under command of Gen. Filisola, encamped on Matlett's Creek, about one and a half miles from Columbus. Opposite Gen. Sherman's camp stood a large double log house belonging to W. B. Deweese, which would have afforded the enemy a good fortification for their cannon and enabled them to drive us out of the bottom. Gen. Sherman ordered the house to be burned. Not expecting any danger, another man and myself got into a small dugout, crossed the river and set fire to the house and some corn and cotton pens. We had just pushed off on our return when about one hundred Mexican muskets were let loose at us, riddling the boat with holes, but we escaped unhurt, with a tight squeeze, the bushes being alive with the enemy.

Special Offer.

For awhile longer we will make the special offer of Frontier Times for a year and a copy of Captain Dan W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," for only \$2.25, postpaid. We are selling this very interesting book for \$1.00 per copy, while the subscription to Frontier Times is \$1.50 per year. Our supply of the books is limited, so if you want a copy we would urge you to send in your order at once.

Four Volumes For Sale.

I have a complete four volume set of Frontier Times, and ten numbers of the present volume, which I will sell for \$30.00. These copies are all in good condition. Address W. E. Hunter, Jourdan, Texas.

WANTED FOR CASH

Playbills of San Francisco theatres of the fifties; also those of early Texas variety theatres. Also Beadle and Adams and other dime and half dime novels and libraries. Also file of Frontier Times.—JAMES MADISON, 323 N. Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

RARE PHOTOGRAPHS

Complete set, four photos, "Hanging of Black Jack," famous Arizona robber, including one excellent bust picture of this noted outlaw. \$2.50 postpaid. Address Raymond W. Thorp, 145A Willman Street,

Send one dollar for a bundle of back numbers of Frontier Times. Eleven copies.

The Buffalo and His Habitat

C. C. Rister, in *The Cattleman*.

THE history of the significance of the American bison in connection with the development of the western part of the United States is yet to be written. The marvelous story in respect to their vast numbers, habits, relation to the Indian problem, and commercialization at the hands of the white men seems so strange to the average reader as to appear almost incredible. The accounts of the days of feudalism and chivalry, enshrouded with all the mysticism and romantic glamour of that period, are no more fascinating than those related to the history of the American bison. Up until 1878, these great shaggy animals roamed over the Southwestern plains in herds of thousands and tens of thousands moving about from place to place as the seasonal changes of climate and grazing conditions of the plains demanded, and followed by the wild tribes of nomadic Indians and great packs of ravenous wolves as deadly nemeses stalking their prey. The various aspects of this wild, primeval period approach in real, romantic color the tales of the Arabian Knights.

As early as the Spanish period of explorations in the Southwest these great herbivorous animals were a source of considerable wonderment and amazement to the Conquistadors. In 1540, shortly after Coronado had reached the pueblo villages of New Mexico, he dispatched one of his captains with a detachment of men toward the east to make observations. The explorers soon returned and the officer in charge reported that all he had been able to see was "cow and the skies."

This scarcely credible story was soon verified by Coronado when he pushed forth from the pueblo villages toward the east. Innumerable herds of buffalo were found peacefully grazing upon the great level stretches of the Staked Plains. Coronado and his band killed hundreds of these animals and to his surprise found that their meat was quite palatable. As they pushed on eastward at times these herds became so dense as to make it necessary for the explorers to deviate in their course because of the disinclination of the buffalo to move on. In July, 1583, Antonio de Espejo while crossing the western part of Texas, arrived on the banks of the Pecos River, and because of the large number of buffalo found there, called the stream Rio de las Vacas.

The habitat of the bison formerly extended from the Great Slave Lake on the north, in latitude about 62 degrees to the northeastern provinces of Mexico, as far south as latitude 25 degrees. Its range in British North America extended from the Rocky Mountains on the west to the wooded highlands about six hundred miles west

of Hudson Bay, or about to a line running southeastward from the Great Slave Lake to the Lake of the Woods. Its range in the United States formerly embraced a considerable area west of the Rocky Mountains, as skeleton remains were found as far west as the Blue Mountains in Oregon, and farther south it occupied the Great Salt Lake Basin. East of the Rocky Mountains its range extended southward far beyond the Rio Grande, and eastward through the region drained by the Ohio River and its tributaries. Its northern limit east of the Mississippi was the Great Lakes.

Concerning the area of the buffalo country in 1874, however, a report of the United States Geological Survey of 1875 states that "its present range embraces two distinct and comparatively small areas. The southern is chiefly limited to Western Kansas, a part of the Indian Territory, and Northwestern Texas—in all together embracing a region about equal in size to the present State of Kansas. The northern district extends from the sources of the principal southern tributaries of the Yellowstone northward into the British possessions." The buffalo herd that once extended continuously from the plains of the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande was divided about 1849 into two herds by the California overland immigration, according to the opinion of J. A. Allen, a government zoologist in 1875. One of the principal routes of these overland travelers followed up the Kansas and Platte rivers, and thence westward by the North Platte, crossing the Rocky Mountains by the way of the South Pass. The buffalo were all soon driven from this region, thousands of them being slaughtered by these immigrants. The increase of the Union Pacific Railroad and the consequent opening up of the country for settlement, effected a wider separation of the herds, the buffalo retiring every year farther and farther north and south until we had the northern and southern herds.

It would be hard to believe many statements made about the large herds of buffalo found in the Southwest were they not established by abundant proof. A captain Stanbury who passed over the above mentioned immigrant trail in 1849 stated that "when the emigration first commenced, traveling trains were frequently detained for hours by immense herds crossing their track, and in such numbers that it was impossible to drive through them."

Another traveler to this same country five years later said that he and a party of men mounted a high hill and as far as they could see in all directions were nothing but buffalo. He stated that one in the party estimated the numbers at 800,-

000; but he, being more conservative, said: "I do not think it any exaggeration to set it down at 200,000. I had heard of the myriads of these animals inhabiting these plains, but I could not realize the truth of these accounts until today, when they surpass everything I could have imagined from the accounts which I had received."

In General Meig's MS. he says: "General Sheridan, the year after the Grand Duke of Russia hunted with him on the Kansas Pacific, told me that he thought there were probably more buffalo that year than there had ever been before. He had traveled thru seventy miles of buffalo. He thought the killing by strychnine of wolves for the hides had saved many buffalo calves."

Thomas C. Battey, who visited the Wichita and Red River region in 1872 was amazed by the immense herds which he encountered and confided to his diary that "miles upon miles were covered with them, while upon close observation the long level line of the distant horizon proved to be a moving mass of life. In the course of the morning we met, in two droves of about 3,200 head of Texas cattle. These droves, large as they were, could be comprehended—seen over, around, and beyond—while the immense herds of buffalo appeared to be limitless, both in extent and number." As to the awe-inspiring impression this great mass of living, moving animals made on him, he wrote: "The noise of their tread and the low, moaning sound of their breathing, and perhaps bellowing—though I could not satisfy myself as to the latter—sounded like distant thunder. It is true that near by were spaces of prairie of some extent unoccupied by them; but, in looking off at a distance, they appeared to cover the plains."

Although the buffalo has been classed "the most stupid of all animals," the observations of many travelers and explorers of the Southwest have verified his sagacity and almost human intelligence under certain conditions. Surrounded by enemies at all times, his intuitive sense of self-preservation was almost constantly engaged in warding off dangers.

The bulls were the guardians of the herds. Although peaceful enough when

not excited, they became formidable warriors when their lives or that of the herd was in danger. Defenders of the different herds would frequently fight among themselves. Their horns were short and were



not generally used in these combats, although they would be used in horning up the earth and throwing it into the air, while at the same time they would employ their feet in pawing up great clouds of dust. After engaging in these hostile demonstrations for a while, standing twenty or thirty feet apart, the combatants would then rush together in a terrific head-on collision, many times throwing one or both of them to the ground. Buffalo hunters say, however, that scarcely ever were either of the fighters killed. The vanquished bulls on these occasions would tamely submit to the leadership of the victors and allow them to take charge of their herd.

Although the mother of the calf generally guarded her young, at times when in headlong flight she would often become separated from her calf and he would then be under the guardianship of the bulls, acting as outer guards of the herd. Colonel R. I. Dodge, who spent the best part of his life on the plains, stated that he had seen evidences of this many times, but said that the most remarkable instance of it he ever heard was told to him by an army surgeon. The surgeon stated that while returning to camp one day his attention was attracted to a knot of six or eight bulls standing in a circle with their heads outward. On the inside of the circle was a young calf and on the outside were several large lobo wolves, keeping at a safe distance from the buffalo. The doctor determined to watch the performance, and until the small group finally merged with

the large herd at a distance he stood spell-bound. He said that for a time the defenders would stand in a circle as mentioned, threatening with their horns and pawing up dust, and when the wolves would withdraw to a safe distance, the bulls and calf would start towards the herd, but again their enemies would be on their heels, necessitating a new ring of defense. Thus, gradually approaching the herd, the little one was at last delivered into the care of its mother.

At times, however, the bulls were abject cowards. When hunters approached the herd the bulls would stand and make hostile movements with their heads and feet but upon the near approach of their enemies they would turn and lead the herd in headlong flight. But if they were wounded by the hunters they would then turn and fight back viciously, at times so quick at retaliation that before the horses of the hunter could swerve in its course, after the fatal shot had been fired, the enraged and wounded bison would be upon him, sometimes bowling over the pursuer and goring him to death. Many Indians affirmed that when the rider was thrown, and when the enraged buffalo approached to complete his revenge, if the de horsed hunter remained perfectly still and showed no signs of life the buffalo would leave him unharmed after watching him closely for a short time.

At birth the buffalo calf resembled very much the red offspring of one of our West Texas cows at the present time. But when the first winter approached, however, it changed his reddish coat to one of dark brown, never afterwards to take on again its original color.

Catlin, in his History of the North American Indians, gives a very interesting account of a peculiar habit of these calves. He said that upon the approach of an enemy the herd would sometimes stampede and leave the calves behind. On such occasions the young calves would often hide their heads under a clump of sage or mesquite and await the passing of their foe. He interestingly tells how he came upon one of these little animals standing trembling in fright with its head under some sage brush. He dismounted and threw his arms about its neck, holding it fast until it had ceased its struggles. He then blew his breath in its nostrils, as he was instructed to do by the Indians, and it then followed him into camp, trotting at the heels of his horse as though it were following the mother cow. He stated that when this peculiar trick was first told him he did not believe it, but that since he had been on the plains he had seen many buffalo calves tamed in this way. He said, however, that many times before this ceremony could be performed the terrorized calf would "but and kick" the shins of the hunter until at times scarcely any skin was left thereon.

As the herd began grazing in the morning the cows and calves were usually found in the center with the bulls on the outside. The

herds were continually shifting, but though this was true, when they broke up into smaller herds of about twenty or fifty, they still maintained their leaders. Colonel Dodge, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean of August 5, 1875, verifies this in the following graphic description of the herd movements:

"The small herds, which compose the great herd, have each generally more bulls than cows, seemingly all on the very best terms with each other. The old bulls do undoubtedly leave the herd and wander off as advance or rear guards and flankers, but I am disposed to believe this due to a misanthropic abnegation of society on the part of the old fellows, to whom female companionship no longer possesses its charm, rather than to their being driven out by the younger bulls, as is generally believed. This habitual separation of the large herd into numerous smaller herds seems to be an instinctive act, probably for more perfect mutual protection. It has been thought, said, and written by many persons, that each small herd is a sort of a community, the harems and retainers of some specially powerful bull, who keeps proper order and subjection among them. Nothing is further from the truth. The association is not only purely instinctive, voluntary, free from domination of power, sexual appetite, or individual preferences, but is most undoubtedly entirely accidental as to individual components. I have, when unobserved, carefully watched herds while feeding. I have seen two or more small herds merge into one, or one larger herd separate into two or more. This is done quietly, gradually, and, as it were accidentally, in the act of feeding, each buffalo seemingly only intent on getting his full share of the best grass. I have already said that the cows and calves are on the inside and the bulls on the outside."

When pursued, or urged on by thirst, rough ground and a tumble now and then seemed to scarcely retard their progress. When they took a course, it was hard to change it. At times the trains of the Union Pacific and other lines would be held up by this stubborn habit of the buffalo. They would even try to squeeze in between the box cars, or the coal tender and the engine, many times making it impossible for the train to proceed and thereby entailing a delay of hours. Many times, upon approaching a bluff above a river, they would plunge down its steep sides in order to get to water. On many of these occasions they would fill the river to such an extent as to completely choke its channel. The many trails across the plains country were cut by the buffalo as they traveled in single file on their way to water.

At times while leading the herd the bull would come upon a small pond or depression filled with water. If it was in the summer season of the year such discoveries seemed to afford him much satisfaction. With the herd standing back at a respectful distance, he would lower himself on his knees and be-

gan to horn out weeds in the pond, or if the hole was not sufficiently large for his body it would be enlarged by pawing and horning until a satisfactory cavity was made. Then he would lie down in the sloppy mixture and roll over and over, usually lying quietly for a brief space of time. When he would arise from his bath he would be incrustated with the mud of the pond which acted as a shield from insects. One by one the buffalo in the herd would follow his example until the pond was used up, whereupon they would hunt out another. By constant rolling and wallowing in this manner great ponds and buffalo wallows were left to bear witness to the inclination of the bison of the southwestern plains to seek refuge from the heat of the summer in his cool mud bath.

Another habit of the buffalo found expression in his roving disposition. They not only sought the best watered regions and the greenest meadows, but they moved about from place to place seeking a climate to their liking. In the winter they would graze far to the south of the Red River and with the coming of spring would turn their steps again toward the north, seeking the cooler breezes of the Red and Arkansas plains and the abundant grass which grew there.

Although the bison seemed to possess many commendable habits his lack of offensiveness was probably the partial cause of his undoing. He was characterized by a rather sluggish disposition, and was by no means remarkable for alertness or sagacity. Colonel Dodge says:

"His enormous bulk, shaggy mane, vicious eye, and sullen demeanor give him an appearance of ferocity very foreign to his nature. Dangerous as he looks, he is in truth, a very mild, inoffensive beast, timid and fearful, rarely attacking but in the last hopeless effort of self-defense. The domestic cattle of Texas, misnamed 'tame' are fifty times more dangerous to footmen than the fiercest buffalo. . . . Endowed with the smallest possible amount of instinct the little he has seems adapted rather for getting him into difficulties than out of them. If not alarmed at sight or smell of a foe, he will stand stupidly gazing at his companions in their death throes, until the whole herd is shot down. He will walk unconsciously into a quicksand or quagmire already choked with struggling, dying victims. Having made up his mind to go a certain way, it is almost impossible to swerve him from his purpose."

Whether or not the buffalo was quite so stupid as he was portrayed by Colonel Dodge it is quite certain that his mild disposition was a source of continual trouble to him. The wild Indian and white hunters soon brought about his total destruction. The abundant supply of those animals made the great rolling plains of the Southwest a "hunter's paradise" for the Indians during the period before the coming of the white man, and an adventurous land of boundless

opportunities for the white hunters during a later time.

The Old Horse Block

Lots of people don't know what a horse block is, or was. This column, always informative, is here to tell them a horse block was a section of a large tree about three feet high—block not tree. Midway of the block of a caw cut about ten inches deep was made and the portion about the cut split off. This left a wide, firm step, between the ground and the top of the block. The step block was then set at the gate of the dwelling house and milady mounted the horse up from her ordered ride. From the block she sprang nimbly into the side-saddle, with a sort of backward flip. It was exceedingly convenient and the spring flip could be gracefully done by an experienced horselady in a long riding skirt. Horse blocks are an anachronisms now, like long riding skirts and side saddles. Milady has been transformed into quite a different type from miladies of the horse-block era, but she's still dear, she is.—State Press in Dallas News.

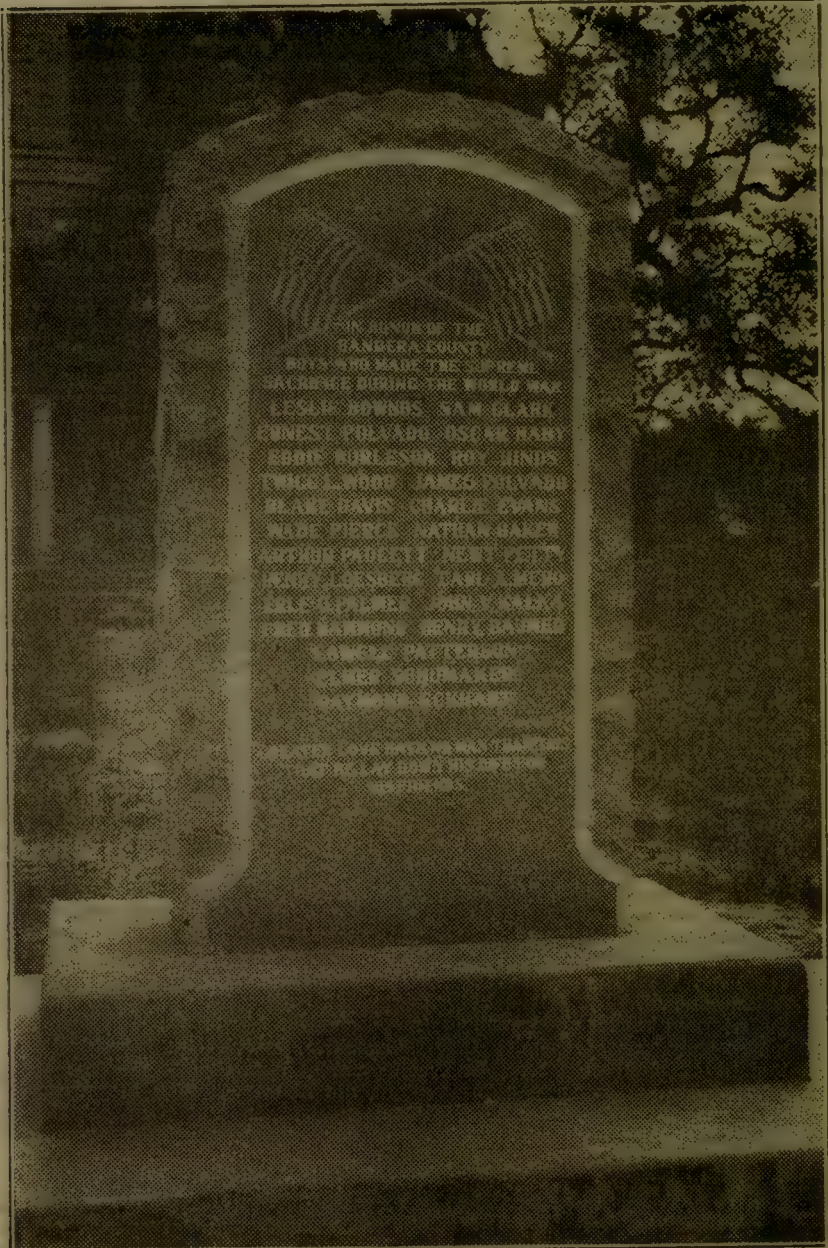
The above is a pretty fair picture of what the old horse or upping block looked like, how it was made and what it was used for. We've seen hundreds of them for it hasn't been such an awful time since one of them stood near the front gate of every rural home. It was a very necessary piece of furniture in the days when women wore long riding habits, and used a side-saddle. And that sidesaddle was an institution in itself; it had two horns, the one on the left being curved to fit the right leg of the driver when thrown over it, while the left foot rested snugly in a stirrup hanging down the left side. The horn on the right was straight and was placed there for the purpose of hanging a handbag carried by every lady in those days. But it wasn't called a handbag then. It was universally known as a "reticule" and was big enough to hold a lot of things, even including a country ham.

Reverting to the old horseblock our recollection of it is that it was the best place about the house to crack hickory nuts, and black walnuts on and then get slapped if we didn't clean up the hulls.—Mineral Wells Index.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and ask them to subscribe.

Monument to World War Heroes



The above shows the monument erected at Bandera, Texas, to the Bandera county soldier boys who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War. Bandera county has a population of 5,000. Twenty-three of her heroic sons were killed or died in that awful war. The monument to their memory was erected by the citizens of Bandera county, and stands on the public square of Bandera, the county seat. The names of these heroes as they appear on the monument are: Leslie Bowns, Sam Clark, Ernest Polvado, Oscar Haby, Eddie Burleson, Roy Hinds, Twigg L. Wood, James Polvado, Blake Davis, Charlie Evans, Wade Pierce, Nathan Baker, Arthur Padgett, Newt Petty, Henry Loesberg, Carl A. Mero, Erle O. Palmer, John V. Kalka, Fred Hammond, Henry Baumer, Lowell Patterson, Elmer Schumaker, Raymond Eckhart.

Seven Links in a Chain

By L. D. Walters, Tucson, Arizona.



HE WHO LIVES by the sword shall perish by the sword, "is an age old" saying which we have heard from time to time, but few of us have ever taken the trouble of interpreting these words into anything more tangible than that the outlaw usually meets death by the same weapons which he himself has used in the pursuit of his nefarious calling. In many chains of human events, each link represents a human life, either forfeited while engaged in some infamous act or while in the pursuit of some criminal.

The sequence of circumstances portrayed herein, involves six human lives and has its origin away back in 1872 in the person of Billy Coran, of whom nothing can now be said regarding his precedents and habits except that he was an ordinary cowboy who claimed to be from Texas. Coran had helped drive a bunch of cattle from the Panhandle Country of Texas up into Kansas with destination as Caldwell. While there he incurred the enmity of a Mexican named Bodina, who was so bad that, possibly, he was afraid of himself. Bodina claimed Texas as his home and it is possible that the trouble between these two men may have had its origin away back down in their old home state. Anyway, however it may have been, Bodina waylaid Coran and shot him and immediately started moving.

It chanced that John Wesley Hardin and Coran were old time pals who had ridden the trails together, bummed tobacco and cigarette papers from each other, shared their saddle pocket lunches with each other, shared their beds, probably drank from the same bottle and otherwise shared each other's ups and downs to the limit.

Hardin at once took the trail of Bodino and overtook him at Bluff City, Kansas, a puny little town just north of the Kansas-Indian Territory line. The Mexican was eating breakfast in a restaurant when Hardin appeared upon the scene and ordered him to "Put 'em up and put 'em high." Bodina, believing that he would be killed anyway, took a gambler's chance and reached for his artillery, but his reach was too long and a breakfast went uneaten and the restaurateur charged it up to profit and loss, unless he ate it himself.

For awhile longer, John Wesley Hardin went his way, taking toll of human lives, both justifiable and otherwise until he became the most wanted man in Texas, or out. Old time peace officers, while not actually dodging him, were not especially looking for him. He was finally convicted for a murder in Comanche county, Texas, and given a 25 years sentence in the penitentiary, and pardoned after serving

17 years. Hardin drifted into El Paso and one night in August, 1895, he chanced to be in the Acme Saloon and engaged in shaking dice with Harry Brown for a drink, had just shaken the dice and remarked, "Four sixes to beat," when a bullet crashed into his brain from behind and John Wesley Hardin fell dead. City Policeman John Sellman had fired the fatal shot on account of having become angered at something Hardin had said to him earlier in the evening. Sellman was arrested and given a preliminary hearing, admitted to bond and released pending his trial. During this respite he was shot and killed by Deputy United States Marshal George Scarborough.

A few years later while transacting business over around the New Mexico-Arizona State Line, in the vicinity of Stein's Pass, in company of State Ranger Birchfield, they found where some one had butchered a beef and had taken only the best portions. Believing that four Mexicans had done this, they took the trail which led them across the San Simon Valley to where they overtook the gang. When it was too late, they found that they had been following the trail of four of the worst characters in the south-west, one of whom was Bill Franks, alias Bill Carver, who was a member of the well known Hole-in-the-Wall gang and who had also been a member of the Black Jack Ketchum Gang which had made an attempt to hold up a bank in Nogales. Scarborough and Birchfield were outnumbered but that did not interfere with the hot fight which ensued. It is said that they had little or no chance to hunt cover because they actually overtook the gang before they knew it and they were fired upon immediately, leaving them no choice but to defend themselves.

Carver fired the shot which struck Scarborough in one leg. Birchfield made him as comfortable as the circumstances would permit and then slipped out and headed for San Simon for reinforcements and a wagon with which to take Scarborough to San Simon. After Birchfield had gone, Carver and his gang, taking silence for proof that both men were killed, rode away to the south without making any investigation. As Birchfield had thirty miles to travel and return, and as there was a cold rain falling, it was about 18 hours before he returned. Exposure and lack of attention rendered Scarborough's wound fatal and he died at his home in Deming, New Mexico, shortly after reaching there, and thus passed one of the bravest officers which the Southwest has ever known.

In August, 1899, the Black Jack Ketchum Gang was broken up and Franks, alias Bill Carver, joined the Hole-in-the Wall Gang

under the leadership of Butch Cassidy and while dodging the law in Texas, killed Oliver Thornton near Eden and, a few days later, was killed at Sonora, Texas, by Sheriff Lige Bryant, (April 2, 1900) while resisting arrest.

While Harvey Logan is also credited with

having fired the shot which caused the death of Scarborough, it is generally believed, and so stated, in Arizona and New Mexico that Franks, alias Carver, actually fired the shot; Scarborough made this statement before he died. Sheriff Lige Bryant, the seventh link in the chain of human events, is still living.

Served as a Texas Ranger

S. P. Elkins, Route 1, Box 126, Tishomingo, Okla.



IN 1870 Captain J. M. Swisher raised a company of Rangers for frontier service, and I joined his company. We were mustered in on the capitol grounds at Austin, our horses were appraised, and next day we struck out for Coleman county, where we were to maintain headquarters. After two day's ride Captain Swisher detailed fifteen men to go to Fort Concho for rations. A few minutes after the detail reached Concho a squad of soldiers brought in a stage coach riddled with bullets and arrows, and two dead soldiers were lying in the stage, shot many times. These men were guards for the mail. The stage driver escaped unhurt. The Indians cut the harness and took the four mules which pulled the stage.

Next day we took the old government road leading to Camp Colorado and our orders were to stop near the mouth of the Concho river where it empties into the Colorado, where a picket station was to be maintained. We placed a man on a high hill as a lookout, but he saw nothing but wild horses and wolves. Rich Coffey had a ranch near the Flat Top Mountain in Coleman county, and he kept a large force of men for protection, as he was a long ways from any settlement. There was nothing in that country then but wild cattle, mustang horses, buffalo, wolves and a few panthers. In the winter we moved down on Home Creek, in Coleman county, and took up winter quarters. The comanches and Kiowas often made raids through there, going down into the settlements to steal horses and kill people. The pioneers of that whole region had much to endure, for when they left home they did not know at what time they might be killed by the Indians. Most of the ranches had stockades built around the houses and port holes on every side of the house, so when the Indians attacked them they could protect their families. The people of these days had something to think about. There were no neighbors near to lend a helping hand in time of need. Where neighbors were close together, that is several miles apart, they would some times have preaching services. Everybody went armed all of the time; the men wore their pistols the same as their clothing. They would take their

families and go to meeting, take their guns along and stack them in a corner of the house until preaching was over. They were always glad to see each other, and would shake hands when they met and also when they parted, for they did not know but that it would be the last time they would see each other. When a stranger came into the country he was made to feel at home, and everybody was glad to see him. When a man left his family he did not know whether he would find them alive when he returned. A family was killed in Brown county in 1870, but I have forgotten the name. The man was in the woods making rails when he heard his family's screams and started to their assistance, but as the Indians had the house surrounded, and he had no arms with him he had to stand and see them murdered by the savages. The news of the massacre was brought to our camp twenty miles distant, and we started out after the Indians. We struck the trail of their horse herd and followed as fast as possible, until we came to a region where there were a great many mustang horses, and we had difficulty in trailing the Indians' horses. The ground was hard and covered with mesquite grass. We followed on as best we could and found places where the Indians had camped on high points, and other places where they had pushed their horses off steep embankments in descending the mountains, where we could not get our horses and pack mules down and we had to lose time in finding a better way. We ran into many herds of buffalo which to some extent obliterated the trail. Most of the scout were walking and leading their horses and trying to trail the Indians, when one boy's horse became frightened and got away. The last we saw of the horse he was going back towards camp, and the owner, Mr. Slover, was following him. We had no time to follow horses on the back track. Slover got back to camp all right, but had to foot it all of the way and all he had to eat was what he killed along the way.

We traveled many miles that day and camped for the night. Next morning our captain with his field glasses saw the Indians about two miles distant. Preparations were hastily made and we went after

them, ranger style. Two Indians were skinning a buffalo, and the others were driving a bunch of horses. When we came within a quarter of a mile of them we were discovered and the Indians left the horse herd and dashed away followed by the two who were butchering the buffalo. We ran them for several miles, when they sought refuge in a cedar brake and went into a cave in a gulch that came down a canyon. We dismounted and went into the cedar brake, as it was too rough to ride into. Some of the boys went up on a mountain, while others took position at the mouth of the canyon, and one or two were left with the horses. We had not penetrated the cedar brake very far until we were met with a rain of bullets, but we could not see where they were coming from. After reconnoitering for awhile we located the Indians in the cave, and succeeded in killing one of them. We secured all of their horses and blankets and saddles, piled up the saddles and took the blankets, for they were all good ones. One of the citizens who had accompanied us was killed. His name was Brown. Sam Gholson of Camp Colorado, was also with us.

Night came on, and as we were out of water, and had no way of getting those Indians out of the cave, we left the cedar brake and went back to our pack mules, several miles distant. Next morning we gathered all the horses we had captured from the Indians and started for our camp. That fight was on the 11th day of March, 1870, and on the 13th it commenced snowing, and snowed all day and night. We woke up on the morning of the 14th nearly frozen. The snow was so deep we could not travel and had to lay over there two days. The snow was five or six feet deep where it had drifted into the ravines and gulches. We got on the south side of a mountain where there was some scrubby cedar and shinoak brush, and there we fared very well. We would tie the tops of the little cedars together and rake the snow from under them, then spread a blanket over them and build a fire, and at night we would rake the fire away and spread our blankets on the warm ground. Our horses had nothing to eat but the buds on the scrubby oaks. The snow was so deep they could get no grass. When we got back to Camp Colorado we stopped at Kin Elkins' ranch and at Sam Gholson's ranch, on Jim Ned Creek, and the news was spread from there about the fight.

The first three months we were out the government furnished us rations. Our bread was hardtack, full of worms, weevils and spiders. We killed our own meat. The next three months our rations were misplaced and we did not have a bite of bread for twenty-two days. We went to Comanche Town and secured a box of crackers, and they proved quite a luxury.

Captain Swisher and four of us started to Fort Mason for supplies, and on the second day out we met a train of government wagons with a company of United States soldiers bringing rations to us.

I was discharged in 1871 and went to Palo Pinto county and settled on some vacant land. Here I put some new ground in cultivation, and intended to make my home there. I hired several men as a protection against the Indians, for the red devils were very troublesome at that time. We would take our guns with us when we went to work and keep them near us for fear of being attacked. One of my men was shot by some travelers who had stayed all night with us. They mistook him for an Indian. I saw that kind of business would not do, so I sold out and went back to the settlements. In 1873 I went up the trail, to Elsworth, Kansas, with Mark Withers from Lockhart. There I found two old schoolmates, Charlie Shiner and Henry Shiner, of San Antonio, with 5,000 head of cattle. Charlie wanted me to go to Nebraska with a herd, so I went along with them to Lowell, on the Platte river, and remained with them until they sold the cattle.

I received a letter from Captain Swisher stating that he was going to raise another Ranger company, and he wanted me to join it. So I quit the cattle business and pulled out for Austin, Texas, where I met Captain Swisher. He informed me that on account of some sort of dissatisfaction he had decided not to raise his company, but that Rufe Perry was in Austin for the purpose of organizing a company, and advised me to join it. I met Captain Perry, and was soon enlisted. Next morning he gave me a letter to take to his wife in Blanco county, about fifty miles from Austin, and directed me to remain at his place until he arrived there, which was in a few days.

In due time the company was organized, and we started for Menard county, where our headquarters were to be. We remained in Menard county some time, but had no fighting to do. One day six outlaws shot up the town of Menardville, and the sheriff came to our camp and asked Captain Perry for help. Six men were detailed to go and capture the outlaws. We had no trouble whatever in capturing them, for we found them all asleep under a big tree, and took them in.

Within a short time we moved over on the Llano river near Reichenau Mountains. We kept a picket on Reichenau Mountain and grazed our horses in the valley, so the picket could see the Indians if they attempted to make a run on us and steal our horses. One day the picket, L. M. Seiker, discovered a trail through a shinoak thicket and followed it until he came to a cave. He heard a noise in the cave and thought it was a bear, so he came to camp

(continued on Page 447.)

Joe Sap's Autobiography

By Joe Sappington



VERY truly great man should write his own biography, in order future generations may not declare him a myth, as they have in case of so many great men of the past.

Take William Shakespeare—one of the best off hand writers that ever lived, up to the time James Hayes Quarrels and I began to write. He wrote volume after volume on everything he could think of, but failed to write anything about himself, and today he is regarded as a myth and his books credited to a fellow by the name of Bob Bacon who was an insurance agent at a little place called Avon, situated on the river Thames, (please pronounce it Tems.) Then look at Homer, the Greek poet, who wrote such loving rot about a Miss Helen Somebody of Troy, Alabama, and whose poetic gush was never equaled, until Ella Wheeler Wilcox and J. Mortimer Lewis came tripping forth like a pair of canary birds. Today he is voted a myth and with not the shadow of a claim to the name of Homer.

It's quite a serious thing for a fellow to make up his mind to quit work long enough to write the history of his own life from the cradle to the grave, especially if his family is on starvation; but what is the starving of an ordinary family compared to a great man losing his identity and becoming just a plain common myth without legs or whiskers to generations yet unborn.

It saddens my heart to think how some people cling to the sordid things of this life. For example take the wife of my present bosom; she cares nothing for the generations yet to come and wouldn't give the snap of her finger to keep posterity from thinking I was a myth or jackass. But when I think of the sad fate of Shakespeare and Homer, it emboldens me to quit work and get busy writing the history of my life, for no man knoweth when he will be gathered unto his fathers.

My wife and her mother have not lent their moral support to the compiling of this history to any alarming extent—in fact they have discouraged me in many ways. When I began writing it my mother-in-law remarked in a tone of voice that could be heard clear out to the barn, that she thought the proper thing for me to do instead of writing a history of my life, that no one would read but myself, would be to go to work and support my family. I merely mention these things just to show the rugged path I have had to travel while writing in flaming words the history of my life that in ages to come the name of Joe Sappington will stand out in all its lonely grandeur like a sore toe in a five cent wash

pan. Everything from here down is the history of my life.

On the 21st day of July, 1872, there came to Coryell County a family consisting of the father and mother and six children—four boys and two girls. This family settled on the ground. This was not a very hard stunt as there was ground in every direction as far as the eye could see. The place settled by his family was on the head of Cave Creek, about ten miles northeast of Gatesville. (The reader will please keep his or her seat and not become impatient as I am almost ready to dismiss all of the above family but myself as I am the only one of the children who ever became famous—the others making just plain, hardworking, law-abiding citizens.) The country where this family settled was one of the most picturesque mortal man ever flapped his eye on. Oh, if that family could only have exchanged a few hundred square miles of "picturesque" for a few bodily comforts how much plumper and fatter would the hero of this tale be at this very moment.

Dear reader I am almost dying to say that this family was poor but honest, but for fear I will be accused of plagiarism I shall refrain. However, I will say that the family was not rich. Hardships and privations are sometimes the means of bringing out the most heroic traits of character and my family appreciating to the fullest the advantages afforded thru them, proceeded to keep on hand for many years a full supply of all sorts of hardships and privations. Looking back over the years that have fled and gone there is nothing that I can recall so vividly as the family privations. Now in this family was a boy child, not of heroic mold, but just a plain child with a pale thoughtful brow, with two eyes, a face that was full of expressions, freckles and other foreign substances. That child was I, gentle reader. I was but eight years old then and there was nothing in my general appearance that even hinted at greatness. Of course, there were a few peculiarities of my nature that cropped out from time to time that the stranger would never observe, but would be noted by all the members of the family. For instance I could not stand extreme heat while working in the field but could walk forty miles with a thirty pound musket on my shoulder hunting rabbits on the hottest day that ever came and not think of getting tired. Strange to say I never was stricken down by extreme heat while fishing or hunting, when a small boy, but as soon as I would grasp the handle of a hoe on a hot day my system would begin to get out of order and I would have to quit work. I hate to say it

and "do so in sorrow and not in anger that I have a couple of brothers who claim to this good day that I was not sick, but was just simply playing sick to keep from work. To think that they would say that of me when they have seen me with their own eyes on so many occasion turn as blind as a snake in August, and talk out of my head and give down in my back, and have cramp colic, and palpitation of the heart and many other deep seated diseases too numerous to mention. Shame on them, I say. Just awhile back my sister asked my wife if I still suffered from those blind spells, palpitation of the heart, and delirious attacks I used to be so subject to during cotton chopping time.

When my father moved to Cave Creek there were not exceeding five houses on the road from old man McGee's house, two miles west of Coryell City to Jonesboro, a distance of twenty miles. Our nearest neighbor was Judge McCuthen's family. Mat McCuthen, one of the Judge's boys was about my age and we were together a great deal. When we were about 12 years old we ran away from home and started to the Black Hills to fight Indians. Mat stole one of his father's old work mules and a saddle belonging to one of his brothers, and I stole the family mare that had a young colt. We were well prepared for a trip to the Rocky Mountains and were heavily armed. Mat had trader for a 22-caliber rim fire seven shooter and I had a bull dog derringer and two cartridges. I stole a gallon of meal and frying pan from mother and Mat stole a piece of bacon from his mother. Every detail of this trip was well planned from the time we were to start to the day of our arrival in the Black Hills. It was our intention to kill

a buffalo every two or three days for fresh meat. The old mare being fleet of foot, Mat was to loan me his seven shooter to kill the buffalo by dashing into a herd and picking out a fat one and shooting its head off.

Early one Sunday morning before any of our folks were astir we set our faces toward the Rocky Mountains and left in a high hope. We halted long enough to let the old mare's colt suck and fry some bacon and the colt through nursing, we took up our journey once more for the land of the setting sun; at least we thought we were going in that direction. The rest seemed to do our animals a lot of good—in fact, they went so freely that we had to pull on the reins all that afternoon.

Mat's feet lacked about twenty-four inches of reaching the stirrups and along towards night he got so tired that we decided to stop at the next house we came to and ask to stay all night. Just about that time we discovered a house on the top of a hill in front of us not more than a quarter of a mile away. We approached the house from the rear and seeing no one we hollered "hello." Someone came to the window and asked what we wanted, and Mat told him we wanted to stay all night with him, that we were travelling.

He said, "All right boys, hitch your horses and come get supper." We were awful proud of the invitation and almost fell off our mounts and went into the house. When we went in we came face to face with the entire McCuthen household—we had been lost and Mat's mule had landed us back home. As soon as I realized the situation I made a run for the old nag and went straight home and confessed the whole thing to mother.



Above is shown a picture of Bandera Pass, in Bandera county, Texas, where Captain Jack Hays and his forty Texas Rangers defeated about 600 Comanche Indians in a desperate battle in 1843. Five of the Rangers were killed and several were wounded. The Indians' loss was more than 100 killed and many wounded. In this engagement the Colts six-shooters were first used against the Indians.

Barley Escapes a "Neck-tie Party"

Arizona Republican, April 18, 1928.



PROBABLY none of the old timers in Arizona is better posted or has more definite knowledge of early day events than Williams Sparks, pioneer Arizonian and peace officer now residing at Globe. This is particularly true of the mining history of various districts of the state. Mr. Sparks, known to his legion of friends in the Southwest as "Bill," recently related a story of an incident in the history of Globe which is highly interesting and typical of the camp.

"For several years prior to 1896," Sparks related, "the smelters in Globe were shut down most of the time and the mines were worked only by a small force employed in development work. This was due to the low price of copper and the long freight haul required to bring supplies in by horse and wagon.

"In 1895 construction was started on the Globe-Bowie railroad. About the same time ownership of the Old Dominion mine changed hands and this property, with the United Globe Mines, resumed operations.

"From the beginning Globe had been a white man's camp. Most of the miners owned their own homes and took as much interest in the welfare of the town as did the business men. During the long shutdown, however, many inhabitants of the camp were forced to leave and go to other places in search of work to support themselves and their families. When the mines and smelters started again, these people returned, as did some of the business men who had been compelled to close their shops and seek other locations during the shutdown.

"The new owners of the Old Dominion sent out from Michigan a young mining engineer named Parnall, to manage their mine. He had not been in charge very long when he brought a noted Mexican 'pusher,' named Alexander McClain, from Morenci and installed him as my foreman. As operations were resumed McClain began to employ Mexicans and was soon letting the Americans go.

"At that time Mexican miners in the Clifton-Morenci district were paid \$1.75 to \$2 per 10-hour day; car men and shovelers got \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day. All were paid off with 'bolletes,' or tickets, which were good for their face value at the company's store only. The lowest wages paid in Globe mines were \$3 per day, but Parnall cut the wages of car men and shovelers from \$3 to \$2.75. This caused considerable unrest in the camp, but as yet there was no talk of a strike. Everything seemed to be going so smooth that the new manager made another and still another cut, bringing wages of car men and shovelers down to \$2.25. By this time there were things stirring in the camp of which Parnall knew nothing.

"All the reductions had been made within a period of three weeks. The day after notice of the last wage cut had been posted, several young men affected by the cut were standing in front of Lyle's saloon when Parnall and one of his clerks came along. Three or four of the boys stopped him and began to argue the wage question. Parnall tried to push by them when a boy named Wit Stanfield slapped him in the face with his hat and called him the fighting name. Parnall took off his coat, but evidently thinking the whole bunch would jump him, put it back on and ducked for home.

"While this was in progress a group of men were making the rounds of the saloons and business houses, preparing a program for that night. Before nightfall everyone town had been advised that all those who wished to keep Globe a 'white man's town' were to meet at the court house at 8 p. m. At that hour, nearly every white man in town was at the place of assembly.

Although a plan had already been agreed upon, several speeches were made. One man named Aiken, the owner of a small store, said that all he had in the world was his business and that if the white miners were to be displaced by Mexicans working for low wages, who would trade only with their own people or in a company store, he might as well burn his store and be done with it.

"At the conclusion of Aiken's address, the crowd marched down to the Old Dominion smelter dump, where Cliff Middleton, Jim Green, Bill Graydon and Wit Stanfield were sent as a committee to bring Parnall to the crowd. The manager lived in the building which now houses the general office of the Old Dominion mine. The boys went over to the kitchen door, facing the dump, and knocked. Mrs. Winslow, Parnall's housekeeper, opened the door and Green told her he wanted to see Parnall. She stepped back and in a moment Parnall came to the door and asked what was wanted. Green informed him a committee was waiting for him on the smelter dump, 50 or 75 yards away.

"Parnall said he would see the committee at his office at 9 o'clock the next morning and attempted to close the door. Green grabbed him by the arm and pulled him outside, flourishing a six-shooter as he did so. The boys then brought him to the crowd.

"For a few minutes it seemed that Parnall would be treated with violence but some of the older heads finally prevailed and quiet was restored. A man named Bennett pulled out his watch and holding it in the light of a lantern told Parnall he had just one hour to decide whether he would discharge the Mexicans in the mine (the complaint referred only to Mexicans who came from Mexico, not to those born in the United

States), put wages back where they had been and promise not to discharge anyone for taking part in the demonstration; or be escorted to the reservation line, given a canteen of water and driven out of the country.

"Parnall stood speechless while Bennett harangued until the hour was nearly up. Just then a cowboy whirled a loop over his head and called on the crowd to get out of the way and give him a chance at

Parnall. The manager weakened and agreed to the demands of Bennett. After a further lecture, he was permitted to go home.

"As a result of this, wages were restored to their former level and McClain and the Mexicans were fired. Parnall soon became one of the best liked mine managers in the Southwest and when he went to Bisbee to manage a mine there, took Bennett along as one of his foremen."

Frank M. Buckelew, Indian Captive

Rev. Frank M. Buckelew, a local Methodist preacher, was a captive among the Lipan Indians for some time, being cap-

tured in Bandera county, Texas, on March 11, 1866, when he was barely fourteen years old. He was with the tribe in their wan-

derings over the mountains and plains of our plains part plains of this state and in Mexico, and participated in their sports and hunting forays. He finally made his escape through the assistance of some Mexicans, and returned to his people in Bandera county. Rev. Buckelew is now an aged minister, depending on his preaching and the sale of books for a livelihood. He tells a wonderful story of his captivity, all of which is contained in a little book, "Life of F. M. Buckelew," written and published by T. S. Dennis. He will send you a copy of this book for \$1.00, postage extra. He also has other books for sale. The editor of Frontier Times knows him and esteems him highly. He is one of the real pioneers of this section of Texas, and needs the assistance of every friend to the old pioneers. He is not asking charity by any means, but wants to sell his books to provide a living for himself and his aged wife. Send him a dollar and a dime and get the interesting story of his life. The story is simply told, no exaggerations, no misrepresentations, but facts all the way through. Address him at Medina, Texas, and you will hear from promptly.



John Gist Tells of Changing of the West

Cora M. Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News, April 27, 1928



IF YOU SHOULD happen to be up Odessa way, round about Midland, or down in the chapparals near Marfa, you know John Gist. If, perchance, you have missed the privilege of claiming him as a friend, you most certainly will hear of him and you want to know him, for there is a most enjoyable hour ahead of you, particularly if he jars loose from "the best-bred Herefords in Texas" and drifts back to the time when he herded longhorns and didn't know such a thing as blooded cattle existed. That is what he talked to me about and this is what he said.

"It was in the fall of 1850 that my parents left Tennessee in an ox wagon which contained all their earthly possessions, excepting the cattle and horses, and they were being driven alongside. Pa had some money and intended to go into the cattle business on a big scale when he got to Texas. But it was no picnic getting here. They averaged traveling from five to eight miles per day. But they finally reached Fannin County and settled on the Bois d'Arc (commonly called bode arc) near the present site of Bunham. There pa started his ranch and things were going fine until Denton County got to looking so inviting from a distance that, notwithstanding Indians were raiding that section ever so often, he decided to give it a whirl, anyway. The next stop was made two and one-half miles from Bolivar, in that county. It was there that I was born a few months later. My Uncle, Isaac Denton, was the man for whom that county was named and a monument erected on the courthouse square in his honor is still standing.

"In the spring of 1868 Indians got so pestiferous that stockmen just couldn't keep cow horses at all. Raids in the light of the moon were so skillfully made that we were all but driven out of the country to find protection. Pa and Dan Waggoner had been partners all the time in the cattle business and had done well. The cattle had multiplied rapidly, didn't cost anything to run 'em except the hire of the cowboys and the upkeep of the outfit, and the goose was hanging high. But it was dangerous to keep a family of women and children out there and Pa decided to backtrack to the little town of Pilot Point, in the same county. He and Waggoner divided their cattle. That was the year of 1868. I remember it well, for I was just 14 years old and had been workin' those cattle ever since I could stick on the back of a horse. After the division, which was satisfactory in every way, pa sold his interest in the partnership brand for \$85,000 to Chisholm, \$25,000 cash in hand and four notes of \$15,-

000 each to be paid annually, bearing interest from date. The cattle were driven to the old Chisholm ranch, near where the town of Roswell, N. M., is now located, and we moved to Pilot Point, a little village of 300 people or thereabout.

It was not any town to speak of, to be sure, but Indians would not attack 300 folks near as quick as they would one man with his family, so it gave us a sort of feeling of security, anyway. It did more than that, for by throwing all of the horses in the neighborhood together on moonlight nights and guarding them the men made it so hot for the redskins that they finally quit raiding there. We still had our own brand of cattle, which was G on the left shoulder, and it kept us busy tending to them and clearing up for another home. Just when we had things all set again pa took a notion to get going. That was the year of 1882.

"Off we started, ox wagon, cattle and all, for a settlement called Era, in Cooke County. When we arrived there wasn't even so much as a store or supply station there and not hardly enough folks to call it a village. We were some disappointed, but my father was one of the 'meet-the-emergency' sort of men and as soon as we got a cabin built and the cattle ranging close by he set to work building a storehouse. When it was completed he opened up the first stock of goods in what he was pleased to call the 'thriving town of Era.' Not satisfied with that, he set to work to get a postoffice installed and he did it, too. That and the store kept him busy and brother and I worked the cattle. But I wanted an interest in the store, so pa began fencing what was then known as the Weir farm, comprising a section or more of land, the first wire-fenced farm or pasture in Cooke County. It was a curiosity; folks knew nothing about that kind of a fence and they did not like it any too well, either, although numbers of them came miles to see what it looked like.

"In 1885 I married Blanche Renfro at Era and we set up housekeeping. Brother put in with us at the store and we enlarged the stock again, but with all of that my taste ran first to cattle and I was accumulating a nice little bunch of my own.

"We prospered in the mercantile venture until the long drouth came. On account of running so much credit and carrying so many for so long we went broke. I gave up everything I had to try to clear up the debt and I didn't mind doing it until it came to my cattle. That just about took my life, but I did it, and at that didn't have enough to pay out, so I took my wife and two babies, put 'em in a covered wagon and did just what pa had done before me—

started for the West. I had the blues until I would have colored the ocean indigo if I had taken a plunge in it, but I had grit and I stiffened my upper lip and said to myself, 'I will come out ahead yet and pay every dollar I owe.'

"We went to Hall County, forty-five miles southwest of Memphis, the county site. I filed on a section of land in the Mill Iron pasture and went to work for their outfit on Wind River. I made a couple of dugouts, dirt floors and roofs and in these we lived. I remembered how pa had got the postoffice at Era and how it had brought in a few dollars and a lot of comfort by connection with the outside world, so I set out to establish one at Turkey and I did it, of course with myself as postmaster. I made another dugout which was the Federal Building, and when I was gone my wife dished out the mail and attended to the duties of the office. I ran cattle from rounding-up time in the spring until the dead of winter and then I trapped and hunted to bring in a little money for we had to make every edge cut. Even at that it was four long years before I had a hundred cows of my own, but I never had relinquished the idea of being a cattleman.

"When I was nothing, but a kid I heard some cowmen talking about some cattle they had seen that had the horns bred off and white faces bred in and how pretty they looked. That got hold of me and I determined right then, down deep in my heart, that some day I would own a bunch of that sort of cattle and I never did let go of that purpose.

"I never knew there was so much work in the whole world as I did the six years we lived in Hall County. I worried as much as I worked, too, for my wife was out with our two little ones, five miles from the nearest neighbor, and me on the drive or range for thirty, forty and sometimes sixty days at a time, with no way of communicating except once in a great while when we would get a letter through. Settlers were few and I never knew when I left home whether my family would all be living or dead when I got back, but I did know one thing—I wouldn't know anything more definite until I did get back, unless it was by accident.

"I ran my cows on the Mill Iron range and when they began to bring calves and later their off-spring to calve it did not take long to build up a good herd. We had been saving all the money we could, didn't spend a cent we did not have to. The minimum on clothes and what we could get along with on food, and at the end of six years I had paid for my 100 cows and cleaned up my part of the back debt at the store. I moved my family to Memphis for the purpose of schooling my children. It was just a one-horse town of about 700 people, but after the dugouts and prairie dogs and coyotes for homes and neighbors it looked like New York City to us. I

bought a little home and soon we had that paid for. My cattle were multiplying rapidly now; you know they sure do stack up when you get three generations to calving, but here another problem arose. I had to have more land to run 'em on. And that was a real tragedy to me, for it wasn't land, but cattle that I craved, and better cattle, at that, for I still had the vision of the cattle I had heard those men describe before me in my mind and was determined as 'ever to own some of them. Wife says, now that I used to talk about 'em in my sleep. I don't know about that, but I do know that I dreamed about 'em all the time when I was awake.

"That was a sad time for me when I had to sell my cattle and buy land, but I figured ahead and decided to cut the herd to 400 cows and pay cash for the land. Fortunately, it was dirt cheap, and I got 7,000 acres. When I laid down cash on the barrel head I realized that I had made that money and also enough to clear up all my indebtedness, with interest, by hard work since I went broke at the store in Era. And I was so happy that I just wanted to cry like a child. Instead of that, wife and I just hugged each other and determined to forget all our hardships and struggles and self-denial and try to make good the rest of our lives without any more of them.

"I ran my cattle, kept on working for the 'em' irons, drawing down my wages and saving 'em against the time when I could start building a better herd. Wife kept some chickens, a couple of cows, raised a garden and our living cost us next to nothing; that little woman already had done more than her share in our partnership.

"That year the cows brought us a fine crop of calves as I ever saw and from year to year the increase grew until I soon found myself once again a full-fledged cowman.

"My opinion is, and my experience proves to me, that at least in my own life dreams become a reality when we put enough of the negro's 'git up and git' behind 'em to make 'em real instead of imaginary. This I did. The first blooded cattle I ever owned was 200 head of 2-year-old heifers from the J. J. herd, then owned by Mrs. Adair, at that time one of the best in the State. I had to get more land then, so I bought another 7,000 acres, paying cash again. This tract adjoined a water station called Stiles on the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad.

"My Longhorns had increased to as fine a commercial herd as could be found in Hall and Donley Counties and numbered 800 head. I bought registered bulls, the first shown on the market, and began to 'breed up.' The next year I purchased an entire herd of Herefords in Missouri. From then on I added more and better cattle until the year of 1918, when I bought the cattle ranch of Hense Pegues, within a

mile of Odessa township, with fifty-five head of the tops of his Hereford herd. Two years later I took over the Henry M. Halfp reach of 4,000 acres, adjoining the town of Midland, on the south. This, I consider, one of the best of all my buys. I now keep my show herd on it, together with 100 head of choice cows. I sold 301 acres of that ranch to the city of Midland for a subdivision. Realizing my need for a ranch in the southwest part of the State, I purchased ten sections of land adjoining the town of Marfa. There I kept 210 of my best cows to raise bulls for the breeders' association. I have been showing Herefords for ten years at the State Fair of Dallas, and the Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth and always bring my share of the bacon.

"All through the years while I was accumulating by hard work and saving, a start of Longhorns I was thinking about the time when I would be on my feet so that I could breed better and better cattle. And all of the time, even when the deflation came, I was adding to my herd all of the time as I had the money to do it.

"I have worked hard to succeed, but I believe it's because I love good cattle so much that I have never grown discouraged enough to lie down on the job. And when some new honor is bestowed, or a record broken, as this year at the auction sale of Herefords at the Fat Stock Show, when one of my females brought the highest price of any in a similar sale in ten years, I do just what I did then: Called a messenger and wired the little woman who lived in the dugout about it. But what do you reckon she did when she got that wire? Why, she answered it with, 'Will be down tomorrow to help you spend the money.' Yes-sir-ee, she sure knows how to put the kibosh on me."

AN OLD TEXAS RANGER WRITES.

S. H. Sutton, Medina, Texas.

I was among the early pioneers of Texas, my father coming to this state in 1852, when I was two years old. I was born at Little Rock, Arkansas, July 29, 1850. When we arrived in Texas the country was practically unsettled; only a roving band of Indians, and a few white people. We had a great deal of trouble with the redskins, in Red River county, where my father first located. In 1862 we moved to Erath county, and landed in the McCarty and Gillentine settlement on the Little Defoe river. In July, 1864, after we had been living there over a year, I was mustered into service in Captain Gillentine's Minute Company. I was fourteen years of age when my service began. My brother, F. M. Sutton, was serving in this company also. We were sent out in squads of ten every ten days to scout for marauding Indians, and we had many skirmishes with them. In the Dove Creek battle, January 8, 1865, my captain, Gillentine, was killed. Lieutenant Cahoe was also

killed, by the side of John Gillentine. Bill Gillentine was wounded and carried back to Erath county, where he partially recovered.

I remember one time a party of Indians came upon a party of us young folks and we had to run for our lives, as we were unarmed at the time. We ran to a house and escaped them. My father and brother put up a fight and the Indians left. The minute men took their trail and followed them two days, but could not overtake them. In our party ran by the Indians were Henry Robertson, Walker Robertson, the two Robertson sisters, two of my sisters and brothers and myself.

We moved to Gongales county in 1865, where we lived for quite awhile, and where I was married to Miss Caroline Sap. In September, 1876, with my family. I moved to Bandera county, locating on the Williams Ranch, eight miles from Medina on the West Prong of the Medina river. This ranch is now owned by Charles Neal.

One day my wife and I went down to the mouth of Casey Creek to wash clothes. We had hardly started when my horses began to rear and plunge, and cut capers. Naturally, my first thought was of Indians, and I told my wife to put the things back in the wagon, and when she asked why I wanted to do that, I told her the horses would not stand any longer. The horses started on a run for the house, and looking back, I saw a bunch of Indians on a bluff near where we had been. My wife asked me what I saw, and I told her they were cattle. My gun was in the wagon, but I did not have a cartridge in it, for a few days before I had used my last cartridge in killing a deer. However, I intended to put up a good bluff with it if the Indians followed. But they disappeared and I saw them no more.

If any of the old members of the minute company who served under Captain Gillentine see this, I would appreciate a letter from them. I am totally disabled, and am trying to get a pension. I think the following members are still living: Bill McCarty, Bruce McCarty, Walker Robertson; Bloof Hollyce, Jim Skipper, Terry Gillentine, John Leach, Ned Skipper, Bud Hollyce, Jack Hollyce, and Henry Robertson.

Bundle Offer.

We still have on hand a few bundles of back numbers of Frontier Times. Each bundle contains 11 copies of various dates, no two copies alike in a bundle. These are left-overs during the past four years, but do not run in consecutive order. Price \$1.00 per bundle. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Your neighbor reads your copy of Frontier Times every month. Ask him to subscribe for it, and thus help sustain this magazine, the only one of its kind published in the world.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO

(Continued from Page 427)

gradually choked off all Mexico's traffic with the shore. As starvation approached the hapless Indians and they undertook to escape he slaughtered them piecemeal. At length, after three months' siege, he made his grand assault, and this time there was no doubt of the outcome.

"What I am going to mention is truth," says Diaz as though hardly able to believe his own words, "and I swear and say amen to it. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but I cannot conceive that the mortality there exceeded this of Mexico; for all the people from the distant provinces which belonged to this empire had concentrated themselves here, where they mostly died. The streets, the squares, the houses and the courts were covered with dead bodies; we could not step without treading on them; the lakes and canals were filled with them."

The exploits of Cortez excited the admiration of Spain. The king appointed him governor and captain-general of Mexico, a post he administered with an iron hand.

After a while jealousy began in his mother country. Cortez hastened home and appeared in great splendor before the king and returned to Mexico and to the peninsula of Lower California.

But his enemies pressed him, and on another visit he had a cold reception from the king, headed a disastrous expedition to Algiers, fell into neglect and died in solitude in 1547.

Thus the end of the greatest of Spain's heroes.

Defective Volumes.

We have just 16 copies of the Pioneer History of Bandera County, published in 1923, now out of print and rare. These volumes are defective, 16 pages missing, due to an error in binding. We offer them at \$1.00 each.—Address Frontier Times, Bandera.

FRONTIER PHOTOGRAPHS

Famous border characters, desperadoes, gun men, Indians, Texas Rangers, peace officers, frontiersmen. Send for price list.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

Indian Relics Wanted.

I want Indian relics, of all kinds. Write me what you have, and prices. I am not a dealer.—Geo. C. Martin, Rockport, Texas.

SERVED AS A TEXAS RANGER

(Continued from Page 439.)

to get permission to shoot the bear, and most of the boys returned to the cave with him. The shinoak brush was very thick and about as high as a man's head all over the side of the mountain. When we reached the cave the boys gathered around to shoot the bear when it came out. One of the crowd threw a rock into the cave, and out came a javalina or musk hog right into the crowd, snapping his teeth, and charging straight towards us. And we tore up the bushes getting out of his way to let him escape. Another rock was thrown into the cave and the next javalina that came out we killed him. We killed two of these animals in that way.

I was detailed to go with Major John B. Jones' escort to Fredericksburg, and when we reached Fort Mason we found a big crowd of men gathered there. The sheriff came to Major Jones and told him that Roberts, an outlaw, was camped two miles from Fort Mason and was stealing all the cattle that he and his gang could find, and they had sent the sheriff a challenge to come to a certain place. The sheriff and his large party fell in front of our little bunch and we went about six miles out on the Fredericksburg road, when they sidetracked. Major Jones called for thirty volunteers and they promptly stepped out. Twelve men were left with the pack mules, and we went on for two or three miles when the sheriff made the proposition that the rangers, when they came up to the outlaws, demand their surrender, and if they refused, we were to open the fight and the citizens would reinforce us. We were about three hundred yards from the outlaws' camp, and Major Jones sent a man to demand their surrender. When the man reached the camp he found it had been vacated, and no outlaws were there, so the citizens returned to Mason.

Frontier Times stops promptly at expiration of your subscription. When your time is out you will receive an expiration notice, with renewal order blank attached. Watch for it, and send in your renewal immediately or you may miss the next copy.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left. dera, Texas.

"A Cowpuncher of the Pecos."

A very interesting booklet of real cowboy life, written by F. S. Millard, an old time Texas cowboy, in typical cowboy style. Price \$1.00 per copy. You can order from the author, Fred S. Millard, Faywood, New Mexico, or from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15,
1923, at Bandera, Texas, Act of Mar. 3, 1876.

Seth Whetstone, Noxville, Texas, writes: "Enclosed please find \$1.50 for Frontier Times another year. I do not want to miss an issue. It is the best I ever read, and I would not be without it for anything."

Dave Finkelstein, Hallettsville, Texas, writes: "Enclosed find check for \$1.50 for another year's subscription to the good old Frontier Times. Some of these days I will write a sketch about my father, A. Finkelstein, who, on October 15th, will be 80 years old. He has been in Texas about sixty years and tells some very interesting happenings of early days. He has been running a hotel here twenty-five years known as Finks Hotel."

For some months past Frontier Times has been receiving campaign matter from the various candidates for State office, all requesting publicity through the columns of this little magazine. These candidates should have saved the postage it required to bring this campaign thunder to us. Frontier Times takes no stock whatever in politics of the present day; is non-political, and has no space whatever to further the candidacy of any aspirant to State or National office.

Mrs. J. R. McDonald of Pasadena, California, writes: "Please spare me one moment of your most interesting time, for I wish to thank you for the efforts you are putting forth to perpetuate in the memory of coming generations the lonely and hazardous trail of the pioneers of dear old Texas, whose child I am by birth. May the glory and gleam of that grand old star shine in iridescent splendor with the reflected light of love, honor and gratitude from the loyal hearts of every son and daughter of those sturdy pioneers who hewed out the way for them. I am a native Texan, a great grand daughter of Matthew and Hannah Taylor, and I am proud of it."

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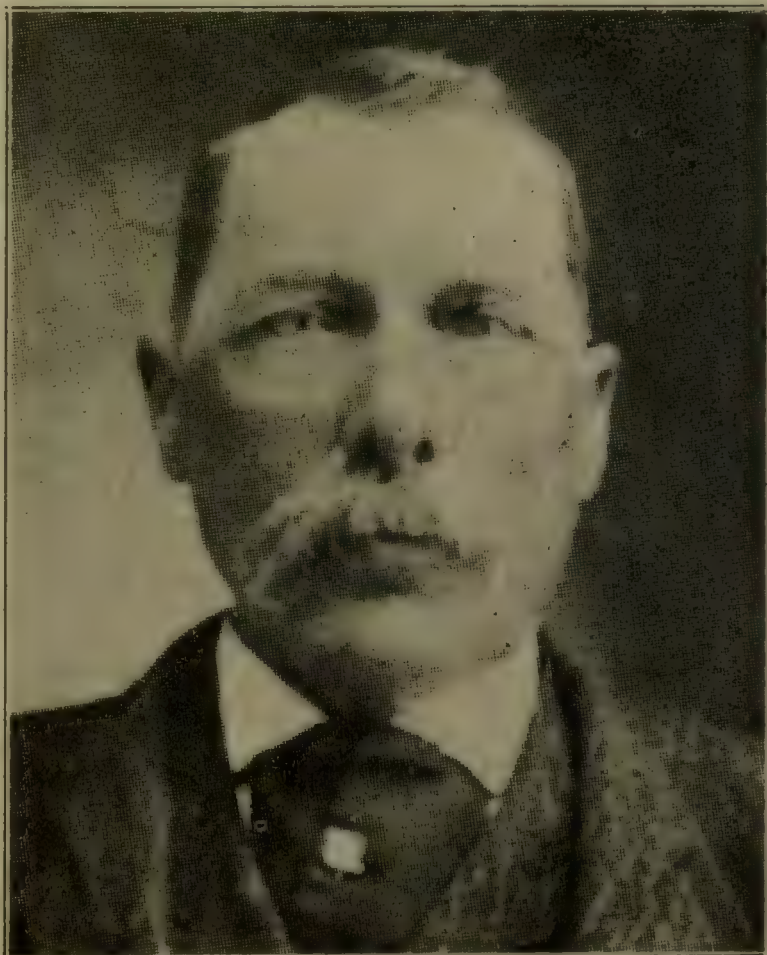
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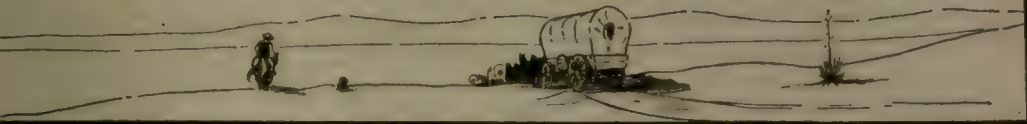
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J. Wright Mooar

BACK TO A PICTURESQUE period in the history of the great west can Mr. Mooar's connection therewith be traced. He is one of the most prominent characters of the western country and the part he has played in its development is an unique and interesting one. Long prior to the date when settlements were being made in this section of the country in order to raise stock or develop farms he came to Texas and hunted the plains the buffaloe that then roamed in great numbers, but which have been almost exterminated by the hunters until it is indeed an unusual thing to find one of those animals at large. The history of Mr. Mooar if written in detail would give a very complete and accurate account of the development of what became an important and profitable industry of the west, that of buffalo hunting for the purpose of securing the hides and also marketing the meat.

Mr. Mooar was born in Pownal, Bennington county, Vermont, August 10, 1851. the Mooar family is of Scotch descent and its progenitors in the United States arrived here about the beginning of the Seventeenth century. John Mooar, the grandfather of J. Wright Mooar, removed from Massachusetts to Vermont, becoming one of its early residents and there established and operated one of the first tanneries in that state.

John A. Mooar son of John Mooar, was born in Vermont and at an early day in the history of Michigan took up his abode in that common wealth. There he established a sawmill in the midst of the primeval forest of Saginaw county. It was his intention to leave his family there and make the place his home, but he suffered a stroke of paralysis and subsequently returned to Vermont, his active career being thus ended. He was a man who capably controlled large affairs and he speculated to a considerable extent in land and

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lumber in Vermont and Michigan. Notwithstanding the ill health which overtook him he lived to the advanced age of eighty-one years, passing away about five years ago. He married Miss Esther K. Wright a daughter of Josiah Wright, and a descendent of Silas Wright once a prominent factor in political life in New England. They became the parents of four children of whom Mrs. John W. Combs, of Pownal, Bennington county, Vermont, John Wesley Mooar of Colorado, Texas, and J. Wright Mooar of this review are now living.

The two brothers in Texas maintained a continuous partnership under the firm style of Mooar Brothers from 1870 until July 15, 1905, or a period of thirty-five years, and then by mutual consent decided to divide their interests largely for the purpose of having their affairs in shape so that the estate could be easily settled if either were called from this life. The firm of Mooar Brothers, however, was through more than a third of a century a conspicuous factor in business life in Western Texas.

J. Wright Mooar remained at home in his youth and as a boy went into a woolen factory, where he was employed in the summer seasons, while in the winter months he attended school until he was eighteen years of age. He then went to Michigan and lived with his uncle, E. B. Wright, an engineer on the Michigan Central Railroad, who resided at Marshall. Mr. Mooar remained with him and attended school for one year. He then went to Chicago, where he obtained a position as a conductor on the Madison street car line. This was in the winter of 1868. He afterward went again to Vermont and obtained employment in the weaving department of the mills for one winter, when he again started westward with the intention of going to Kansas, but did not arrive in the Sun flower State as soon as he anticipated. This was in the spring of 1870 and he stopped at Rochelle, Illinois, where he worked at carpentering for five months. On the expiration of that period he went to Fort Hays, Kansas, where he chopped cordwood for the government south of Fort Hays on what is known as Walnut Creek and also on Big Timber Creek, being employed in that way for about six months.

Before taking this contract for getting out cordwood Mr. Mooar had given some attention to buffalo hunting and with the money he obtained from chopping wood he managed to save enough to secure a little outfit to engage in buffalo hunting on a more extensive scale. A party was formed of six persons. They had two horse teams and one yoke of oxen of four head. They first engaged in hunting buffaloes for the meat, which was shipped largely to Quincy, Illinois, and to Kansas City, Missouri. The hindquarters of the animals were left on the prairie. The party did its hunting in the country south of Fort Hays, as far as Fort Dodge, and there

were also some buffaloes killed on Pawnee Creek. At that time the hide was not supposed to have any value. This hunting was done in the fall and winter of 1870 and 1871.

W. C. Lobenstein, of Leavenworth, Kansas, was a hide pelt and fur speculator and dealer and he made a contract with some English tanners to supply them with five hundred buffalo hides for experimental purposes, the same to be shipped to England to be converted into leather. Mr. Lobenstein bought this number of hides and filled the contract, Mr. Mooar selling him a number of the hides. He had, however, fifty-seven left over, which he shipped to his brother, J. W. Mooar, who was then in New York City. At the same time he wrote him that the other hides had been shipped to Europe for experimental purposes for the manufacture of leather. This was in May, 1871. In the summer of that year the Santa Fe Railroad was being built up the Arkansas River, and Mr. Mooar then changed his headquarters to Fort Dodge. His brother, John W. Mooar, in New York, started out to find a possible market for his hides. Not knowing anything about such hides, and probably doubting if he could find anyone who did, he made his way to the firm of J. J. Bates & Company, the oldest hide house in the country. The senior partner was an old man and had been in the hide business all his life, but when asked what buffalo hides were worth replied that he had never seen one and that such a thing as a flint buffalo hide had never before been on the market. Mooar explained the situation to Bates, who asked that the hides be brought to him and if found desirable he wanted the reputation of making the first sale of buffalo hides. Mooar informed him that the shipment would be started at 91 Pine Street and could there be seen. In the meantime the hides arrived in New York and were being hauled down Broadway to Pine street, where they were to be stored. They attracted the attention of many on the street, among whom was a tanner from Pennsylvania, who followed the wagon to its destination. Two hours later two gentlemen appeared at the place of storage to examine the hides, both being tanners from Pennsylvania, one of them the man who had followed the load as it passed down Broadway. In the course of the conversation that followed the tanners said there was no market price that could be put on them, but as they wanted the hides to experiment with offered to give Mr. Mooar three dollars and a half each, or fourteen cents a pound for the entire lot. He accepted the former price and thus to him belongs the honor of having made the first sale of buffalo flint hides ever on record. The purchasers shipped the hides to their tanneries in Pennsylvania and after making practical experiments with them sent in an order for two thousand more. Mr. Mooar, foreseeing what all this meant,

and that it would prove the inauguration of the greatest buffalo slaughter that the world has ever known, resigned his position with the Richards house, and immediately joined his brother, J. Wright Mooar, at Dodge City, Kansas.

In the meantime Charles Rath, who had purchased the hides for Lobenstein, had set up a store at Dodge City, the town being started during the summer of 1871, on the coming of the railroad. That fall Mr. Mooar was hunting buffaloes west and south of Dodge City, and selling the hides and meat to Mr. Rath, the meat now being sold in short-cut hams with one bone in it, the price paid being three cents per pound. This was what Wright Mooar was doing when was joined by his brother, John W. Mooar, at Dodge City. The firm of J. W. Mooar Brothers was then organized for the purpose of hunting buffaloes. J. Wright Mooar had quit the former outfit, and when his brother John came he was by himself with only one hired man. In the course of a year, however, they had several teams attached to the outfit. J. Wright Mooar did the killing, while John W. Mooar did the marketing of the products. Operations were continued south of Dodge City, first on Kiowa Creek, and later on the brakes of Medicine Lodge Creek. When they left that range the party drifted over on Sand and Crooked Creeks, and on Cimarron Creek and Beaver Creek in what was known as No Man's Land. They also operated on the tributaries of the Beaver, coming out of the Panhandle of Texas on the south side of Beaver Creek. There were three of these tributaries—San Francisco, Coldwater, and Palo Duro Creeks. The movements in these districts covered a period of two years. In the winter of 1873, they went as far south as Canadian River and went into winter quarters at the head of Palo Duro Creek, about twenty-five miles north of the Canadian. That winter they put up a large quantity of dried meat and had a meat camp twenty-five miles north of Canadian River, but did their hunting on the brakes of that stream. The Indians were quite troublesome, for they disputed the inroads of the white men upon their hunting grounds.

All this time Dodge City was the nearest railroad point and the place of marketing, the product being shipped from there to the east. A big market was established there by Charles Rath and Robert Wright, a sutler of the government post at Fort Dodge, who established a house in Dodge City in connection with Rath. They were partners in their mercantile venture under the firm style of Rath & Wright. The buffaloes being hunted and killed, the herds kept going farther away from the railroad. In March and April of 1874, Rath & Wright established a trading point on the Canadian river. James Hanrahan put up a saloon there, while A. C. Myers became proprietor of the first store there, and a few days later were followed by Rath &

Wright. This was the beginning of the town of Adobe Walls in Hutchinson county, Texas.

In May, 1874, the Mooar brothers, in company with five others and with three wagons, went on an exploring expedition down the Canadian river, across it and to the south into the country on the Red River in what is now Wheeler county. This country had never been traveled by wagon trails previous to this time. John Mooar had gone to Dodge City with the freight outfit. When he returned to Adobe Walls he met a man who had been sent there to meet him and who piloted him to where the hunting outfit was operating. The stock they had on hand was loaded up and hauled to Adobe Walls and the entire output was sold to A. C. Myers. On the trip the party had five encounters with hostile Indians, who were making depredations throughout the country generally. From Adobe Walls the Mooar outfit changed their headquarters back to Dodge, they anticipating from previous occurrences that the Indians were going to attack that place, an anticipation which proved true, and showed the wisdom of the party in getting away from there, as the fight occurred the day before they reached Dodge. This was the famous and well remembered Adobe Walls encounter with the Indians which took place in June, 1874. The party remained in Dodge that summer because of the hostility of the Indians. Many other hunting outfits also remained in that vicinity, staying there for protection.

In the winter of 1874 the Mooar party remained on Beaver Creek in No Man's killed buffaloes, put up meat and hauled it to Dodge. In the spring of 1875 they took a circuitous route from Dodge by way of Newton, Wichita and Caldwell, Kansas, into the Indian Territory, passing through the Cheyenne Agency and Fort Sill. From the last named place they turned due east and crossed Red River at Colbert's Ferry and went into Denison, Texas, reaching there on the last of April, 1875. They bought some ox teams and they also had mule teams which they had brought with them from Kansas. They loaded their wagons with government freight in July for Fort Griffin, reaching the latter place in August. At Fort Griffin they met some of their old friends, among whom were Jim White, Bill Russell and Mike O'Brien, who had preceded them to this place. In company with their outfits the combined parties went out to Twin Lakes in Haskell county. The first hides ever taken to a Texas market were hauled to Denison and were accompanied by John W. Mooar and W. H. Shyder, the lot amounting to about two thousand hides. In making this trip to Denison the strange looking outfit created much excitement and curiosity, especially at a point near Sherman, Texas, where the party went into camp for the night. A great many people came out from the town to look at the hides, who had never seen a

buffalo hide and knew nothing about one. After reaching Denison Mr. Mooar sold the cargo by telegraph to Lebenstein of Leavenworth, Kansas. This lot was the only one Mr. Mooar ever sold in Texas, as he soon afterward found a market in New York and shipped all of his hides to that city. The money that was received for the first hides was spent in Denison in laying in a supply of groceries, clothing, ammunition and other things that were needed. These were carried back to the camp in what is now Haskell county, at the head of Miller Creek. From this time the killing was continued and the Mooars were followed by many others, who embarked in the same line of business, and the new enterprise was from that time carried on in a systematic manner until the buffaloes had been exterminated. The tanning of hides became also an extensive and important business industry. At first the heavier hides were converted into sole leather and the lighter ones into harness leather. Afterward, however, the most of them were tanned and prepared for robes and this process became an important business enterprise with two leading tanning concerns, one in Connecticut and the other in Michigan.

In the spring of 1876 Wright Mooar went to Dallas on horseback and there left his horse and continued his journey by rail to New York City, where he spent the month of July. He then went to his old home in Vermont, where he visited for a few weeks. In company with his sister and brother-in-law, John W. Combs, he attended the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, after which he returned by rail to Fort Worth and thence traveled by private conveyance to Fort Griffin. There he met his brother, John, who had recently returned from Dallas, where he had shipped their entire rounds of about twenty-three hundred hides and was at Fort Griffin waiting for the return of his brother Wright. John Mooar had the outfit all in readiness and the men engaged for the next season's work. They immediately struck out to hunt a new field for another year's operations and came to their location at the head of Deep Creek in Scurry county, where they arrived and established a camp for the winter on the 7th day of October, 1876. On the day of their arrival there Wright Mooar killed a white buffalo, about six hundred yards below their camp. The hide of this animal was sent to Dodge City and a French tanner by the name of Shoflee, who was an acquaintance of Wright Mooar, dressed the hide into a robe. This is one of the finest specimens of a white robe ever taken from the buffalo herds in the western country, and is probably the only one in existence.

It was while engaged in killing buffaloes in Texas that the Mooar brothers started in the cattle business on a small scale. In the summer of 1877 they bought what was known as the Goof cattle, then the only

cattle in the country, and started their herd in Fisher county at the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. This herd was branded XTS. They took their herd to Fisher county, changed the brand to SXT, and built the first house in that county. The buffalo hunting was continued about two years longer, they making expeditions west on the plains and still keeping up their camp on Deep Creek. By this time the Mooar brothers had prospered so that they could leave men at camp, caring for the hides and also at the place where their supplies were kept.

In April, 1878, Wright Mooar started from the camp on Deep Creek across the country to Prescott, Arizona. He was fifty-six days on the trip, driving eight mules teams loaded with dried buffalo meat. He remained in Arizona and hauled freight on the Marilopa and Prescott freight road until September, 1880, when he sold his freighting outfit at Phoenix, reserving his best span of mules, which he then hitched to a hack which he had purchased and returned to Fort Griffin, Texas, making the trip alone. He arrived on the 5th of November after being on the journey for thirty days. In the meantime John Mooar had out a lot of hay in Howard county and when the Texas & Pacific road graders came to that locality they sold the hay to them and continued to supply them with that product all the way west as far as Pecos. This proved a very paying deal. The town of Colorado was established in 1881, and the brothers then went into the livery business there, at the same time keeping up their ranch in Scurry county, the ranch having been purchased in 1883 in order to secure them a tract sufficient on which to keep their stock, for they were also extensively engaged in handling cattle.

It was through the correspondence of the Mooar brothers outfit with Sharpe's Rifle Manufacturing Company at Bridgeport, Connecticut, that the Big Fifty caliber gun was made for the buffalo hunters. This gun carried eleven bullets to sixteen ounces of lead and the shell carried a charge of one hundred and fifteen grains of powder. This was the gun that killed the buffaloes. It was a center-fire single-shot and the weight was from twelve to sixteen pounds. Wright Mooar has in his possession a twelve-pound gun with which he has killed four thousand buffaloes, and also a fourteen-pound gun with which he has killed six thousand buffaloes. The white buffalo before mentioned was killed with this gun. The usual distance to do execution was from one hundred to three hundred and fifty yards, and Mr. Mooar killed over twenty thousand buffaloes in the eight years in which he was engaged in the business.

On the 13th Day of April, 1897, Mr. Mooar was married to Mrs. Julia Swartz of Colorado City, Texas. She was born in New York City, and reared in Noble, Ala-

bama. Mr. Mooar is a mason, having been initiated into the order on the 10th day of August, 1883, at Colorado, Texas, becoming a member of Mitchell Lodge No. 563, A. F. & A. M.

Such in brief is the life-history of J. Wright Mooar, who has indeed been a prominent factor in the events which have shaped the annals of Western Texas.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The above story of Mr. J. Wright Mooar was copied from the "History of North and West Texas," published in 1906. Mr. Mooar is living at Snyder, Scurry county, Texas. On the 14th of April, 1928, it was the editor's happy privilege to meet him and hear him make a very interesting talk before the West Texas Historical Association at Abilene, in which he told of his experience on the buffalo range.)

OLD TIME TRAIL DRIVERS

Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards
San Antonio, Texas

Few people of today realize that the cattle industry, including the Trail Driving Period just after the Civil War gave Texas her real start towards civilization and development. Up until that time, half of the Texas and fifteen territories to the North West was a wilderness inhabited by savages and wild animals. The trail drivers penetrated all these regions with herds after fighting their way to Kansas and establishing a market for Texas cattle, to stock the North West and for immediate slaughter. The trail driving period lasted from 1867 to 1895, but the majority of this work was done from 1870 to 1890. There were 10,000,000 cattle and 1,000,000 horses driven to the northern markets during that period and sold, net proceeds of same being \$250,000,000, which was brought back and used in the development of Texas. This attracted the attention of the world. Immigration and capital flooded into our gates.

There were 40,000 cowboys used in this great successful undertaking. Many of them resting in unmarked graves along the different trails. About five or six thousand are still living, scattered all over the United States and foreign countries. 90% of the early trail drivers were Confederate Veterans, many of them sons of the winners of Texas Independence. No other class of men would have braved this hazardous undertaking. Those men helped replace the buffalo with fine stock, the Indian yell with religious songs, and the bow and arrows, tomahawk and lance with farming implements.

It is now thirty-three years since the close of the Trail and sixty-one years since its opening. I helped start the first herds from Texas. I have watched all the changes closely which have been marvelous indeed. The change from an ox team bogged in the mud to Lindbergh's hop to Paris, from pack mules and freight trains, from a rickety

buggy to an automobile and all other lines have advanced in proportion to transportation.

Just think what a change in sixty-one years and the Old Trail Drivers did the most to start the ball rolling. There is now a campaign to raise \$100,000 to build a monument for those old heroes on the small park in front of our Municipal Auditorium. The model for this monument was fashioned by the nationally known sculptor, Gutzon Borglum and is now in the Witte museum.

Any one wishing to donate to this worthy cause can send check to president of the Memorial Association, Mrs. R. R. Russell, 304 Brooklyn, San Antonio, Texas.

The old Trail Drivers Association is putting on a drive for new members. Those eligible for membership are, old trail drivers, old pioneer stockmen, their wives, daughters, and grand-daughters, their sons and grandsons. Ladies have been received as honorary members, only, but now they are received as regular members the same as men, at their request, paying their annual dues \$1.00 per year. Send in your dollar now, and you will be made a member and sent a membership button.

THE GROWTH OF A NATION

We acknowledge, with thanks, a copy of "The Growth of a Nation," an elementary text book recently issued from the press of Row, Peterson and Company, of Evanston, Illinois, by Eugene C. Barker, head of the Department of History, University of Texas; Walter P. Webb, associate Professor of History, University of Texas, and William E. Dodd, head of the Department of History, University of Chicago. The book tells the story of the American nations, tells it interestingly, accurately, and impartially, in a manner beyond the cavil of the critic and within the understanding of the child. We are indeed glad to add this splendid book to our library for it is a valuable work, a clear, concise record of the development of our country. Accuracy of statement and clarity of expression have been the guide in presentation, giving essential facts with enough discussion to make their significance clear, and to weave them into the story of how the nation arose and how it has developed.

Dr. Barker is recognized as one of the leading historians in the United States; and his co-laborers, Mrs. Webb and Dodd are considered among the best hence this book, "The Growth of a Nation," being produced by such eminent authorities, will certainly meet with the favor it deserves and will take its place as a textbook in our schools, supplanting some of the incomplete, inaccurate histories now in use, and which should have been discarded years ago. In the preface of "The Growth of a Nation" find:

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UNCLE JIM OWENS VISITS PANHANDLE

Annie Dyer Nunn in Amarillo Globe-News



HE news that Jim Owens, now nationally known as Uncle Jim, is visiting in the Panhandle is creating a sensation. Friends from every walk of life are pouring in to see him, for he was the most popular cowboy of this country.

After an absence of twenty-five years, he returns a famous man. Famous for having killed more mountain lions than any other person, and for having blazed the trails that led into the Grand Canyon. His cabin, the first to be built in that region, still stands at the head of Bright Angel trail. It is of deep historical interest to the canyon visitors.

When Jim Owens and Charles Goodnight met at Clarendon the other day it was a history-making event. After many, many years these two pioneers are together again. Goodnight, noted cattle king of the old West; Owens, the cowboy who spent his youth in the other's employ. Without either of them the story of this country might have been totally different.

Mr. Owens has braved the dangers of three frontiers. The Panhandle in 1876, the Indians territory some years later, where he lived through three of the wildest booms in the history of any nation, and the Grand Canyon in 1905.

"Coconino county, Arizona," said Uncle Jim, "was the last new country for me. But what I had to fight there was wild animals instead of cattle rustlers and Indians."

Uncle Jim was with the first herd of cattle that ever entered the Panhandle. He, with the Dyer boys, Dave Joy, Jack Campbell and others made up the Goodnight outfit. These men staged the most spectacular drive ever made in Texas, either before that time or since.

Leigh Dyer, Colonel Goodnight's brother-in-law, was in charge of the herd. Those assisting him were T. J. Hughes, son of the English writer; J. C. Johnson, afterwards manager of the XIT ranch; Jim Owens, Moses Tate, Dave McCormick, Argie Argo, and Charles Goodnight.

They entered the Palo Duro canyon in which they were to establish the Goodnight ranch, by way of the old Comanche trail.

"The canyon was full of buffaloes," said Uncle Jim, "and these had to be pushed on ahead to make room for the cattle. It ain't likely that I'll ever forget that drive. Them buffaloes went tearing and plunging down the breaks, making kindling wood of every tree and shrub that stood in their way. The echo of their stampeding hoofs was something terrible as it resounded from cliff to cliff. The red dust

arose in crimson clouds and nearly stifled us."

"I remember the little black bear. They had been frightened from the cracks and crevices and were running up the sides of the canyon in droves. They reminded me of wild turkeys."

Uncle Jim saw the passing of the buffaloes when the hide hunters flocked to the West by hundreds. For several years from sunup to sundown he was within earshot of their guns.

He saw the vast herds of cattle sweep over the plains to take the place of myriads of buffaloes whose bones were then bleaching in the sun. He witnessed the establishment of some of the greatest ranches in the world.

Jim Owens knew as much about trail driving as any man. For over two decades he followed vast herds of cattle over all the famous old trails to northern markets. He knew the notorious old cow towns—Abilene, Dodge City, Deadwood, Cheyenne. A glamour of romance now shrouds them, for the mists of time have softened their harsh quality, but Uncle Jim knows they were wild and dangerous.

He was on the Goodnight ranch when Quanah Parker with his band of 300 Comanches made his memorable visit which lasted two months and ended only when the soldiers from Fort Sill came to take them away. He was there when the Kiowas came down from the reservation to capture a buffalo in order that there might be one more sun dance. But these encounters were mere escapades to Jim Owens, for he had been in some of the wildest Indian fights ever known.

Jim Owens went his way through the hectic life of the old West, quietly, but without fear of man or beast. When he knew he was right, nothing but death could stop him. To fight for the defenseless was his greatest pleasure. He never talked very much in those days, but when he did speak in those soft even tones of his, the most daring offender would find an excuse to slink away.

"I haven't an enemy in the world that I know of," said Uncle Jim. "I uster have but they're all dead now."

I have known Mr. Owens all my life—can't remember when I didn't know him. I knew him as a child on Colonel Goodnight's ranch, then as a girl on my father's ranch, of which he was manager. I have been with him in times of danger and stress and never have I seen him lose his poise or fail to do the kindest thing the circumstances would permit.

Jim Owens was well known by all the

old—timers.—Chisum, Reynolds, East, Bugbee, Siringo, Garrett, Hoyt, Buffalo Jones, Kit Carson and others. He describes Billy the Kid as being "one of the finest fellows to be with I ever seen. The Kid was forced into lots of killings. It must be remembered that there was some pretty hard hombres in them days and Billy was a marked man. Pat Garrett, the man who killed him, wasn't no angel hisself."

Since his residence in the Grand Canyon he has acquired literally hundreds of friends, among them many who are nationally and internationally known. Colonel Roosevelt and his sons; Emerson Hough, Rex Beach, Hal C. Evarts, Zane Grey, Montgomery, and the Stones.

Uncle Jim can entertain you by the hour with interesting stories of all these famous people. Colonel Roosevelt was with him for twenty days, and during that time he saw a cougar climb a tree for the first time. Ed Stone learned his roping act from Uncle Jim.

"Ed Stone was the life of the party. Montgomery and I done the work and he done the entertaining. He was always a dancin' and singin'. But he got to be a plumb good roper while he was with me," related Uncle Jim.

"Now, Zane Grey, he was in and out o' my camps for three year. He wanted to ketch some lions to sell to the zoos—that was in the early part of his career when he had only wrote one book. So one time me and Zane had ten mountain lions chained up about our cabin. Nobody was afraid of them 'cept the Navajo we had hired. He was the scarest Indian I had ever seen. Zane, he worked awful hard ketchin' them there lions—that is, he worked his camera." Here Uncle Jim smiled his slow, understanding smile that so engages you. "I done all the cookin'. Zane, he couldn't even boil water. I give Zane the facts for his 'Riders of the Purple Sage'."

"Rex Beach wanted a live lion so I sent the boys who stay with me most of the time out to help him get it. They got home in the late evenin'. 'Whar's the lion?' I ast them. They said they got him all right and had left him chained to a tree. Then they told me how he was tied with the chain tight around the tree and plenty of slack in the length. 'Now, you ought never to a done that,' I told them. 'That lion will choke hisself to death in no time. You ought to a tied that chain loose around the tree so he couldn't get wound up.' Well, shore enough, them fellows had a dead lion the next morning."

Uncle Jim was game warden of the Kaibab national forest, located on the north rim of the Grand Canyon, for twelve years. He gives an interesting account of how he came into this work.

There was an opening for the position of game warden in this forest, which is one of the most important reserves in America, with its 20,000 deer and wild life of every kind. Uncle Jim was urged to try for the

place, but he argued against it, saying that his lack of education would make it impossible for him to secure it. But at length he was persuaded to try.

"Me and three other men, all highly educated but me, took the examination. 'Poor Uncle Jim,' they said among themselves, 'he won't git nowhar in this examination.' They was awful sorry for me. Well, when it come to book knowledge, I wasn't in it atall, but when it come to real experience—well, that was a leetle bit different, and when the examination was over I felt awful sorry for them. The highest grade any of 'em got was 70, while I got 96."

No, Uncle Jim does not know text books, but he knows the deep, haunting silences of mountain and valley. He knows nature in all its phases from the wildest of God's creatures to man in his most cultivated state. Books have not been needed to give Uncle Jim that greatest of all qualifications—a deep understanding of people and a sympathy that is as rare as it is beautiful. Many are the men of much-heralded learning who could take valuable lessons from him.

Mr. Owens came to the Grand Canyon to hunt lions at the earnest solicitation of the cattlemen. So many cattle were being destroyed every year that there was no profit in the business.

"Although I made lots of money huntin' lions," said he, "sometimes as high as \$500 a day, I was out primarily to help save the stock of the country, and I done it. While I was after the lions, thinning them out as fast as I could, cattle raising in that region was a paying proposition. But since I quit several years ago they are comin' back mighty fast. The boys I trained in the work are still at it to some extent, but they don't take hold of it as I did. Unless lion hunters who are vitally interested in the work come into the country, the lions will again be a great menace."

The dogs Uncle Jim used in hunting are almost as famous as he. Old Pot and Tub are known throughout the land, and so was his mule, Buck, whose picture, painted by a noted artist, hangs in galleries in New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Uncle Jim's dogs make a story of themselves. He has been offered as much as \$1,000 each for them. He loaned Colonel Roosevelt and Buffalo Jones four of his best dogs for their African lion hunt, which was a success. When they went back after a gorilla, however, the war broke out and the dogs with all equipment were confiscated.

These dogs are a hybrid from the English bloodhound. They were trained to follow lion tracks only, and ignored every other kind. They never gave up until they had stopped their quarry. Many times they would bay a lion for a day and a night before the men could come to help

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INDIANS, AS BUFFALO HUNTERS

By C. C. Rister, in the Cattleman, Fort Worth, Texas



THE various ways by which the native races of the Southwestern plains killed the buffalo are interesting indeed. In all probability the old saying that "necessity is the mother of invention" would hold true in these methods of the Indians. Armed only with the bow and arrow, before the coming of the white men, it was necessary for him to be resourceful in order to obtain his much desired game. He used the meat of the buffalo for food, the *bois de vache* for fuel over which to cook it, and the hides for shelter, robes, leggins, moccasins, lariats, bows strings, etc. Having such a multifold utility the buffalo was the most desired by the Indians of all the various kinds of wild game abounding on the great plains.

The favorite method of slaying the buffalo during the period of the coming of the white man was, while mounted on a swift agile pony and armed with bow and arrow, chasing him in headlong flight, to approach from the rear and aim his arrow at the soft spot between the protruding hip bone and the last rib. When the shaft would strike this vulnerable spot it would go completely through the body of the animal and make its exit near the fore legs. Upon the twang of the bog string the Indians pony was taught to swerve from its victim in order to be well out of harm's way when the charge of the wounded animal came, which was certain to happen. Thomas C. Battey, in his *Quaker Among the Indians*, says that at times while in chasing the buffalo the horse of the huntsman would happen to be the misfortune of being gored by one of these wounded animals with the result that the Indian would be violently thrown to the ground, or his pony would step in a den of the prairie dog and break its leg, throwing his rider. Many times as a result of such accidents the limb of the hunter would be broken, and since the wild savages knew nothing of setting the bone in place, the sufferer would linger along for weeks and sometimes months until death would claim him from his languishing pain.

Many times on such hunts the Indians would throw about a herd a cordon of hunters and kill large numbers of them before they could escape the outer guards turning back those which would break through while the hunters on the inside of the circle would be carrying out their work of slaughter.

Another method was for the hunter to cover his body with the hide of a wolf and on "all-fours" creep up within easy shooting distance of the unsuspecting animals.

At times it was possible for the Indian hunter to use his bow and arrow to such good advantage that before the unwary animals found out the source of their danger many of the buffalo would be on the ground dead. Still other methods of killing them was to direct them in their stampedes over precipitous bluffs and precipices, or lie in wait for them at the water holes and running streams.

As a rule the squaws accompanied the Indian hunters on these occasions and when the animals were slain they immediately set to work in preserving the hides and meat. Sometimes they would not go to the trouble of making a fire but would eat a portion of the meat raw. In this connection, Castenada, one of the Spanish Conquistadors, says: "They empty a large gut and fill it with blood, and carry it about their necks to drink when thirsty. When they open the belly of the cow, they squeeze out the chewed grass and drink the juice that remains behind, because they say it contains the essence of the stomach."

The meat of the buffalo would be cut up into pieces of about one hundred pounds each and put into folding sacks made of buffalo hides for such purposes. When this was conveyed to the camp it was then cut up into thin strips and hung out on poles to dry in the hot sun. Prepared in this way these strips became dry and brittle and were usually eaten without cooking. At times, however, by breaking these dried strips into bits and cooking them in pots of liquid tallow, seasoned with salt, pepper, and cherries or plums, and allowed to cool and form cakes, the Indian had what he considered a rare delicacy. Then, too, much of the fresh meat was roasted or boiled and eaten by the savages.

After the meat had been properly cared for the squaws then proceeded to the more tedious task of dressing the hides. Probably the most interesting account of this work is given by Battey, who says:

"After the meat is taken care of, the skin must be looked after. Those taken at this season (summer) of the year are mostly dressed for lodges. They are first staked on a smooth spot of ground, and water put upon them, when they are ready for fleshing. This consists in removing the flesh with an instrument made of a straight bar of iron, about a foot in length, flattened at one end and filed to an edge. This being grasped in the hand, and a succession of quick blows, the work slowly proceeds. The skin is then dried, after which the hair is removed in a dry state,

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Exodus of the Carancawas

Contributed by Rev. O. W. Nolen, Fowlerton, Texas

(Published for the first time from the memoirs of the late J. H. Kuykendall, soldier, scholar and historian. His father, Capt. Abner Kuykendall, was a member of Austin's Colony and settled on the Colorado river January 1, 1822.)



KEMPER'S Bluff on the right bank of the Guadalupe twenty-two miles below Victoria, was named after John F. Kemper, who was the first settler at that place, where he built a cabin in the fall of 1844.

Late in the month of November of that year his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, accompanied by her son, Joseph Miller, went down from Victoria to visit her daughter. As it was early in the evening when they arrived at the bluff, young Miller and a man who lived with Mr. Kemper went to the bottom to shoot ducks.

In the meantime, near sun-set, about thirty Carancawa Indians, men, women and children, appeared in the rear of Mr. Kemper's cow-pen and shot one of his cows with an arrow. Whereupon, Mr. Kemper walked towards them with his rifle and bade them, by signs, to depart, but as he turned to walk back to the cabin an arrow struck him in the shoulder.

Mrs. Miller met him at the door and pulled out the arrow. He stepped away for a moment, and returning, fainted and fell in the door and soon expired. It was now dark and the Indians retired to an old shanty in the rear of the house, and collecting a quantity of dry moss pushed it under the house and set it on fire. The blaze rose for a few moments nearly to the roof, but the cabin logs being new and unseasoned, did not ignite. Besides, Mrs. Miller threw a bucket of water on the flames.

The doors had no shutters and the Indians were wary of exposing themselves in front of them, but ventured to throw a fire-brand on Kemper's body, probably to test whether there was life in it. Mrs. Kemper fired the rifle once at the Indians, but could not tell whether the shot took effect. As there were no more bullets for the rifle Mrs. Kemper made some slugs by hammering a piece of lead.

Finally, these heroic women resolved to make an effort to escape with the children. Mrs. Miller took the three-year-old girl, Amanda, in her arms and Mrs. Kemper her five-months-old infant, and both simultaneously dashed out of the front door, passing near a fire that was blazing in the yard, the light from which exposed them for a moment to the view of the Indians, who shot several arrows at them without effect, but did not pursue them.

The night was very dark and the road, or rather, path, was hard to keep. Late in the night a Norther sprang up, attended

with sleet, which blew directly in their faces, but before they had suffered excessively from this cause they arrived, after a walk of fourteen miles, at the residence of Mr. Bass on the Colecto.

After providing for the comfort of the distressed women, Mr. Bass mounted his horse and rode to Victoria, eight miles, to notify the people of what happened.

I have already stated that in the evening, after Mrs. Miller arrived at the bluff, her son and a man who resided with Mr. Kemper went into the bottoms to shoot ducks. Now, as they were returning homeward late in the evening they were intercepted by eight Carancawa warriors and chased back into the bottom. As the man had lost the flint out of his gun lock these two men had no alternative but to run for their lives, and notwithstanding the thick-ety and circuitous route they traveled they reached Victoria before Mr. Bass, and by daylight a company of mounted men were in route for Kemper's Bluff.

They found that the Carancawas had plundered the house of everything it contained. Having buried the murdered man, the company followed the trail of the Indians to the mouth of the Guadalupe, where they arrived just in time to see their canoes moving down the bay with Mrs. Kemper's bed-quilts hoisted for sails.

After the murder of Mr. Kemper it was ascertained that, unknown to him, the Indians had been camped in the river bottom for a day or two before they showed themselves at his residence, and had killed and barbecued one of his oxen, a very fat animal.

They were doubtless supplying themselves with provisions for their voyage to the Rio Grande, whither they went immediately after committing the depredations related. It may therefore be confidently asserted that the remnant of the Carancawa tribe started on its final departure from Texas near the last of November, 1844, and not in 1843, as some historical authorities have stated.

If there were only thirty Carancawas engaged in this raid, the residue of the little tribe, it is not improbable, remained at the mouth of the Guadalupe to guard the canoe fleet while their friends were marauding on the nearest settlement up the river. At any rate, the Carancawas disappeared at the period mentioned and were no more seen on our coast.

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THE UNSUNG HERO OF ADOBE WALLS

R. C. Crane, in the Fort Worth Star Telegram, July 15, 1928



IN 1874 the Indians on the Southwestern frontier were restless—the Government's Indian agencies were remiss in distributing to them the supplies which they had a right to expect, railroads were feverishly pushing forward construction on several transcontinental lines thorough Kansas and Nebraska, thereby cutting up the immense herds of buffalo and preventing them from roaming the Plains in season from Canada to Texas; and buffalo hunters were in the field by the hundreds, engaged in the business of slaughtering the buffalo (the Indians' food, clothing and shelter) by the hundreds of thousands.

In the spring of 1874 the buffalo had begun to get scarce in Kansas on the north side of the Arkansas River, and the hunters came down into the Texas Panhandle, hunting and killing the buffalo by the thousands and freighting their hides and meat back to Dodge City, Kan.

Traders from Dodge City quickly followed the hunters into the Panhandle, and at a point about three miles east of the original site of Adobe Walls, where in 1864 Kit Carson with about 350 men fought off over 3,000 hostile Indians, they put in several stories, a saloon and a blacksmith shop so as to supply the hunters with their needs and to buy their hides.

The site thus established they called Adobe Walls and by that name it is commonly known.

At that time there was not an actual settler in all of the Panhandle Plains region; and the maps of the period show that region as the special hunting grounds of the Indians, and the wild buffalo was roaming over it by the thousands.

In June, 1874, the Indians left their reservations in Indian Territory and went on the warpath. They attacked the military forces of the Government near Camp Supply, and committed various depredations in Southwestern Kansas.

On June 27 they attacked the traders and buffalo hunters at Adobe Walls, in overwhelming numbers—variously estimated at from 200 to 1,000 (and more) and all accounts indicate that the Indians displayed most unusual bravery in repeatedly attacking the strongholds of the hunters and traders, riding right up to the doors of the stores through the fusillade of gunfire from the best marksmen on the Southwestern frontier, and trying to batter down the doors of the stores.

But the improvements had been erected with the view of defense from possible attacks by hostile Indians; and the Indians were at a disadvantage, and many of them

were shot down.

Behind the walls were 28 determined men.

The Leonard & Myres store was situated in the corner of a stockade built in the shape of a rectangle, inside of which was a mess room, and also a well and an old pump on it brought down from Dodge City after much wear.

Old Man Keeler (Fred Leonard's cook), Fred Leonard and young Billie Tyler were among those caught in the Leonard & Myres store when the Indians attacked.

Early in the action Fred Leonard and Billie Tyler went to the bastion which had been built for defense at the northwest corner of the Leonard & Myres store stockade, but the Indians on the outside, protected from the range of the hunters' guns, opened fire on them through the protholes in the stockade, and compelled them to go back to the store door which opened into the stockade (or corral), but firing as they went.

They reached the door safely and Leonard passed into the store, but Billie Tyler, passing in the doorway for one last shot at the Indians, fell inside the doorway, shot through the lungs and was quickly drawn inside.

When the intensity of the attacks had somewhat abated, Bat Masterson, who had been fighting from another building, climbed through the window into the Leonard store, there to find his friend Billie Tyler in a dying condition; and with tender care and solicitude he sought to ease the pain of his friend and to comfort him in his last hours.

Bat Masterson, afterwards to become famous in the annals of the Southwest, was then a mere lad of about 18 years.

As gently and tenderly as he could, he raised the head of his dying friend.

Tyler called for water.

There was not a drop of water in the house.

The only chance to get water for the dying man was at the well out in the stockade and under the guns of the Indians crouching along the walls of the stockade, out of range of those in the other buildings.

It looked like certain death for anyone to undertake to go to that well at that time, for the hostile foes were at the protholes ready to shoot down any one who showed enough of his person to shoot at.

But the dying lad in a low moan was heard to call repeatedly for water, water!

Who would answer the call?

Who could hope to get water for him under the circumstances?

Old Man Keeler, the oldest man in the party, a plainsman and the one probably best calculated to understand the dangers that he would face and the almost certain death that would be his, promptly spoke up and said, "Gimme the bucket!" and out of that window through which Bat Masterson had just come he sprang with the bucket in his hand.

With steady step he walked straight across the corral to the old pump over by the well by the side of the mess house.

The Indians, hiding behind the stockade immediately opened fire on him.

Would he ever reach the well through such a gunfire?

Old Man Keeler's dog, cowed by so much shooting, ran out from its hiding place and crawled between its owner's legs.

The pump already had seen its best days at Dodge City. It was noisy. With every movement of its handle a rasping squeak could be heard halfway to the hills.

That rasping squeak grated on the nerves of those in the Leonard store like the ticking of the fatal clock at a death watch—it gave notice to the watching Indians that there was a man standing there, making the noise, to be shot at.

Volley after volley came from the guns of the Indians along the west end of the stockade, 60 yards away, but the old man, unscathed, continued at his task, pumping water for his dying friend inside the store.

The faithful dog of the old man was killed while crouching at his master's feet.

Bat Masterson said, "A shower of bullets fell about the old man."

Those inside the store could picture Old Man Keeler crumpling to the ground every time a shot was fired and they looked for every sound of the pump to be the last, as a well directed bullet from an Indian's gun should find its mark.

But the sound of the pump did not stop until the old man had filled the bucket with water for that dying friend.

Now he was leaving the well with his bucket filled with water.

Would he ever get back to the window with it?

Would the water ever reach the dying friend, only a few yards away, to quench his feverish thirst?

The blaze of the fire from the guns of the Indians was so fierce and so constant, and apparently so deadly, that "it seemed," said Fred Leonard, "as if the whole west side of the stockade was on fire. They were all shooting at Keeler. There were 20 bullet holes in his dog."

"But Old Man Keeler, cook hostler, roust about, hunter, frontiersman, warrior, prince, knight, gentleman and hero, walked leisurely across the corral, lifted the bucket up to the window and came in after it, untouched."

"He glanced back at his faithful old friend, his dog, and said: I'd like to get the devilish Indian that shot my dog."

"I took some of the water, said Bat

Masterson, 'washed Billie Tyler, bathed his face, and gave him a drink, and then with the roar of a hundred guns outside the stockade in his ears, his head fell over to one side, and Billie Tyler was dead.'"

Since then many men have been knighted, have received all manner of honors for unselfish daring no more heroic than the act of Old Man Keeler, when he took the chances that he did and went out into that hail of bullets to get a drink of water for his dying friend on that June morning, in the Texas Panhandle.

"Fame has missed him, but glory and honor stand sentinel over the buffalo grass that covers Old Man Keeler's lonely grave."

TWO GIRLS KILLED WILD CAT WITH BARE HANDS

Last Monday morning while Murray Carrow, the six year old son of J. A. Carrow of the Big Sandy, was playing in a swing in the almond orchard near the house, a ferocious lynx sprang upon him, pulling it to the ground. A life and death struggle now took place between the little fellow and the animal. Taking the lynx by the ear and one foot he succeeded in throwing it to the ground and held it there for a moment, at the same time calling for help. The lynx was biting the boy's hands in a horrible manner, but with Spartan courage he held on until his sisters, Josie and Mary, attracted by his cries, arrived on the scene. (Josie is now the wife of Major J. B. Wright of Flagstaff.—Ed. note) The animal was now getting the better of the boy when the two young ladies with their naked hands as weapons gave battle to the now infuriated brute, and by throwing it to the ground succeeded in holding its paws and head so that it could do no damage and then slowly choked it to death. To overcome the animal in its death struggle took all the strength at the command of the young ladies, but when it was all over they did not faint or go into hysterics, but proceeded to bind up the wounds of the injured boy. Miss Josie's arm was badly lacerated by the brute's teeth and claws, and the boy shows the effects of his terrible struggle in a mangled hand and lacerations on the face, head, shoulders and body. His clothes were almost torn from him. The animal was one of the largest of its kind and was very fat, indicating that it was not hunger that drove him to attack the boy. The young ladies should receive the government medal for bravery, for no braver act than this is recorded in the annals of American history.—Coconino Sun, Flagstaff, Arizona, May 20, 1897.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left.

Days of the Texas Republic

Santa Ana, (California) Register, April 22, 1928

Is here anyone in Orange county who is a citizen of the United States although not born in the United States nor naturalized at any time? Ed Smithwick, aged 88, of 1120 North Sycamore street is such a person but he thinks that no one else in the county can claim the same distinction. Mr. Smithwick was born under the Lone Star flag in Travis county, Republic of Texas.

His birth occurred in 1840. Texas was made a part of the United States in 1845 and included in the treaty between the two republics was a clause making it possible for all citizens of Texas automatically to become citizens of the United States.

According to Mr. Smithwick's story of his early life, he was born into poverty such as is not even known by the very poorest families in Santa Ana.

His home was built in three parts, each part a log cabin separated from the other in the hopes that should the Indians come and burn one cabin they would leave the other two. Furniture in the home was of the plainest, all of it having been made by Smithwick's father. Clothes were made by his mother who either purchased the material or spun it herself.

Boys found their recreation in hunting and fishing. There was nothing for Smithwick's three sisters to do but spin and sew. In odd moments they knit the stockings and socks used by the family.

Ordinary necessities such as pins were not obtainable in the early days of Texas' history. In lieu of pins the long, sharp thorns of the mesquite were used in the Smithwick household.

There were no wheeled vehicles whatever except perhaps an occasional ox-cart. All traveling was done on foot or horseback.

Food consisted of the wild meat brought down by the guns of various members of the family and what corn and other vegetables could be grown on a small plot near the Smithwick home.

Such conditions as those faced by the Smithwick family were prevalent throughout Texas at that time, according to the Santa Ana.

The first school was built in that section of Travis county when Smithwick was quite young. It was a tiny log cabin with a dirt floor in which school was held approximately five months out of the year.

As there were no taxes the schoolmaster would be paid individually by each family in the district. If the amount offered was satisfactory he would stay, otherwise he would leave in search of a more affluent section. The three R's reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, were the main courses of study.

In 1861 the Smithwick family left Texas for California, making the trip in a covered wagon. In that same year they arrived in San Diego but soon afterwards continued on their way to Tulare county where they lived for some time.

One day Ed Smithwick was watching a freight train on its way north and he noticed some unusually large hogs. He asked where the hogs were from and on learning that they had been raised in Gospel Swamp (Santa Ana) he decided that he would visit the place.

In 1881 he came to Santa Ana, then a part of Los Angeles county, and taking a prominent part in the city politics, he played an active part in the forming of Orange county.

He was made a justice of the peace in 1903 and held that position for a number of years. It was under his regime that Santa Ana began to attain its reputation as a Gretna Green.

One of the unusual features of Birch Park owes its origin to Mr. Smithwick. About 1899 a friend of his in Tulare county sent him an acorn from a peculiar kind of oak tree which grows there. The acorn was planted in a bucket. When it had sprouted Mr. Smithwick planted it in Birch park where it is still growing. It is one of the largest trees in the park and is situated on Second street just south of the bapd stand.

Always something of a philosopher, Mr. Smithwick is not worried by the present trend towards freedom which is being followed by the youth of today.

"Well, I've always believed that old saying about a woman's hair being her chief glory," he said on being questioned as to his attitude on the bobbed hair question. "Long hair is mighty pretty, but of course short hair must be a lot easier to keep in order."

He doesn't care about too short skirts either. He said, "I don't care much for the kind of skirts women used to wear—street sweepers. But modern skirts are a little too short. Moderation even in skirt lengths is a good thing."

Modern dances don't bother him at all. In fact the young person of today will have to step to keep up with the standard once set by Mr. Smithwick. "Dance? I've danced my share. When I was young our dances started at sunset and lasted until sunrise. And we didn't sit out many dances either.

"Sometimes I went to dances by myself and sometimes I took a girl. Either way. I always managed to have a good time. You know it's funny about the dances we used to hold. They always occurred in the

J. B. POLLEY WAS A TEXAS PIONEER

J. B. POLLEY was born in Brazoria County, on what is still known as Bailey's Prairie. His mother's father John Britton Bailey landed at Galveston Island in 1818 and settled at San Felipe, later removing to that part of the County which was called after him, Bailey's Prairie. His father J. H. Polley came first to Texas with Moses Austin in 1819 (See Texas Scrap Book) returning with Austin to Missouri. After Moses Austin's death he came back with Stephen F. Austin and was one of the Original Three Hundred Colonists, who settled in Brazoria County, later moving to what was then Guadalupe County, settling on the Cibolo, where he reared a large family. J. B. Polley received his education at a College in Florence, Alabama. The same buildings are now used for a State Normal. He was on his way back from College, having graduated with honors, when news reached him of the South's seceding. He joined a company and marched out of Texas to fight four years with Lee's Army in Virginia. He was in the 4th. Texas Infantry of Hood's Brigade, participating in the battles of Ethams Landing, Seven Pines, Second

Manasas, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Va. Chickmauga, Ga. Raccoon Mountain, Knoxville, Tenn., Battle of the Wilderness, and many that followed up to the 7th. day of October 1864, when during a reconnoissance in force made that day by the Texas and other brigades under the leadership of General Lee, he lost a limb. But as he said "it was not so much the loss of the limb I regretted, but the fact that such a loss prevented me from being one of the immortals who followed Lee to Appomatox and there furled forever the stars and bars."

After the war he took up the profession of Law and was at one time partner of Judge White who was one of our best known Judges of the Supreme Court. He also served twice in the State Legislature. J. B. Polley for years edited an historical column in the San Antonio Express and was considered an authority on Texas History and things pertaining to the pioneer days. Also he was the author of two books:

"A soldier's letters to charming Nellie" and the History of "Hood's Brigade" This history is used as a reference book in the public schools of Texas.

He was twice elected General of the Texas Confederate Veterans Association.

His death occurred in 1918 and it was a special pride to him, that a few days before his death he could bid adieu to a grandson, who was one of the many to go across during the World War.

W. B. Foster, 440 South Nevada Street, Gridley, California, writes: "Enclosed please find check for one year's subscription to your valuable magazine. I am Texan; was many moons ago since I left Texas. I was sheriff and tax collector of Medina county in 1883. In the fence cutting war I arrested 47 fence cutters in one round up. Will give you something to publish after awhile."

Almost every reader is a booster for Frontier Times. Ask those who have been subscribers for several years if they would be without it now. If you are not a subscriber we want your name on our list.

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J. B. POLLEY, Texas Pioneer

A Double-Barrel Pioneer

Written by A. T. Jackson, Llano, Texas



ALL right, keep eating meat and molasses and drinking coffee and die."

Dr. William L. Lewis, pioneer doctor and itinerant preacher, was talking to an early settler in Central Texas. The man had objected to changing his diet. It was in the winter of 1870, a few years after San Saba County was settled. In that section physicians were few and far between. This particular farmer had ridden twenty miles on horseback to consult Dr. Lewis about a severe stomach trouble. After listening to the man's ailments, the doctor changed the subject. But the settler had come after medicine.

"Doc., what kind of medicine are you goin' to give me?" he questioned.

"You don't need medicine," came the reply. "Quit eating meat and drinking coffee."

"I didn't tell you that I eat meat and drink coffee."

"But you do," insisted the doctor.

"Yes; meat, coffee and molasses are my favorites," admitted the ailing man.

"Quit them all and eat something else."

"Doc, I like them best—an' they're easier to get."

It was here that the doctor expressed himself as quoted at the beginning of this article. He followed up the statement with suggestions for a simple diet. Such was his manner of handling a case where he did not consider drugs essential.

We next find the doctor riding fifteen miles facing a bitter Norther, and spending twelve hours with a man who was battling for life. Not until he won the fight and the patient had a decided turn for the better did Dr. Lewis depart.

On another occasion he had returned from a long ride on a sick call, fed his horse and was about to retire, when he heard a horse galloping outside. Two Indians were astride his tired horse. As they dashed past the cabin on the stolen animal, they gave a whoop and let their arrows fly at the house. Dr. Lewis seized his gun and rushed to the loop-hole that served as a window. The Indians were by that time out of range, but he fired in the hope that the lead might reach them.

The savages made no further effort to attack the place. Mrs. Lewis knelt beside the children and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving. There was fresh in her mind an incident that happened a few days before, when their nearest neighbor was killed in an encounter with the Comanches.

When Dr. Lewis went on a call, he never knew if he would return to find his family massacred. He was forced to leave their protection in the hands of a higher power.

Not once were they harmed. During his absence, when his wife went to the spring, a short distance beyond a hill, she took all the children with her. She had a horror of the little fellows being killed while she was away. The smallest child she lugged with one arm, and carried the water in the other hand.

While Dr. Lewis endured hardships and mental anxiety in ministering to the physical ailments of his fellow pioneers, he also traveled hundreds of miles over the sparsely settled country to preach the gospel to the few settlers. What use was there in saving a man's life if his soul could not also be saved? His eloquence and unquestioned sincerity as a preacher gained for him no less convinced himself that it was true. It thus came about that in 1857 he was licensed by the Methodist church to preach.

Dr. Lewis and family remained at their original site on the San Saba River, near the present town of San Saba, for two years. They then moved to Bosque county, settling on the Brazos River. Here he, in addition to preaching and doctoring, found time to assist in raising a crop. After a little more than a year in Bosque county, they moved across the river into Hill county, where they remained more than three years. From Hill county they moved, in the early part of 1878, to Llano county, where Dr. Lewis resided until the time of his death in September, 1898.

He married three times, and was the father of twenty-one children. The day twenty-six years of age—at the exact hour of his birth—he married Miss Rebecca Swan. Several years after her death he married, in January, 1860, Miss Olivia



DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM L. LEWIS

Vaughn, whom he also survived; and in 1867 he married Mrs. Isabelle D. Palmer. His last wife survived him, but has now been dead a number of years.

He took an active interest in the social and civic progress of the new communities in which he cast his lot. Because of his characteristic brief, pithy remarks, he gained the name of being a man of "few words, but chuck full of common horse sense." When he said a thing everyone knew he meant it.

An amusing incident illustrative of this fact is related concerning his quitting of the tobacco habit. For many years he had chewed tobacco. When he attained the age of seventy-five, he one day announced to his family:

"I have often said that if I ever got to where I could not spit off my shirt bosom, I would quit chewing tobacco. I have reached that point; so I will never take another chew."

And he didn't. When a friend, who was likewise an addict, marveled at the old gentleman being able to quit a habit after having followed it so long, Dr. Lewis remarked:

"If a man has sufficient will power he can do anything he sets his head on doing."

The statement was an outcropping from his own will. It was that strong determination which enabled him, when a young man, alone to cope with and banish the dread disease, tuberculosis. By a combination of diet, exercise and sunshine he

cured himself of the affliction.

He had unbounded faith in the possibilities of medical science. But it was his daily teaching that if people would take proper care of themselves medicine would seldom be necessary. One of his pet health maxims was: "If you want to avoid stomach trouble, always quit eating when a little more would taste good."

Of Dr. Lewis' large family, only four children are now living. They are Mrs. J. W. Henderson, Llano, Texas; Taylor Lewis, Fresno, California; Mrs. J. W. Dawson, Houston, Texas; and Mrs. C. S. Underwood Llano, Texas.

As a man Dr. Lewis stood four-square to the world, uncompromising in regard to what he believed to be right. When a crisis came he had a host of staunch friends to assist in any way possible.

From his homestead in Llano County, he donated land for a cemetery and a church. These agencies are still active reminders of that stalwart pioneer whose chief creed was that man's highest duty is to help others.

In looking back over the career of this pioneer doctor-preacher, it appears remarkable that he succeeded in crowding so much worth-while service to his fellowmen within the space of the eighty-two years of his lifetime. He proved equal to all the emergencies common to a sparsely settled district. One can now realize that such men as he were indeed the backbone of frontier civilization.

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THE LEWIS CABIN

MORE ABOUT THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Written by J. Lillian Prescott, Lexington, Oklahoma

There are many folks who have been reared along the same lines as myself. Almost all long for the times of long ago, when we had brush arbor meetings and sang "Lord, I Want More Religion." Now there is so much style the meetings seem different. I can just close my eyes and see my old home—huge log rooms with wide halls, fireplace to every room, and a mantel on which a grandfather clock ticked off the hours—how the yard and garden was fenced with split palings, the lot and cowpen with rails my father split from oak and chestnut trees; how we had the coffee mill nailed to the wall and later bought one to hold between the knees. Bought the coffee in green stage and parched it. The coffeemill grinding away awoke me every morning.

My grandfather once told me that he snored so much when he was away from home at night one of the boys had to sit by grandmother's bed and grind coffee so she could sleep. But today we almost have coffee "bottled in bond," with our electric percolators and steel-cut coffee.

There were no "Sheiks," no "Jelly beans" nor any of the everlasting flappers those days. A man's word was his bond, and they all wore whiskers, while the women wore long skirts and wore shoes (for Sunday) so narrow and sharp pointed at the toe that their feet wouldn't track each other, and were so modest, they never went into the potato patch because the potatoes had eyes.

I, for one, am glad we have no whiskered men and long skirts for women any more.

I remember our large smokehouse, hanging full of home-cured meat and lard, barrels of syrup, soap, kraut and such things, and strings of red peppers and bags of sage and the cellar full of both kinds of potatoes and pumpkins. They used to grow so fast in the old days, on new-ground land, they would drag many little pumpkins to death. These that held on grew large. One time my father lost a sow and pigs and weeks later found them inside a big pumpkin in winter quarters, having eaten in and bedded up.

Those were great days, when we kids spent Sundays swinging on grapevine swings that reached out over hollows many feet deep. I have often wondered why some of us didn't let go and fall.

Many hours have I spent with my brothers hunting lizards on the rail fences, killing them for squirrels, with our bows and arrows. That was cruel, though I got a lot of kick out of it and could zip an arrow through a lizard many yards away.

We also had a "merry-go-round" we made ourselves—"flying jenny" we called it—which ran almost as fast as our high-powered cars of today, only in a circle. Guess all you old-timers have been all along there. We didn't have the store-bought playthings, the tricycle, the bicycle and other cycles of today.

We had a homemade little wagon, wooden wheels, my father made for us, and spent many happy hours working "Brindy" and "Bright" to said wagon despite the frequent runaways.

Those days are gone. I for one am not complaining, as I have a lot of joy these times, and I think it a great old world. Anyway, I'm glad we women don't have to lace with bones and stays, until we look like a dirt-dauber, and can walk up and cast a vote for the candidate of our choice. Though I would love to see the crime wave suspended, the hijackers and bootleggers wiped out, and the people become again honest, good and square shooters. I know we still have worlds of real men and women. But where are our future George Washingtons and Abe Lincolns coming from? I don't know. Anyway, I am not going to worry, as I will probably have traveled the last long trail and the things will move on here just the same—will still have beautiful sunsets and flowers to bloom and birds to sing, and on looking back to those childhood days, when father and mother were everything to us, and our brothers and sisters our daily companions, somehow things just grow dim before our eyes and we wink and blink to keep the old-time tears back. You know it's old-fashioned to cry, and also to shout at church.

I have been around quite a bit, have been associated with all classes of people from criminals to high-powered aristocrats, and find a little bit of good in the worst of us and a little of bad in the best of us. So guess it takes us all to make a world, and if I can see and learn as much in the next thirty-seven years as I have in the years gone by, my friend, I would be some smart woman. I will keep my eyes open, also my ears and my mouth closed (as most we women talk too much) and see what I see. I have not reached the perfect stage. Gone are the days when free lunches went with beer. We're "running in high"—nothing free—no soft pedals, and will go on down the line till the gas burns out.

I want Indian relics, of all kinds. Write me what you have, and prices. I am not a dealer.—Geo. C. Martin, Rockport, Texas.

A Story of a Pioneer School

Written for Frontier Times by Nelson Hutto



IN 1890 THERE WAS not an institution of higher learning in Texas west of Ft. Worth. The great plains, which stretched over what we now call West Texas, sparsely inhabited, had not yet felt the need or even the desire for a school which would educate its young women beyond the primary grades.

To some there still seemed to be no place in this great frontier section for such a school. Yet there were a few men of vision who saw beyond the boundaries of the cattle ranges, who saw beyond the few one room school houses, who saw farms and communities, who saw colleges and universities.

In the center of this future picture they saw a school that would pioneer the field of higher learning in West Texas. They saw a school that should be established at once to grow with the pioneer, to borrow of his rugged virtues before the passing of the frontier.

From this vision came the beginning of Simmons University, located at Abilene, now the only university in West Texas.

So it was that before the buffaloes were all cleared from the plains, before the farmer had supplanted the cattle baron, before but few of the mesquite flats had been grubbed out and turned into fields that a school, an institution of higher learning was established.

But the founding of Simmons, like the founding of most institutions in the early West, was not realized without sacrifices, reverses and difficulties. Because of a few plucky men and women, the task of laying the foundation of future culture was accomplished.

The growth of the school up to the present day reflects the same sacrifices, the same struggle against difficulties even up to the present administration of Dr. J. D.

Sandefer, who has finished off the work of the noble presidents who served before. Supported by the loyal ones who have rallied to his side, he has been able to build a great university. A survey of the school's history will show this.

One evening in the year of 1890 a group of men gathered in a general store in the town of Abilene and discussed the idea of starting a college in Abilene or some other town in West Texas. It was not the first time men had discussed such an idea. In fact, colleges had actually been established before that time. But the fate of such schools had not been such as to encourage any more attempts. As one old man put it, "I stumbled upon the remains of one of them recently in a wheat pasture." Sixteen attempts to establish such a school in this state had failed.

Nevertheless, this group of men from the First Baptist church of Abilene, felt that another attempt should be made. They decided to put the matter before the next meeting of the Sweetwater Association.

Time has gradually erased from the records the exact personnel of this group of men. Will Young, a successful farmer who lives near Potosi now, is one of the few, if not the only survivor. Col. Jim Parramore, who died in Abilene ten years ago, was another. Col. Parramore was always one of the strongest supporters and contributors to the school. A full-sized portrait of the old cattleman rests on the wall of the Simmons auditorium to wall of the Simmons auditorium today.

At Sweetwater the proposal for the college met with much opposition. The failure in the minds of those present. The most serious disapproval was voiced by Dr. Rufus G. Burleson, then president of Baylor University. As the account was carried in a magazine, "Abilene—Athens of the West", written by Homer H. Hutto of

that city the scene was as follows:

"It can't be done, the need is not sufficient, and it is foolish and impractical to attempt to found such an institution. "A venerable old man, gray of hair and ripe in experience, shook his bony finger at the group of rugged pioneers seated around a tottering table in a little boxed and



CALDWELL FINE ARTS BUILDING

slatted church house at Sweetwater, Texas. . . The old man concluded with a vigorous speech opposing the movement and took his seat."

But the crown of rugged pioneers were not to be daunted by the failures of the past. After much argument, pro and con, the Association approved the idea and appointed a committee with plenary powers to receive bids from all points desiring the school, to get a charter, to accept the best bid and to report at the next meeting. This committee consisted of Hon. K. K.

Leggett, Rev. Geo. W. Smith, H. C. Hord, J. M. Hanna, Jno. F. Ferguson, C.R. Breedlove, and Hon. G. W. Smith.

It is interesting here to stop and take note of the territory that was embraced by the "Sweetwater Association. "To imagine it is to imagine a territory greater than the size of the British Isles, greater than all the New England states. Beginning at Ft. Worth, the territory extended to El Paso, a distance of over 400 miles and the north and south boundaries ranged around 100 miles from each other. A territory of 40,000 square miles! And not a Baptist school in its limits. To the west of Abilene not a school of higher learning for 1,600 miles. To the north, south, and east not one of the demonination for 400 miles. No wonder that these pioneers felt the call of this great field, which was going to grow into a great empire, for an institution to educate its coming generations. The limits of the Sweetwater Association have of course, since been narrowed down, but in the early days they took in all the West Texas territory.

Of the two bids for locations which were the most favorable, both were in Abilene. One was a stretch of land just south and west of the town, owned by Henry Sayles, now the Sayles Addition, one of the city's most beautiful residential sections. The other was north of town two miles north in the midst of an oak grove and surrounded in a larger way by mesquites. This land was owned by a kind of syndicate, known as "O. W. Steffens and Associates," which also owned all the land in that vicinity, which it styled "North Park Addition." It was in reality a cow pasture.

This syndicate offered the forthcoming college \$5,000 and 16 acres of land if it would build on this North Park Addition. The offer was accepted. Today the North

Park section, settled almost as densely as any part of the city, extends just to the north of Simmons University.

The contract was let and the building was begun. The contract which called for



MARSTON GYMNASIUM

\$10,000 expenditure, was let to R. A. Miller, now General R. A. Miller, commander of Confederate forces west of the Mississippi (United Confederate Veterans), and two associates.

1891, which is generally considered the date of the establishment of Simmons.

It is interesting to note one of the provisions of the charter which the committee had filed. This noteworthy provision was that the "property of said institution shall never be encumbered to any debt of any kind whatsoever." This made it necessary for the school to grow only money was actually available.

This condition has been strictly adhered to, and the only time the school has ever encountered a debt was on account of a misunderstanding about funds they were scheduled to receive and did not, thus falling under a debt which was accidental.

General Miller, now a venerable old man of nearly eighty years, still likes to talk about that first building.

"We lost money on that building," he will tell, you, but smiles in such a way that you know he is not so much concerned with the loss as he is proud of the fact that he had a part in the structure.

"We built it for \$10,000," he continued, "and it cost us \$12,000. It was a good building."

And he is right. It was so good that when a new science hall was built ten years ago, it was decided to build it on to the walls of this old building. Today the magnificent \$150,000 science hall, delights the eye of many who little realize that it is built into the walls of the old mud brick structure that was first known as "Simmons College."

"We made the brick ourselves," said General Miller, "out here on Elm creek and hauled them in wagons to the build-

ing. They're native brick and good brick too."

This building had eight rooms, including a chapel on the second floor, had a tall belfry at the top of which a bell rang out for the classess. It had no basement. It was not a structure that would be considered magnificent today. But this new gray brick building with its imposing belfry was a real momnment to the efforts of those pioneers who would not be discouraged.

But other things had happened in connection with the building of Simmons College, before this structure was finished, that would fashion a mold for its future history.

When it was decided to build the school, the name "Abilene Baptist College" had been chosen. Events were getting under way, however, before the first opening which would not only change the name but the destiny of this western school.

Rev. G. W. Smith, who will be remembered as one of those on the original committee, decided to write Dr. O. C. Pope of New York City and ask for aid for the school. Dr. Pope had previously resided in Texas, serving in the organized work of his denomination. In fact, this Sweet-water Association had been the result of his labors. For this reason Rev. Smith felt that Dr. Pope would be interested in the founding of this "Associational school." Dr. Pope was then in New York serving as superintendent of the Church Edifice Department of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, Rev. Smith asked him to get help if possible in that city for the new school.

Dr. Pope had for a friend a man whom he knew to be interested in the field of education. He was an alumnus of Brown University, a man of great Christian faith and convictions who had already helped in the establishment of several schools where education was in the embryonic state. West Texas was only an unheard of and far away section of the country to this man. But he had a passion for the promotion of Christian education and a sagacious insight into the possibilities of any new field.

It was to this man that Dr. Pope went for aid.

This man was Dr. James B. Simmons.

Dr. Pope called upon Dr. Simmons and handed him Rev. Smith's

letter. The latter read it carefully and looked up.

"Tell Rev. Smith to write to me," he said.

Rev. Smith did write and Dr. Simmons' answer was a check for \$5,000.

At this point our story catches up with itself. With this \$5,000 it was possible to finish the building and Simmons College was ready for its first opening.

There was still, however, the incident of the changing of the name of the school to Simmons.

Shortly after sending his first check, Dr. Simmons was visiting at New Orleans and extended his trip to Abilene to observe the progress made on the coming school. He gave another check, this time for a thousand, and suggested that the school be called "Christoleb College", meaning in German, "College of Christ's Love." But the trustees wanted to change the name to Simmons College and in 1892 the school was called by that name.

Dr. Simmons' support of the school continued throughout his life. During its early days he made several visits, he, his wife, Mary E. Simmons, and his son, Robert S. Simmons, made contributions in books, periodicals and money, fostering the school in every way in its early struggling days.

Several years later, when the second president had encountered many difficulties and times were hard in the western country, Dr. Simmons paid another visit to the school, encouraged the trustees, and advised them to elect Dr. Pope president.

Dr. Simmons, first donation called forth the "foundation agreement," a cherished legacy of Simmons today. This agreement was to the effect that Christianity should form the foundation of the whole organization of the school. This foundation agreement has been strictly adhered to this day. The men who witnessed this agreement and form the first board of trustees of the institution were: Hon. K. K. Leg-



LIBRARY BUILDING

gett, Col. C. W. Merchant, rich cattleman, who died several years ago, J. T. Harrington, Geo. W. Smith, William H. Lockett, C. P. Warren, and D. W. Wristen.

At his death Dr. Simmons bequeathed this estate, valued at about \$80,000 to the school. As the "Athens of West" puts it, in describing the honor the school pays the original donor today:

"On the campus in the center of the rolling forty acres, now encompassed by a circular drive around which twelve buildings stand grouped today, is a place apart, where under shading trees and shrubs, are two modest monuments marking the resting places of the sturdy and farvisioned man and his wife, natives and residents of New England and New York, who yet had a love for Christian culture that drew them irresistibly westward and made them builders of the West. All around these modest monuments flows life in student streams, monuments to the name of James B. Simmons and Mary E. Simmons.

The first session began in September 1892, with Rev. W. C. Friley, A. M., as president. Let the account in the "Athens of the West" describe this scene also:

"The soft rays of a September sun were reflected from the bright new shingle roof of a two-story gray brick building which reared its belfry above the mesquites, marking the destination of a dozen buggies and several wagons loaded with citizens from the nearby town. Several men on horseback also rode the same direction. Hitching their horses to straggling mesquites, they picked their way through weeds and rank prairie growth, climbed the crude steps which led over iron bar fence, erected against range cattle, and met in the chapel of the one building that was Simmons College to attend the opening. There was somewhere near, or a good deal less than a hundred students ranging from primary grades up through the beginnings of College work and it was pronounced a "fine opening."

The first student to enroll in Simmons was Miss Dona Kelly, a girl of ten years, who registered in the preparatory department. She is now Mrs. H. Polk of Artesia, N. M. Her son, Kelly Polk, has been graduated from Simmons and her daughter, Glen Polk, is now in the school. As the little ten year old girl sat on the knee of the first president, Rev. W. C. Friley, and printed her name on the enrollment card,



SMITH HALL

the president said to her. "You may be glad some time, little girl, that you were the first one to enroll in this school. Who knows but that some time it may be a great school."

There were little less than 100 registered for the first session and a large number of these were children and preparatory students. Only a handful were taking what would be even considered advanced high school work.

Rev. W. C. Friley was succeeded after two years of service by Dr. Thatcher, under whose administration of four years some progress was made. Little record is left of these early years, however. One thing is evident—the progress was tortuous. The difficulties were so great that some times it seemed that it was useless to try to build a great school out on these prairies. There were some very dry years during Dr. Thatcher's administration, dry years that seemed to spell the death of Simmons College. But Dr. Simmons never lost his interest. Just when the time was darkest, he made a visit to the school, encouraged the trustees, and assured them that Simmons was destined for a great future. It was at this time that Dr. O. C. Pope was called to the presidency. This was at the suggestion of Dr. Simmons.

Dr. Pope, the man through whom Dr. Simmons had been reached, was an organizer, preacher, and educator of note. He seemed to be the ideal man for the place. Dr. Pope came to Simmons, however, after a breakdown in his health, which had been partially restored by several years of travel all over the world. During these years of travel, incidentally, Dr. Pope had gathered hundreds of pictures of famous places all over the world and had had them made into stereopticon views. These he showed in regular lectures at the college during his administration and they proved very popular and entertaining as well as highly instructive.

Dr. Pope's period of service at Simmons was cut short by the condition of his health. After three years of teaching and administration his health began to fail

rapidly and he resigned. One year later he died. He is still survived by his widow, Mrs. Pope, who resides in Abilene today, a queenly old lady of over eighty years.

Rev. J. C. Harfield, A. M., a graduate of Wake Forest College, served as president during the year 1901-1902.

The following year, Dr. O. H. Cooper, a well known educator, who had served as president of Baylor University, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in Texas and as superintendent of the Galveston city schools, succeeded to the presidency. Dr. Cooper had taken his A. B. at Yale, had studied in Berlin and other German universities and was already recognized as one of the leading educators of the country.

Previous to this time, the faculty of Simmons had run around seven or eight. Under Dr. Cooper's first year, the faculty was increased to eleven, eight of them holding bachelor or master degrees. This same progress continued throughout Dr. Cooper's administration which lasted until 1909. Not only was the faculty increased and the qualifications raised, but the number of students increased rapidly.

In the last year of his administration, he had a faculty of twenty, counting lecturers, and the student body had reached a figure past 300.

The school was beginning to get established, beginning to get a real foundation upon which a great school could be built.

Dr. Cooper is today head of the department of Philosophy and Education in Simmons University. This pioneer and veteran educator has now reached the age of 73, but he is as young in spirit as the youngest student. His period of usefulness has not ended. He is still one of the state's leading educators. Under his direction the School of Education at Simmons has received recognition with the best in the state or the nation.

Among all the well equipped faculty which this president brought to the pioneer

school in the West, the most noteworthy is one who still serves Simmons University. This is Dr. Julius Olsen, for over twenty years dean, and head of the department of Physics.

In 1906, Dr. Olsen was a young man, just out of Yale with a Ph. D. degree, sufficient training to get him in any of the greatest schools of the land. Dr. Cooper too being a Yale man, prevailed on Dr. Olsen to come out to the West and teach in Simmons. More in the spirit of adventure than anything else, Dr. Olsen accepted, not intending to make his stay more than a year or two. He is still in Simmons. He has served every year since 1906. He has two daughters who have already been graduated from the institution and two more children to go through. His life has been bound up in the life of Simmons. And he came there to stay only a year.

Dr. Cooper's years as president had not only been marked by decided improvement in faculty and curriculum, however. Buildings had been added. In 1903 a dormitory for women was erected, called Anna Hall, in honor of the only daughter of Dr. Robert S. Simmons, who made the greatest donation to the building.

In 1907, Cowden Hall, a dormitory for men was erected and named in honor of "Uncle Billy" Cowden, a West Texas ranchman, whose children made the largest contribution.

Anna Hall served as a girl's hall until about 1912 when it became a musical conservatory. When the new Fine Arts Hall was erected several years ago, Anna Hall was remodeled into a modern library building. So it is still serving.

In 1922 Cowden Hall burned. In its place has since been erected the magnificent Ferguson Hall for men. Three buildings, over 300 students, a little over \$30,000 endowment.

This was the status of Simmons College when a man came to its walls who was to impress, probably more than any other,

his personality, his work of service upon the institution. In the hands of this man was to be put the future destiny of Simmons, a destiny which has turned out to be, under his leadership, the present Simmons University.

This man is Dr. J. D. Sandefer.

In 1909 Dr. Sandefer, a native of Arkansas, pioneer school teacher and ad-



MARY FRANCES HALL

ministrator, was serving as president of John Tarleton College. By constant pressure he was finally prevailed upon in that year to become president of Simmons College.

Founded in a pioneer country, by pioneers, and fostered largely by pioneer stockmen.

Simmons University has in all its existence had a history peculiar and distinctive from many other schools. But nowhere in the educational history of the nation has a more romantic chapter been written than in the progress of Simmons under the direction of Dr. J. D. Sandefer. From three buildings to twelve modern buildings, representing an investment of over a million. From an endowment of \$30,000 to an endowment of half a million. From a student body of 300 to a student body of 1407. That in brief is the growth of Simmons University in the nineteen years of President Sandefer's work.

No sooner had President Sandefer taken over the administration than one great step of progress was made by the school. This was recognition by the state of Texas a first class A-1 institution. This recognition came in the fall of 1909.

The building program which was initiated by his coming, and has gone on since, is worthy of notice.

In 1912 was completed a large new hall for women, called the Girl's Industrial Home, because it was built for these young women who were working their way through school. This building represented a cost of \$50,000 and much noble effort and sacrifice on the part of the president and his loyal supporters.

This building has later been named Smith Hall in honor of Rev. George W. Smith, pastor of the First Baptist church of Abilene, first president of the board of trustees, the pioneer already mentioned who labored so faithfully for Simmons in its early days.

In 1913, Abilene Hall, a new administration building with a chapel to seat over 600, was erected at a cost of \$40,000. Today this chapel room has been cut into smaller rooms, since the erection of the new chapel building, and still serves as an administration building.

Three years later Mary Frances Hall, a beautiful dormitory for women, was built at a cost of \$50,000, and another noteworthy chapter in the building of Simmons was written. This hall was named

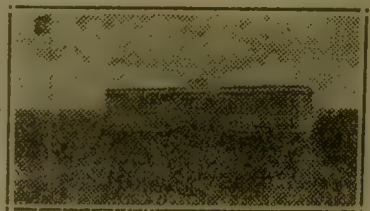


THE PRESIDENT'S HOME

for the wives of Col. C. W. Merchant and Col. J. M. Parramore, already mentioned, largest donors to the building and friends of the college from earliest times. Both were cattlemen. Col. Merchant is often called the "father of Abilene," because he founded the town.

With steady certainty the building program went on, each building being erected in the order of its necessity. The men and the women now well cared for in dormitories, two good administration buildings in operation, the next need was a modern gymnasium. This came in 1918 with the erection of the Marston gymnasium, named for Edgar L. Marston of New York City, largest donor. This gymnasium is fully equipped for all kinds of physical training and is a model of construction and equipment.

In 1918-19 the magnificent Science Hall,



SCIENCE HALL

already mentioned, was erected. This was built as we have said over the walls of the



PRESIDENT J. D. SANDEFER

old "Simmons College", the original structure built by General Miller. Even with this economy however, so large and well built is the structure and so modern and complete its equipment, that the whole represents an investment of \$181,000.

This building contains all the physical, chemical, biological laboratories, professor's offices and lecture rooms especially designed for the teaching of science. In it is the office of the president, the dean and the secretary-treasurer.

Simmons' next building was the finest on the campus. This was the Caldwell Fine Arts Hall, a gift of Mr. C. M. Caldwell, then of Breckenridge and now of Abilene, the largest single gift ever given to the institution. This building was finished in 1921 at a cost of \$105,000. It is absolute-

ly fireproof. In it are the studios of all piano, voice, violin, and other musical professors, the art rooms, the university museum, and all the artistic and historical relics of the school.

By actual check, it has been found that there is not a finer or more complete building in the South for the teaching of fine arts. And so far as it is known, it is not excelled in the nation.

In 1922 the old Billy Cowden Hall had burned, the victim of a faulty furnace. The greatest need of Simmons was now a men's hall. This hall was erected during the years of 1924-25. Never was there a harder struggle to complete a building. The plans for it were large and called for great expenditure. It was to be large, the most modern possible, and of the finest construction. Its completion was finally made pos-

sible by the generous contribution of Mr. W. P. Ferguson of Wichita Falls. He and his sons, Jasper and Herbert, dedicated their gifts as a noble, "memorial to wife and mother", Mrs. Ferguson having died the year previous. This is inscribed on a bronze tablet at the entrance of the hall. Ferguson Hall is built on the Oxford plan with separate entries into different suites. Each suite has a bed room, a study room and a bath. The hall will accommodate about 125 men. It represents a cost of \$175,000 and a finer dormitory for men cannot be found in the state.

In 1924 a president's home was constructed at the entrance of the campus, built at a cost of \$20,000. In 1925 the old Anna Hall, already mentioned, was remodeled into the modern library building it is today. This cost about \$20,000. The first floor is built to house about 100,000 volumes and the second floor is the reading room.

In the year of 1926 the "Cowboy Corral" a large sized basket ball court, well roofed, built to accommodate over a thousand spectators was built, partly as a gift from the senior class of that year. This building has helped greatly in sharing the load of athletic responsibility with the Marston gymnasium.

Last summer the building program, as far as it has gone, was culminated. Largely through the efforts and leadership of President Sandefer, two buildings that were the greatest need, a new auditorium and a modern cafeteria were built, each at a cost of around \$20,000. The auditorium relieved the congested condition of Abilene Hall as the student body had now far outgrown the old chapel and also gave more room for teaching quarters, since the Abilene Hall auditorium could be remodeled into four more classrooms, as already mentioned. The cafeteria also relieved the congested condition in the women's halls to some extent, since the old dining rooms and kitchens could be remodeled into living quarters for the women. These two buildings were completed during the summer and have been in operation for the past year.

The auditorium will seat 1,600 people and can be made to accommodate 2,000 as it did this year when Mme. Galli-Curci sang at Simmons before a West Texas audience.

The cafeteria is a model of modern cafeteria construction and will accommodate 250 diners at one time.

But this almost phenomenal building program has not been the only accomplishment of the past nineteen years, since the coming of President Sandefer.

Along with the necessity for more buildings and equipment to meet the needs of a growing West Texas, Simmons needed endowment. President Sandefer recognized this need. In 1924 a sum of \$200,000 was subscribed by friends in Abilene to meet an offer of the General Education

Board in New York City to give \$100,000, all of which added to the then present endowment would make the figure reach half a million. This campaign came in conjunction with plans to change "Simmons College" to "Simmons University." It was up to Simmons to either drop back to second rate college or advance to first rate university. Simmons met the challenge and did the latter.

Forty thousand dollars of this was subscribed in chapel by the students and faculty of Simmons, in what President Sandefer described as "the greatest hour in the history of Simmons." The quota of the students was placed at thirty thousand and it was decided to initiate a ten day campaign in which the pupils would be approached and asked to give this amount. To the surprise of everyone present the students subscribed forty thousand instead of thirty thousand dollars and did it in one hour. At the end of that history making hour in the old Simmons chapel, President Sandefer, said to the student body, "This is the happiest moment in my life." The confidence and love of his student body for him and the school he served had been proved.

The following spring Simmons College became Simmons University. This was done in accordance with a clause in the foundation agreement of the school. This clause read that "if the growth of said college should hereafter warrant it, the name should be changed from Simmons College to Simmons University." Another great period in the history of Simmons had begun. For three years now the school has served as Simmons University, the only university in West Texas. It was only fitting that the school that should pioneer learning in this great section as a small academy on the prairie should be the first to reach the rating of university in this same section. In this respect Simmons still remains the pioneer. In its rating as university, Simmons maintains a College of Arts and Sciences a School of Education, a Graduate School, a Conservatory of Music, a School of Art, a School of Speech Art, and offers professional training.

Last year the supreme achievement of President Sandefer and Simmons University was reached.

During the late fall, President Sandefer journeyed to Florida to the meeting of the Southern Association of Colleges to present the claims of this great western school to admission in that body. So convincing were the claims that the association immediately voted Simmons in. This gives the school the highest possible rating with the colleges and universities of the nation. With its restrictions and rules which call for the highest instruction, the limitation of the hours of teaching for the professors and so on, the organization means for the school the highest standards in equipment and instruction. It gives a school recogni-

tion. Its completion was finally made position among all schools of the nation. No student going from Simmons today has any trouble in getting recognition for his work in other universities of the nation.

No sooner had this been accomplished, than Simmons was voluntarily voted into the Association of American Colleges at the meeting of that body in Atlantic City. This honor was not solicited by the university, but was accorded on account of the high standards maintained.

This is the status of Simmons today. A standard A-1 university, offering M. A. B. A. and B. M. degrees, 1,407 students 123 graduates this year, million dollar plant, half a million endowment, the only university in West Texas. It is doubtful that, in their wildest dreams, the pioneers of 1891 visualized such a great university on the prairies of West Texas in 1928.

In these last nineteen years of magnificent achievement, President Sandefer has not wrought alone. Loyal friends, especially some of the early builders of Abilene, who have stood by his side have made the great accomplishments possible.

Many of those on the board of trustees have for years, unheralded, given service of time and money, unstintingly, that has contributed greatly toward the building of Simmons University. Supported by these loyal ones, the president has been enabled to pass the crises in the life of Simmons and build a great school.

Simmons is no longer in a pioneer country, no longer attended by cowboys and girls from ranches, though they still maintain the traditions and call their athletic teams the Cowboys. But the pioneer spirit is still there. Whenever a new step is made to pioneer a new field in the education of this section, it is led by Simmons University.

We have said that the old tradition is maintained. This is true in every department of the school and its student activity. The yearbook of the school is "The Bronco," the literary magazine is "The Corral," the weekly newspaper is "The Brand." The athletic teams are the "Cowboys," the university band is the "Cowboy Band," the most famous college band, incidentally in

the nation today. This "Cowboy Band" has traveled over every state in the south and southwest. It has played at conventions, rodeos, in parades. It is the official band of the United Confederate Veterans. And what could be more appropriate? For the blood of a Confederate soldier flows in the veins of every member of the Cowboy Band.

Simmons has borrowed from the rugged virtues of the frontier and the cowboy. And Simmons does not forget the old tradition. As it is put in "The Athens of the West":

"The picture of the one building lost in the brush and weeds of 34 years ago has been superseded by the picture of a broad campus crossed by many concrete walks and spaced with inviting tennis courts, grass plots and benches under the scattering shades. The rail fences and turnstiles are gone. A graveled driveway circles the broad landscaped campus and on this driveway face twelve modern brick buildings. The town has built to and beyond the institution and Abilene people ride out on well paved and lighted streets or take advantage of a modern street railway service when the doors are thrown open at a commencement exercise or fine arts program. The old pioneer looks in vain for the horses staked to the old mesquites, but traces of the old West are still to be found here and there over the campus and will never be eliminated. Those early days live in the names that cling to the buildings and campus, to the organizations, athletic teams and publications, and in the democratic spirit that characterizes the student body,



EXERCISES ON THE CAMPUS

keeping alive the sweet memory of the romantic period of yesterday."

THE END

Foul Murder on the Cibolo



AMONG THE early settlers in the Cibolo Valley, northeast of San Antonio, was Major D——, a gentleman about 45 years of age and a former resident of Louisiana, who never forgot a friend or forgave an enemy. Quite irascible and equally impulsive, possessed of a powerful frame and not averse to a "scrap" in defense either of his own or a friend's rights, he was yet a good neighbor and citizen, and being well educated, occupied a high position in the community. Speaking of him to a stranger, one of his neighbors observed: "Yes, sir the Major is a powerful good man, for he unites in himself both the virtues and the vices of the bulldog—that is, he has all the bulldog's pluck, holdfast and lack of discretion."

The Major came to the Cibolo along in 1853, and about the same time there came to the Santa Clara, a waterless tributary of the Cibolo shrouded from head to foot by the densest chaparral, a family consisting of a couple of old folks and half a dozen more or less, grown sons and daughters, the masculine gender predominating. Settling as they did at a time when the best lands in the country could be had for a song, in the brush far away from neighbors, cultivating but a few acres of land, and that in the most slovenly manner, and holding themselves aloof from the people of the country, it was easy for the family to acquire the reputation of being undesirable citizens. Lost saddle horses had a habit of being found in the neighborhood of their ranch, and now and then a fat beef or yearling was found in the woods shot, half-skinned and one or more of its quarters missing. Horses and cattle, though, were too plentiful for the owners of them to investigate closely even had the nature of the country permitted, and as no member of the Dubbs family was ever caught in "flagrante delictu," they were left undisturbed save by general suspicion that they were the right kind of people.

In 1855 or 1856 a young man, the son of one of Major D——'s old-time neighbors in Louisiana, came out to Texas on a prospecting tour. As was customary in those days, he traveled on horseback, carried on his saddle a pair of well-filled saddle bags, along stake rope and a good blanket; in short, he was prepared to camp wherever night overtook him and to live on the country, carrying a shot-gun and a pair of holster pistols. His name has been forgotten by the writer. His father having been an intimate friend of the Major in Louisiana, it is likely that the Major was instrumental in persuading the son to

visit Texas. At any rate, as the young man's objective point was West Texas, it was natural he should visit his father's friend, and he did so. While at the Major's he communicated the fact to the latter that he had brought along in his saddle bags something like \$5000—his object being, should he find a tract of land that suited him, to buy it and go at once to ranching. This money was all in \$20 gold pieces fresh from the mint at New Orleans each piece bearing the date of 1855. The newness of the money and its oneness in date impressed the latter fact on the Major's memory. It alarmed him to know that the young man was taking the risk of carrying such a large amount of money with him, and he advised the young fellow to take it direct to San Antonio and there deposit it in some safe hands. The youngster laughed at the danger though insisting that as nobody knew he had the cash he could carry it along with him in perfect safety.

Having stayed a few days at the Major's, the young man declared his intention of proceeding to San Antonio by way of New Braunfels. Somewhere between the two towns lay a body of land he thought would suit his purpose admirably, and he proposed to take a good look at it and see if it came up to the representations made regarding its desirability as a stock ranch. Major D——, suggested that he go direct to San Antonio, and after placing the money in safe hands he could easily find his said he enjoyed camping out too much to make it at all pleasant to spend a single night in a stuffy little hotel, and so decided to go by New Braunfels, and to time his start so as to enable him to reach the Santa Clara by sundown of the first day. Near that stream was a deep pond of water around which the mesquite gras grew in abundance. He left the Major's about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, promising as he said goodbye to write from San Antonio, and within a week or ten days to return to the Major's house.

A week passed, and no letter coming from San Antonio and the young man not returning, the Major grew uneasy. Another week passing without news, the Major began an inquiry, through which he learned that this young friend had never arrived either at New Braunfels or San Antonio, and had not been on the land he had started out to inspect. Every effort was made to trace the young fellow, but all failed. Finally after the lapse of three months or more, the Major received a letter from his friend in Louisiana inquiring about the young man and stating that the last heard

of him at home was through a letter he wrote from the Major's house. A few days later a party of cow-hunters discovered on the Santa Clara, half a mile from the pond and hidden in the center of a patch of chaparral, the body of a young white man. Wolves had preyed on the body, and their teeth and exposure to the elements had torn and rotted the clothing to such an extent as to leave nothing recognizable except the fine texture of the cloth. A round hole at the back of the skull and the fact that not an article of any kind was found in the pockets of the clothing or anywhere around indicated the commission of a cowardly murder and robbery.

Hearing of the ghastly find, the Major went on a gallop to the scene. Convinced by the texture of the clothing that the body was that of his young friend, he swore by the eternal to hunt down the murderer and bring him to the gallows. In his wrath and sorrow he grew indiscreet and not only avowed his belief that members of a certain family had committed the murder and robbery, but also mentioned the fact that the young man had been robbed of \$5000 in freshly coined \$20 gold pieces of the mintage of 1855, and declared that if ever during his lifetime a gold coin of that size and date was put into circulation in West Texas he would be able to trace it back to the murderer of his friend.

Although the killing and robbery had been done in an out of the way place, and although none knew and few had an interest in the young man supposed to be the victim, the Major's prominence and repeated threats gave the matter wide publicity. He was frequently heard to say during the first heat of his indignation, and once said in the presence of a member of the suspected family, that if the murderer or murderers ever dared during his lifetime to spend a single \$20 gold piece of the mintage of 1855 or even to get one changed, he, the Major, would hear of it, and he the offender might make his calculations to quit the world at the end of a rope.

Coming from the man it did the threat had a significance, which, to say the least, was remarkably deterrant in its effect. Not a single \$20 gold piece of the mintage of 1855 was ever known to be in circulation until in the fullness of time and years the Major died. That, as nearly as can be remembered, was in 1872. While his neighbors were yet passing lightly over his faults and foibles and praising him for his many good deeds, \$20 gold pieces of the mintage of 1855 got into circulation at Seguin, the trading place of the suspected family—each piece identified as that date showing by the sharpness of its milling that it had long been idle, and some bearing marks indicating their long burial in the ground. It was said that members of the family first put the money in circulation. It is doubtful, though, whether any earnest effort was made to trace it to its

first course. The Major, the only person who could have sworn positively to the date of the mintage, was dead, and nobody else had interest enough in the matter to justify the inquiry.

Whether there was any just ground to suspect the family that was suspected of the combined murder and robbery, is a question difficult to decide. The young men of the family emerged from their seclusion after the Major's decease, and have made good, law-abiding citizens, well liked in the communities where they have lived.

Indian Relics Wanted.

I want Indian relics, of all kinds. Write me what you have, and prices. I am not a dealer.—Geo. C. Martin, Rockport, Texas.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

"A Cowpuncher of the Pecos."

A very interesting booklet of real cowboy life, written by F. S. Millard, an old time Texas cowboy, in typical cowboy style. Price \$1.00 per copy. You can order from the author, Fred S. Millard, Faywood, New Mexico, or from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

WANTED FOR CASH

Playbills of San Francisco theatres of the fifties; also those of early Texas variety theatres. Also Beadle and Adams and other dime and half dime novels and libraries. Also file of Frontier Times.—JAMES MADISON, 323 N. Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters, Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

Early Texas Cattle Industry

Related by Wm. B. Slaughter to Cora Melton Cross in The Semi-Weekly Farm News



TEXAS IN THE EADLY days was a wonderfully woven tapestry of colorful design and replendent beauty, with azure-topped hills, wild clover carpets and ribbons of green fighting for place beside grazing herds of buffalo, deer and antelope. Wild turkeys daintily picked their way across the landscape, unafraid of the hideously painted, feather-bedecked Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches on their pinto ponies, a dangerous menace, yet without which the picture would have been incomplete.

Came the pioneers with heavyladen, ox-drawn prairie schooners en train, a scout in advance, drivers with rifles beside them and live stock driven alongside. Thus did the frontiersmen, courageous of heart, determined of will, schooled to endurance, meet the demands of each new day in the Texas wilds.

Of these, one, George Webb Slaughter, born May 10, 1811, crossed the Sabine River in the year of 1830 with his father's family, journeying from Copiah County, Mississippi, to the Mexican State of Coahuila, afterward called Texas, to locate. At that time the country east of Felipe de Austin was governed largely by military law, with Colonel Piedras, poorly qualified for such an office, in control. Strict adherence to the church was required, with no tolerance shown the ministers of the settlement when they attempted to hold services. The pioneers resented such domination and a conflict resulted in which George W., a 19-year youth, took active part. A number of settlers were later marshaled to prison and when Col. Bean Andrews went to the city of Mexico to procure their release he was forced to join them.

Two years later, with no assurance of their return, 500 settlers gathered from far and near at Nacogdoches and sent, under a flag of truce, to Colonel Piedras a demand for the liberation of the prisoners. He in turn demanded complete surrender, upon which the frontiersmen made it so hot for the company of cavalry sent to enforce the order that it fled for safety. It was in that skirmish that George Slaughter did his first fighting against Mexican rule. Apparent quiet reigned for a brief period, during which George freighted between Louisiana and Texas, later mentioning with pride that on one of these trips he hauled the legal library of Sam Houston whom he met at Natchitoches, La., and who later selected him to serve as his courier in the war with Mexico. For this duty he, with his company, was ordered to report to Houston at San Antonio and im-

mediately were engaged in the famous grass fight.

Succeeding this battle Houston advanced toward Mexico, but halted near Goliad upon word that Santa Anna was approaching with 1,500 men. Colonel Fannin with his meager forces was camped in the river bend below town, while Travis with his faithful few were in the Alamo. Believing that safety lay in wide-open spaces, General Houston pleaded with Fannin and Travis to abandon their fortifications and join him. It was during this crisis that George W., rode continuously to and from the Alamo and intermediate points. The last message he delivered to Travis was an order from Houston to retreat and it was after reading this that the Colonel drew the line of fate with his sword. Having failed in getting his General's command obeyed, young George rode through fire and blood to report to Houston. Shortly after the fall of the Alamo he encountered Mrs. Dickinson and her negro slave on their way to General Houston to relate the horrors of that massacre.

After memorizing the messages, George concealed the written word between his shoe soles by removing the tacks, turning back the outer sole, fitting the paper closely to the inner leather and retacking the sole in place.

Came the victory of San Jacinto and following it the brave courier hurried home. Here he was married to Miss Sarah Mason. That marriage ceremony was the first to be sanctioned by the new Republic of Texas. Home making began in Sabine County and George W. resumed his freighting under the new Government. But the dove of peace found small chance to rest in those perilous days and in 1839 Sam Houston, now President, issued orders for the organization of companies to combat the Cherokee uprising. George Slaughter was selected as Captain of the Sabine company and the new recruits marched to Nacogdoches in a body to reinforce General Rusk, then stationed with a small force on the Neches River.

Chief Bowles was camped a short distance away, with 1,600 Cherokee Indians, and two days were given to parleying for a treaty. Failing to agree, the Indians fell back, but were pursued and eleven killed. They again retreated and next day things came to a showdown with Chief Bowles and several hundred Cherokees were killed. The remainder of the Indians fled westward, pursued by Captians Slaughter and Todd with their companies to the Bois d'Arc fork of the Trinity. The companies disbanded on their return and George W. went back to his home with the avowed

intention of preaching the gospel according to the Baptist faith and raising cattle for a livelihood. To emphasize the latter he took with him ninety-two head and established a ranch near the old town of Butler, in Freestone County. So well did he succeed that in five years' time his herd numbered 600 cattle.

More pasturage was needed, so to Palo Pinto County he went, gave it the once over and selected 960 acres of land which he located by certificate, buying 2,000 additional acres five miles west of the present town of Palo Pinto, then known as Golconda. It was moving day again for the Slaughter family, but there were sturdy sons and dependable daughters to help now with the home making and the ranch home established then, although the residence there was not continuous, was always known as the Slaughter homestead.

Indians were on the war path and raids were frequent. In moving 1,200 cattle and a bunch of cow ponies to Young County, after locating on the ranch, forty head of the horses were stolen near the Ross reservation. Again they raided the ranch and took every horse on it.

It was in 1866, while driving a herd of cattle on Dry Creek, that thirteen redskins opened fire on George W., but he worked his sixgun and rifle too fast for their comfort and, with one badly wounded, they wheeled their horses and ran. A few months afterward Indians surrounded and killed thirteen Government teamsters, burning their wagons near Flat Top Mountain, in Young County. George W. had been rounding up in that neighborhood and was just camped with his outfit of fourteen cowboys, chuck wagon and 800 head of cattle but two miles from their point of attack. Knowing their turn came next, he at once set about planning a way of escape which he succeeded in doing by strategy. He was a good tactician and he was familiar with the ways of the redskin. Knowing they were cowards if in the minority, he sent several of his boys toward Sand Creek with the herd and orders to move with apparent unconcern, but with hands on their guns. A near-by ravine gave him another idea and he told a number of the boys to crawl down into it and creep up its bed waiting the attack, and when the firing began they were to turn all holds loose and fire like there were hundreds of them. At the same time he, with what boys were left, would do the same, using their horses as a breastwork. It was a well-laid plan and when firing from two squads began the Indians, fearing a reinforcement for Slaughter, made a quick getaway.

A market for cattle was the urgent need at that time and owners were discussing the ways and means of one when the rebel yell sounded and with it came the enlistment of George W., and his son, C. C. At that time a contract from Uncle Sam was offered him to supply the Tonkaway

reservation, then located six miles southeast of the present site of Graham, with beef, and he accepted it. Cattle were to be delivered twice a week, with payment made in Confederate currency. When the war ended, leaving the South penniless, George Slaughter had a trunk full of worthless money. He gave it to the school children to use for thumb papers to keep their blueback spellers clean.

During the four years of war the cattle increase was enormous and trail driving to Northern markets was being agitated at its close. But George Slaughter decided to sell the greater part of his holdings at home, and according disposed of 7,200 head at \$6 around. The sale made, he formed a partnership with his son, C. C., who, having won his spurs fighting for the Confederacy and with them the title of Colonel, was anxious to follow a trail herd, and it was so arranged. From then, the year of 1868, until the trail was closed, Slaughter & Son kept herds almost constantly on the drive.

But zealously as George W. guarded his cattle interests, even more faithful was he had builded a lucrative business for his sons to continue he retired to his ranch and devoted his time entirely to a long-cherished purpose, that of constantly preaching the crucified Christ. That he reaped a rich reward is attested by the fact that he baptized 3,000 persons and it was said of him that he also ordained more ministers and organized more churches than any minister in Texas.

In the early days of his service he would saddle his horse, fill his saddle bags with provision and, armed with six-shooter and rifle, make his rounds, often camping alone fully expecting hostile Indians to dispute his right of way. Twice was he attacked, but God was with him and delivered him unhurt. His sermons were oftentimes preached with his shooter irons beside his bible, while the men of the congregation sat with six-shooters slung at the side and rifles between their knees. But neither danger, fear nor business prevented George W. Slaughter from filling an appointment to preach.

To this God-fearing man and his estimable wife were born eleven children, six sons and five daughters. Three of the latter and two of the former—J. B. of Post and William B. of San Antonio—survive. And it is the latter, so familiar with the minutest detail, conversant with every change and withal possessed of such a remarkable memory, who will now tell you, in part, something of the cattle business as he knew it from his boyhood days until the end of time for the longhorns in Texas.

"He was born in Freestone County in the year of 1852 and was but 4 years old when we moved to our Palo Pinto County ranch, therefore my initiation into the cattle business dates from that ranch as headquarters. The first real drive I ever made was when I was 18 years old, though I had helped gather and deliver all the cattle to

the Indians during the Civil War. In 1865 when the war closed we had lots of cattle. The herd had grown tremendously and there was no sale for them at home, so father, brother, C. C., and myself gathered a herd of 900 steers, and, with the help of three cowboys, started it to Shreveport, La. We swam the Trinity River at Scyene, below Dallas, and this is the way we got our wagon across: We caulked the bed with sacks to make it water-tight, tied logs to both top and bottom of the bed, also to the wheels to keep them from turning. Then we crossed the cattle over, put a yoke of oxen to the wagon, and with two cowboys on their horses, lined up on each side of it, off they went into the river. The wheels could not turn the logs weighted the bed and with much and strong persuasion the boys finally got the oxen across. We had pretty good going from then on with no more streams to swim until we got to the Sabine River, where the operation was repeated. It was there that I saw my first drove turkeys offered for market. How it did impress me, the idea of selling turkeys when they ran wild and were so plentiful.

"At rockwall we met Col. T. H. Johnson, who had contracted 1,500 head of cattle to the packing house east of Jefferson. He had only secured 600 of the kind that he wanted. He looked our herd over and told father and C. C. they could put it in with what he had to fill the contract if they wanted to. They were glad enough to do it and it was decided that father should take charge of the herd while C. C. and Johnson went ahead to notify the packers that the cattle were on the way. We were paid \$24,300 for the 900 head, but were required to hold them close around the plant until they were butchered and pickled down in barrels.

"It was there that I ate my first orange, and I thought I had never tasted anything half as good in my whole life. Think of being 13 years old before you saw an orange! But they didn't grow in West Texas and there were no stores that handled them.

"Father took the money, 20,000 of it in \$20 gold pieces and the remainder in currency. He bought a pair of old-fashioned leather saddle bags, the kind that you sling across a horse with a bag hanging on either side. Then he stacked the \$20 gold coins, like nickles are done at the bank for charge these days, wrapped each stack tightly with paper and stuffed those saddle bags just as tight as he could, buckled the flaps down closely and slung them across the rear of my saddle, and I was told to mount the horse and ride him back home.

"Up to that time the women folks mostly spun the thread and wove the cloth for all our clothes. But there was a wholesale store at Jefferson, so father and C. C. decided to buy up a stock of goods. We

still had our one wagon and three yoke of oxen but they bought two more and loaded all three. Wagon No. 1 carried dry goods, a little clothing and boots and shoes. No. 2 was loaded with groceries, including some oranges, while No. 3 was our supply station. They also bought more oxen and yoked four to each wagon and the cowboys drove them. I rode the horse with the saddlebags on and drove the cow ponies. I was also chief cook and bottle washer most of the time. Finally, father, C. C. and I left the wagons and rode ahead horseback, making about thirty miles per day until we got to Buchanan, then the county seat of Johnson County, situated on Nolan River. At that point we left the road and cut across country to what was known as Dobbs Bend on the Brazos River, on the line of Palo Pinto, Parker and Hood Counties; that was to keep people from knowing our route and prevent possible robbery.

"We stayed all night with old man Dobbs and next day pulled through the town of Palo Pinto. About 2 p. m. we got to Jowell's place, father-in-law of C. C., and my sister-in-law, his wife, was there. After dinner father and C. C. took the \$20,000 in gold and hid it under some rocks in the bluff of the mountains, three miles east of Palo Pinto. When they got back they told me about it and also told me to keep my mouth shut.

"When the wagons loaded with merchandise came in father and C. C. opened up a big store, the first in the settlement to carry dry goods.

"Folks had no money but they all had cattle, so C. C., who ran the store, commenced trading goods for cattle, rating the latter at from \$3 to \$6 per head. But the people just had to have some money for taxes and things like that, and C. C. told the ranchers that he and father had made arrangements with a bank farther east and could get what money they were compelled to have. He also told them to figure the least they could get along with and he would get it for them and take cattle as payment. Business was rushing and wagons were kept constantly hauling more goods from Jefferson.

"The following spring, C. C. had bought enough cattle by this means to put two herds on the trail to Kansas with 2,500 head in each one. That was in 1866-67. C. C. took one of them and brother P. E. went with with the other. Besides that we branded out 1,800 yearlings that were not old enough for market to run on the range. The cattle business grew so rapidly that we had to have help at the store and C. C. took, as partner, a man named McLaren, but it was understood that he only shared in the cash sales of the store and in addition would get a certain per cent off the cattle sold. All cattle traded for, or bought, were to belong to the Slaughterers. When the bank opened up at Weatherford father

and C. C. drew their holdings from the bluff and deposited them there; but this was not done at once, they had to have confidence in the way a bank handled money first. They had tested the security of their rock cache but had to be assured about the other sort of banking system. Eventually they became accustomed to banking methods and felt safe.

"In the year of 1868 we had a big ranch of our own and we drove 7,500 head of cattle up the trail that year to market at Abilene, Kan. Brother P. E. took the first herd and I went with him on my first trip up the old Chisholm Trail. J. B. went with the second bunch and C. C. followed with the third. He only took his herd as far as the Red Fork of the Arkansas River, where he turned it over to the foreman of his outfit and went ahead to Abilene to be ready to meet the herds, sell the cattle and pay off the hands. He stayed long enough to market all the cattle and they netted us exactly \$150,000. About 5,000 head of them came through negotiations at the store, the remainder were from our own herd. All of us boys worked for C. C., though we each had some cattle on the home ranch.

"McLaren got anxious to buy the store, he had to run it anyhow and having the responsibility wanted to own it; so father and C. C. sold it to him.

"The year 1869 we had many cattle, grass was short and it seemed best all around to move 'em out. We already had some over in Young county, where we had sold the herd for pickled beef, so we took them all over there. That year we drove four herds up the trail. P. E. my oldest brother, led the way with herd No. 1, John was close behind with No. 2. I trailed along with the third bunch, and a fellow named Coonover, who had been with us a long time, brought up the rear with the fourth drove. There were about 10,000 cattle in all, 2,500 head in each herd. C. C. went ahead of all of them to be ready to receive and sell them, as usual, which he did for plenty of money.

"In 1872 the Indians were terrorizing the settlers, torturing and killing at a great rate. Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches were all on the warpath and mother was always uneasy about her boys on the range; so she persuaded father to sell his cattle and leave that country. The two oldest sons, P. E. and C. C., rebelled and refused to go, but father sold his cattle to J. C. Loving and Charlie Rivers, range delivery, for \$60,000. This was the sale of the lazy S brand. Father set me to driving our remaining cattle, quite a herd, belonging mostly to us boys, in advance of the wagon and the second night out the Indians stole every horse he had excepting those used for night herd. He sent a runner to overtake me (I was two days ahead of him) to tell me to send him some horses

until he could get to Tarrant County where he was sure he could buy all he needed.

"I had forty horses and I sent him twenty-five and wrote him a note telling him that I would move my herd to Mary's Creek and go to Clint Ryder's horse ranch, ask him to round up his horse herd and see if I could get enough horses to supply both of us. I did not have a dollar in my pocket when I went to Ryder's ranch and I told him the circumstances, just as they were. I also told him that I did not believe father would have enough money to pay cash for them and that we would have to give him some notes. He said that any notes signed by George W. or C. C. Slaughter would go as cash with him, as he sold them many horses and always got his money. With that I helped round up his herd. He only had eighteen broke horses that we could use. I bought them, together with twenty-three broncs, and when I got back to the herd I put the boys to broncbusting until father caught up with us. After thinking it over I was sure that number would be insufficient to work both herds; so I went over on the Clear Fork of the Trinity to Jack Flint's ranch and put up the same spiel I had made to Clint Ryder. He rounded up his horses and I cut as many broke, and wild, as I thought we would need and soon got the bronchs all to where, when we put them in a rope corral, we could catch them with a rope to ride without them breaking over the corral. I got three Shetland ponies with the Ryder horses for my sisters, who were making cow hands for father. They were low and easy for them to mount. We all worked on that trip, even mother cooked for father's outfit.

"We drove the herd to Emporia, Kan., where father sold it and bought a nice home. He put J. B., M. L. and myself in school. The next year father came back to Texas to see how the boys were making it with the cattle and just as soon as he left I followed suit and it seemed like I could not get back to that Palo Pinto ranch quick enough.

"In the fall of 1874 mother said, 'Father, my boys have all deserted me and gone back to the Indians, and I guess we had as well go, too. Father was more than ready to come and it wasn't long until they were living at the old ranch home.

"That year John bought himself a herd and I bought 500 head and put in with father's herd and took them to Kansas to winter. The next spring John and I both sold out and came back to Texas and went in partnership.

"We went down to Mason County and contracted for a herd of cattle from John Gamel and Christie Crosby. Then we put up a check with the City Bank of Dallas for \$2,000 as a forfeit to cinch the deal until we could go back to the ranch and get horses, wagons and hands to handle the

cattle. This was to be done within ninety days. We soon whipped things at home into shape and started back to Mason with a letter of credit from the Dallas bank to pay our check for 2,000. The cattle were rounded up and waiting for us, but the men demanded cash on the barrel head. Our date to receive the cattle was close at hand and our forfeit would be lost unless that payment could be made in hard cash. I thought hard and fast and decided that by riding night and day there was a chance to put over; so I took the overland stage from Mason to San Antonio and upon arriving there went at once to see Col. John C. Breckinridge, the banker, presented my letter of credit and told him what we were up against. He listened attentively, counted out \$18,000 and told me where to go and get a money belt from a Mexican. When I had done that to come back to him. I did exactly as he said and when I reached the bank again the Colonel and Mr. Mayberry recounted the money and put it in the belt while I went out and bargained for a little humpbacked roan pony and a \$5 saddle. This time when I got back to the bank the money belt was all ready to buckle on.

"Colonel Breckinridge said, 'Billy, I can tell you how to cut about ten miles of riding.' I said 'Colonel, I don't intend to follow any road from here, to Mason.' It was high noon when I started and I kept up the same gait all after noon, all night and the next day until 5 p. m. Then I rested myself and horse until dark and we hit it, again all night. The next morning about 10 o'clock I rode up to the Mason bank and deposited the money. There was no more kick coming and we received the cattle, fat and ready to market. We drove them to Denison, loaded, shipped to St. Louis and sold them at a good price. That was the hardest ride I ever took, I think, but it worked like a charm.

"We lost no time getting back for more cattle and this time we contracted for a herd from Col. Ike T. Pryor, though Charlie Limberg, ranch manager, and the foreman, whose name was Martin. When the cattle were turned over to us we took them to San Saba River and held them until we bought up another herd, threw them both together and drove them to Jack County. The next fall we drove the steers to Denison and sold them to Mr. Taylor, live stock agent for the M.-K.-T. Railroad. We held the remainder of the herd until the next spring, bought another bunch and drove both herds to Dogge City, Kan., where we sold them to J. L. Driskill of Austin. He in turn sold them to a buyer for Armour Bros., packers, who told me that it was Driskill's purpose to build a hotel at Austin with the money and give it his family name. That was, I guess, the origin of the famous old Texas hotel.

"After we turned our herds over to Driskill at Dodge City we came back to Palo Pinto and decided we would go South

Texas and buy up some breed cattle, so we went down to Frio County and bought 7,000 head from our cousins, W. J. and Charles Slaughter. They delivered them to us at the old Slacker ranch in McCulloch County at the head of Brady Creek and we drove them to Fort Concho, now San Angelo, separating them to make two herds. From there we followed the old McKenzie Trail to Blanco Canyon, Crosby County, and established a ranch for each of us, dividing our cattle equally. We ranched there, each in business for himself, until the year 1885.

"We had been raised to run cattle on free grass, and Eastern capitalists coming in and buying and fencing up the land was a new one on us, so we moved our cattle to the western part of New Mexico. John located there on the headwaters of the Gila River and I on the head of Little Colorado. But things were never the same any more after free range began disappearing, and four years later John sold out to an English firm and came back to Texas. I held on until 1891, then I back-tracked to Sherman County, with Stratford as the county site. John located in Lynn County, with Post as the county site, where he established a ranch which he still owns and manages."

"I bought up cattle, took them to Montana, held them to fatten for market and when they were ready to ship I rushed them through to Chicago. Made good money at it, too, for a couple of years, but the third one was a Jonah. The winter was something fierce. I had 8,000 steers to die on me during the cold weather, which just about put me out of business in Montana. Then I moved to Dalhart, Dallam County, and there I did something I had never done before. That was to drive a herd of buffalo up the trail. I took them, 104 head there was of them, to Fort Garland, Colo., and with all of my experience in driving thousands of head of cattle I never had as little trouble as I had with those buffalo. They had been partly domesticated by feeding them cottonseed cake and every night I would take the herd about a quarter of a mile north of the camp, give them fifty pounds of cake about dark and they would eat and lie down.

"Along about midnight I would hear them up grazing on the buffalo grass and cleaning up the remnants of the cake, then they would bed down again until daylight when I would be on the job shoving them northward. No stampedes nor any sort of aggravation did I have on the trip excepting from one old bull that got vicious to handle and at the fort we killed him and shipped him to Pueblo, Colo., where he was barbecued for the meeting of the State Bankers' Association.

"In 1918 I closed out all my cattle interests and moved to Dallas, where my brother C. C. had lived many years. But after two years there my health failed me

entirely and I moved to San Antonio and established a home, where I have been ever since. I sometimes feel a little morbid over inability to be up and doing as I was so long, but when I get to moping I try to recall some of the old days and snap out of it.

"It was reviewing cattle trailing days in my mind the other day and found that I had trailed just twenty-two herds to Northern markets. Of course, that does not include the many crosscountry trips I made in Texas. My first drive was with father and brother C. C. when we started to Shreveport, La., with the 900 head of which I have spoken. That was in the fall of 1867. The next trip I made was in 1869 to Abilene, Kan. We crossed Red River at the old Gaines crossing ten miles north of Gainesville and went by the old Love ranch in the Indian Territory.

"In 1870 I made my third drive, going from the Corn ranch in Parker County along the route traveled the previous year. Two of W. B. Grime's cowboys met me and told me that Indians had played the mischief with the Grimes herd and that they would surely give me trouble if I didn't re-route. I knew the Tonkaway habits pretty well, having delivered beef to them during war times, and realized their mania for vivid colors and ornaments. One of my boys had a Mexican sash of gaudy coloring and I had two red, and one blue, bandana handkerchiefs. I told the boy I wanted his sash, what my reason for it, got it and waited developments.

"They were not long in coming and I saw at once we were going to be busy. I told the hands that when I drew out the gewgaws to give the Indians they were to make a quick get-away with the herd. I stuffed the sash and handkerchiefs in the bosom of my cowboy shirt and having cached provisions enough to do us until we could get more, sat steady until the muchly befathered and ornamented redskins got to me. There was about thirty of them and the chief rode up and demanded flour, sugar, coffee and bacon. I told the cook to throw it out to him, then they began whipping the horses.

"I had previously instructed the boys not to heed this, but when I saw that our cattle smelled the Indians and were in a fair way to run I pulled the gorgeous colored wearables from my shirt, spread the sash over the shoulders of the chief and a handkerchief over each of three squaws. Well, sir, you would have thought I was some sort of a god the way they acted. While that was going on the boys got the herd going and we went on to Abilene without further molestation. But those were exciting times.

"In 1871 I drove a herd from Young County through the old J. C. Loving ranch in Lost Valley, up by Buffalo Springs and Victoria Peak, where Stephens and Worsham ranched. It rained about bedding

time and the cattle stampeded. Next morning we counted them and found we were 200 head short. While we were working them on the stampede the previous night we noticed a fire in a bunch of timber northeast of us and wondered about it. Later we discovered that it had been made by Indians. In looking for the lost cattle we found where they had split their trail, part of them going one way and part the other. My partner and I took one end of it and around some of the cattle and drove them to the main herd. Expecting the other two boys, there had been four of us together until we separated at the split trail, we waited until next morning and when they failed to show up we started to look for them. Finding their horses' trail, from where they left us, we kept it for about eight miles and came up to where Indians had murdered, scalped them and mutilated their bodies almost past recognition. We buried them, went back to camp and pushed on to Red River station on the old Chisholm Trail.

"In 1872 I went the same route, but held the herd near Wichita, Kan., until it was sold and in 1873 I drove a herd for father to Fall River. That same spring I bought a herd of young steers from E. M. (Bud) Daggett and Jake Farmer on my own account. I had saved considerable money and father indorsed for me at the bank for the additional amount to pay for the cattle. As soon as I had delivered his herd I returned to Fort Worth, received mine and drove to the mouth of Grouse Creek on the Arkansas River, where I wintered them. Next spring I sold the cattle to Mr. Martindale, who had a large ranch on the Verdigris River.

"The year of 1874 I took a bunch of cattle from Elm Creek, Young County, to Dodge City, Kan., and sold them to a Mr. Rob. I didn't make a drive the next year, but in 1876 I drove another herd to Dodge City and the following year yet another. My brother, C. C., drove two herds there and we sold all three of them to Hunter, Evans & Newman. I delivered mine to Jess Evans at Fort Reno, he being in charge of the outfit. In 1879 I drove some cattle from Blanco Canyon to Hunniwell, Kan., and sold to Hewen & Titus. In 1881 I went with two herds of steers from Palo Pinto to Caldwell, Kan., where I sold one drove to A. Gholson, a hotel man there and the other one to Barbecue Campbell.

"In 1882 I went with cattle to Trail City, Colo., on the Arkansas River, and sold them to Jones Brothers of Las Animas. The next year I moved two herds of stock cattle from Crosby County to American Valley, Socorro County, New Mexico. In 1885 I trailed some steers from that same point to Laramie Plains, west of Laramie City, Wyo., which was by far the hardest drive I ever made. It was the next year

(Continued on Page 486)

Famous Author Writes About Hopi Towns

Hamlin Garland, famous author, designated the Hopi Indian villages northeast of Flagstaff as "the most mysterious people in America." He writes:

"It took fear of man to set these villages on these heights. As I approached Walpi I could hardly believe anything living was upon it. The houses, massive, dirt-colored, flat and square as rocks, secreted themselves upon the cliff, like turtles. The first evidence of life was a small field of corn set deep in the "wash" or dry river bed. Then an old man watching it—seated beneath a shade of pinon boughs. Then some peach trees knee deep in sand. Then some red-roofed houses built by the government. By this time I could see tiny figures moving about on the high ledges and on the roofs of the houses. Up the trail a man on a burro was driving a flock of sheep and goats. He wore light cotton trousers and a calico shirt. His legs were bare, and on his head was a straw hat. Farther up the trail some old women were toiling with huge bottles of water slung on their backs. From the moment I entered that trail I was deep in the elemental past. Here was life reduced to its simplest forms. Houses of heavy walls, with interiors like cellars or caves, set for defense upon a cliff. Here were flat roofs, thick to keep out the sun and to make a doorway for the next tier of houses above. Here were nude children with tangled hair, wild as colts and fleet as antelopes, dancing on the crags as high as church spires. Here were dogs just one remove from wolves—solemn dogs, able to climb a ladder. Here were men and women seated upon the floor eating from plaques of willow and bowls of clay of their own shaping and burning."—Coconino Sun, Flagstaff. Arizona, October 22, 1896.

WANTED FOR CASH

Playbills of San Francisco theatres of the fifties; also those of early Texas variety theatres. Also Beadle and Adams' and other dime and half dime novels and libraries. Also file of Frontier Times.—JAMES MADISON, 323 N. Citrus Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Frontier Times is making a collection of photographs of noted frontier characters. Texas Rangers, peace officers, trail drivers, outlaws, desperadoes, historical buildings, and border scenes. If you have any photographs of this kind and will send to us we will copy same and return the original to you with one or two of the copied subjects. We expect to use many photographs in Frontier Times from now on and we particularly want frontier characters.

James A. Jasper, 1404 S. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, California, writes: "In the May number of your esesteemed magazine, under the caption, "When the Mormons Came to Texas," I find the name of Noah Smithwick, and I am enclosing a clipping from a newspaper regarding his son, Edward, that may be of interest to you. Noah Smithwick was the author of 'The Evolution of a State,' published in Austin, Texas, in 1900. Smithwick went to Texas in 1827 from Tennessee. He came to California in 1861. I first met him in Tulare county, California, in the summer of 1869. He moved to Santa Ana, then a portion of Los Angeles county, in 1882, in which latter place he died in 1899 at the age of 91 years, 9 months and 21 days. His son, Edward, subject of the clipping enclosed, is living in Santa Ana; he is nearly blind and is 88 years of age. I have known the family since 1869, and had a pleasant visit with Edward a few weeks since. I haven't received the last number of Frontier Times as yet, but suppose it will be along soon; it is very interesting. I notice you want pioneer pictures. I can furnish some interesting pictures and historical sketches of the old Franciscan missions if you would be interested in them."

Col. S. H. Gilliland, of Coleman, Texas, writes: "You will find enclosed money order for \$3.00 for renewal of Frontier Times for two years. Before this good old 1928 is of the past my twin brother and I will pass our 70th milestone. I am in the very best of health, and do a day's work of 11 hours every working day. We are the babies in the family of five children. My oldest brother is nearing the 80th milestone and my sister is near 77. My youngest sister died in 1926, aged 73 years, the only death in the family. I thank you for the good reading you send us and may you keep the good work going for many years to come."

Please send in your renewal by return mail, so you will not miss a copy of Frontier Times.

With this number of Frontier Times several hundred subscriptions expire. Expiration notice on yellow slip, with renewal blank attached, is enclosed with your last copy. Fill out the blank and send to us promptly with a dollar and a half if you want the little magazine to keep coming. We are sure you have enjoyed its visits, and we want you to remain in our family of satisfied readers. Send in your renewal today.

Almost every reader is a booster for Frontier Times. Ask those who have been subscribers for several years if they would be without it now. If you are not a subscriber we want your name on our list.

THE WILD BUNCH OF ROBBERS' ROOST

By J. Marvin Hunter



EREWITH is shown a remarkable photograph of a band of outlaws, taken in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1901. This group is composed of, reading from left to right seated: Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, Ben Kilpatrick, George Parker, alias "Butch" Cassidy; standing, Will Carver, alias Ed Briant, and Harry Longbaugh. These were members of the notorious "Hole in the Wall Gang," and sometimes known as the "Wild Bunch of Robbers' Roost." Carver, Kilpatrick and Logan had also been with the Black Jack Ketchum gang of outlaws. Just awhile before this photograph was taken, the band had robbed a bank at Winnemuoka, Nevada, in which robbery they secured \$32,000 in gold coin. This money they put in a sack, strapped it on a pack horse and rode back to Texas with their loot. When they arrived in Fort Worth they invested in new clothes, dressed themselves in the latest fashion and went into a photograph gallery and had their picture taken in the group shown above. Four days after the pictures were delivered and the band had gone on their way, a well known detective happened to visit the photograph gallery, and there saw the picture, a large one about 7x11 inches, on display, and he immediately recognized Will Carver, who was badly wanted, but he did not know the other members of the gang. Sensing a large quarry, he immediately wired headquarters and another detective was sent to assist him in running down the band. When the other detective arrived he at once recognized each member of the gang, knew their history, and was keen to follow them up. The two detectives took the trail, which by this time was eight or ten days old, and traced the gang to San Antonio, where the band separated, two or three of them coming to Bandera and stayed all night and one day at a ranch near Bandera. They went on to Kerrville and from there to Concho county, to a ranch between Eden and Paint Rock, where they tarried a few days at the home of Ben Kilpatrick's father, and while there they killed a poor harmless fellow by the name of Oliver Thornton, who, it was supposed, saw them there and recognized them. Just which member of the gang killed Thornton, or if they all had a part in the killing, will never be known. From the Kilpatrick place the outlaws went over to Eldorado, where it is said, they posed as horse-buyers, buying several good horses and paying fancy prices for them, claiming they were polo men from Wyoming. From Eldorado they went to Sonora, and went into camp just outside of that town. Sheriff Briant

of Sonora became suspicious of the visitors, and summoning his deputies he decided to arrest them. When two or three of the men came into town late one evening and went into a feed store to buy corn for their horses, the officers rushed in and demanded their surrender. Resistance was offered and the shooting began. Carver was killed instantly, and one of the Kilpatrick boys was desperately wounded, being shot fourteen times. He was placed in jail, and afterwards recovered, but was never connected with the crimes of the gang in any way and was released. Ben Kilpatrick and other members of the gang in camp, hearing the firing, hastily left that vicinity, and made their get way.

Some time later the gang held up a Northern Pacific train in Montana and obtained about \$250,000 in unsigned bank notes in transit to the First National Bank of Helena, Montana. Some time later Ben Kilpatrick and a woman companion were arrested in St. Louis, Mo., and over \$100,000 of the unsigned bank notes were found in their possession. Kilpatrick and the woman received terms in Federal prison, at Leavenworth, Kansas. After serving about ten years Kilpatrick was released, and returned to Texas, tarrying at Ozona. The writer was at that time, 1912, publishing a weekly paper at Ozona and Kilpatrick visited my office several times. I had known him when he was a boy, and before he turned outlaw he was a splendid young man, generous, free-hearted, and popular. One day in my office Ben told me that he had "gone dead wrong," to use his own language, but that he realized the folly of it all and that he had fully reformed while in prison and it was his intention to lease some land near Sheffield, get a flock of sheep, and convince the world that he could be a good citizen instead of an outlaw. And I believe that was his intention, but alas, for good intentions. Less than one month later Ben Kilpatrick was killed by Express Messenger Truesdale while he and Ole Beck were holding up a Southern Pacific train between Dryden and Sanderson. Ole Beck was also killed by the express messenger.

It is said that Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, was killed in Wyoming. Harry Longbaugh and Butch Cassidy went to South America, where it is reported, Longbaugh was killed by the local constabulary in Argentine Republic. The fate of Cassidy is unknown. Cassidy was a hardened criminal, of the most desperate type. He had been in prison a number of times, and many murders and robberies were laid to him. Longbaugh was a smooth, gentlemanly fellow, weak in morals and easily



THE MEMBERS OF THE HOLE IN THE WALL GANG

This group is composed of, reading from left to right, standing, Will Carver, alias Ed Briant, and Harry Longbaugh; seated, Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, Ben Kilpatrick, and George Parker, alias "Butch" Cassidy.

led into crime. Logan was a desperate scheming scoundrel, and possessed of cool nerve. Kilpatrick was well known throughout the San Angelo country, and was well thought of until he began his career of crime. What forces induced him to turn to outlawry may never be known, but he was polite, genteel, good looking, and came of a good family. Will Carver was partly raised in Bandera county, Texas, and was known and liked by all. He was a poor boy, and always conducted himself uprightly and honorably, until he went up into the San Angelo country and fell in with a rough set. Here he was forced, in self-defense, to kill a man, and by persuasion he was induced to seek refuge among the Black Jack Ketchum gang, then operating in New Mexico and Arizona, and he became one of the most desperate of the gang. He came from a splendid family, and his career of crime brought sorrow to all who knew him well, for they knew there was some unseen power driving him on. Though dead, killed while resisting arrest, and his name tarnished with outlawry,

Will Carver still has many friends in Bandera county who will tell you that he was not "all bad," that he had many good traits, and if he had been given a chance in his youth he would have been a good man and a good citizen.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times, but we will send you a bundle of eleven back numbers of various dates for only one dollar. We have only a few of these bundles left.

Tells of Old Fort Griffin

H. L. Gaut, 3241 Grant Avenue, Ogden, Utah



IN THE August number of Frontier Times appears an article by Frank Reeves, on old Fort Griffin. I take it for granted that accuracy is an important thing in these matters. If they are of any importance at all, and I think they are, they should be as accurate as possible as it is at this time to make them. I desire to point out a few inaccuracies of Mr. Reeves, and make a few remarks of my own.

During the years of 1870 to 1875 I was in and out of Fort Griffin many times. The greater part of the time I was employed in the supply train which hauled subsistence to frontier army posts. Forts Richardson, Griffin, McKavett and Concho were all familiar to me during those years. I do not remember the year in which Fort Griffin was established, but to my best recollection it was about the same time that Fort Sill was built. This, I am sure, was in 1868, as I helped to build Sill.

Formerly a large part of the supplies for these forts came from Fort Smith, in Arkansas. The old trail from Fort Smith went by McAllister's Store, Boggy Depot, crossed the Blue at old Fort McCullough, all in the Indian Territory, and crossed Red River at, I think the name of the ford was Rocky Point. Sometimes Colbert's Ferry was used. Colbert's Ferry was a mud scow boat. The trail then led by Mormon Grove, Pilot Point, Point Bollivar, Decatur, Fort Richardson (across a little creek from Jacksboro), old Fort Belknap, which was then in ruins with not a soul living there, and on down to Griffin. Old men and women, if there be any now living, who lived along this old trail would remember these supply trains. They were both bull and mule trains. There were a few farms scattered along the trail as far west as Jacksboro. After that the only ranch on the trail where any one lived was that of a woman known as "Mother George," who had a ranch across the Brazos river from old Fort Belknap, and about two miles up the river from the Brazos crossing.

After the M. K. & T. railroad entered the Indian Territory in 1871 all of this freighting went from the end of the track till Denison, Texas, was reached in the fall of 1872. From then on all of the supplies for the forts in Northwestern Texas, except Elliott in the Panhandle, went out from Denison. The trail from Denison joined the other trail near Mormon Grove.

The most of the things Mr. Reeves says of Griffin would apply to the Denison of that day. It was a lurid town.

One of these trains was attacked by

Comanche Indians and the teamsters were all killed. This was Long's mule train. The massacre occurred on the Salt Creek prairie, about half way between Jacksboro and old Fort Belknap. There was a monument erected on the spot, which bore the names of the wagon master, Long, and his men. It was of wood, triangular in shape, painted white, about twelve feet high, and was surmounted by a Roman cross. This massacre occurred in May, 1871.

Fort Griffin was located on the bluffs above the Clear Fork of the Brazos. Mr. Reeves calls the stream Cedar Fork. There were many frontier forts known for drear, drab loneliness, but for utter desolation Fort Griffin, in my time there, had them all beaten. Not a tree, not a flower, no water, the sun during the summer months beat down upon it, making it little less than a furnace. It was during a trip of inspection of these frontier forts that General Sherman made the remark that "if he owned Texas and hell, he would rent Texas and live in hell." He happened to hit the country in the hot season, and it spoiled an otherwise pleasant junket, as the General was somewhat peeved.

The water was hauled in a water wagon, drawn by six army mules, from Clear Fork and was put in barrels, which stood in front of the quarters where the officers and other lived, or rather stayed. Dry, hot and barren, Fort Griffin stood on its hill, watch and ward over the lives of the men and women who made Western Texas. And these men and women, more especially the women, should have a monument erected to their memory, proclaiming to the present and future generations their virtues, their heroism, and their sacrifices.

Now as to the civilian population: There was none, except, of course, the scouts, mule drivers and mechanics, probably a dozen. There was one old shack under the hill, between the fort and the Clear Fork in which no one lived. This completed the civilian population of Fort Griffin. Mr. Reeves tells us that a Masonic Temple was there in 1867. Clearly this is an error. He also says that Griffin during these years was a wide open town. Well, I have camped many nights on the banks of the Clear Fork, and if there was any revelry going on it was in the dreams of the mule skinnners and bullwhackers trying to sleep on its shores despite the heat and the mosquitoes. The heat and mosquitoes were something never to be forgotten. Had there been any dance hall fairies within twenty miles of Fort Griffin the gang I trained with would have found them. The fairies simply were not there. Too bad, but it's true.

DAYS OF THE TEXAS REPUBLIC

(Continued from page 460)

community school house on Saturday nights. We'd quit dancing on Sunday morning just in time for the more religious people to get the school house in order for the monthly church service held by a traveling Methodist preacher.

Smithwick's family played a prominent part in the early history of Texas. An uncle, Lemuel Blakey was killed in the Battle of San Jacinto when the white residents of Texas made such a courageous fight for their freedom. At an earlier date another uncle Edward Blakey, for whom Ed Smithwick was named, was killed in the Indian wars.

EARLY TEXAS CATTLE INDUSTRY

(Continued from page 481)

that I made a drive from Blanco Canyon to Chino Valley, Ariz., and the year following one to Laramie Plains again, going from Socorro County, New Mexico. I sold the last herd in small lots to be shipped to Nebraska. In the year of 1889 I moved two herds of cattle, one from New Mexico and the other from the Texas Panhandle to Malta Valley, Mont., and in 1890 I did my last cattle trailing with a herd from Clifton, Ariz., to Liberal, Kan. My wife accompanied me on that trip and was a lot of help looking up the watering and camping places. She declared that she really enjoyed it. After driving that many cattle I ended my trail work with the herd of buffalo mentioned previously.

"Life on the open range was a pleasure and trail driving was never commonplace to me. I like to work with cattle and would do it all over again, regardless of hardship and danger of things remained unchanged. But the only trail I look forward to traveling now is the long one winding its way to the feet of my Master and I am trying daily to live so that when He calls my life will measure up as well as my cattle did at the trail's end."

THE EXODUS OF THE CARANCAWAS

(Continued from page 457)

The foregoing account was obtained by the writer from Mrs. Miller herself, who is now, 1879, eight-three years of age. She is the widow of Col. W. D. Miller, who, with his command of eighty men was captured by Gen. Urrea in March, 1836. In the olden time he was familiarly known as "Copano Miller" from the place where he was captured.

"A Cowpuncher of the Pecos."

A very interesting booklet of real cowboy life, written by F. S. Millard, an old time Texas cowboy, in typical cowboy style. Price \$1.00 per copy. You can order from the author, Fred S. Millard, Faywood, New Mexico, or from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

I must not overlook the Tonks. These were a tribe of Indians, together with another tribe known as Lipans, who were said to be cannibals. As to the cannibal part I express no opinion, but I do know that these Indians were the outcasts of the plains; the hand of every other Indian was against them. To save them from extermination the government put them on the Fort Griffin reservation under the guns of the fort. They were camped on a little draw, just across the road from the forage house, and within a stone's throw of the parade ground. A dirty, greasy lot they were, numbering about 300.

Lieutenant-Colonel Buell, of the 11th U. S. Infantry, was in command. There were four or five companies of troops composed of the 11th Infantry and the 10th Cavalry, the later colored, which did not improve social conditions. This is Fort Griffin as I knew it in the first half of the seventies. In 1874 the Comanches went on the war-path and the Panhandle was the battleground. Colonel Buell was sent up there. The next year the outfit in which I worked was sent north to haul the material to build Fort Elliott, in the Panhandle, on the Sweetwater. This material was hauled by bull and mule trains from Dodge City, Kansas. I have not been in Fort Griffin, not anywhere near it, since 1875. Perhaps Mr. Reeves is mistaken in his dates.

As to the buffalo hunters: The buffalo never came anywhere near Griffin. Probably not since the days of Coronado did buffalo roam in the country around Griffin. These stories are far from accurate. The dance hall fairies many have come after my time, but the buffalo were gone, except small herds out in the Panhandle, by 1878. The buffalo horn is almost indestructible; it will endure for ages, and I never saw a horn on the plains anywhere near Griffin.

In conclusion, I will say that these stories should be accurate, as they may influence opinion of today and in the future. Legends are not history, though they may help to make history. Probably Sodom and Gomorrhah were not as bad as we are told they were. Dates are very important; this is so clear no comment is needed. If there was a lodge of Masons instituted near Fort Griffin in 1867, the Grand Lodge of Texas will show it.

"Life of Bigfoot Wallace."

"The Life of Bigfoot Wallace," the very interesting serial now appearing in Frontier Times, will be printed in pamphlet form soon and will be supplied to anyone at fifty cents per copy. This story, as it appears in Frontier Times is the only history of this famous character authorized by himself. It was written many years ago by A. J. Sowell, and the facts were given to Mr Sowell by Captain Wallace.

A MEMORIAL TO THE MACKENZIE TRAIL



HIS bronze tablet was placed over the fire-place in the lobby of Spur Inn, at Spur, in Dickens County, Texas, in May, 1928, by Mr. C. A. Jones, Jr., manager of Spur Ranch, located on the Staked Plains in the Texas Panhandle, on the Wichita Valley Railroad, four miles from Soldier's Mound, otherwise known, during the period of 1874-1875 as "Supply Camp," or "Anderson's Fort," to which all of the supplies for General Mackenzie's entire command was hauled by wagons from old Fort Griffin on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, a distance of 130 miles. This ranch at that period was wild, desolate, unsettled country, occupied by wild Indians, buffalo, wolves, jack rabbits, prairie dogs and rattlesnakes.

It was indeed a happy thought of Mr. Jones' to place this memorial as a testimonial to the old Indian fighters, in a suitable place on the old Mackenzie Trail. The accompanying photograph was sent to Frontier Times by Captain R. G. Carter, U. S. Army, Retired, now living at the Army and Navy Club, who was with General Mackenzie in his Texas campaign. Captain Carter writes us as follows:

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

Washington.
July 17, 1928.

"My dear Mr. Hunter:—I am enclosing to you this day under separate cover a very interesting bit of Indian War history intimately connected with the operations of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry during the years 1870 to 1875, over a large portion of West and Northwest Texas, including the Staked Plains and the Texas Panhandle.

In September, 1926, I received a letter from Mr. C. A. Jones, with Swenson Sons, 61 Broadway, New York City, sent to me through a friend of his, an ex-member of Congress from North Carolina. Mr. Jones is connected with an extensive land development company in the Texas Panhandle, formerly a large cattle ranch, of which his son, C. A. Jones, Jr., is now the manager.

"This tract comprises 673 square miles on and about what is now on the maps as the town of Spur in Dickens county. It is called the Spur Ranch, and is on the Wichita Valley Railroad, southwest of Wichita Falls, and covers much of the area included in our Indian operations during the period referred to. It has townships, churches, schools, hotels, ranch houses, oil wells, and cotton, alfalfa, cereals, fruits, cattle, horses, hogs; in fact, everything is raised there under an economic system of irrigation, where over fifty years ago there was not a human habitation within one hundred and fifty miles; Fort Griffin, 130

miles distant, was the nearest military post. An illustrated booklet shows an almost amazing transformation.

Mr. Jones is also connected with this same company, Swenson Sons, in the greatest sulphur plant in the world.

"He wrote that it was his thought to place some kind of a suitable memorial at Spur on what has been known in Texas almost as familiarly as the Clark and Lewis explorations, as "The Mackenzie Trail," and on reading my latest published book, "The Old Sergeant's Story," he felt quite sure that I could give him the necessary information regarding the localities in and about great ranch, Canyons Blanco, Tule, Palo Duro, Boehm's etc., and the hills, valleys, mountain peaks, streams, etc., as would give him material for the legend which he proposed placing on the memorial; especially Soldier's Mound, which was our supply camp 1874-1875, and was known as Anderson's Fort, named after Major Thomas Anderson, Tenth U. S. Infantry, and later a major general, who commanded the Infantry guard at this camp, from which we packed our mules for the many scouts and punitive expeditions in search of the wily savage foe. It was a wild country and only Indians, buffalo, wolves, jack rabbits, prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, were in existence there at that period. All this information I gave Mr. Jones.

"After many delays—illness, etc., intervening—this memorial, voluntarily offered by its generous donor as a belated testimonial to the old Indian fighters who did so much to open that country to settlement, has become an accomplished fact, and, as seen by the enclosed photographic copy, is in the form of a bronze tablet, cast in Los Angeles, Calif., 30x30 inches. It was placed, in May, 1928, over the fire-place in a handsome hotel of the Spanish style of architecture, called Spur Inn, which has built directly on our trail—The Mackenzie Trail—which we made and used in 1871-1875. The actions which took place on or near the Spur Ranch are given on the tablet.

"I am nearly 83 years of age; served as the youngest of four brothers during the Civil War. After graduating the U. S. Military Academy in 1870 I served in the Texas border. I was Field Adjutant on Gen. Mackenzie's first Indian campaign in 1871 and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for action with Comanche Indians at the mouth of Canyon Blanco, October 10, 1871, in which I received an almost fatal injury, which proved to be permanent, resulting in my early retirement.

"I thought that this matter ought to go

on record and that your valuable little paper would prove to be the most direct medium for conveying these facts to most, if not all, of the surviving soldiers of the old Fourth Cavalry and the Tenth and Eleventh U. S. Infantry, so that after the lapse of more than fifty years their gallant services in that once wild, remote section of the Staked Plains of Texas had, at last, been recognized and their hard work, dangers, hardships, and almost unparalleled sacrifices in ridding West Texas of those murderous bands of savages and in advancing this almost astounding era of civilization in that Panhandle desert to a point where the settler could drive his stake, had now been most gratefully appreciated by that hardy band of pioneers represented by such a benefactor as Mr. Jones, resulting in the placing of such a beautiful and enduring bronze tablet in their honor.

"The motto of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry is 'Paratus et Fidelis'—(Always Prepared and Faithful.) To the faithful has come their reward.

Most sincerely yours,

R. G. CARTER,

Captain, U. S. Army, Retired.
Formerly Fourth U. S. Cavalry."

ARIZONA'S VARIOUS TRIBES OF INDIANS

Arizona Indian tribes are listed below: Navajo, the most extensive, in north-eastern Arizona and western New Mexico. The name means "place of large plantings."

Apache, named from the Zuni, meaning "enemy." The Apaches are composed of numerous bands—the Chiricahua, Pinaleno, Coyotero, Aravaipai, Tonto, San Carlos, Mohave-Apache, Yuma-Apache, Mescalero and Pinal. In eastern, central and southern Arizona.

Hopi, northeastern part of state; famous for snake dance ceremonials.

Pima, friendly always to the whites, frequently at war and most usually successful against the Apaches and Yumas. Were of great assistance to the soldiers in subduing the Apaches. In Gila and Salt river valley.

Papago, Spanish for "pope." Highly Christianized. Near Tucson.

Maricopa, closely allied to the Pimas. Only a few, along the Gila river.

Mohave, physically the highest type of southwestern Indian. Southwestern part of state.

Yuma, an agricultural tribe near Yuma. Hualpai, the most superstitious. Unlike the Hopis, when they catch a snake they burn it. Northwestern part of state.

Havasupai, people of the blue water, living near Grand Canyon.

Chemehuevi, small tribe living in north part of state.

Cocopah, in the Colorado valley.

TARANTULA JUICE AND COWBOYS BAD MIXTURE

On Sunday night Tom Nance, a cowboy who has been out of employment and stopping in Holbrook for several months, and another cowpuncher known as J. B. Mitchell, and working for the Aztec Land and Cattle company, got too much tarantula juice aboard and a quarrel ensued between them and continued until they came to blows, Mitchell knocking Nance down. The matter was compromised, and it was thought that the trouble had been fully settled. But shortly afterwards Nance stepped up behind Mitchell with a chair raised above his head. The latter saw Nance in time to avoid the blow intended, and turned on his opponent, knocked him down and kicked him in the head. They were separated by bystanders, and Nance was picked up and taken outside. No one thought him seriously hurt, but about midnight, or fifteen minutes after the trouble, one of the party went out to see how Nance was getting along and found him dead.

Mitchell, after he was informed that Nance was dead, said that he was a stranger in the country and that he would probably be arrested, and as he did not think he could give bail and he would have to go to jail, he thought the best thing he could do was to ride—which he did at once.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was that Tom Nance came to his death from blows and kicks from J. B. Mitchell.—Coconino Sun, Flagstaff, Ariz., September 22, 1892.

THEN OUR MODESTY WON'T BE SHOCKED

Dr. Daniel Dorchester of Washington, D. C., is here obtaining evidence in regard to the condition of the Supai Indians. They have been reported to the Indian bureau as starving and being in a very destitute condition. Some philanthropic ladies of Washington, D. C., visited the Supai Canyon last summer and found these Indians in a rather too airy costume, and jumped to the conclusion that they were in want of clothing. The truth of the matter was that owing to the distressingly hot weather they were only barely clothed from choice. However, these ladies have sent several boxes of clothing to W. W. Bass of Williams, for distribution among the members of the tribe which will soon be the property of adjoining tribes. To the people of this section who know that the Supai Indians are not in a starving condition and never have been and it is not likely ever will be, the investigation seems entirely useless, but the authorities at Washington must be satisfied. If the Indian Rights society can induce the tribes of northern Arizona to wear even sufficient clothing to cover them the people of this section will be greatly obliged to them.—Coconino Sun, Flagstaff, Ariz., March 24, 1892.

THE MACKENZIE TRAIL

THIS FAMOUS HISTORIC TRAIL CROSSED THE SITE OF WHAT WAS MADE AND USED BY THE FOURTH U.S. CAVALRY TENTH AND U.S. INFANTRIES UNDER COMMAND OF GENERAL DANIEL MACKENZIE IN THEIR INDIAN CAMPAIGNS OF 1871 TO 1875. SOLDIER MACKENZIE NORTH OF THIS SPOT WAS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT BATTLE SITES TO HIM AND HIS GALLANT OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WHO FIGHTED AGAINST THE PREDATORY AND MURDEROUS BANDS OF LONAMON, KIOUAS, ARAPAHOS AND LIPANS. THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED TO ROBERT C. CARTER, FORMERLY FOURTH U.S. CAVALRY, AS BEING THE FIRST OF HONOR BECAUSE OF SERIOUS AND PERMANENT INJURY IN ACTION AGAINST THE INDIANS ON WHAT IS NOW SPUR RANCH, TEXAS, AND HIS EARLY RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACTIONS TOOK PLACE BETWEEN GENERAL MACKENZIE'S COMMAND AND INDIANS ON OR NEAR THE SPUR RANCH:

CATFISH CREEK, MOUTH OF CANON BLANCO, OCT. 10, 1871
NEAR LAGOONS, STAKED PLAINS, OCT. 12, 1871
CANON BLANCO (GENERAL MACKENZIE AND ONE HORSE KILLED, TWO INDIANS KILLED), OCT. 11, 1871
LYNN CREEK, MAY 23, 1872
NORTH FORK OF RED RIVER (NEAR NORTH FORK LAGOON), OCT. 1, 1871
NEAR SULPHUR SPRINGS (18 MILES EAST OF LAGOON), OCT. 1, 1871
SULPHUR SPRINGS, OCT. 3, 1872 - BATTLE OF CANON BLANCO
TULE CANON, SEPT. 26-27, 1874 - PAID ALONG CANON
SALT LAKE, STAKED PLAINS, NOV. 2, 1874
TAHOKA LAGOON (LA QUATRA RIVER), NOV. 2, 1874

Bronze Memorial to the Mackenzie Trail

EX-RANGERS RE-ELECT MAJOR GREEN COMMANDANT

The Texas Ex-Rangers Reunion was held with great attendance at Colorado City on August 4, 1928. Many of the old officers were re-elected and Major W. M. Green was re-elected Commandant of the Association.

"A Cowpuncher of the Pecos."

A very interesting booklet of real cowboy life, written by F. S. Millard, an old time Texas cowboy, in typical cowboy style. Price \$1.00 per copy. You can order from the author, Fred S. Millard, Faywood, New Mexico, or from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

A HERO OF TEXAS INDEPENDENCE



ALL of the old settlers of Kimble Kerr, Mason and Gillespie counties remember Captain Creed Taylor, who lived on his ranch near Noxville, Texas, for many years, and was the first settler of Kimble county. Captain Taylor died in 1906, at the ripe old age of 86 years. His life story reads like a romance, and is full of thrills, of adventures, of hair-breadth escapes. Some twentyfive years ago the life of Creed Taylor was written by John Warren Hunter, of Mason, but has never been published. Mr. Hunter sold the manuscript of the book to James T. DeShields of Dallas, who is now arranging to publish the book.

Creed Taylor was born April 10, 1820. His father, Josiah Taylor, settled in Texas in 1824 at a point just below Liberty on the Trinity river. His father resided there one year and then removed to Bolivar Point, east of Galveston Island on the main land. They lived on Bolivar Point one and one-half years and then moved to Taylor's Bayou, which took its name from Josiah Taylor, his father. The family resided at this place until 1829, when they all moved to a point on the Guadalupe river near where Cuero now stands, and here they lived until the trouble commenced that afterward resulted in Texas independence, made secure by the glorious victory as San Jacinto.

At the early age of 15 years Creed Taylor volunteered his service in behalf of his country and was engaged in every battle of any consequence in Texas and performed services the most daring in their nature ever recorded in the history of any commonwealth.

The first engagement in which young Taylor assisted his countrymen was on the Guadalupe river at what was known as the Dike's place, only a few miles from where Taylor then resided. This was in the fall of 1835. General Ed Burleson was in command and Creed Taylor was only 15 years of age. There was only one other boy in the command whom Mr. Taylor can now remember and he died on the Cibola while on the road from Gonzales to San Antonio. In this engagement with the enemy they fought about 100 Mexicans and marched on toward San Antonio, making headquarters for a time on the Salado, where they made many skirmishes. This skirmishing continued for some time and they pushed on to the Mission San Juan and afterward moved up to Conception, where they were attacked by the Mexicans just about daylight.

After a hotly waged contest of about thirty minutes the Texans were successful, captured the cannon and put the enemy to

an indiscriminate flight.

The Texas army then went into camp at San Pedro Springs and remained there until Ben Milam and his men captured San Antonio in the fall of 1835. Through all of these engagements young Taylor, still in his 15th year, stood side by side with the men of Texas bearing arms in defense of his country.

When the shout went forth, "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" Creed Taylor, who was then a mere boy, was among the first to give a hearty cheer in response to the proposition and was engaged in that bloody contest until it resulted in a splendid victory for the Texans.

CREED TAYLOR'S RECORD

Born 1820 and came to Texas at the age of 4 years.

Joined Texas army at the age of 15 and fought first battle under General Burleson at Dike's place on the Guadalupe.

Was one of the volunteers who followed old Ben Milam into San Antonio and was near the gallant leader when he fell.

Rallied to General Houston and fought in battle of San Jacinto.

First Texas soldier to ride into San Antonio after the massacre of the defenders of the Alamo.

Fought Indians and Mexicans until Mexican war of 1845, going through the entire campaign.

Then became the first settler of what is now Kimble county.

He was near Milam when the gallant chief was killed and he viewed with great sorrow the remains before they had been moved from the point where he had fallen.

After the capture of San Antonio Taylor returned home to where his mother was then residing on the Guadalupe and remained there until the news of the fall of the Alamo swept over the country and which resulted in causing all the inhabitants of Texas to flee eastward to avoid the terrible consequences of a capture by Santa Ana's army. Young Taylor took his mother to what has since been known as Roan's Prairie, where he left her in a place of safety and hastened to join Houston's army in company with Joe Tomlinson, and arrived there the night before the battle of

San Jacinto.

After Houston had addressed his little army and had the unanimous approval of the entire service to attack the enemy the details were arranged and on that memorable day the victory was won which changed the history and future of Texas. Next day after the fight Taylor, in company with Joe Tomlinson, returned to where his mother had been placed for her safety. He remained there two days and then returned again to his home on the Guadalupe river. He remained here for a few weeks when Byrd Lockhart raised a spy company to look out for the safety of the people of Texas and Taylor immediately volunteered and offered his services in this company. They started toward San Antonio and camped on the river just below town. Taylor saddled his horse next morning and rode into San Antonio and he doubts very much whether any other Texan had reached the place before him since the fall of the Alamo and the massacre of its brave defenders.

He says that on arriving there a plain cart trail was discernible leading off from the Alamo in a northeasterly direction: that he followed this trail out into a mesquite flat and there gazed upon a sight that would sicken the most dreadful tyrant and cause the crimes of Nero to appear as acts of charity and love as compared with the frightful scene with which he was then confronted.

In a long row the bodies of the Texans had been stacked, first a layer of wood and inflammable substances, then a layer of men, and so on alternately until the bodies of all of the Texans had thus been prepared for the poorly arranged cremation, when they had been set on fire and the bodies consumed. The wood being shorter than the bodies, many of them had not been entirely consumed and in many instances the skeletons remained only partially destroyed, which made more terrible the hideous view then presented to him. At this time on a corner building near the Alamo a charcoal picture of Bowie and Crockett appeared with their names under it.

From San Antonio the company went on to the Medina to where Castroville now stands and then returned to near Victoria to Ruhk's command. He then joined a company of settlers and followed the Indians who had burned Linnville and murdered the inhabitants of that place. They followed the Indians and kept them at bay until Felix Houston and Ed Burleson could join them with reinforcements and at Plum creek the Indians were completely routed. He was in this battle with Capt. C. R. Perry, who was then a young man and an account of whose life was published in The Express a short time ago. Taylor, as did Captain Perry, distinctly remembers the ridiculous scene at that battle, the Indians having stolen everything in the houses, had on frock coats buttoned up in the back; had

umbrellas stretched over them wrong side out and many of them had on the large scoop bonnets worn by the women of that day and time and were painted up in the most hideous style.

In 1840 he joined Captain Howard's company and followed the Comanches into their stronghold near where Brackett now stands and fully routed them and destroyed their camp. They captured about 1000 horses and mules from the Indians in this fight. They packed many of the mules with the plunder captured from the wig-



CAPT. CREED TAYLOR

wams, but the first night out the herd stampeded from the noise made by the rattling of the different pack outfits and they lost nearly all of them.

On this trip he scouted all of the country west to where Brackett now stands, returning by way of Sabinal canyon, thence across by way of Boneyard, west of Kerrville, down the Llano and across to the Brady's.

Returning by way of the headwaters of the Pedernales, Taylor with nine men dropped down the river about twenty-five

miles west of Fredericksburg, where they had a fight with the Comanches and he killed the chief and captured his horse. On one occasion some Indians came to San Antonio with the scalps of some of Castro's colonists and endeavored to sell them, but the Texans very promptly dealt out the proper punishment for their crime.

In 1842 he joined Hays' company and hurried to report to Captain Caldwell, who was camped on the Salado for the purpose of dislodging the Mexicans who had again captured San Antonio.

They gave them battle completely routed the Mexicans, who had divided their forces for the purpose of massacring Dawson's men. Here he was severely wounded and was afterward carried back to Seguin.

During this battle he said that Dawson's men could have cut their way through and in his opinion reached Caldwell with the loss of only a few men, if they had never stopped. He is familiar with the events of this battle and he, too, said only two persons made their escape who were with Dawson. Much of the information regarding the account of the massacre of Dawson's men as it appeared in *The Express* a short time ago was obtained from him and which was all correct, except that the reporter misunderstood one statement made regarding the escape of Gonzavo Woods and Alsey Miller. Instead of Miller momentarily behind Woods on the same horse, a riderless horse came running by Miller after his horse had been shot and he leaped from his falling and wounded horse into the saddle of the loose horse, and it was in this way that Miller made his escape from the scene of that most fearful butchery.

After the Mexicans had been driven across the Rio Grande Taylor remained at home, shot through the arm, and except some Indian fighting in the settlements devoted his time to his own affairs until the Mexican war. He immediately joined the army and did effective but dangerous work all along the border. He was in the battle of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma and fought through the entire war.

Returning to Texas in 1847 he then commenced establishing large stock ranches out on the Texas frontier in the country which he had traversed on his Indians campaign in 1840.

In 1845 he located a large stock of horses and cattle near Peg Leg, in Menard county. The Indians depredated upon his stock to such an extent that he finally had to abandon it and return to the Guadalupe country. Later on he located on James river in Kimble count, when there was ont a single settler in all that country. Here he built up large ranch interests and had the open range of hundreds and hundreds of miles with only the Comanche Indians for his neighbors.

His entire life was spent upon the fron-

tier of Texas and many an Indian was sent to the happy hunting ground by the unerring aim of this hardy frontiersman and early settler of Texas. His last days have been spent in the service of his State and now in his old age he draws two small pensions from the State and Federal Government in recognition of the valuable service he has rendered Texas and the United States.

Creed Taylor married Miss Goodbread, who died in 1868. By her he had three children, two sons and a daughter, the daughter marrying Major Spencer, for many years a citizen of Kimble county. The sons are both dead. After the death of his wife Captain Taylor moved to Kimble county, where in 1873 he married Miss Lavinia Spencer, who bore him five children, some of whom are still living in that section.

J. B. Polley, of Floresville, writing for the *San Antonio Express*, January 30, 1907, has the following to say about Captain Creed Taylor:

"In the spring of 1848 Creed Taylor and his brother-in-law, Martin West, settled on the Cibolo about three miles below the present town of Sutherland Springs, in Wilson county. Thence, within a year or two he moved over on the Ecletto, where he engaged in stock-raising and accumulated considerable property. The writer remembers him distinctly, having often been his guest and a beneficiary of his many kindnessess. As now remembered, he was under six feet in height, had very black, piercing eye, and very black nair, and always wore a beard. In some scrimmage with Indians or Mexicans he had received a wound in the arm—whether right or left is not now recalled—which stiffened it at the elbow and made him appear a little awkward when handling a gun. Nevertheless he was a fine shot with a rifle, and was not only fond of hunting, but remarkably successful at the sport.

"As game grew scarce, Captain Taylor turned to horse-racing for recreation, and along in the fifties was a noted personage on West Texas race courses. He was never a gambler except so far as backing his own horses made him one, and yet he suffered both in purse and in pride because of his fondness for fast horses and a hospitality which denied no man food and lodging. As time went on a rough crowd gathered around him and while making no change in him, exercised an evil influence on his sons, both of whom grew up as defiers of the law and died with their boots on. No man lamented their course more than their father, for though a man who never suffered an insult to go unavenged, he was in no sense a desperado. In fact there was a cool, resolute look in his eye that taught caution to all who came in contact with him so effectively that it is not believed he was ever engaged in personal difficulty. No man had a higher sense of personal honor, no man was ever more



CREED TAYLOR HOME ON JAMES RIVER, KIMBLE COUNTY
(Burned About Twentyfive Years Ago)

honest and upright in his pecuniary dealings with his fellow man and neighbors far and near, no matter how bitterly they denounced horse-racing as a sin, never hesitated to loan him money on a simple promise to repay it. And he always paid. In demeanor he was singularly dignified. Of speech he was chary in weighty matters, but what he said was to the point. In brief he was one of the very best types of the daring frontiersmen who made it possible for Texas to become a Republic and a State."

RELIEF FOR ASTHMA

In Bandera county Texas, grows a shrub, the leaves of which are a great boon to sufferers from asthma. So many people have been benefitted by smoking these leaves, and as there are thousands of sufferers from asthma scattered all over the United States, who are seeking relief, we have arranged to gather and pack for mailing in packages the leaves from this shrub to those wish to try its merits. It has benefitted all who have used it; it may benefit you if you are a sufferer from asthma. A package will be mailed for one dollar, postage paid. Get a sample free. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Tex.

Please send in your renewal by return mail, so you will not miss a copy of Frontier Times.

THE GROWTH OF A NATION

(Continued from page 453)

The historical interpretation of events and movements grows inevitably out of the scholarship and training of the three authors. Besides the comprehensive knowledge of history possessed by all, one is a special student of our early national and constitutional history, another has devoted his fire to the study and interpretation of southern history in both northern and southern universities, and the third has devoted himself to the history of the West. The South and the West receive greater emphasis than is usual in a textbook for the upper grades, but not more, it is believed, than they deserve. For some years teachers have voiced an increasing desire for attention, even in elementary treatments, to the social, economic, and cultural factors of history. It is hoped that this book will be found to answer their desire.

"Each of the authors is familiar with teaching problems from the elementary school to the university, and the book is written with those problems always in mind. It is believed that the book contains all the pedagogical aids that are necessary or desirable forecasts at the beginnings of chapters and summaries at the ends, questions, exercises, problems, subjects for debate and dramatization, and additional reading references."

FRONTIER TIMES, \$1.50 per year

INDIANS AS BUFFALO HUNTERS

(Continued from page 456)

and skin reduced to the proper thickness by dressing down on the hair side. This is done with an instrument made by firmly tying a flat piece of steel, filed to a bevelled edge at one end, and with the corners rounded, to a large prong of a deer's horn. This is so trimmed, in connection with the body of the horn, as to form an elbow, and is used a little as a carpenter uses his adze. This work is usually done in the cool of the morning.

"The brains of the animal, having been properly taken care of for the purposes, are now soaked and squeezed by the hand until reduced to a paste, and applied to both sides of the skin, which is afterwards worked and rubbed until flexible." The preparation of robes was from winter skins, and differed from the foregoing only in being dressed down on the flesh side, so as to leave the hair upon the robe. It was worked a bit longer, too, in order to make it more pliable than the hide used for other purposes.

As might be supposed the work of the warrior was greatly exciting and interesting, although accompanied with a considerable degree of danger; but the labor of the squaw was devoid of all romance and exhilaration. With her it was a day of bodily tiring hard work. From early until late she toiled with her disagreeable task until after days, and sometimes weeks, of such labor she had laid in store all the hides, robes, and meat desired at the time. Battery says that at times, following one of these hunts, after hours of travel with a portion of the meat exposed to both the dust of the trail and the sweat of the horses, it would be cooked without being previously washed. The Indian would explain, when he was asked about sanitary preparation, that cooking killed all but the good part of the meat, and that dirt was not harmful, and even when hairs from the backs of horses were found therein they could be removed as one took from his mouth the tiny bones when eating fish.

Although many buffalo were slain by the Indians they discouraged the wanton killing of them as was later practiced. When the hunter had killed as many as he thought could be cared for by his squaw he would return to camp to await another season. In justification of his attitude it is well to say just here that had the annual slaughter of the buffalo been for use of the Indians only, large herds would yet be grazing on our great southwestern plains. So long as this kind of wild game was plentiful the Indians were fairly well contented but when during the last half of the nineteenth century he saw a white foe threaten with extinction the animal which meant so much to his habit of life his hatred caused him to strike back in bitter wars and frontier depredations.

One should not condemn the white hunters too much, however, for long before they had made any considerable inroads on the buffalo the Indian hunters themselves had revealed the vast resources in this type of wealth in their trading with the fur traders of the American, Hudson Bay, and northwestern fur trading companies. Fifty years before the white people had made any serious attempt to settle the plains area the Indians of the Upper Missouri region were selling hundreds of thousands of hides each year. The great pity of this traffic, as Catlin puts it, was in the exchange of a fine, dressed robe for a pint of whiskey or "fire water," thus, not only cheating himself in the trade, but acquiring a habit which went far towards bringing about his final downfall. Concerning this trade General C. Fremont, in 1845, published some statistics furnished him by Sanford, a member of the American Fur Company, in which he stated that the sales of hides of the Upper Missouri had been 90,000 annually for the past ten years. Since the hides were taken during only four months of each year, as the hides were good for robes only during this period, a government zoologist estimated that the annual slaughter in this region by the savages alone would have totaled 120,000, or 1,200,000 for the preceding ten years. This, of course, did not include those slaughtered in the Southwest, since it was too far from the land of the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache tribes to the fur trading posts on the tributaries of the Missouri River to stimulate trade.

A report of the United States Geological Survey, quoting statistics relating to the destruction of the buffalo, 1875, has a still more interesting conclusion concerning their destruction by the Indians. The writer says:

"In 1852 Professor Baird wrote: Mr. Picotte, an experienced partner of the American Fur Company, estimated the number of buffalo robes sent to St. Louis in 1850 at 100,000. Supposing each of the 60,000 Indians on the Missouri to use ten robes for his wearing apparel every year, besides those for new lodges and other purposes, by the calculation of Mr. Picotte, we shall have an aggregate of 400,000 as the number killed wantonly or destroyed by fire or other casualties, and we will have the grand total of half a million of buffalo destroyed every year. This, too, does not include the numbers slaughtered on Red River and other gathering points. In this estimate the important fact is overlooked that the robes are all taken during three months of a year, at a season, too, when the smallest number are killed, and that only about one-third of those killed during these three months are utilized for robes. If this number should be multiplied by nine, as it evidently must be from the above quoted statements of Mr. Sanford, and which from general considerations also seems probable, we should have the im-

mense total of from five to seven millions as the number killed yearly by the Indians who furnished the 100,000 robes for St. Louis.

"Taking the lowest estimate for the annual destruction as given in the report and multiplying it by ten, we have the stupendous figure of fifty million animals slaughtered in the ten-years period mentioned by Baird. In 1854 H. H. Sibley, in a discussion of the buffalo trade, said that 'it has been estimated that for each buffalo robe transported from the Indian country, at least five animals are destroyed.' If this estimate be correct then the preceding quotation from Professor Baird would indicate that five hundred thousand buffalo were annually slaughtered by the Missouri Indians alone. Thus, it is seen, that although the estimates of these early authorities vary widely, the numbers killed by the Indians were colossal, indeed."

It might seem from the foregoing figures that the Indians were as wanton in slaying the buffalo as the white men were, but such was not the case. So fast did the animals multiply that no appreciable lessening in numbers was observed by explorers and government authorities on the frontier until the advent of the white hunters and adventurers. Added to the numbers killed by the Indians the still greater numbers killed by white men, the large herds on the plains rapidly dwindled away and finally disappeared.

When the nomadic Indians saw that their herds being materially reduced they became greatly alarmed. On almost every occasion when they met the government commissioners to arrange new treaties, the chiefs pleaded for the preservation of their game supply. They insisted that they were more than desirous of peace if they were allowed to roam about over the prairies and hunt. They said that they did not care to learn how to "walk in the white man's road," but that they wished to be allowed to follow the buffalo from place to place and live as they had always lived. When these entreaties met with no favorable response the distracted Indians then resorted to threats. The reservations were the beginning of the end of their old life. When the great region formerly the hunting grounds of the red men were opened to the immigrants the disconsolate savages could see the "hand writing on the wall."

When this time came one of the most remarkable periods of Western history had dawned. The destruction of the great numbers of bison of the Upper Missouri region had brought about a reflection on the Southwest. The projection of railways across the great plains of this region brought thousands of white hunters with their great "buffalo guns" and the period of Southwestern Knighthood had come. The Comanche, Kiowa, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Apache tribes resisted, as did those of the North, but to no avail.

JIM OWENS VISITS PANHANDLE

(Continued from page 455)

them.

Besides lion hunting in Arizona, Uncle Jim has done another great thing for that state. It was entirely through his efforts that it now has one of the finest buffalo herds in existence. Twenty years ago he shipped eight head from the Goodnight ranch into Utah, whence he trailed them 300 miles to his place. Eventually he had a herd of 150. Last November he sold them to Arizona for exactly half price, which meant a donation from him of \$10,000.

Stories of Uncle Jim's adventures in hunting wild animals in the Grand Canyon have been published in the Saturday Evening Post, the American and numerous sports journals. So much has been written and said of him that many of the people who come to Grand Canyon are as anxious to see him as they are to see the canyon itself. The hardest work he does nowadays is keeping away from people. Wherever he goes he is fairly besieged by them. And no wonder. He has helped to build two states—Texas and Arizona. The value of his work to Arizona is unsurpassed. He has opened a way to one of the scenic wonders of the world—the Grand Canyon. But that is far from being the only reason. It is Uncle Jim himself the people want. Uncle Jim with his vivid, colorful stories, his genial smile and his kindness to everyone.

He is such an attraction that the Union Pacific has offered him a good salary and a home for life at Bright Angel hotel to do nothing but meet the guests. But that kind of life would not suit him.

Now that he has given up his strenuous days for ever, he prefers to be free to go and come as he pleases. When he wants to be alone for a while he will go to his home at the foot of beautiful Kaibab mountain. When he desires company he will travel about visiting among the most devoted friends a man ever had.

So, here's to Uncle Jim.

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, Publisher

Devoted to Frontier History, Border
Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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END OF VOLUME FIVE

This number of Frontier Times completes the fifth volume of this magazine. Next month we enter upon the sixth year of its existence. We feel a bit boastful as we look back over the past five years and behold how the little magazine has grown and filled its place of usefulness. Starting out on a "shoe-string," without a subscriber on its books in October, 1923, Frontier Times has steadily climbed to a place of recognition among the leading magazines of the country, and its circulation extends to every state in the Union, as well as to some foreign countries. We are grateful to our friends for the many good wishes which are coming in to us, for their loyal support, and that spirit of confidence which they have shown in the little magazine. We contemplate certain improvements, which, while in no way detracting from its present format, will be pleasing to our subscribers, and which will materially assist in its further growth.

One thing we want to impress upon all of our readers, and that is to renew promptly when their subscription expires, for we are inaugurating a system whereby expired subscriptions will be dropped from the list automatically as such subscription ends. The editor of Frontier Times has many warm personal friends throughout Texas who reason thusly: "I know Hunter, and even if I don't renew my subscription right on the dot, he won't stop my Frontier Times; for he knows I will send him the dollar and a half before long." And there is, or has been, a great deal of truth in that sort of reasoning. I never cut off an old friend as long as I have reason to believe he wants my magazine. That is the old time Texas way of doing things, and I am an old time Texan. But in these days of high cost of everything that old time way is sometimes embarrassing, especially when paper bills and labor bills, and grocery bills come due. Some of my creditors don't seem to be imbued with that old time spirit; rather they seem to think I might turn out to be a dead-beat if they are not paid promptly. So I would urge all of my subscribers to renew promptly when they receive an expiration notice, for I'll be looking for the renewal to come in, basing my financial calculations on it in order to pay those fellows who extend me a limited credit. And besides, when a sub-

scription renewal comes in promptly it helps us to keep our records in good shape and saves a great deal of annoyance in running over our books to find the name in arrears to bring it to date.

Frontier Times is strictly for the old timers, the pioneers; this is their magazine, and we want them to get it every month. They made history, and we are trying to rescue and preserve that history. If you are one of these old timers and you do not receive this little magazine, you are missing something. Send in your subscription today. If you are a subscriber, you know just what we are trying to do, without further argument, so we will ask you to get some friend to subscribe. We would like to have a million new subscribers between now and October, 1930, but we will be content and well satisfied if we have 10,000 by that date.

It gives us great pleasure to devote a portion of this issue of Frontier Times to the history of Simmons University at Abilene, Texas, a pioneer school of this state, which today ranks with any university in the land. Its history belongs to the history of West Texas, for it sprang forth when that section of our state was still in an almost unsettled region, and after many trials and struggles, Simmons University has come forth conqueror. Too much cannot be said of the wonderful work done and the great good accomplished by President J. D. Sandefur, who has devoted the past nineteen years to making Simmons University what it is today. But read the story as it appears in this issue.

Mrs. Kathleen Jones Tyndall, of Fort Sheridan, Illinois, writes encouragingly as follows: "I have just read my first copy of your magazine and an enclosing check for one year's subscription. Your magazine is of great interest to me, my father, Captain Frank Jones, commanding Co. D, Texas Rangers, was killed on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, below El Paso, on June 30, 1893. I am anxious that my two sons shall know something of the early days in Texas and as we live in the army, going from pillar to post, your magazine will be of very great benefit, pleasure and information to us. I have in the safety deposit box of our bank a letter written by my father to Mrs. Pauline Baker of Uvalde describing the capture of the Wells-Fargo robbers, Flint and Wellington, which is most interesting and should you care to have it I will gladly send you a copy. This letter describes the scout from receipt of the order until the finish. Will you kindly start my subscription with the September number, as Major Tyndall is away at summer camp in Wisconsin, and I am visiting my family in San Antonio. Wishing you the greatest success and thanking you for the things you are doing to make us appreciate the perils and hardships of our fathers and grandfathers."

Do You Suffer from Asthma?

Asthma is one of the most distressing ailments known to mankind, and sufferers from it are to be found in all sections of the country. In the old days, when physicians were few and far away the people of the frontier resorted to the use of various herbs, roots, etc., and homeopathic remedies to treat the various complaints. Many of these old fashioned remedies have been accepted by the medical fraternity, and many of them have never been improved upon. Among these old remedies is Cenesia leaves which are used for the relief of Asthma. Cenesia is not a new discovery by any means, for its use has been known for generations. The leaves are gathered and dried, and are smoked in a pipe for the relief of Asthma. This shrub does not grow everywhere, so for the convenience of our friends who may be afflicted with Asthma, we have put up a number of packages of Cenesia leaves which will be sold at one dollar per package. Or a liberal sample will be sent free to anyone requesting it. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Jack Hays

The Intrepid Texas Ranger

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serially in Frontier Times several months ago. Recounts the exploits of the premier Texas Ranger captain. You should have this booklet in your library. We have only 150 copies on hand, and they will be sold at \$1.00

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Bandera, Texas.

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THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, a book of 1,034 pages, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter direction of George W. Saunders, President of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. The true record of the early day cowboys in Texas, giving their own narratives of experience on the range and on the trail with herds of cattle driven to northern markets. Many illustrations. Price, postpaid, Five Dollars.

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TEXAS AND SOUTHWEST LORE, edited by J. Frank Dobie; published by the Texas Folk-Lore Society; handsome binding; 260 pages. Price \$2.50. You should have this book in your library.

FRONTIER TIMES
Bandera, Texas

OLD LETTERS WANTED

I will buy old letters, preferably in original envelopes dated prior to 1895. Tell me what you have.—Edward D. Tittmann, 1331 First National Bank, El Paso, Texas.

FRONTIER TIMES

IS STEADILY GROWING

FIVE YEARS AGO the first issue of Frontier Times came from the press a little unpretentious magazine appealing to the student of Texas history for succor and support. We did not promise to perform wonders, our sole purpose being to devote our publication to the preservation of frontier history. Our facilities for publishing Frontier Times were very limited, and consequently we could not give it the typographical appearance that would at a glance win popular favor, but we were content to let it win favor gradually as it became circulated. At the end of the first year of its existence Frontier Times had less than five hundred subscribers. We were not discouraged, for we learned long since to labor and to wait, knowing as we do now that our little magazine was one of merit and in due time our efforts would be noticed and we would get that recognition which was due us. Another year passed and the homely little magazine went into its third year with around a thousand subscribers, and in that list was to be found the names of some of the leading historians and writers of the present day, as well as certain public libraries, colleges, and universities, all of which lent encouragement by their endorsement of the work we were trying to do. The third and fourth years passed with Frontier Times growing steadily in popular favor, and now as we end our fifth year and enter upon our sixth year we can look back and wonder at phenomenal growth of our magazine. Its circulation now extends to all parts of the United States and into some foreign countries. Without capital it has been built up to a place of prominence in the magazine field, with pros-

pects of a greater growth during the next year than has been experienced in the five years that passed. We have steered clear of the treacherous shoals which have wrecked so many magazines, and we are sailing now on an even sea. For all of which we are grateful to an appreciative public, particularly to those pioneer men and women of Texas who have had faith and confidence in our efforts to record and preserve the history which they helped to make.

Next month hundreds of subscriptions to Frontier Times will expire. Our list is growing so rapidly that we cannot print enough extra copies to supply each new subscriber with a copy of the current or back issue. So if your subscription expires this month and you receive an expiration slip, be prompt to fill out the order blank and return it to us with your remittance and thus be sure that you will not miss a copy of Frontier Times. We are going to do big things with this little magazine during the next year if our plans do not go wrong. We know you want it, and that you intend to keep taking it, but we are compelled to watch our expirations closely, else we would soon be losing the small profit which we make on each individual subscription. Tell your friends about Frontier Times and get them to subscribe also. We need every subscription we can get, for we are not carrying a line of advertising to help sustain the publication, and your dollar and a half is always needed. If you are one of the early subscribers to this magazine you know what value you place on the back numbers which you have preserved. Future numbers will be fully as good or better.

FRONTIER TIMES

Published Monthly by J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas

